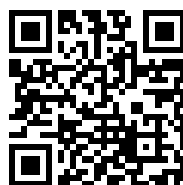

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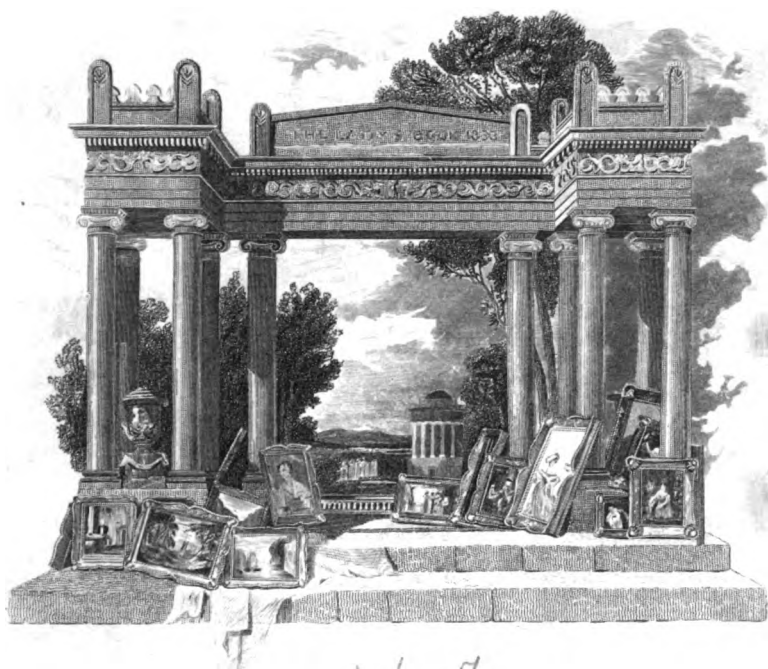
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THE
Lady's Book
MAGAZINE OF
FASHIONS AND THE ARTS.
Vol. 6.



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THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1893.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of blue gauze *St. Vallier*, trimmed with gauze ribands and blond, body trimmed with rows of narrow blond forming the point, short sleeves fastened with gauze riband; head-dress composed of marabouts and *forget-me-nots*.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of rich emerald green velvet, with a plain body; blond mantilla with ends; head-dress, turban of pink crape with silver stars.

Original.

BARTON'S EXPEDITION;

OR, THE STORY OF SYBIL PRIOR.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity.—SHAKESPEARE.

Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.—MILTON.

11-6-63

It was a lovely July evening, such an evening as is known only in that "Eden of America," which, while in the possession of the Aborigines of our country, was distinguished by the name of "Aquitnet;" a name, which our ancestors, (for certain wise reasons of their own, or perhaps without any reason at all,) thought proper to exchange for that of "Rhode Island."

A few clouds, light and lovely ones, whose borders the declining sun had fringed with gold, floated lazily in the zenith; but the western sky exhibited one dazzling blaze of splendour, and the broad bosom of the majestic Narragansett shone with the reflection of the radiance, like

"A burnished sheet of living gold."

The numerous little green islets embosomed in its tranquil waters, cast their picturesque shadows on its glassy surface, and looked, as they lay there in their deep repose and sylvan beauty, like the fabled regions of fairy-land, rather than the abodes of mere mortals; while safely moored in the spacious harbour of Newport, and upward along the bay, rode the hostile armament of England; the lofty spars, shooting up in bold relief against the glowing sky, and the huge black hulls casting toward the city broad lines of deep and gloomy shadow, while from their sides protruded, in dread array and prompt for vengeance, the engines of destruction.

The field and garden flowers were lavish of their fragrance, but not a breeze moved—not a leaf stirred—not a "violet wagged its sweet head"—not a sound broke on the delicious stillness of the hour, save as a belated robin hurried

to his leafy abode, or a sparrow, dissatisfied with its lodgings, flitted to some more convenient twig, with a low twitter of peevishness at its bad accommodations. So tranquillizing was the influence of the scene, that even the stern centinel who was pacing the ground in front of Overing-house, where the English commander had fixed his quarters, relaxed his vigilance, and gazing listlessly around him at the verdant fields and woodlands, indulged his fancy with a visit to his cottage home, beyond the billows of the wide Atlantic, which were rolling before him far as the eye could reach. And still more marvellous to relate, the imperious military despot himself suspended for a while his menaces and execrations against the inhabitants of the country; and in the admiration with which he surveyed the glowing landscape, to which even the pencil of a Claude could scarcely have done justice, well nigh forgot that he was gazing only upon

"Rebel hills and rebel dales,
By rebel trees surrounded."

Indescribably beautiful must the scene indeed have been, which could, even for a moment, have softened to complacency the morose and virulent temper of a man like the English Prescott, whose overbearing arrogance and unrelenting tyranny are to this day proverbial throughout that island, the inhabitants of which suffered from him, while "drest in a little brief authority," all the privations and persecutions that military despotism could inflict. Truth requires of us to state, however, that General Prescott had returned from town at a late hour, oppressed by the sultr

ness of the air and fatigued with his ride, and the unwonted placidity of his temper may, perhaps, be more justly attributed to extreme lassitude, than to the delicious tranquillity of the hour, or the beauty of the scenery. Leaving him, however, to the enjoyment of his snug quarters at Overing-house, which, it may be proper to inform our readers, is situated at Portsmouth, about five miles from the old city of Newport, we will hasten to introduce the heroine of our tale.

The young and lovely Sybil Prior was the daughter of an obscure, but honest and industrious farmer, who, by a series of misfortunes, having been deprived of his little patrimony, had died of a broken heart, just as poor Sybil attained her fifteenth year, leaving his destitute orphan without a relative in the wide world. Pennyless and unconnected, the hapless Sybil must, in all probability, have fallen an early victim to hopeless sorrow and "pinching penury," had she not, through the friendly mediation of the aged house-keeper, obtained shelter and protection at Overing-house. At the period when our narrative commences, July 1777, she had been five years an inmate of the family, acting in a variety of capacities, from that of kitchen maid, with which she commenced her career, through all the intermediate degrees, up to the rank of lady's maid, and deputy house-keeper; acquitting herself in each and all to the entire satisfaction of her employers, and receiving from them, in consideration of her many excellent qualities and her unconnected condition, a singular degree of sympathy and regard. Within a year, however, many circumstances had concurred to render her situation exceedingly uncomfortable, if not absolutely distressing. "*The course of true love never did run smooth,*," and poor Sybil's, although a most virtuous, well-placed, and unalienable attachment, was by no means exempt from the sorrows and trials that assail all human love. The family at Overing-house were, unhappily for her, zealous loyalists, and in proportion to the regard they entertained for the beautiful and deserving orphan, they became averse to her union with Martin Gray—or, in the words of the worthy old house-keeper, who had very naturally imbibed their sentiments, "to her *'throwing herself away,'* on such a rebel *rapscallion.*" To increase the perplexity of her situation, separated as she was, perhaps, forever from her lover, and uncertain of his fate, the unhappy Sybil was perpetually annoyed by the assiduities of his rivals, and had of late been persecuted by the attentions of a libertine young officer of the English general's family, who, exasperated by the steady contempt with which his insolent proposals had been treated, was, as she well knew, plotting to inveigle her into his power. This person was now absent on some professional duty, and, notwithstanding she had been baffled, either by the well-meant interference of the family, or the jealous vigilance of her military admirers, in sundry attempts, which, at the earnest instance of her betrothed lover, she had made to escape from the island, she had now re-

solved on making one more effort to extricate herself from the perils and snares by which she was surrounded. Means of disguise had been procured, and arrangements made for effecting her elopement to the continent that very evening. It was, therefore, with a perturbation of feeling by no means in unison with the scene, that our lovely rustic, having completed the labours of the day, wandered out in search of the person whom she had chosen as the confidant and assistant of her scheme: should he fail of keeping his appointment, or should her plot be discovered, there was the end, perhaps forever, of all her earthly hopes. With a throbbing heart, and many a melancholy foreboding, therefore, the beautiful and innocent Sybil commenced her evening ramble, attended only by a little spaniel, which had been the faithful companion of Martin Gray, until, after having seen his comfortable little cottage wantonly laid in ashes by the British soldiery, the justly exasperated youth had taken up arms against the spoilers of his country. From that melancholy day the animal had been the constant attendant of the hapless maiden, who fostered him with tenderness for his absent master's sake, and never puppy was half so grateful.

Deeming the faithful animal a sufficient safeguard, Sybil glided by a back door from the house, and, taking a circuitous route, in order to avoid the observation of the soldiers, (who, since the English commander had there fixed his quarters, infested the place, and among whom she unfortunately had many admirers,) she proceeded with a hurried yet stealthy step, and with many an apprehensive start, along the plantation south of the mansion, under shadow of the tall trees and thick underbrush which then skirted the borders of the brook and the beautiful sheet of water, which finally discharges itself in a mimic cascade over the stone wall which separates the lawn in front of Overing-house, from the highway.

This had been the favourite walk of Martin Gray in happier times, when he came of an evening, arrayed in his "Sunday's best," to woo the lovely Sybil. It was there, too, beside the brook and beneath the soft light of a summer's moon, that, after having tormented him to her heart's content, she had first confessed her love; and, only a year since, on that very spot, she had promised, at the expiration of one little month, to become his wife: but

"We came with war, and want with wo;
And it was his to undergo
Each outrage of the cruel foe—
His fields laid waste—his cot laid low."

Poor Martin no longer possessed a home to which he could conduct his bride, and they were compelled to separate. He for the dangers and hardships of the battle, and poor Sybil to linger around the scenes of former happiness, and weep in solitude over her own blighted hopes and inauspicious prospects. It was not, however, to indulge in fond regret and melancholy reflection that she had this evening proceeded thither; and

frequently did she check her rapid yet trembling steps, and throw an eager and apprehensive glance around her in every direction; and her slender fingers trembled as she brushed back the chestnut ringlets that clustered thickly about her swan-like neck and graceful shoulders, while

"With neck outstretched and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,"

she listened in as breathless and rapt attention, as if all her faculties had been absorbed in the single sense of hearing. Her heart throbbed fearfully if but a beetle whizzed by on the still air, or a frog plashed in the stream beside her, every throb sending "the pure and eloquent blood," in a beautiful glow over the marble whiteness of her exquisitely rounded cheek.—Weeks had now elapsed since she had heard a syllable, or received a token from her lover. Many a bloody battle had been fought, and many a brave man had perished in the interim, and the shuddering girl averted her eyes from the resplendent beams of the sun that was now setting so gloriously behind Canonicut, and the green hills of the Narragansett, as she thought that his parting radiance might even then be beaming on the bloody grave of her own devoted Martin Gray!

With such painful reflections as these, did our heroine continue to torment herself, as she wandered to and fro, under shelter of the thick shrubbery, until the dazzling effulgence of the western sky had given place to the ruddier hues of twilight, and through its deepening shadows the brilliant star of evening, with its pure and peaceful radiance, looked out upon our "world of war and wo." Her melancholy ruminations were then interrupted by the low and cautious accents of a familiar voice, which, with the exception only of Martin Gray's, was the most welcome sound that could have met her ear—

"Sybil Prior!—pretty Sybil," it exclaimed in a suppressed tone—"Sybil Prior, I say!—cross the brook higher up, and come on this side the trees, Mistress Sybil!"

Sybil waited no second bidding, but checking the joyful exclamation that was bursting from her lips, she plunged unhesitatingly into the thicket, and leaping the brook with the grace and lightness of a sylph, her trusty confidant stood before her in the meagre figure of a ragged, sallow-faced, half-starved urchin, ycleped Caleb Millar.

Although honest Caleb presented the most perfect exemplification of squalid misery even then extant, yet was he a personage of too great importance and notoriety to be passed over without "honourable mention." Endowed by nature with an incorrigible propensity to intrigue—shrewd of intellect, fruitful in expedients, and light of heels, it is by no means surprising that the services of Caleb should have been in great and continual request, at a period "which tried men's souls," or that his renown should have reached even the old "wooden walls of Newport." The rogue was, in fine, the factotum of the whole county.

No affair of moment could be transacted, from the wooing of a dairy maid, up to the most important political intrigue, without the aid and connivance of the wary and cunning Caleb, who daily scoured the island from one extremity to the other, risking the gallows and running the gauntlet on any body's errand who pleased to employ him. For although, like every other worthy, sensible, and patriotic citizen, Kell Millar was a decided whig, he yet freely rendered his honest services to either party, in consideration of a reasonable recompense. To do him justice, however, he was not mercenary, and often ventured life and limb in behalf of a distressed countryman, without hope of fee or reward; and albeit he scorned not to line his ragged pocket with a slight *douceur* now and then, in the shape of British gold, and was sometimes rather exorbitant in his demands, when employed by the "red coats," it should be recollected that he possessed no other means of indemnifying himself for the injuries which he daily saw inflicted on his countrymen, and had, moreover, been taught to consider a "fleecing of the rig-lars" as a mere "spoiling of the Philistines," for otherwise he was strictly honest, acquitting himself of every trust reposed in him, with shrewdness and fidelity, even when employed by an Englishman, or by, what he held in still greater detestation, a tory. Caleb was, in short, the *dernier resort* of every distressed individual in cases of emergency; nor was he ever known to fail of complete success in any undertaking, however difficult or dangerous, unless, as sometimes happened, he chanced to discover that he had unwittingly engaged in some enterprise that was likely to militate against the interest or safety of an American. In such cases, it was amazing how stupid he would invariably become; committing a thousand such egregious and unaccountable blunders, that, however excellent the plot might be, it was sure to be *blown*. Many a time and oft had the vindictive General Prescott been disappointed of his revenge by the secret machinations of Caleb Millar, who, by some inexplicable means, had contrived to spirit away from under the very nose of the Provost Marshal, more than one luckless citizen, who was the next day to have graced a gibbet. And, when at last, suspicion fastened upon Caleb, and he was himself committed to the same *durance* from which he had ventured to rescue another, or confined for safe keeping to the guard-room, to be examined *sine die*, he was found, in addition to his other accomplishments, to possess such an uncontrollable love of freedom, and such a fondness for recreating himself *al fresco*, that neither bolts nor bars could confine him. He was, in fact, as slippery as an eel, and often, while his enemies were exulting in his capture, and fancying him safe in their custody, honest Caleb would have fairly given them "leg bail," and be miles off, scampering over the fields again as free and merry as a lark. By these, and similar manœuvres, he, however, at last gained what he considered a triumph over the

"rig'lars;" for it began to be suspected, and was finally most religiously believed, that Kell Millar dealt with the "dark one." But our friend Caleb, notwithstanding his miraculous hair-breadth escapes, and the malicious insinuations of those whom he had offended by outwitting, was an honest and innocent lad; the early display of whose talents had been elicited by the force of circumstances—the poor boy having been compelled by sheer necessity, to the exertion of all his faculties, in order to support a bed-ridden and aged grandmother, and obviate the difficulties and dangers of the times. Even

"Hunger, that sharpener of dull wits,
Which gives even fools their thinking fits,"

had assisted the early development of those talents, of which, had he been nursed in the lap of luxury, he might forever have remained the unconscious possessor. Proud of the difficult, dangerous, and often momentous concerns which were frequently entrusted to his management, Mr. Caleb Millar was, after all, a most consequential and important personage; and though half-starved, and half-naked, he had a heart as light as his heels,—aye, or his *purse* either, and was, in despite of fortune, the merriest wag in all Rhode Island. Such was the coadjutor whom, with full confidence in his fidelity, good will and ability, Sybil Prior had chosen to assist her in her meditated enterprise.

"You're pretty much tired o' waiting so long, I guess," cried Caleb, as they met; "but I had to *dodge* a party o' rig'lars as I came from the ferry this morning, which took me a long way about. But I've got here at last, in spite of their teeth," he added, grinning, till every yellow tooth in his own head displayed itself from between a pair of thin, blue, famished looking lips; "and I ha' got something for ye too," Sybil Prior, he said, thrusting his thin, bony hand into his bosom, as if searching for something that was hidden among the mass of rags that covered his meagre person.

"Something for me!" demanded Sybil, eagerly. "Oh! then, you have seen him, my good Caleb—how does he look?—is he well?—is he safe?"

"No, no, I ha'n't seen him myself, pretty Sybil," replied Caleb, still fumbling among his tattered integuments; "but I've may be seen them that has. Aye, Sybil Prior," he continued, laughing, as he observed her ill-disguised impatience, "I know'd you'd be ready to *fly* for a letter from Martin Gray."

"A letter!—oh, if you should have lost it, Caleb!" cried Sybil, apprehensively.

"No, no indeed—there's no fear o' that," returned Caleb, confidently. "You never know'd Kell Millar to lose any thing o' Martin Gray's—it's here, safe enough in my inside pocket."

"Pocket!" repeated Sybil, surveying his wretched habiliments compassionately—"you will never find any thing among so many rags, my poor Caleb."

"Sha'n't I?—what d'ye call *this*, then, mistress Sybil?" demanded Caleb, triumphantly, as he

drew from its inscrutable lurking-place, a soiled piece of folded paper, which had probably worn a different hue when first committed to his keeping—"no, no, you needn't be afeard, I'll never lose any thing o' Martin Gray's. If Kell Millar had one o' *his* letters in one pocket, and one o' King George's in t'other, full of golden guineas, the rig'lars and tories should have the whole *tote* on 'em—aye, and the heart out o' my bosom, afore they should make me give up any thing that belonged to Martin Gray."

"You are a good boy, and a true friend, my poor Caleb," said Sybil, as with trembling eagerness she broke the seal, and read—for thanks to Martin Gray, she could not only read, "but write, and cypher too"—for rustic though he was—

"In sooth poor *Martin* was no vulgar boy,"

and it was the gratuitous instruction bestowed by him on our friend Caleb, added to the frequent relief of that gentleman's pecuniary wants, which had secured to himself and Sybil Prior, the gratitude and devoted services of that worthy whenever it was their pleasure to demand them.

The note which our heroine seemed rather to devour than read, bore neither signature nor direction, but it was penned in the well-known hand-writing of her lover, and its contents were as follows:—

"Put your trust in heaven, and follow the directions of the bearer; he is true as steel; loves us both, and has a thousand expedients for evading danger and baffling pursuit. I will, if possible, meet you at the shore; if not, *he* will secure you a place of safe concealment, until your escape to the main land can be effected. At any rate, remain not a moment longer where you now are, but fly, and fear nothing—there is a God above us yet."

"And may His name be blessed!" ejaculated Sybil, fervently, as she pressed the soiled paper to that innocent heart, which it had relieved of a weight of anxiety—"Could I but once reach the main land!" she exclaimed, as she was about to tear and throw from her, the note of her lover.

"No, no!" exclaimed the wary Caleb, preventing her, "wrap it on a stone, and sink it in the brook—it will soon soak too much to tell tales, there."

"He approves then of my plan," said Sybil, as she implicitly obeyed his directions.

"How can he help it," cried Caleb; "hasn't he been trying this year to contrive some way of getting you off to the main—and this must be the night—*now* or *never*, pretty Sybil, and we've no time to waste in *palavering* neither, some o' these pesky sodgers 'll be along, afore we think on't"—and drawing her to a greater distance from the shrubbery, he forthwith proceeded to unfold, in whispers, his plan for her emancipation. It was finally agreed between them, or rather it was determined by master Caleb, that she should steal in disguise from the house, as soon as the family had retired for the night, which as the Englishman had returned from town, fatigued and indisposed, she flattered herself

would be at an early hour; after which, her movements were to be guided solely by the wisdom of her young adviser.

Just as they had concluded this arrangement, a rustling in the foliage apprised them that some person or persons were cautiously approaching; poor Sybil started, turned pale, and shook with trepidation. Not so, our friend Caleb; he was too great a proficient in his trade to be easily thrown off his guard, and too much inured to danger to be for an instant deprived of his presence of mind, notwithstanding the reluctance he felt to falling into the hands of the British, to whom he had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious, by sundry boyish tricks which he had recently played off on some of the soldiery, for his own private and especial divertisement.

For the success of his scheme, it was necessary, in the first place, to secure himself from apprehension, and, in the second, to obtain some information relative to the domestic arrangements of the family at Overing-house, notwithstanding the proximity of the caves-dropper, whose suspicions he feared to awaken by continuing the conversation in whispers. These reflections glanced over the mind of Caleb in the space of an instant, and drawing nearer to the thicket, he began his operations accordingly, by saying aloud—"And so you see, Sybil Prior, they'll never find out a word of our having the small-pox among us."

Sybil instantly comprehended his drift, and something more, for his allusion to that terrible disease convinced her that the keen eye of her companion had recognised her admirer, Mr. Matthew Halsey, in him of the ambush, from whose touch nothing earthly could so effectually have secured the rogue, as the slightest mention of a malady which he held in absolute horror.

"But what if any body touch you, Caleb?" said Sybil, after pondering a moment on his words, "I should be sorry for any one to catch the infection."

"The more fool you, then!" cried Caleb, with a dogged air, "'twas the t'arnal red-coats and their nasty Hessians that brought it amongst us, as if fire and sword were not bad enough to *kill the colonies* with!—and if the godless gang gets a Rowland for their Oliver, I'll be hanged if Kell Millar cares!"

"Hush—hush!" exclaimed Sybil, frightened at his temerity, and dreading that the resentment of Halsey might get the better even of his horror of small-pox—"hush, for mercy's sake, Caleb! If any of the soldiers should hear you speak in such fashion, they'd surely take you up."

"Then they'll take up something else besides Kell Millar, I guess!" answered Caleb, with a taunting laugh, "something that they, may be, won't like so well. Why, Sybil Prior, I'd no more come near you, or any body else I care a straw about, if *they hadn't had it*, than I'd *turn tory*, or be shot; and I'd ask no better *fun* than just to have a dozen on 'em lay hands on me this minute—hi! hi! hi! they might hang up poor Kell Millar, to be sure, but I should leave 'em

something to remember me by, I conclude!—But come," added Caleb, after indulging himself with another tantalizing and discordant laugh—"but come, you ha'n't told me what time I must come up to Overing-house, to-night, for granny's medicine."

"You must come early, or you'll find us all a-bed, I think," answered Sybil, after a little hesitation, "for the General's come home very tired, he'll go early to bed, I suppose, and then it will be as much as your life is worth to get in."

"Aye, I'd maybe run on the sodgers' baggonets, but the med'cine must be had, or my good old mother will die, and I can't spare her yet, Sybil, she's all I've got to care for me," added Caleb, in a somewhat husky voice—"how then shall I come, to keep out of harm's way, and not wake the General?" he almost instantly continued, turning his back on the shrubbery, and fixing on her a significant glance as he spoke.

"Come round back of the house, and then you'll only see one of the centinels," replied Sybil—"you must come early, and then, if you ask for me he'll let you in, and I'll maybe find some broken victuals for your sick mother, too."

"Yes! but if I wake the General, he'll hang me without judge or jury, and then my old granny must starve; but tell me in what room the General sleeps," added Caleb, again fixing his keen scintillating little blue eye upon her, "and I'll give him *elbow-room*, I warrant ye!"

"The General sleeps in the front room over the parlour there," said Sybil, internally wondering what had prompted the question, or what the situation of the Englishman's apartment had to do with her escape, since she was to steal out of the house and meet Caleb in the fields; she, however, replied to his questions, without expressing her thoughts—"You must take care to make no noise, for there is no company to-night, and we shall all be a-bed by ten, I dare say—so, come early for your mother's medicine."

"Thank ye, Sybil Prior—I'll be sure to come in good season, and make no noise—but stop a moment, Sybil; the General sleeps in that there chamber at the south-west, you say; you're sure you aren't mistaken now?" said Caleb, anxiously: "a blunder might cost me my life among the godless gang, and you wouldn't want to see a poor fellow *dance upon nothing*, just because he wanted some *doctor's-stuff* for his poor old mother, pretty Sybil?"

"I would not deceive you for the world, Caleb," replied Sybil; "I am sure that the General sleeps in the parlour chamber, on the right hand in front, and now be sure to make no noise, and come early."

"Well! yes—I'll mind it all—I'll take care and do as you bid me; and you'll be sure to be ready with the bundle o' medicine and all, Sybil? And," added he, turning back yet once more, "and the General sleeps in the front parlour chamber, you say? I'll give him room enough, I'll warrant you!—them baggonets are *peaky* pokerish things—and so good bye, Sybil Prior;

I've staid so long, my old granny will think I'm lost"—and he threw his lank limbs over the stone wall into the road.

"Stop, stop, Caleb!" cried Sybil anxiously, and almost fearing to lose sight of him, lest some untoward accident should prevent his return—"Stop, Caleb, and take care that nobody finds out that your poor old grandmother has the small-pox, they would turn her out, or burn the old house about her ears, if they knew it, for they have no mercy in their hearts of stone."

"Small-pox, indeed!" echoed the rustic Mercury, with one of his most hideous smiles—"no, no, granny aren't got the small-pox, I can tell them."

"Better tell them nothing at all about it, Caleb, and perhaps they will not suspect it," replied Sybil, "and so good bye to you, Caleb."

Caleb grinned and nodded in return, and away he went, scampering over the ground with his long legs at the rate of a mile a minute, with all his ten thousand rags fluttering in the wind, like the ruffled feathers of an ostrich, and re-crossing the brook, away went Sybil also, with a step less light than it was wont to be, and endeavouring, as she proceeded homeward, to hum the pathetic ballad of Barbara Allen. Her voice, however, trembled so much, that fearing its supernumerary quavers would betray the violence of her agitation, she gave over the attempt. Wishing to appear unconcerned, she then called to her dog, and lavished on him, as he frisked and gambolled at her side, a thousand of those caresses, for one of which he had half an hour since wooed her in vain. As she thus moved on toward the house, she was suddenly accosted by her devoted admirer, Mr. Matt. Halsey, the son of a neighbouring farmer, who had recently enlisted in the British service.

"You seem very merry to-night, Mistress Sybil," he said, as flourishing a sapling, he strutted with an air of consequence beside her.

"I don't know, Matthew; I see but little, I think, to make any body merry," answered the yet agitated girl; "but I've had a pleasant walk, and I'm always glad to get beyond the hearing of the General's growling voice, and have a walk by myself, out of sight of the soldiers."

"A walk by yourself, hey?" retorted the offended soldier; "didn't I see you with my own eyes talking to that beggar's brat, Kell Millar? a thievish imp that I'll set up for a mark some day, and shoot at, as I would a duck."

"To tell you the truth, Master Halsey," said Sybil, continuing the conversation, in order, if possible, to ascertain how much of her *tete-a-tete* with Caleb had been overheard; "to tell you the truth," she said, "every thing is so changed and dismal of late, that I am always pleased to see poor Caleb; he is the only thing that is not altered, and the poor child is just as ragged, and starved, and merry as ever."

"Aye, pretty Sybil, if you were not as hard-hearted as you are handsome, you wouldn't say that every body is changed," repeated the lover, in a piteous *lack-a-daisical* tone—"I'm a poor

lad, it's true, not so grand nor so handsome, neither, mayhap, as Major Harwood or Insygn Simms, but I've loved you dearly, Sybil Prior, ever since I was as high as this *switch*; and if you'd marry me, I wouldn't change places with any man—no, not even if he stood in General Prescott's shoes."

Sybil listened in silence to this impassioned address, and, after a pause, the lover took courage to continue.

"Look here, pretty Sybil: when I was in town to-day, I bought this here breast-knot; it's as red as your own beautiful cheek, Sybil—I mean as red as it *used to be*, for it's paler now, and *prettier* too, to my thinking, than ever 'twas. Will you wear the riband for my sake, Sybil?—for the sake of a lad who has loved you these five years with all his honest heart?"

"No! Matthew Halsey," replied Sybil, decisively; "you know that I have promised to marry Martin Gray; and if I had not, I would take no presents from any body who wears such a coat as that."

"Such a coat as this!" echoed Halsey, drawing himself up with infinite *hauteur*; "and pray, what ails my coat, Sybil Prior? isn't it a very good coat—I should be glad to know, ma'am?"

"*It's red!*" answered Sybil, moving steadily forward.

"Well! and isn't it sich as all the troops wears?" demanded Halsey, indignantly; "and didn't I put it on o' purpose to please you, Sybil?"

"To please me?" reiterated Sybil, with scornful incredulity; "why, Matt. I liked you fifty times better in your miller's frock—to please me, indeed!"

"Yes—to please you. Wasn't you always singing songs about drums and fifes, and soldiers and cockades?" demanded Halsey, with an air of vexation; "and wasn't I fool enough to turn soldier, and put on this very coat to please you?"

"You made a sad mistake, then, in choosing the colour," said Sybil, drily.

"That can't be helped now, Sybil; I can't change it without being shot for it," replied Halsey, sullenly; "though there's nothing else I wouldn't do to please you, if the thing was a possibility; for I love you, Sybil, and I'd give all I'm worth, if I could make you care half as much about me as you do for Kell Millar even, or that gruff old sargeant Atkins. You never looked on me half so kindly in your life as you do on that old fellow—and don't he fight for the king as well as me? and isn't his coat as red as mine?"

"Aye, Matt., but as gruff as he is, he wasn't born among us. He wouldn't fight his own kinsfolk and neighbours—he wouldn't go back to England, and help strangers to murder his own countrymen—but you, Matt. Halsey!—you, you!—I saw you this very morning with that merciless gang that pursued old Obadiah Brayman, with fixed bagonets. He was your next door neighbour—your own father's friend: you have warmed yourself at his fire, eaten at his table, and slept beneath his roof."

"But Sybil, sweet Sybil!" expostulated Halsey, "we are obliged to obey orders—"

"Obliged!—yes, and if they order you to shoot your own father, you would be *obliged to obey that too!*" interrupted Sybil, her beautiful eyes flashing with indignant scorn—"I wonder you were not ashamed to look the good man in the face!—*You* that have played like one of his own children about his hearth!—*You*, that have received a thousand kindnesses at his hand!—*You* help to carry old Obadiah Brayman to the *Provost!*"

"But Sybil, my pretty Sybil!"—began the rated hero.

"Yes! to the Provost!" pursued the excited girl, disregarding his interruption—"and for what?—not for murder, not for theft, not for breaking any law—for, God help us! there is neither law, nor justice, nor mercy in all our groaning land!—but he, the good, the kind, upright Christian man, must be carried off to prison by Matt. Halsey—by the son of his friend!—by the playmate of his children—because, forsooth, the worthy Quaker has sinned the sin of wearing his own beaver on his own white head in the public highway, when old Prescott was on the road! as if *he* were my lord the king, or the lord of all kings!"

"Hush, Sybil, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed her lover, astonished at her vehemence, and anxious for her safety—"old Brayman has neither been killed nor clapped up in prison."

"And *why* is he not in prison, Matt. Halsey?" demanded his mistress, with bitter scorn, "because you heroes of the -0th could not catch him!"—and, with a taunting laugh, she added, "It did my heart *good* to see him splash the mud about him, until your old tyrant of a general looked as if he had been *horse-pounded!*"—aye, and it did me good to see how you valiant soldiers of the -0th, dare not come within a rod's distance of his horse's heels*—and he a rebel horse into the bargain!" and she laughed till all the echoes around replied to her merriment.

"Hush, for pity's sake, sweet Sybil: hush," exclaimed the distressed lover; "remember, dear Sybil, these are dangerous words, you may be overheard."

"Likely enough," answered Sybil, with ineffable scorn, "there are none of you too good to be lurking and listening about any where: I only hope, I shall live to see the day when people may walk in their own grounds and about their own homes, without soldiers tagging at their heels—but I won't *hush*—you may take me to prison as soon as you like, Matt. Halsey, and I look for nothing better at your hands, I can tell you."

"Sybil, you know I would *die* first!" cried Halsey, with warmth.

"I know no such thing," returned Sybil, "and I do know you must *obey orders*. If your tyrant ordered you to stab me to the heart—you must do it!"

Halsey shuddered, but remained silent.

"I have no more reason to expect mercy at your hands, than neighbour Brayman had," continued Sybil; "however, the good day will come, I hope, when I may venture to give broken victuals to a beggar, without having Mr. Matt. Halsey skulking among the trees, and listening all the while as if it were any concern of his."

"Aye, and plot how to give the small-pox to the whole garrison, too, I suppose!" exclaimed the now irritated soldier; "by George! I'll have that brat burnt alive to-morrow—he shall have medicine enough for the old witch, I'll warrant him. I'll make one bonfire of 'em both!—and I'd have seized him to-night, but for the danger of catching the cursed infection from his rags!"

This was enough—and, satisfied that Halsey had heard no more of her colloquy with Caleb, than was intended for his especial benefit, Sybil turned abruptly from him, and with a lighter heart pursued her way to the house.

"Nay, don't go yet, Sybil," cried Halsey, in a tone of entreaty, "you know well enough I wouldn't hurt the poor devil, or any thing else that you care for, for a hundred pounds—don't go yet, Sibyl."

"What should I stay for, Matt. Halsey?" asked his mistress coldly.

"Because I have something to say to you, Sybil, about—about—"

"About *what?*" demanded the lady, impatiently.

"About *yourself*; I want to tell you how much—how very much I love you, Sybil Prior," stammered the enamoured soldier, "and I wish it was a possibility to make you believe it."

"And if you could, Matthew, I should not care a penny about your love," answered his plain dealing dulcinea; "every body knows," she continued, with a heavy sigh, "that I mean to marry poor Martin Gray. I love him, Matt. Halsey," she added—a brighter and lovelier crimson suffusing her beautiful cheek, as she boldly avowed her innocent and virtuous attachment—"I love him, Matt. Halsey, and he deserves that I should love him." Matthew sighed deeply, but was silent, and Sybil continued—"I wish you well, Matthew, but I tell you plainly that I do not, and never did, nor never shall *love* you—there is not room in a woman's heart for more than *one*, Matthew."

"Cruel—hard-hearted!" exclaimed poor Halsey, and he would have showered upon her all the synonymous epithets in the disappointed lover's vocabulary, had he been acquainted with them, but, fortunately for Sybil, his knowledge of his mother tongue was somewhat limited; and after racking his brains for some moments, in a vain effort to recollect some terms of lover-like and elegant abuse, which should better express his sense of her cruelty, he was fain to content himself with casting on her another side-long

* The rencontre between this American *Tell*, here called Obadiah Brayman, and the English general, is a fact related to the author by an eye witness of the scene—there were, however, no soldiers present, to which circumstance the Quaker probably owed his triumph.

reproachful glance, and repeating "hard-hearted" over again.

Sybil employed herself in caressing her canine favourite, and deigned no further notice of poor Halsey, until he made another effort to detain her.

"I know to my sorrow that Martin Gray is the happiest fellow in all Rhode Island, or was, I mean," said Matthew, correcting himself, "but he's been gone a great while now, Sybil, and it's just a hundred to one if he ever comes back again."

"And what then?" demanded Sybil, forcibly restraining, not her sighs or her tears, but her rising resentment.

"Why, surely, Sybil, you cannot always be so hard-hearted—you must marry somebody or other, you know."

"Must marry," repeated Sybil, with a voice of calmness, though her eye flashed with anger; "but why should you think he will never come back again, Matthew Halsey?"

"Why, because he's in the *Continental*," replied Halsey, consolingly, "and the rig'lars kills the rebels so fast, that it isn't a possibility he will ever live to be married."

The blood rushed tumultuously for an instant to the blanched cheek of Sybil, mantling even to her temples; but, after biting her lip for a moment, she again in a firm voice demanded, "and what then?"

"Why, then, you can't always live single:—you're too handsome for that," said poor Halsey, completely deceived by her assumed composure; "you'll surely marry somebody or other, sweet Sybil—perhaps, in time, you'll be persuaded to take pity on my poor heart."

"Yes! if Martin Gray be killed, and I *oullive* him, perhaps I may," answered Sybil, in the same low and subdued tone; then turning suddenly and quickly round, and fixing on him the eye that sparkled with the vivacity of her anger, "but it shall not be one of the very men that have driven him from me—it shall not be one of those who fight against him—it shall *never* be one of Martin Gray's worst enemies, that shall call Sybil Prior his wife!" She paused, and moved forward some paces, when again turning abruptly, and pointing as she spoke, she demanded, "Do you see that tree, Matthew Halsey?"

"To be sure I do," answered Halsey.

"And do you see the water in the bay, there?"

"Yes," replied Halsey, sullenly.

"Do you see that powder house, yonder?"

"To be sure—I aren't blind."

"Well, sir, I would hang myself on that tree—I would plunge into the deep ocean—I would set fire to that magazine with my own hand, and be blown with it, into atoms, rather than I would marry a man who deserts his own country, who carries his best friends to prison, and bathes his hand in the blood of his own kinsfolk and countrymen—I promise you that, Matthew Halsey."

"Stay, only one moment!" cried Halsey, as she moved rapidly on; "only one moment longer, my sweet Sybil."

"Don't call *me* your sweet Sybil," answered his unrelenting *inamorata*, stamping her little foot on the green sward, and shaking her head in anger, and with a vehemence that scattered the luxuriant mass of her "ambrosial curls" in wild and beautiful disorder, about her flushed countenance—"Don't call *me* your sweet Sybil; I *am* not, and I *never will be your* Sybil, Matt. Halsey; and I only wish, with all my heart, that you would never speak to me again."

Halsey answered only by a reproachful look, and his favourite exclamation, "Hard-hearted—and cruel Sybil!"

"Hard-hearted or not, I have ever dealt plainly with you, Matthew; for I told you at first that I should never love you, and I have kept my word," answered the downright Sybil. "I wish you well, Mr. Halsey, and that is all I ever shall say, because I won't deceive you. If you are wise, you will never waste another thought upon me; and so, Mr. Matthew Halsey, I wish you a very good night." With these words, Sybil ascended the steps, and vanished into the house.

Leaving the love-lorn swain to bemoan his mistress' cruelty at leisure, we will accompany our heroine to the house, and even to the supper-room, which, wishing to reconnoitre, she quickly formed a pretext for entering, and was not a little disappointed to find her prediction but half verified; the English general was not a whit less fatigued or indisposed than she had augured from his looks, but so far was he from manifesting any inclination to retire, that she found him just seated at the evening refection, which had, however, been ordered at a somewhat earlier hour than usual. But, notwithstanding he professed himself to be ill at ease, he partook, even more heartily than he was accustomed to do, of the several viands placed before, and quaffed his usual quantity of wine, as if he had hoped to drown all sense of languor and fatigue, in the indulgences of the table. But no sooner did he rise from it, than he was constrained to withdraw, and his example being followed immediately by his officers and the family, the parlour was soon vacated. The removal of the cloth and other domestic avocations, detained the servants some time longer below; but after exerting herself to the utmost to expedite their departure, Sybil had, at last, the satisfaction to find herself and old Pompey, in exclusive possession of the lower part of the house. To extinguish the lights and fires, and "fasten up" for the night, was the particular province of Mr. Pompey, and Sybil foresaw it would be no easy task to prevail on him to quit the field before her. Resolved, however, to get rid of him, she firmly maintained her ground, hoping at length, to *tire him out*, if she could find no more speedy and effectual means of accomplishing her purpose. The faithful creature would neither be *tired* nor driven from his duty, however; but he stood still, and bore the delay to which she subjected him, for half an hour, with the patience of a martyr. Driven to extremity,

at last, he began to scratch his head, and with a portentous yawn, impatiently exclaimed—

"Come, come, stir a self, Sybil Prior! You no tink old black a man set up all night like young gal!—Come, come, take a light and make a self scarce."

"I am going directly, Pompey," said Sybil; "but you need not wait!"

Pompey gazed at her a moment, in unspeakable amazement—"No need a wait!" he at length demanded—"What you mean, Sybil Prior—who bar 'em door? I wonner—who *squinch* em fire? Come, come, take he canle like good gal—you no make old black a man sit up wid him old bones achee—achee all night!—No need a wait?—Guy! if a door no fasten, an him house get fire, massa make black a man's old bones ache, worse an' ebber den."

There was no resisting this pathetic appeal; and receiving the candle from his hand, with a sickly smile of disappointment, Sybil tripped up stairs, leaving him to *squinch* the fire at leisure.

"She good gal—she pretty gal!—me wish Sybil Prior great lady!" muttered the grateful negro, as he bustled about in the discharge of his accustomed duties—"She nebber cross old black a man—ebbery body lub Sybil Prior. Ah—ha!—Sybil make berry clobber 'oman"—and having completed his task, honest Pompey bobbed up to his snug attic, taking care previously to disencumber himself of both his heavy shoes, lest his noisy footsteps should disturb the slumbers of the dreaded Englishman, little imagining, in the simplicity of his heart, that the slumbers of so great a man should ever be of such a nature as to render their interruption a relief. Such, however, was at that very moment the case. The irascible temper of the English commander had been wrought up to a frenzy of passion, by several circumstances during the day: the scorching heat of a vertical sun had likewise fevered his blood, and his limbs were aching with fatigue. He had, moreover, judiciously eaten a hearty supper. No sooner, therefore, had he fallen asleep, than he became the sport of an endless variety of nightmare-dreams, the natural consequence of fever and indigestion. A thousand unnatural and absurd, yet not the less tormenting phantasms, haunted his pillow and harassed his unrefreshing slumbers. Repeatedly, and with painful struggles, did he rouse himself, resolving "to sleep no more," and as often had he again yielded to the heavy stupor which hung about him with benumbing and resistless influence. His perplexity and distress, however, were at last wrought up to a climax, when, after a horrible succession of wild, distorted, and tantalizing visions, his disordered imagination represented him as seated at a sociable game of chess with the Generalissimo of the American armies, and that, too, in his Excellency's own *marque*! It is by no means surprising that he should have been exceedingly scandalized at finding himself on so familiar a footing with his renowned enemy, or that he should have experienced a difficulty of respira-

tion, amounting well nigh to positive suffocation, from a taint of rebellion in the atmosphere; no strange phenomenon, he thought, in such a presence. But, notwithstanding he sat perfectly transfixed with horror and amazement, proudly superior to touching a single pawn with even the tip of his loyal finger, yet, strange to tell, the game was the whole time progressing in some inexplicable manner; and it was *his* game with the continental chieftain, and nothing less could be made of it! The discovery that the American had every thing *en train* for his discomfiture, and that *his king* was in imminent danger of being *check-mated*, at length awakened his interest—his magnanimous resolution the contrary notwithstanding. To be beaten by a rebel, even at chess, though that rebel were Washington himself, was a degradation to which he could by no means reconcile himself; and arousing all his energies, he exerted himself to the utmost to avert so direful a calamity. But, alas! it was now too late for even the skill of a Philidore to have availed him any thing, especially as every piece he touched, either changed its character in the very *nick*, or obstinately refused to budge an inch from the square it occupied. Provoked and tormented by their *unnatural* and unaccountable pertinacity, his irritable temper rose; and seeing the hand of his illustrious antagonist suspended over the piece from which he was to receive the *coup de grace*, he sprung in a towering passion from his chair, and hurled the chess-board with all its contents, "at one fell swoop," at the head of his adversary. Away rolled the wooden warriors to the ground; but no sooner had they reached it, than lo! with one exception, they all started upon their feet, living and breathing men; and the Englishman, with amazement and consternation, perceived himself instantly surrounded by whole battalions of stout rebel riflemen and Virginia partisans, armed at all points, *cap-a-pie*, and brandishing their weapons in vindictive rage. The white queen had, mean time undergone a still more wonderful transformation: assuming the guise of an enormous bald eagle, she had perched on the back of Washington's chair, from which proud station, after two or three triumphant flaps of her powerful pinions, she pounced suddenly upon the audacious Englishman, seizing his nose with her tremendous beak, and grappling his throat in her gigantic talons, till he was nearly throttled; and, while he struggled in the iron grasp of his feathered antagonist, his other adversaries stood aloof, and made the welkin ring with their tantalizing laughter. During this singular *duello*, the Englishman was driven to absolute frenzy by a tremendous cannonade, opened, as he imagined, by the rebels, on his own troops. Renewing his desperate efforts to terminate his single combat with the king of birds, he uttered a yell of agony, and awoke; at least, so far as to be conscious that he was in bed—but still in that state of bewilderment and uncertainty, between sleeping and waking, than which, incubus itself is scarcely more distressing. Gasping, as it were for life, he

gazed wildly about him, endeavouring to distinguish objects through the gloom of the apartment, and vainly striving to rouse himself effectually from the tormenting and unconquerable torpor that benumbed his faculties. As he was again sinking, in spite of his efforts, fast into unconsciousness, he was startled by a repetition of what in his dream he had mistaken for the thunder of the American cannon.—Another and another roar succeeded; but still doubtful whether he were dreaming or not, and too much exhausted to move, he remained perfectly silent and passive, until an explosion, still louder than before, terminated his uncertainty, and shook the fabric to its foundations; and, at the same instant, the door of his apartment was broken in with a tremendous crash—gleams of lurid red light shot along the walls and through the aperture of the shattered portal; an immense black ball bounded into the chamber, rolling over and over, and bobbing about the floor in a most clamorous and singular manner. The Englishman's first impulse was to secure his safety by a rapid retreat before the enormous bomb should have time to explode, but the movement was arrested by surprise at beholding a metamorphosis equal to any which had perplexed him in his dream; for, after bouncing about the floor, in the manner we have described, this singular missile began slowly to evolve, and, at length, assuming the appearance of a human form—black as midnight, and of gigantic proportions: approached the foot of the bed, and stood bolt upright.

All this appeared so much like a continuation of his dream, and so unlike reality, that the perplexed Englishman doubted the evidence of his senses; and, after several ineffectual efforts to articulate, he at length roared out—

"In the name of Heaven, what is it?"

A stronger light glanced at the instant through the broken pannel, full upon the horrible apparition; its eyes and teeth glared frightfully, and uttering a demoniacal laugh that might have chilled the blood of any man, though he were wide awake, which could scarcely yet be said of the English general—"Nobody but me," it answered, "nobody but me, come to fetch you off."—"And me, come to help him!" in a strange, unearthly voice, subjoined a wild, fantastic elfish-looking figure, which glided suddenly into the apartment, and flourishing its long thin arms aloft, and clapping its bony hands, the imp capered and pranced, with a thousand wild antics, about the room—while the Englishman rubbed his eyes and gazed from one to the other of his nocturnal visitants, a tall dark figure hastily entered and joined them, exclaiming, "Bravo! mine honest prince! thou prince of beetle-heads! thou shalt be appointed grand door-breaker general for this piece of service! Could'st thou do as much execution with a musket, thinkest thou, as with that impenetrable pate of thine? But stand back, thou literal blockhead! and give us a view of the prisoner."

"Prisoner!" echoed the unfortunate general,

starting up broad awake; for there was that in the imperative manner of the speaker, as he exchanged his mirthful tone for that of command, which allowed him no longer to doubt the evidence of his senses, or the tangibility of the sturdy figures by whom he saw himself surrounded; for while the leader of the party was speaking, he had been reinforced by a dozen stout fellows, in the uniform of the Continental army. Determined that they should not obtain a prisoner of so much importance, cheaply, the English commander sprang up, and reached eagerly forward to secure his weapons, which, as usual, had been placed beside his bed, but they were there no longer. A discordant and tantalizing laugh, from the long-legged urchin, who had sprung into the room at the heels of his sable adversary, attracting his attention, he turned, and perceived his sword glittering in the hand of the ragged imp, and his pistols in possession of *Prince*, the celebrated negro of hard-headed memory, whose name, by the exploit of that memorable night, has obtained "honourable mention" in the pages of our country's history.

"Prisoner!" reiterated the baffled Englishman, glaring wildly around him, but, encountering as he did so, the stern looks of so many hostile faces, he rallied his half-paralyzed faculties, and began to clamour vociferously for his guard. A young American, by snatching his own pistol from the negro, and presenting it at his head, taught him the policy of silence. The youth, however, was hastily pushed aside by his commander, exclaiming—"We can now do without you here—take some of the fellows with you, Gray, and get you gone, if you would secure your own prize to-night."

"Thanks to your honour," was the brief reply of the young soldier, who, followed by some of his comrades, vanished without a second bidding.

"You are my prisoner, General Prescott," said the young and gallant Colonel Barton, addressing his captive—"Rise, sir, and surrender yourself."

"Your prisoner!" replied the Englishman, with a laugh of scornful incredulity; "and who are ye that have thrust yourselves, in this foolhardy manner, on the very points of our British bayonets?"

"Soldiers of the Continental army, sir," replied the intrepid young American, "to whom it now becomes necessary for General Prescott to surrender himself."

"Continental soldiers!" iterated the prisoner; "why, fellows, were ye impatient for the favours of the Provost-marshal? Are you aware that you are in the midst of a British garrison?"

"We are perfectly aware of the dangers by which we are surrounded, General Prescott," coolly answered the American officer, "and they have not been incurred merely for the pleasure of a brief interview with an English general—as we shall not hesitate to convince you; for be assured, sir, if you do not instantly rise, we will compel you to do so."

"Compel!" echoed the prisoner, haughtily;

"and who are you that presumes to address an officer of his British Majesty in such terms?"

"One who hopes to convince you, sir, that the officers of the honourable Congress know how to do their duty. Rise, and accompany me, instantly, General Prescott, unless you prefer being carried."

"And whither?" demanded the Englishman, convinced by his manner that no joke was intended, and yet, so unlooked-for was the disaster—so secure had he deemed himself, and so incredible did the whole transaction appear, that he could scarcely even yet admit the possibility of its truth—"And whither am I to accompany you?" he repeated.

"Of that hereafter, sir—but unless you would give my fellows the trouble of lifting you from bed, rise, immediately," replied his youthful captor, "you may chance to find my men but rough valets, sir."

The English officer, however, still dallied, in expectation of the arrival of some rescue.

"Take up his clothes, men!" commanded Colonel Barton, losing patience at last; "Take up his clothes, men! and bring out the prisoner by force."

"Forbear, you rascals!" growled the Englishman; "I will save you the trouble—but *surely, sir, you will allow me to put on my clothes.*"

"*Very few and very quick, sir,*" replied the gallant Barton.

The prisoner, availing himself of this pretext, prolonged his delay by every possible method he could devise.

"Your object, General Prescott, is to gain time, and I do not blame you," observed Colonel Barton—"but I, sir, have none to lose! You must attend me as you are; I will be detained no longer. Take up his clothes, Prince," he added, sternly; "men! bring off the prisoner, without an instant's delay. I am sorry to have recourse to harsh measures, General Prescott, but our situation is too critical, to admit of ceremony.—On! men! move on with the prisoner," he added, with that stern brevity which enforces instant obedience.

"And do you suppose, young gentleman, that you can venture into the heart of a British garrison, and carry off its commander unmolested?" demanded the prisoner, when he found himself raised, with more haste than tenderness, in the stalwart arms of a dozen men, from whose very touch he shrunk with as much abhorrence as if their rebellion had been contagious—"Take care what you do, young man!—One word from me, and you will find yourselves hedged in by an army!—I need to utter but a syllable, rascals! and your carcases will be tossed on the points of a thousand bayonets!"

"He tells you but the truth: 'tis a desperate venture, my lads," said the dauntless Barton; "Fire not a shot, my brave fellows, but close round him with fixed bayonets, and if he breathes a word above his breath, silence him!"—and drawing his sword—"Close up, my lads, and move on!" he said, advancing in front and lead-

ing the way, as his little band, with their prisoner, in profound silence, emerged into the open air. With a feeling of despair, the English general now perceived his aid-de-camp, (who had leaped undressed from a window, on the first alarm, with the hope of effecting his escape,) together with his centinels, in the custody of the Americans, and each, like himself, with naked swords and bayonets presented at his bosom, in order to secure his silence. But, notwithstanding he had been thus unceremoniously transferred from his downy and damask covered couch to the open fields, which, barefooted as he was, he was compelled to traverse with a rapidity that mocked pursuit, he still continued fondly to hope for succour and deliverance. Should they pass the chain of centinels without observation or alarm, which he could not but believe to be impossible, he still relied implicitly on the vigilance of the water-guards; for, from the direction of their route, he perceived that his captors were conducting him to the western shore. How great then was his chagrin, when, as he was hurried swiftly along, he distinctly heard his centinels sending their "all's well" from post to post! He was tempted at the moment to avenge himself on his captors, even at the price of life, by alarming the guard; but the probability of his enemies escaping with impunity in the confusion, and the absolute certainty that himself must

"————— His quietus make
With a bare bodkin,"

a dozen of which were pointed at his half-naked and defenceless bosom, checked the impulse, and he remained passive.

Consigning him to the custody of our intrepid countrymen, we will now return to Mr. Matthew Halsey, whom we left in the gloom of the evening, bemoaning the cruelty of his mistress. Having vented his rage in some half dozen pithy and elegant imprecations, not on the beautiful Sybil, to whom he was sincerely attached, but on the head of his more favoured rival, Martin Gray, he repaired to a room appropriated to the accommodation of such of the general's retinue as were off duty, where he soon forgot his vexation so far as to listen with some degree of amusement to the jests of corporal Simpkins and sergeant Atkins. In the midst of their mirth, however, they were interrupted, and called on by a sentinel to take into custody a country lad, who had been detected by him in attempting to make his way into the house, through a buttery window, as was supposed, the window being found open and the stripling on it.

As they dragged him forward, the lad made several frantic efforts to extricate himself, but as his person was extremely slight, the soldiers found no difficulty in securing him.

"It's a pity you ha'n't as much strength as spirit, my man," cried Simpkins, laughing; "you'd make a good soldier when you got a beard on your chin.—Faith, Atkins, the boy has mettle in him for so young a slip."

"It'll be a good while, I reckon, before it does any body much harm," said the sergeant;

"what the d—l Drill took the trouble to pick him up for, is a riddle to me."

"And I think if the rebels could make any thing of such a lilly-livered boy as that, it's a pity they hav'n't got him, that's all," said Halsey—"I suppose he was for stealing a comfit, or a jelly—or some such mighty matter."

"Hark'ye, younker, what errand did ye come on?" demanded Simpkins. "What!—is that your breeding, Mr. Ribil?—does'n't Mister Washington learn his men to make their manners to an officer?"

The boy answered only by pulling his hat still farther over his brow.

"Cap in hand, youngster, when a corporal speaks to you," cried Halsey, extending his hand to remove it as he spoke.

"Let the child alone, men, can't ye?" cried the sergeant. "Let the brat alone, I say;—I suppose it's the beggar you told us of, come to get the medicine stuff of your pretty sweetheart, Halsey."

"Him!" exclaimed Halsey, "you might as well tell me it's Washington himself!—Look at that hand," he added; "why Kell Millar's a ragged, filthy, sallow-faced brat;—and his hair's red as a carrot—and look here—here is a skin as white!"

"Nay, his face is red enough now!" said Simpkins.

"The poor boy is scared out of his wits," said Halsey; "but come, cheer up, my lad," he added, "we don't *eat* rebels, we only *kill* them. 'Fore George! he trembles like a militia man at his first snuff of gunpowder."

"What's to be done with him, sargeant?" cried Simpkins, "we don't want him here—hadn't I better show him to the General at once?"

"Aye—if you've an appetite for a hearty cudgelling," said Atkins.

"Od Zooks!" exclaimed Halsey, "there's been such a dead calm up there since sunset, I shouldn't care to be in the way at the next shift of wind: 'twill blow a hurricane!"

"Then we must let him stay, I suppose," said Simpkins. "Here, lad," he added, compassionately, "here's a cup o' home-brewed for ye:—Toss it off, boy, just to keep soul and body together—for it's my opinion you'll shake all to pieces."

"Heigh!—Eh!—Gemini! If I'm any thing of a conjurer, corporal," cried Halsey, surveying the prisoner, "here's the old cloak you lost, come back to us again!"

"Hab, by George! and so it has," answered Simpkins.

"And I must claim acquaintance with that blue handkerchief, I believe," said Halsey.

"For mercy's sake! for the love of Heaven!" exclaimed the trembling prisoner, as each laid a hand on his respective property.

"The cloak's good for nothing, and I don't care a stiver for it," said Simpkins; "but I do so hate a thief!" he added, bestowing on the culprit a shake that nearly dislocated every limb.

"But I do care for the handkerchief," cried

Halsey, "for its the one that Sybil Prior hemmed—the only thing she ever did for me—and by George! I'd sooner give him the heart out of my bosom!—ah, you needn't flinch, you young thief! you needn't struggle, I'll have it," and with a shake, still more emphatic than the corporal's had been, he endeavoured to tear the highly valued handkerchief from the throat of the strippling, whom his violence had nearly deprived of life. The cap of the prisoner fell to the ground in the scuffle, when a mass of luxuriant dark ringlets, which had been tucked up beneath it, streamed abroad in rich profusion over the shoulders of their owner, who, clinging with both hands to the disputed neckcloth, sunk to the ground, exclaiming, "Spare me for mercy's sake! Have pity on me, Matthew Halsey—and murder not a helpless woman!"

Halsey started and staggered backward some paces, as if he had received a blow—for it was indeed the lovely form of Sybil Prior that knelt in disguise at his feet—It was her own beautiful blue eye that was fixed in tearful supplication on his face, and he gazed on her for some minutes in unspeakable surprise and consternation.

"Well done, Mistress Sybil!" cried Simpkins, tauntingly; "a pretty figure you cut, to be sure! So it was *you*, mem, that took the trouble of my cloak off my hands—I'm quite obleeged to ye, 'pon honour, mem!"

"'Fore George, lass, I'm sorry for you!" said the rough but kind-hearted Atkins, as, overpowered with disappointment and confusion, Sybil endeavoured to hide the lovely face, over which crowded a thousand burning blushes, in the little white hands which ever and anon she wrung in an agony of grief and shame.

"Poor lass, I'm sorry for you," repeated honest Atkins; "but what in the name of wonder inspired you to rig yourself out after such a fashion?"

"She meant to go off to the rebels!—she meant to give us all the small pox!—and she didn't care a groat how soon the grave covered poor Matt. Halsey!" exclaimed the mortified and angry Matthew, pacing the floor in a very lover-like frenzy.

"A pretty figure you cut, mem," repeated the corporal, sneeringly.

"Let the poor lass alone," interposed the sergeant, pitying her distress: "poor thing, I don't wonder you cry—I don't wonder you hide your face—its a foolish business—but they shan't plague ye—"

The worthy sergeant was here interrupted in a most unexpected manner; for both doors of the apartment opening simultaneously, several armed men rushed in at each, one party being followed by our acquaintance, Caleb Millar, who danced in behind them, shaking all his rags in exultation, accompanied by Sybil's spaniel, who capered at his heels, barking and yelping, and making "confusion worse confounded."

The sergeant instinctively grappled his musket, and promptly prepared to defend himself—

but Halsey and Simpkins having parted with theirs, which were standing at the other side of the room, his resistance was unavailing.

"You are our prisoners," said a young American subaltern, in whom Halsey instantly recognised his hated rival.

"Who says so, beside yourself, Mr. Ribil?" cried Simpkins.

"You are our prisoners," repeated the Americans, as they rushed upon and overpowered them.

"We'll see to that—we'll have one game at fisty-cuffa, Mr. Ribil," cried Simpkins, vauntingly, "before we'll give up to a few ribil ragamuffins, sich as we see here."

The Americans only laughed at his bravado, while the young subaltern, leaving them to secure the prisoners, directed his entire attention to the recumbent figure of our heroine, who, too much absorbed by her own grief and mortification to be conscious of what was passing around her, sat amidst the bustle, sobbing as if her very heart were breaking.

"Pinion the rascal with the strap of his own knapsack," said Gray, as Halsey stoutly and furiously resisted, half-maddened at the idea of becoming the prisoner of his rival. "Off with him, my lads—off with them all—leave not one behind to tell tales;—if he speaks but loud enough to startle a mouse, send a dozen of your bayonets to his heart. Away with them," added Gray—"away with them, comrades," and lowering his voice as he approached the weeping Sybil, "I have a still more precious prize to secure," he said, endeavouring to take her hand; "Sybil—look up, my own loved Sybil."

"Let me go—let me go, Matt. Halsey," shrieked the half frantic girl, springing from the ground, and tearing her hand from his grasp. Let me go!—I say, sir!—if I hated you before, I detest you now!"

"Sybil—my own Sybil—look up, if you love me yet," exclaimed the youth, putting back the dishevelled ringlets, and gazing fondly on the pallid brow of the agitated Sybil, who had again sunk exhausted to the ground.

"Nay—look on me once, dear Sybil—If you have ever loved Martin Gray, now is the time to avow it boldly—look on me."

Sybil raised her head, and looked a moment wistfully in his face: "Yes—yes," she murmured; there is a God above us yet—"and overpowered by a mingled emotion of surprise and joy, cast herself on the faithful bosom of her long betrothed lover.

"Said I not so, my sweet Sybil?—and now have I risked so much for nothing, or will you go with me and promise to become to-morrow the wife of your own devoted Martin Gray?—We must fly instantly or part forever, Sybil," continued Gray; "speak, then, my own vowed wife—will you go with me?"

"To the ends of the earth—any where," was the scarce articulate reply; "only take me hence, in the whole wide world you are my only friend."

"You go with me then, my own true-hearted

Sybil?" said Gray; "yet it is only fair to tell you that my path is beset with dangers—dare you fly with me and brave them all—aye—even death itself?"

"I can brave any dangers but those that beset me here," answered Sybil—"if you love me, take me from among these fearful men."

"My own, then, from this hour forever," cried the youth, as he folded her to his heart and sealed the compact by impressing a kiss upon her polished forehead—"and as I prove a good and faithful husband so help me God—and so may he deal with me when I reward your tried affection and confiding tenderness with ingratitude or perfidy!" he emphatically added.—"Now, then, exert yourself, dear Sybil, and let us fly without a moment's delay."

Caleb, who had stood by, fidgetting, as the ladies say, with impatience, now leaped from the door, and bounded noiseless as a spectre across the lawn, followed by the manly figure of Martin Gray, lifting rather than leading the trembling form of his agitated bride with him in his rapid walk across the fields. At a few rods distance from the shore he was overtaken by his commander, with the whole party and the prisoners.

"How now, Gray?—what success? demanded the Colonel, in a suppressed tone—"is the pretty bird caught at last?"

"Safely, your honour! my success has been equal to your own," replied his subaltern.

"All is well, then, as those fellows yonder so vociferously assure us," answered the gallant Barton. "On, men! push on;" he added, "look well to the prisoners, and push on, my lads!"

In a few minutes the whole party stood together on the shore, where two boats, with muffled oars, lay ready to receive them. "Bring that trembling dove of thine into this boat, Gray," commanded the Colonel; "and remember, my lads, that every thing now depends on silence and despatch—half our laurels would be clipped," he added, "should harm befall our prisoner. If discovered, the other boat must endeavour to engross the attention and love-tokens of the enemy.—Come! stir, men! push off—and be alive!"

The young commander seated himself as he spoke. The men stooped to their oars, and the barge darted from the shore with the velocity of an arrow. Not a word was uttered, and every breath was suspended with the intenseness of anxiety—the soft ripple of the waves alone was heard, as they curled around the muffled oars, and kissed, as if in gratulation, the bows of the little bark, while she danced over the tranquil waters, on which the stars looked dimly down through a soft mist that came stealing in from the ocean.

As they neared the ships, the prisoner raised himself from his melancholy attitude, and sat erect, gazing eagerly towards them, while his heart throbbed high with hope and full expectation of rescue. Observing the action, the American Colonel presented his pistol at his head, and

addition to the weapons already pointed at his heart by a soldier on either side, thus enforcing profound silence. It was a fearful pause as the little vessel cut her rapid way through the hostile fleet—and Sybil, as she clung to the supporting arm of Martin Gray, wrung in an agony of apprehension the hand which clasped her own. The prisoner was powerfully agitated as he saw himself borne along within call and beneath the very guns of the British ships. His hopes became less sanguine at each successive plash of the oars, but they were not utterly extinguished until, as they cleared the ships and emerged into the open bay, he heard the water guards, on whom he had firmly placed his expectations of ultimate deliverance, loudly proclaiming to the fleet, that “all was well,” at the very instant their general was passing as a captive under the bows of his own ships! The cry swelled over the water, and echoed along the shore, ringing the knell to all his hopes of rescue. A sound of suppressed laughter passed along the barge, and throwing himself back on his seat he gnashed his teeth in the bitterness of disappointment and impotent rage. The barge, meantime, pursued her rapid and silent career up the bay, propelled by the sturdy strength of those intrepid men whose unparalleled daring had been crowned with a success so little less than miraculous.

“Sir, I would not have believed it possible you could have escaped the vigilance of the water guards,” exclaimed the Englishman, when the removal of the weapons at last gave tacit permission to speak.

“The miracle is wrought, however,” replied his captor; and a plashing of oars the next instant apprized the voyagers that their boat’s consort had now overtaken them.

“Hollo, Thompson,” shouted his Colonel, joyfully, “are you there, my lads?—off safely and with flying colours? hah!”

“And with trumpets sounding into the bargain, had we but your honour’s permission,” responded the commander of the second barge—“what say you, sir, shall we give ‘em a few cheers, your honour?”

“Not just yet—pull away, my lads!—a good stroke, boys!—Get a little farther up, and then send a few hurrah’s over the water, and let them hear you, if their nap is out.”

The laugh and joke now went briskly round in an under tone, for in the moment of that brilliant success which their own desperate valour had secured, their generous commander was not inclined to check their honest glee and hard earned triumph. Turning, therefore, a deaf ear to their ill-suppressed merriment, he seated himself beside his prisoner, and, with a respectful sympathy for his situation, endeavoured to beguile him of his gloomy thoughts by engaging him in conversation. The Englishman, however, after returning a few ungracious replies, again relapsed into silence, and, during the remainder of the voyage, was allowed to brood in uninterrupted and sullen silence over his misfortune.

Before the rising sun again began to laugh on the green hills, our hardy band of bold adventurers, with their prisoner, reached the continent, unhurt, from amidst so many dangers. The English general was immediately conducted to the quarters prepared for his reception, and the beautiful Sybil, still accompanied by the faithful and affectionate Caleb Millar, was escorted by her lover to the house of his aunt who resided at Pawtucket.

It now becomes necessary once more to retrograde in our narrative, in order to explain the manner in which the escape of Sybil Prior became connected with the capture of General Prescott.

From the time that Martin Gray first enlisted in the service of his country, the fidelity, zeal, and intrepidity with which he discharged his duties, had obtained for him, not only the esteem and respect of his comrades, but a very large share of the patronage and countenance of the young and gallant Colonel Barton, who honoured him on several occasions with proofs of his confidence and regard. On receiving the letter of Sybil Prior, through the hands of the trusty Caleb, therefore, Martin Gray unhesitatingly repaired to the presence of his beloved commander, and placing it before him, solicited leave of absence. Happily for Martin Gray, as well as for his country, Colonel Barton was not inattentive to the happiness of those under his command; and pitying the distress of his brave and trusty subaltern, he enquired into the particulars of the affair, with the greatest affability and kindness. At the first view, the scheme which Martin Gray had formed for the rescue of his mistress, appeared so rash and utterly impracticable, that Colonel Barton firmly, though kindly, remonstrated against the attempt. With increased earnestness, however, the anxious lover continued to urge his suit, enumerating the various facilities he possessed, from his own local knowledge, and the assistance he should receive from so able an auxiliary as Caleb Millar, who was perfectly acquainted with the post of every guard and centinel of the garrison. While listening to the details of Martin Gray, the Colonel learned more accurately than he knew before, the situation of General Prescott, who was living in all the negligence of imaginary security at Overing-house. The dauntless spirit of Barton instantly conceived the adventurous plan of capturing the English commander in the midst of his own garrison—a plan which was as promptly executed as it had been boldly conceived. What success attended this enterprise of lofty daring we have already seen. The narrative of the brave “General Barton’s Expedition,” forms one of the proudest pages of our country’s history, and is deservedly considered as amongst the most glorious exploits that marked the whole course of our revolutionary struggle.

On the day following the capture of General Prescott, Martin Gray received his young bride from the hand of his beloved commander, who not only honoured their nuptials with his pre-

sence, but even condescended to give away the bride.

At his instance, also, the gentlemen of his regiment contributed a sum of money sufficient for the purchase of a neat and comfortable cottage near Providence, whither the young couple immediately repaired, and which is said to have been the abode of neatness and content. At the termination of the war, however, Martin Gray disposed of it, and returning to his little farm, rebuilt the cottage which the British had destroyed; and here they have since lived, a pattern of conjugal affection, and beloved and respected in their humble sphere by all who know them.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."

Should the authenticity of this our veritable narrative be questioned, we would recommend it to our reader, for his better satisfaction, to visit the beautifully secluded dwelling of the happy rustic pair, which he may know by the fragrant vines of sweet-briar and honey-suckle, whose blossoms cluster about its narrow casement more luxuriantly than honey-suckle and sweet-briar ever clustered before. Should he not find the worthy pair at their own hospitable dwelling, he will be most likely to encounter them by directing his steps to Overing-house, in the grounds of which they still delight to ramble, and to recapitulate the events of the memorable night of the Tenth of July, 1777.

THE SEASONS.

Linger then yet a while,
As the last leaves on the bough:
Ye have loved the gloom of many a smile
That is taken from you now.

MRS. HEMANS.

HAD we the tender and pathetic expression of Bryant to clothe our musings, we would dwell long and thrilling upon the lessons taught so forcibly, in the advent of sober-suited autumn. Coldly, indeed, must he look upon nature and her changes, who does not find a luxury of sentiment in the contemplation of all her seasons. All are but chords to that instrument which yields its tone to every breath of man, and vibrates involuntarily to every feeling of his breast. In the spring, the fairy melody is made up of the unmingled warblings of rapture, the involuntary thrills of untaught fingers, the overflowing of that spring of gladness which gave mythology her fabled fountains, and from which issues all that claims the name of music, short of the voiceless harmony of heaven. In summer it is mellowed into the harmony of hope. The voice which never mourned is heard in its rich diapasons; its glowing progressions are tempered to the calmness of matured desire; echoes are unbroken by the irregular responses of untutored passion, and its deep and ever varying consonances chime, swell and estuate, in infinite gradation.

Beautifully, though sadly the reverse of these is the style of Autumn's "unwritten music." The hope of the glad Spring, and the devotion of the ardent Summer, have been damped, but not to deaden a single tone. The chords on which once played the breath of the affections, are strained, but not to break. The mind is no longer a mighty organ, yielding its sounds to the hand of man: but becomes a gentle Æolian harp, catching its magic tones from every breath of the autumnal breeze. Plaintive and sweet, as though sound itself had caught a charm from the beautiful hues of decay, they come upon the ear, blending into harmony such strains as no art can imitate, no science arrange, no skill record. Such is the music of autumn, upon that deep-toned, glorious instrument—the heart.

The grave comes gloomily upon the thoughts of youth. They have not yet hurried there the better part of their hearts. To the pilgrim who has farther advanced on the highway of human disappointments, the last home of man is a welcome theme. Lovely to him, not only that it already holds his best hopes and his only charms that made the world fair amid all its desolation, the grave—the cold and dreary grave—sends up a sweet and holy call to his weary and broken spirit. All that speaks of decay has a charm to him. No marvel, then, that he woos the melancholy influence of Autumn, and breathes with untold delight her sighing breezes, and settles an unwearied gaze upon her red and yellow forests. Let childhood hang with enrapturing fondness over the brilliant beauty of Spring's first flowers, but its little idols will wither. Let maturer youth yield its full devotions to the fruitful and fervent hopes of Summer, yet they, too, shall pass away. But who that has ever relished the calm yet passionate love of fading beauty, which steals upon the unsubdued, thought-softened spirit of one whose hopes have been like the summer clouds, will cling to such fleeting hues again! There is no autumn in his soul, where all these images are deep and indelible. Even the winter of age, though it withers the outer form, can never supplant the sweetly lingering hues of autumn in the soul. They cling to the memory longer than hope—and the memory itself is life.

AUTUMN EVENING.

THESE are the true seasons for improvements. The weariness and dust and heat of summer are over. The air is cool—and nature puts on her robes of pensiveness and contemplation, so that mankind have little to divert them from the noble duty of storing the mind with wisdom during the calm and glorious evenings of autumn. Sit down, ye young journeyers to eternity; spread before you the bright pages of literature and morality, and never let pleasure rob your evenings of their innocence, and cloud your mornings with languor and repentance.

THE NIGHTMARE.

I come in the gleams from the land of dreams,
 Wrapp'd round in the darkness' pall;
 Ye may hear my moan in the night-wind's groan,
 When the tapestry flaps on the wall.
 I sit on the breast of the death-owl's nest,
 And she screams in fear and pain;
 And my wings glare bright in the wild moon-light,
 As it whirls round the madman's brain;
 And down sweeps my car, like a falling star,
 When the winds have hush'd their breath,
 And ye feel in the air, from the cold sepulchre,
 The faint damp smell of death.

My vigil I keep by the murderer's sleep,
 When dreams round his senses spin—
 I ride on his breast, and trouble his rest,
 In the shape of his deadliest sin;
 And hollow and low is the moan of woe,
 In the depth of his strangling pain,
 And his cold black eye rolls in agony,
 And faintly rattles his chain:
 The sweat-drops fall on the damp prison-wall—
 He wakes with a deep drawn sigh;
 He hears my tread, as I fly from his bed,
 And he calls on the saints on high.

And still I crouch by the sick man's couch,
 I stifle his slumbering breath,
 And I cramp-rack his bones, as he shudders and groans,
 In the seeming pangs of death;
 And words, unknown, 'twixt a sigh and a moan,
 In his horrible dread he utters,
 As the dying breath, to the messenger Death,
 In wild delirious mutters,
 When he comes to bear the soul through the air,
 To him who alone can save it;
 When mortality must return to her dust,
 And the spirit to him who gave it.

I fly to the bed, where the weary head
 Of the poet its rest must seek;
 When dreams of fame enkindle the flame
 Of joy on his pallid cheek;
 No thought does he take of the world awake,
 And its cold and heartless pleasure;
 In the holy fire of his own loved lyre,
 Is his best and his dearest treasure:
 With my terrible sting, that cheek I bring
 To a darker and deadlier hue;
 When his last token dies, his lyre, is broken,
 His heart is broken too.

When the maiden asleep for her lover doth weep
 Afar on the rolling sea—
 And she dreams he is pressed to her welcoming breast,
 Returned from his dangers free;
 I come in the form of the wave of the storm,
 And sweep him away from her heart—
 And then from her dream she wakes with a scream
 To think that in death they part;
 And still in the light of her dream bound sight,
 'The images whirl and dance,
 Till my swift elision dispels the vision,
 And she starts as from a trance.

In dreams I affright the startled sight
 Of the miser, withered and old,
 And he strives to arise, with horrible cries,
 As he thinks of his stolen gold—
 But faint is each limb, and ghastly and grim,
 He groans with a stifled gasp;
 And his sinews I strain on his bed of pain,
 Till he faints in my elvish grasp;
 An awful one with a hand of bone,
 Seems to beckon him off to the tomb;
 And I laugh as I whirl thro' the night's black furl
 In the film of darkness' gloom.

When the sweet babe lies with half-closed eyes,
 As blue as the sky of even,

And ye know the while, by its innocent smile,
 That its dreams are of joy and Heaven;
 I steal to the bed where that gentle head
 In meek composure lies,
 And, with phantoms of fright, I break the light
 Of its visions of Paradise:
 The horror and fear of that night so drear,
 Is long ere it pass away;
 And the fearful glare of my fiendish stare
 Is remembered for many a day.

When the clouds, first-born of the breezy morn,
 In the eastern chambers roam,
 I glide away in the twilight gray,
 To the mist of my shadowy home.
 But man may not tell by word or by spell,
 Where I rest my hideous form—
 Where darkness and sleep to their kingdom creep,
 And dreams rustle by like a storm—
 Whether it be in the caves or sea,
 Where the rolling breakers go,
 Or the crystal sphere of the upper air,
 Or the depths of hell below.

THE WORLD.

SWIFTER and swifter, day by day,
 Down time's unquiet current hurled,
 Thou passest on thy restless way,
 Tumultuous and unstable world!
 Thou passest on! time hath not seen
 Delay upon thy hurried path:—
 And prayers and tears alike have been
 In vain to stay thy course of wrath.

Thou passest on, and with thee go
 The loves of youth—the cures of age;
 And smiles and tears, and joy and woe
 Are on thy history's bloody page!
 There, every day, like yesterday,
 Writes hopes that end in mockery;—
 But who shall tear the veil away,
 Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
 Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
 And o'er the dreams of human pride,
 His misty shroud forever spreads;
 Where all thine iron hand hast traced
 Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
 With records ages since effaced—
 Like them shall live—like them decay.

Thou passest on—with thee the vain
 That sport upon thy flaunting blaze—
 Pride, framed of dust, and Folly's train,
 Who court thy love, and run thy ways.
 But thou and I—(and he it so)—
 Press onwards to eternity;
 Yet not together let us go
 To that deep voiced but shoreless sea!

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
 Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own;
 I kneel not at thy gilded shrine;
 I bow not at thy slavish throne:—
 I'll them pass by without a sigh;—
 They make no swelling rapture now,
 The fierce delights that fire thine eye—
 The triumph of thine haughty brow!

Pass on, relentless world:—I grieve
 No more for all that thou hast given:
 Pass on, in God's name—only leave
 The things thou never yet hast given!
 A heart at ease—a mind at home—
 Affections fixed above thy way—
 Faith set upon a world to come,
 And patience through life's little day.



YOUNG NAPOLEON.

THE LATE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

On the twentieth day of March, 1811, the streets of Paris were filled with an excited populace rending the air with the cry of *Vive L'Empereur*. The continued roar of cannon, and the flight of a balloon, in which a female aeronaut ascended, gave indications that some event had occurred of overpowering interest to the French people.

It was the birth of the "son of the man," of an heir to the fortunes and glory of Napoleon, the ruler of fifty-seven millions of people, which now gave to the public impatience its joyful gratification.

It was on this occasion that many singular circumstances took place, such as are supposed to attend the nativity of remarkable characters, and are chronicled for after times with peculiar care, as having been the prognostics of good fortune, or the omens of misery to come. The Emperor felt unusual anxiety as the critical moment arrived.—Almost the whole preceding night he paced the halls of the palace with the Empress. Towards morning, the event occurred under the most alarming aspect. The celebrated Dubois, a professor in the school of medicine, arrived before his companion, the no less celebrated Corvisart. Napoleon was anxiously waiting the result in an adjacent room. He learned that there was great occasion for alarm, and anxiously inquired of the former why he did not discharge his professional duty without delay. He excused himself on account of the absence of Corvisart. Do you want a witness or a justifier? said the Emperor; I will be that to you—proceed. Roused by his remarks and his kind encouragement, he went, though under much embarrassment, to the assistance of the alarmed Empress. Again the presence of mind of Napoleon was serviceable; for the medical attendant, even now, could not recover his accustomed calmness of manner, until the memorable saying of the Emperor, Forget that you are attending the Empress—treat her as you would the wife of a citizen of St. Denis. The Emperor was soon afterwards asked whose life should be saved, if the sacrifice of either the mother or the child became indispensable.—"The mother's," replied Napoleon; "it is her right." At length the crisis was passed, but the infant is said only to have been roused from a deep lethargy by the reverberation and noise of the one hundred and one pieces of artillery.

Twenty-two persons, some of them of distinction, besides the Emperor, were present, and it was Corvisart whose friendly aid restored warmth to the expiring child, now almost forgotten amid the confusion arising from the fear entertained for the fate of his mother.

All etiquette was laid aside, and the ceremonies for the occasion, according to the usual custom of Princes, with whom it is important to establish the birth-right, and identity of

their successors, were laid aside without hesitation.

The Emperor, as soon as he was assured of his wife's safety, caught up the child and presented him to his officers and attendants in the next apartments by whom he was hailed, King of Rome! It had been previously determined that if the expected stranger should be a princess, the number of the cannon used to announce the event should be limited to twenty-two, and if a son was born, the event should be distinguished by a discharge from a hundred and one pieces. When therefore the twenty-third report was heard, the enthusiasm of the people was carried to excess, that almost exceeds belief.

This was but the prelude to more marked honours. Addresses were sent from all the public bodies of Paris. The courts of Europe sent envoys extraordinary to congratulate Napoleon on the event. The king and queen of Spain made a journey to Paris for the same purpose. At his baptism, the infant was presented with a silver cradle by the good city of Paris, and the Emperor of Austria stood godfather by his proxy and brother, the Duke of Wurzburg. In short, never was any birth celebrated with greater rejoicings, or any child more warmly welcomed into this breathing world, than this unconscious heir to a throne.

The education of the young King of Rome became a subject of serious concern to the Emperor. To Madame de Montesquieu was entrusted the office of governess to young Napoleon. She was the wife of Count Peter Montesquieu Fezensac, a distinguished officer and statesman. She was esteemed a most excellent woman, of unsullied honor and established principles. Her method of managing her charge was much admired. His apartments were on the ground floor of the Tuilleries and looked out upon the Court. A splendid palace was even then in contemplation for him, to be placed opposite the Pont d'Jena, but the obstinacy of a cooper, who owned part of the ground intended for the site prevented the execution of the plan.

At almost every hour of the day crowds of people assembled before the window of the young king to obtain a view of him. On one occasion, after he had begun to understand what was said to him, and appreciate his importance, he fell into a violent passion. His governess immediately ordered the windows to be darkened. He asked his Maman Quiou what that was for. "To hide your passion from those people in the court yard, whom you will probably one day govern, and who would lose their respect for you if they witnessed your bad conduct now." It is said he instantly confessed his error, begged her pardon, and promised to be angry no more.

At a chateau, in a place called Mendon, two miles from Versailles, where was assigned the residence of the young king, while yet in his

nurse's arms, and where afterwards the Empress resided during the expedition to Russia, Napoleon projected an institute for the education of his son and the princes of the imperial house. There a school was to be maintained, combining all the advantages of public and private tuition, where the pupils destined to govern nations, "should acquire conformity of principles, manners, and ideas." Each Prince from a foreign state, was to bring with him twelve youths, the elite of his country, to be educated with them. These, said the Emperor, would have been knit together in the bonds of friendship, have acquired extended views, and have become acquainted with every thing befitting their rank and expectations; and where, we may add, they would have unquestionably obtained a bias for the founder of their states and the principles of their imperial head. The views of Napoleon were on this subject no less politic than profound.

In 1814, on the approach of the allies, Maria Louisa retired with her son to Blois, by command of her husband, a great mistake, as in the end it proved to be. During this period Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte formed a design to carry her beyond the Loire to her husband, and they would have succeeded, if they had obtained the previous consent of the Emperor. She refused on that ground alone. A few weeks afterwards she had an interview with her father, the Emperor of Austria, and she here learned that she was to return to his court with her son, and to be separated from her husband. Mad. De Montesquieu still remained with the Empress, though upon the first reverse of fortune, almost all her attendants deserted her. She remained in charge of her pupil, who was tenderly attached to her, until 1815, when, upon the return of the Emperor from Elba, an attempt to carry off his son from Schoenbrunn, was frustrated almost at the moment of its execution. The Governess was dismissed, but the separation was heart-breaking to the child, and stratagem was resorted to, to soothe the pangs of parting.—He was then transferred to Vienna, and placed in the hands of Germans. For a short time he was permitted to visit his mother, but finally, on the 20th of May, 1815, he was transferred to Vienna, where he afterwards resided. His name in the state calendar was now Charles Francis Joseph, that of Napoleon being entirely forbidden to be used.—In 1818 he was created Duke of Reichstadt, a lordship in Bohemia, with a revenue of almost 160,000 dollars per annum—placed next in rank to the princes of the blood. At first his grandfather destined him for the church, but afterwards he changed his views, and gave him a military education. A person who saw him about this period, represents him as a handsome, interesting boy, with great spirit, and apparently a good constitution. It has been suspected, and not without cause, that very great care was taken to prevent his ambition being excited by the history of his father's deeds, or the recital of his glorious victories. Obscure portions of history were made his study, and a police officer was stationed in the

room when his lessons were given him by his tutor. The celebrated Von Hammer was one of his teachers, and is believed to have been of great benefit to him. The Count Dietreichstein, his Governor, kept him in a state of surveillance, and never suffered him to be unwatched. He was not allowed to associate with any young persons on terms of intimacy, no matter how much he desired society, and every avenue to a secret correspondence was carefully guarded. Even when grown up, educated and in command of a regiment of cavalry, he was still a prisoner. This has, however, been denied very recently by the Court of Vienna. Little therefore can be said of the character of his mind, or the tenor of his feelings.—The damp atmosphere of his residence at Schoenbrunn is said to have injured his health; and his total estrangement from his mother, the Bonaparte family, and suitable companions of his own age and rank, no doubt had their full effect in hastening his career to its termination. Cut off from the scenes of real life, he used to frequent the theatre at Vienna, to watch its shadows, and observe their resemblance. Here, with his hands clasped, his head projected forward, and his eyes intently fixed on what he saw, he excited the most lively interest among the spectators. To this spot many a devoted and enthusiastic Frenchman repaired to catch a glimpse of features so painfully exciting and dear to the friends of Napoleon.

The best medical aid availed him nothing. He was told that he could not recover, and he lamented his destiny with bitter grief. There are but two epochs, said he, in my life to be remembered—my life and my death. Would to God that I could have seen before I died that column which reared its head in the Place Vendome, the glorious monument of my father's fame.

His mother, from whom he had so long been separated, hastened to catch his parting breath.—Though by her alliance with Count Niepperg she has become the mother of many children, yet on this occasion she did not forget what was due to the ties of a once pleasing union with the greatest man of the age. Over that solitary pledge of ambitious and ill-fated attachment she wept day by day, until the last sigh of the son of the man she once had loved fell on her ear, and rendered her for some time senseless of the loss she had sustained. On the destiny of this unfortunate young man, prediction and presentiment, fear and hope, ambition and policy, had long hung with trembling anxiety. At the age of 22 years, he has left the vast theatre which was opening to him for weal or woe, to sleep among the dull corpses of the House of Hapsburg in the Convent of the Capuchins.

To preserve the proper strength, both of the body and the mind, labour must be regularly and seasonably mingled with rest; and those only who observe a proper interchange of exercise and rest, can expect to enjoy health of body, or cheerfulness of mind.

THE LOVE TOKEN.

"THIS is your handkerchief, Emma, is it not?"

"Yes," said Lady Mauden, as she turned her eyes from her harpsichord to the inquirer.

"Well, Emma, you cannot refuse me this handkerchief—not as a memorial—for I need not that—but as a gift—as a token of—friendship—"

"No, George, that cannot be—indeed it cannot—"

"Why?—but no matter:—and yet this is a trifling request. Emma, Emma, you have but little feeling for me—I know it;—but when we part this evening, you may be relieved for ever from my presence."

"For ever, George!" said Lady Mauden, surprised into a tone of anxiety—"for ever!"

"And what have I to do here?—Is it not enough that I am thus guilty, without increasing that guilt by a longer stay—without adding to my distractedness, and rushing—oh, Emma! even tell me that you do not hate me, and it will be some solace to me."

"Mr. Leslie," said Lady Mauden, in a severe voice, "if I have been the cause of any uneasiness to you, at least give me credit for regret—we had, indeed, better part.—Give me the handkerchief." Her ladyship rose from the harpsichord, as she spoke.

"'Tis all I ask, Emma. Leave it to me, and I quit you instantly, and for ever."

"The handkerchief, George—I must have the handkerchief." Lady Mauden extended her hand towards the still unwilling Leslie—but at that instant the drawing-room door opened, and Lord Mauden entered.

"Why, Leslie, what's the matter? I have just been to the stables, and Hennecy tells me you have ordered your horses. Where are you going at this late hour?"

"My Lord, I must leave you to-night."

"Leave us!—Well, of course as you please; but I hope nothing has happened in my house, to make your stay unpleasant."

"Nothing, I assure you; but in a few days you shall hear the reason of this abrupt departure."

"Make no strangers of us, Leslie; do as you please; and remember this is your home, whenever it suits your pleasure or convenience."

"This distracts me," muttered the young man, but Lord Mauden heard him not; for the approach of the horses to the hall-door attracted his attention to the window. Lady Mauden had turned to a music-stand; but, to any one who observed her, it was plain she thought little of the leaves, which she rapidly turned over. George Leslie observed her: he was still in possession of the handkerchief; and now, as he stood by himself near a centre table, he silently folded it, and put it in his bosom. An unheard and unperceived step brought him to her side; but her thoughts were too busy to notice it.

"You will have a beautiful evening for your ride. I suppose you face towards home?" said

Lord Mauden, his eyes still directed to the window.

"Lady Mauden," said George Leslie. She started as if from a dream, and looked him full in the face. "Lady Mauden, fare you well." This he said aloud; but in a whisper, "*farewell for ever!*" He took her hand—it trembled—a tear fell upon his own, and she turned hastily to the music-stand again, to hide or stifle her emotion, and with difficulty could collect strength enough to speed him on his journey.

Leslie had consideration enough to leave her at once. He mounted his horse in silence, and rode down the avenue, followed by his servants, and it was not for some time that he recollected that he had not taken leave of his kind host and friend Lord Mauden.

"Strange!" said his lordship, as he followed Leslie with his eyes down the lawn.

Lady Mauden, after a vain attempt at the harpsichord, complained of illness, and retired to her chamber.

Alas! what a world is ours! where half its fancied pleasures are sin. Lady Mauden was most unhappy. The commands of a father, and the prayers of a mother, had prevailed with her to give her hand to Lord Mauden. The only man she had ever loved, besides that father, had just parted from her side. He had told her he had quitted her for ever. She was glad—and yet, "for ever"—Lady Mauden was a woman, young and sensitive; and could she, in her heart of hearts, rejoice never more to see the man upon whom her first and best affections were unchangeably fixed? Reason is deceitful, duty is blind, and determination is weak. Alas! that passion should be the only true, clear-sighted, and strong principle of our nature!

Not very far from Mauden House, there is a wild and heathery mountain, broken here and there by deep and winding hollows, through one of which passes the public road; and this, as well as the rest, had, since the days of King William's conquest, been noted as a resort of robbers and outlaws. The attacks on coaches, the plunder of individual travellers, and some frightful and most revolting murders committed there, had made it a fearful place to all the country; while the nature of the situation, and of the scenery itself, lent an additional horror and dark interest to all that rumour could tell. The bleak mountain collected about its head an almost perpetual covering of clouds; and the screams of a few wild birds, that, from time to time, hovered over the thin patches of cultivation, gave life indeed to the scene; but it was such life as Virgil or Dante could have given to the bleakness of an infernal plain.

It was half-past twelve at night when Leslie was riding on this road, followed at a short distance by his favourite Hennecy. The master was silent; the servant now and then broke into

a whistle, or stave, of some Irish song, but would instantly cease, on recollection of the presence of his master. He evidently longed to speak, and would have given a great deal for the usual condescending communicativeness of "Sir George," to arrest the loneliness of their way; but Hennecey was not in the slightest degree afraid. Many a night before he would not have passed here in silence for the universe, nor have trusted himself on this mountain, except, perhaps, with a strong party of "hearty boys," returning from a fair or wake; but, to-night, Hennecey knew his master's errand, and felt that his silence and seriousness was, to-night, most natural. They had just arrived to the summit of a hill, over which the road led, and from thence on the top of another, which also was crossed by the road; figures were seen relieved against the hazy and half-moon lit clouds behind. Distant whistlings were heard, and, in a few moments Leslie could observe, on the far-off hill, as it retired from the road, increasing groups of men, and some stragglers here and there, running in different directions. Neither of our travellers, however, seemed alarmed; and the only remark made was by Hennecey—"I think, sir, we had best turn off by the *boireen* at the foot of the hill. We'll come up wid the boys in betther nor ten minutes from that." Leslie nodded; and, on arriving at the bottom of the glen, between the two fore-mentioned hills, he turned to the right of the *boireen*, or narrow passage, of which Hennecey spoke. About three or four hundred yards brought them to a loose and unfastened gate; and as Hennecey advanced, and was endeavouring to push it back, without dismounting in the mud, a man stepped up from behind a ditch, and resting the muzzle of a gun on the top bar, said, in a tone of lagged but calm determination, "Ye don't pass here, gentlemen."

"We don't pass here!" repeated George Leslie, while he laid his hand on one of his pistols, "By what right, my good man, do you prevent us?"

"Oh, 'tis all the same as to that," answered the apparent sentinel; "and ye may put up your pistol—ye can't pass here, gentlemen."

George Leslie was naturally impetuous, and was about to push his horse at the gate, notwithstanding the cry of the man, "I tell ye to keep back," when Hennecey interfered, and having respectfully said to his master, "Lave him to me, sir; he knows me when the moon will look at my face.—Era, Tom Cauty, don't you know me, man? Don't be talking here, but let us go by in pace. We're going to the captain."

"Eh, then, Nick Hennecey, is that yourself? Of coorse I'll lave you pass, but I don't know the other man."

"But I knows him, Tom: he's my master, and a good warrant to be so—he is too. Come, make haste, open the gate, man."

"I cannot, Nick; I cannot; 'tis my orders."

"Era, don't I know your orders? Be quiet now, Tom, and pacibly let us go by." As Hennecey spoke, he pushed the gate, and beckoning to Leslie, said, "Come along, sir."

"I tell you, Nick, 'tis no use for you. I'll lave no one pass here to-night that I don't know."

"But I tell you, you'll let Mr. Leslie pass."

"Eh, who?—Is it a son of black Sam Leslie's, of Boxton Hill, the man who prosecuted—and got him hanged too—God rest him!—poor Ned Sheedy!—Is it a son of his, Nick?—for if it be him, and you have a regard for the boy, I'd have you take him out of this."

"Yeh! Tom, man, he knows what brought him here."

"I tell you, Mr. Leslie, 'tis best for you to go: you're not safe here. I don't want to say nothing now about your father—but your mother, God rest her soul, was a good woman to the poor, and I'm not the one to hurt her son, but I won't answer for others. I tell you, sir, 'tis best for you to go."

Leslie, who, during the preceding colloquy, had cooled, and recollected that gentleness was here a more useful weapon than a pistol, replied, "My good man, whatever my father is, I am, perhaps, a greater friend to you and your cause than you may imagine. My business is now with Captain Hardy; and to assure you that I can mean nothing injurious, I entrust you with my arms, and go defenceless among your party."

Tom Cauty thought for a few seconds, and then, turning suddenly to him, said, "I'll let you pass, sir. Nick, you knows the road, round by the bush, in the corner yonder."

"I knows it all. Good night, Tom."

"Good night, Nick," said Tom, as they passed on; and, looking after them, he continued, to himself, "Well, if they be wise, I know what they'll do with him. They'll keep him for the father's sake; and if the ould man is fond of his boy, I think he won't be hunting any more of us about the country."

"By the bush in the corner yonder" they rode, and, in a few moments, arrived on the bank of one of the many streams descending from the mountain. As they stood looking for the best part to cross by, the gleams of the moon fell upon the side of the mountain opposite, Leslie looked up, and, though it was what he expected, he could not restrain a slight mark of emotion, on seeing, within less than a quarter of a mile, some thousands of people collected, in separate groups, some lying under the open sky, and a few under the shelter of a shed, here and there rudely erected. There was one cabin to be seen; the small half-rag stopped windows of which showed, wherever light could come, that it was well lighted.

"What house is this?" asked Leslie of his servant.

"That's our parliament-house," answered Hennecey, in a quick, quaint voice, that left Leslie in doubt whether he was serious or jesting. "That's our parliament-house, sir; and 'tis there they be talking of their plans and marchings, since Lord Edward and the Shears was took up."

To the door of the parliament-house they rode. Leslie had gathered his cloak about his face; and the company he was in (for Hennecey was no

mean personage in the opinion of the multitude) saved him, as soon as Hennecy was recognised, from curious observation and inquiry. When they had knocked at the door, it was immediately opened, and a few words of Irish having passed between Hennecy and the porter, they dismounted and entered—Hennecy only for an instant, for the horses claimed *his* care and attendance.

On Leslie's entrance, a number of persons, who were sitting on chairs, stools, tables, beds, or wherever they could find seats, rose; and one individual, of an athletic but compact figure, dressed in a frieze coat, and who seemed to be the principal person of the assembly, came forward and welcomed him.

"You're welcome, Mr. Leslie. I'm pleased to see the coorse you have follied, and may be 't won't be the worse for you and yours."

"Well, Desmond," answered George, "let us finish the business of to-night. What more have you to say to me upon that business?"

"I haven't much more to say, Mr. Leslie; but are you content to be our captain on the terms I told you of?"

"Desmond, I'm in some doubt still of the right we have thus to take arms and law into our own hands. And, besides, what is it you have to complain of?"

"What is it we have to complain of!—And, blood-an-oons, Mr. Leslie, is this the question you're asking us afther all? What is it we have to complain of!—God help you. I'll tell you in one story; and that is only one out of a thousand. Do you see that woman on the straw there, in the corner yonder, and the six children about her?—and do you see those big boys here by me?—Well, they be all of a family. 'Tis three weeks to-morrow since they war all, themselves and the father of them, sitting at their dinner; and no great things of a dinner it was eether, but a pratee and a grain of salt. Howsomever, that's nothing; if they lave us to ate that same in pace, 'tis enough:—but, as I was saying, they war sitting to it—and who should come to the door, but the procther. Well, Ned Sheedy got up, and he axed him to eat a pratee. 'No,' says the procther, 'I'm in a hurry:—but how are you off for the tithe, Ned?' 'Oh,' says Ned, 'bad enough.' 'I'm sorry for that, Ned,' says he; 'for the tithe I must have.' 'Sure you won't mind a month or so,' says Ned; 'for the dickons a manes of giving it you I have now, save the crop in the ground, and the pig that I don't like selling for another while, to get the bettler price for him.' 'Oh Ned, the tithe I must have,' says the procther; 'or, if I don't, I must have the pig; and if that won't do, I must have the table, Ned, or the chairs, or the dresser and the chaney; and if them won't do, I must have the bed, and the things on it, Ned.' Well, why, Ned said nothing;—for what could he say?—but he only looked at his childer:—and the wife afterwards told me that one big tear rolled down his face; but if it did, the procther did not mind it, but only said, 'Mr. Sheedy, I'll give you one week longer, and let me have the tithe then;' and

away he went. Well, 'twas the very next day afther, two soldiers comed into the house to them, and sat down, like two lords, on the bed. Ned didn't say much, but quietly axed what they plased to want? One of them laughed, and desired him go and be damned; and the other went over to Ketty Sheedy herself, that's his wife, and gave her a kiss. Now Ned minded nothing at all but this; and so he did what any man that was a man at all, would do—he up with his fist, and knocked him dead on the floor. The other runned at him—but Ned was a strong boy, and, 'faith, he'd have mastered him too, only that the other came to himself, and both war too much for him. They took and tied him with the leather belt of one of them, and left him on the floor, gibing of him. What else they did, I need not tell. When they went out, by and by Ketty loosed him. Ned went to your own father, Mr. George, the magistrate that is; and when he sent in for him, Mr. Leslie was at dinner, and so Ned had to wait better nor two hours; and when the magistrate opened his window, and Ned, with his hat off, toul't his story, this good magistrate toul't him to go and be damned for a croppy and a rebel, and that he'd have two more of the soldiers quartered on him; and as to his wife, she was no better nor a —. I won't say before her what he called her; but Ned came away, and sat down in a chair under the chimney all night, and the poor woman herself was crying by him, with the infant at her breast. For the week Ned wasn't himself, to be sure; but when the time was out, the procther came. 'Well, Ned, the tithe. You won't refuse it me now, any how.' 'I have no tithe for you,' said Ned; and little blame to him to be vexed now. 'Well, no matter for that eether,' said the procther; 'but you have the pig, Ned, and the chairs and the bed. Come in,' said he to a parcel of people he had outside to help him. 'A fine pig he is too,' said the procther, as he drove him out the door; 'but we must take the bed too, Ned.' 'Can't ye take the chairs, or any thing else? Don't ye see my wife is lying on the bed now?' 'I can't help that,' said he; and he desired the woman to get up, laying houl't her arm. 'Don't touch her,' said Ned; 'don't touch her, I tell ye—I warn ye not.' 'Never mind your warning, man! Tell the woman to get up out of this,' said the procther. 'Don't touch her again, I say,' said Ned. 'I'm not myself now; don't vex me too much.' But the procther didn't mind him; and, taking the baby from her breast, he let it fall on the ground.—(You see the mark over his eye?—That mark he got then.)—He was next going to take Ketty by the arm, but Ned took up a piece of a spade-three, and, without speaking, he gave him a wipe across the back of the head—and I'll engage, he never spoke a word afther. Well, what use in talking? Ned was tried by a special commission—the jury war all orange-boys—and in eight hours he was hanged up like a dog."

The speaker was interrupted by the sobs of the poor broken-hearted widow. She was

young; and, notwithstanding her pale, haggard countenance, well looking:—one child was on her bosom—five others, of different ages, lay miserably about her, and her two eldest boys stood by the opposite wall—one of them crying bitterly—but the other, with a look of the fiercest sternness:—there was revenge and wildness written in the lad's eye.—The speaker continued:—

"Yes, Mr. Leslie, look at them. Is this nothing to complain of? Is this no wrong? Are our wives to be insulted before our eyes—our childer to be tossed about like a bundle of hay? Is our only pig to be seized for a fat man that we never sees, nor gets good of?—Are we to be hung up ourselves, our wives to be left widows, and our boys and girls to be left without fathers—and when we—"

His mingled emotions overcame him; rage and grief choked his words, and the tears rushed down his rugged cheeks as freely as down those of the widow he spoke of. His feelings were sympathised with by all in the cabin except the fore-mentioned stern boy; and even Leslie himself participated in the general emotion. He had almost determined on the course he would pursue, before his coming to the rebel meeting; but the true and genuine Irish soul now burst through the fetters of pride, or the delicacy of education. He caught the speaker by the hand, and emphatically said, "Trust me, I will die with and for you."

"We will trust you, Mr. George—we will trust you," echoed every voice (except the before-mentioned boy,) and the original speaker finished, by saying,

"I give up the leading of those boys to you; not because I think you are better, or have more money than the rest of them, but because your name will serve the cause that I love better than command or money."

Not many days after the acceptance of the rebel chieftainship by George Leslie, the following paragraph, confirmed by succeeding statements, appeared in the public prints.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of — in the county of —, a party of the *th regiment, and three companies of Lord —'s fencibles were attacked and routed with considerable loss, by a body of insurgents amounting to about 1,500. A circumstance of much more alarm, is the fact of their having been led by the son of Samuel Leslie, Esq., of the — county. This young man had been in the army, and is supposed to have spent what time he could secure, in training the persons under his command. This victory of the rebels is a strange, and, at the present crisis, an alarming testimony of the native prowess of the Irish, and proves that their cause, whatever be its moral or political merits, needs but discipline and good management to trample eventually upon all opposition. Mr. Leslie, the father is very unpopular in his county, and the influence of his son can, we understand, with difficulty secure his person and property from the vengeance of the

aggrieved inhabitants. Many of the gentry are on their way to the metropolis, and the lady of Earl Mauden is about to resort thither also for protection, while her noble husband determines to remain and defend his house, and join with the magistracy in effectual steps to the suppression of this threatening, and already too successful insurrection.

The above statement was true, and the evening after this battle, General Leslie, as he was called, received a letter, the contents of which were—

"GENERAL,—This is to inform you, that Lady Mauden sets out by day break to-morrow for Dublin. Now, seeing as how, his lordship is a strong man against us, I'm thinking, general, 'twould be the way to stop the carriage, and if you gets the wife, why the husband won't be no more much of an enemy to us, but in this matter you knows best yourself, and so, general, I remain, "Your's to command,

"DANIEL HARVEY.

"To General Leslie,
at the Camp at — hill."

On the receipt of this note, George considered for some time, and, having adjusted his plans, he commanded a force of 500 of his best armed and best trained men, to attend him at midnight. Midnight arrived, and Leslie, having given instructions in case of his own delay or capture, set out with his 500 chosen men, and in about four hours, after a silent and unmolested march, found himself at the place of his destination. It was a wood on the side of a gentle hill, and through which ran the public road. This first required no small boldness in its occupants, for it was but one mile and a quarter from a town in possession of 3,000 of the king's troops, and watched by a vigilant, and, in too many instances, a relentless magistracy. But the boldness of the enterprise was its chief security; for while detachments of these 3,000 men and the different magistrates daily and nightly scoured the more distant neighbourhood, none dreamed for a moment that 500 of the insurgents would have dared attempt concealment almost within their very jaws. But Leslie and his 500 dared it, and for an hour waited in silence and in patience, listening to the tramp of many a party of horsemen passing at a small distance on the road, and sometimes overhearing the shouts and execrations with which he and his were devoted to death and damnation by the yeomen and regulars.

It was now five in the morning, and the words "tis coming," whispered from one of the scouts, ran through the party; there was a general movement, and Leslie, having seen that all was safe on the town side of the road, and behind the hill which covered him, divided his men to either side of the road. His only words were "Remember my orders:" they were on their peril to offer not the slightest personal injury to Lady Mauden. As to other directions, they had been also given before. There was a sudden turn in the road, near the place of ambush, but between

it and the approaching carriage, which last could not be seen until it had passed that part of the hill where it was cut through for the road; to this turn every eye was directed. The carriage came on at a rapid rate, escorted by a troop of the Enniskillen cavalry, under the command of Captain T——. The turn was gained, Captain T—— rode at the head of the party, and before the last trooper had appeared, a pan flashed from the wood, and the captain fell dead from his horse; there was a sudden halt, but before the troopers had time to rally their thoughts, a volley from each side of the road considerably lessened their numbers. The writhing of the wounded horses and the shrieks of the female servants, soon added to the confusion, and Leslie, fearing lest the noise would call the assistance of any neighbouring party of military, and thus disappoint his scheme, gave the preconcerted signal, and he and his party rushed forth on the astonished soldiers. These latter fought bravely for a few moments, but they were quickly overpowered, some few killed, some disarmed and made prisoners, and the rest put to flight. The coach was instantly secured, the foremost horses cut off, one of them having been killed, and the others turned in the opposite direction. When George Leslie opened the door, he found Lady Mauden fainting with terror; he ordered one of his men to fetch some water from a neighbouring stream; and having desired her ladyship's maid, who had recognized him, to attend to her mistress, and be silent, he commanded what arms lay on the ground to be collected, and the party then moved off at rapid pace.

It was fortunate for him that his retreat was not interrupted by one of the many scouting detachments of the yeomen or military. However, they arrived safely at the same cabin in which Leslie was at the first sworn a member and leader of the rebel army. The inner room of this cabin he had directed to be fitted with whatever little convenience could be procured, and into this room Lady Mauden was led, attended by her female servants. Leslie had found, on his return, that his expedition was already known about the country, and that the magistrates with double vigilance, and especially Lord Mauden, who had of course an additional and powerful excitement, were on the alert to surprise him. To guard against any such surprisal was the first concern of Leslie. He doubled his outposts, ordered all his forces to their arms, and even those who had been with him in the morning were given but time for a short repose and refreshment. But now that he was master of the person of her he loved beyond life, or any thing which life could give, what course with regard to her did he mean to pursue? Strange! but he was perfectly in doubt. Should he detain her even against her own consent? or should he yield to the impulse of honour, and restore her to her husband? But might he not prevail with her, by soothing words and vows of fondness and fidelity, to remain with him? There was little chance of that; the high virtue and honour of Lady Mauden precluded

the idea. Yet could he think of sullyng a cause which he had embraced from principle, by an act of perfidy and adultery? Alas! here he was blind; he thought not of guilt; the madness of his affection alone led him on. He knew not, he reasoned not, he scarcely thought, unless the wild whirl of a thousand thoughts can be called thinking. It was in this state of mind that he found himself at the door of the cabin-room in which Lady Mauden sat. Should he enter? At first he determined to do so; his throbbing anxiety then interfered. Again he had his hand on the latch; again he turned away; but at last, summoning all his resolution, he raised it, and found himself in her presence.

Whatever previous intention Leslie might for a moment have entertained with regard to Lady Mauden, he was now fixed in the resolution of conveying, or at least of having her conveyed to her husband's home. He knew that this, by his followers, would be considered as an act of treachery as well as of imprudence, since they looked upon Lady Mauden as an hostage, to be of no small importance in case of a defeat, or of stipulations. But this opposition he disregarded; he would stake his life upon the fulfilment of his promise to her that she should be returned to her friends; and that night he determined should be the time. However, to guard against contentions or divisions, so fatal to an insurrectionary cause, he determined to manage the affair with as much prudence as possible. For this purpose he at the present concealed his intention, and merely ordered a chosen body again to be ready at dusk, with Lady Mauden's carriage, hinting that she should be conveyed to a place of greater security. In the course of the day, several messages and letters were brought to the general from inferior officers, and from equals in more distant districts; his time was occupied in giving instructions consequent on the communications, and preparing for an important engagement that was expected the next or following day. But the evening at length arrived, and the time of parting from Emma was fast approaching. He hardly dared to meet it, even in thought, but it must be met.

It was now nine o'clock; the dusk was darkening, and the carriage was in attendance. Two hundred rebel horse were in readiness, and George waiting at the chamber-door. She came out, her veil down. He offered her his arm in silence, and, as she took it, she whispered, "I thank you for this." He could not reply; but handed her into the coach, and was about to close the door himself, when his arm was caught by a messenger, who said to him, with breathless and hurried accents, "Read this, general, and make haste." At the same time he put a printed paper into his hands. George read it, nor did he evince much alarm in his countenance, when he found it was a proclamation, offering "pardon and 2,000 guineas to any one who would bring alive, or pardon and 1,000 guineas to whoever would bring dead the said George Leslie."

Having gone through it, he remained for a moment in thought, his hand still on the carriage-

door, and then, looking at Lady Mauden, who had been watching him with intense interest, he put the proclamation into her hands. But *she* did not read it with his coolness. On coming to that part which said, "and whoever shall bring the said George Leslie, *dead*, shall be—" the peril of his situation among a set of men whom, as papists, she was from childhood taught to consider capable of any crime of treachery or assassination, rushed upon her mind, and she fell back in the carriage, overpowered with mingled horror, terror, and grief. The wildness and confusion of her thoughts prevented her from recollecting her own situation at the present instant, and when Leslie gently took the paper from her hands, she said, falteringly, "God protect you, George."

His answer was, "I care not much; they may do what they will or can; I am satisfied, since you—"

"Who, I?" she interrupted him hurriedly. "I—tell him to drive on—I, what—" alas, the struggle was vain—she fell forward upon his arm, and all was over.

Nothing now was heard by George but her sighs and hysteric sobs, nothing was seen but the fair face and disordered hair which lay upon his breast, nothing was felt by him but the heaving of *her* bosom, and the emotions of his own. He kissed her cheek, he wept, and the tears fell fast upon her. The crowd of sensitive Irish hearts around broke forth into sobs and utterances as violent as of those before them. They felt for them both, and with their pikes and guns ready to level them at the word of Leslie, and to the commission of almost any deed of fury or devastation, they still showed that they were men, and wept!

He gently raised Lady Mauden from where she had hidden her eyes in grief and shame—his bosom—and offered her his hand to remove her from the carriage. Alas! she now refused it not; all resolution and firmness vanished—what will not vanish before the strength and weakness of a woman's love? He led her into the apartment she had occupied during the day, he placed her upon a seat, and endeavoured to soothe her from the emotions of her heart. She became calm; she listened to his vows of fondness and fidelity; she repulsed him not when he kissed her hands; she was not angry when he pressed his lips upon her own—in a word she loved him; she loved him fondly, tenderly, distractedly—she loved him with all a woman's wild, fearless, and uncalculating love—but from that hour her peace had fled for ever!

The engagement which was mentioned as expected by the rebel troops in a day or two after the last occurrence, was, by the manœuvres and plans of their skilful leader, delayed until that day week. The result of that eventful struggle is too well known. It is needless to recapitulate it here. We will return to the spot whence we set out—the mansion of Lord Mauden.

His lordship himself, pale and distressed, sat in an armed-chair, and by his side Mr. Leslie, sen.,

and Mr. Fitzgerald, all magistrates of the county. It was in a back hall, paved with mosaic stone-work, with a venerable arched ceiling, supported on rude old fashioned pillars, that the party sat, and forms and chairs were disposed along the walls. Before them lay many papers, proclamations, informations, letters, and at one end of the hall stood six soldiers of Lord Mauden's father's regiment, the same to which young Leslie had once belonged. A servant stood at the door, as if he had just answered a call, and was waiting for his orders; he received them from Lord Mauden.

"Let the prisoners be brought in."

They were brought in, eight of them, and the foremost was George Leslie! His father was sitting with his side to the door, and a slight, convulsive motion passed over his features as he caught, with half a glance, the commanding and noble figure of his only and beloved son. He could not look directly at him, but, after the above half-fearful glance, fixed his eyes with a mingled sullen and vacant stare upon the wall. He was an old man, his back was stooped; but it was less from age than grief. His wrists rested upon his thighs, his fingers were clasped in each other, while he twisted his thumbs in a rapid manner round one another. George looked not at his father nor at Lord Mauden. Had he been only a rebel, he might have confronted them with ease, or perhaps with pride; but his conscience smote him fearfully; for he was the betrayer of his friend, and seducer of his wife! The other prisoners were, our friend Henneccy, two boys, one of them that stern son of the widow before mentioned, and the other, though as tall, yet bearing on his countenance the signs of fewer and more delicate years. The other four were of no particular importance further than, poor fellows! they may have thought themselves, about to be committed for trial as rebels.

The task of examination was left to Mr. Fitzgerald, as the most collected of the three magistrates, and he began with Henneccy, from whom, however, no direct reply could be elicited.

"The next question you refuse to answer," said the magistrate, sternly, "I shall order you instantly to be shot."

"Well, listen to me now: there's no use at all in your questioning of me, for the dickons an answer I'll give ye, excepting as I like; and it isn't the justice I'd be expecting from *you*, Mr. Fitzgerald, nor from *you*, Mr. Leslie, when you won't show it to your own boy, that you can now see before you with the hands of him pinioned as bad as my own; and tho' Lord Mauden is a good warrent at other times to do the poor right, yet he's too much of a king's man now, not to talk of the company he's in, to expect justice from him ather; and so ather jist telling ye all that there's no good in ye, that ye'r defating the country, and throwing us on every where by your house-burnings, and free quartherings, and orange murthers, and titthings, and proclamations, and, as I may say, making ducks and drakes of the whole land—ather jist telling you

this, I'll bould my tongue, for there's little use in talking. And 'tis Nick Hennecey that doesn't fear your shooting; so you may do the business now jist as soon as ye like. I'm ready, and may ye, on your dying day, be as willing to go as them that'll die this day."

With a calm patience, Fitzgerald heard poor Nick to the end; and then, quietly changing his position, he said,

"Serjeant Morris, take this man to the yard, and shoot him before the next five minutes are over."

"I'm ready—God help the wife and the five orphans," muttered poor Hennecey, as they led him away. The four other men were next brought forward; but their answers being more satisfactory than those of Hennecey, they were remanded for trial at the ensuing assizes, Lord Mauden and Mr. Leslie having scarcely looked up at the prisoners.

Mr. Fitzgerald next called on the two youths, and remarked on their boyish appearance, demanding of the widow's son, "how he dared to engage with the rebels?"

"I'll tell you," he answered, and a fierceness of suppressed rage, almost beyond what his years could have felt, reddened upon his cheeks. "I'll tell you. I had a father; he was a poor man; they took his pig to pay the rector; they soult the chairs; they broke the bits of chany. He looked on, and didn't say nothing to it all; but" (and his face grew blacker) "when they hurt my poor mother, he—he did what I'd do myself, if I had the strength—he kilt him—and my father was hanged! 'Twas you, Mr. Leslie—'twas you that was the mane cause of having him prosecuted; and 'twas for this, Mr. Leslie, 'twas for this one thing only that I joined the boys—'twas to make you repint of that, and may this wither your head." As the boy spoke, he advanced towards the gentleman whom he addressed, thrust his hand into his bosom, and, pulling out a pistol, levelled it at his head; fortunately for Leslie, it missed fire. George Leslie ran towards the boy, and dragged him away. He for an instant looked at the deceiving weapon, then at his intended victim, and, in the wildness of disappointed rage, flung the pistol with all his might on the marble floor; and throwing himself back against the wall, neither threat nor entreaty could induce him to open his lips, until on the scaffold he renewed his curse on the failing weapon, and on him for whom it was intended.

When Mr. Fitzgerald turned to the other youth, who, by his timidity and tears, and downcast countenance, betrayed a character most opposite to that of the former, George Leslie answered for him that he was the son of a distant tenant of his father's, who had been seduced into their cause, and that he himself was perfectly innocent of its nature. Perhaps pity for the lad, more than the remonstrance of George, induced Mr. Fitzgerald to pass him by, and he retired to a distant corner of the room, hiding his face, and sobbing convulsively. Lord Mauden and Mr. Leslie had been engaged in a loud conversation during the presence of the last culprit at the

table, whom they had not at all observed, but now, on the name of George Leslie being called, they both started into attention. He refused to answer any questions—confessed his guilt in the fullest extent of the accusation, though he would not call it guilt—and only begged, as a favour, that the execution of his sentence might not be delayed.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "that I must too surely comply with your request. It is even the wish of your grey-headed and loyal father, who is here to-day to testify his sorrow for having caused the existence of so degenerate and false a son."

"Yes," said Mr. Leslie, now speaking, and turning to his unhappy son for the first time; but his voice faltered. "Yes, George, he says right; I am here to-day by my own choice; I agree with your sentence; if it was left to your father he would not reverse it; you're a traitor, George Leslie—you are a rebel, a leaguer with villains; you are not my son. Yes, let—let them do it—now, as soon—I'll look on, never fear—bid him kneel there—soldiers—come—do your—God help me!"

The old man could say no more; his hands were supported upon his walking-stick, which stood between his legs, and his forehead sunk down upon his hands—his sobs were violent and convulsive, and Lord Mauden suggested the propriety of executing the sentence elsewhere; but Mr. Fitzgerald was a man of little kindly feeling, or, as government afterwards represented him, a zealous and loyal magistrate, and his orders were quickly obeyed. Leslie walked firmly to one side of the hall, while the soldiers took their places on the other. He drew a white handkerchief from his bosom, held it to his lips, and gently threw it to the boy who had been remanded, and who still sat in the corner, sobbing and weeping piteously; perhaps he intended it as a parting token, to be borne to some one far off. But the boy on receiving it, suddenly checked his tears, and gazed wildly around. He beheld Leslie upon his knees, one hand before his eyes; he heard the words, "Father, I forgive you—Emma, farewell!" He saw the muskets of the soldiers levelled at their victim, and waiting but the deadly signal; with a loud wild shriek he sprang forward, and clasping George round the neck, fell dead to the earth with him, pierced by the same bullets. Almost at the same instant that young Leslie fell, his father dropped from his chair to the ground, on his face and hands. When they took him up, he was no more! Lord Mauden and Mr. Fitzgerald stood for a moment over the bodies of their victims. They both laid with their faces to the floor, quite dead. The former took up the handkerchief, which the boy still held in the grasp of death. He turned deadly pale. Upon one of its corners was a well-known and still beloved name: but he checked his emotions, and stooped to replace it in the hand whence he took it. Good God!—that hand—so soft, and white, and delicately small.—His heart beat violently—he turned the face of the boy—it was, **HIS WIFE!**

Original.

TO A CLOCK.

Cold monitor of passing time,
 Within thy circle of the fleeting hours
 Lie all the varied scenes of human life—
 Hope, joy, and transport, sorrow and despair:—
 Nay, proudly lord it o'er a feeling heart,
 Ere half thy brief circumference be run.
 'Tis midnight, from the deep and solemn bell
 Rings out upon the darkly silent air
 That sound that speaks of witchery and gloom—
 Of haunted sepulchres, and ghosts untomb'd:
 The sick man, restless on his fevered couch,
 Forgets his pain to note the lengthened chime—
 The infant slumbers on its mother's breast,
 Unconscious of the mute, untiring love
 That watches o'er its innocent repose.
 The mother breathes a brief and silent prayer
 For him whose path is on the restless deep—
 Whilst far upon the ocean, when the bell
 At midnight calls the watch, he treads the deck,
 Gazes abroad upon the star-lit wave,
 And thinks upon his home, and wife, and child.
 Day breaks—the rich and idle slumber on—
 The cool sharp air of morning is abroad;
 And homeward steals, with wan and haggard look,
 The spendthrift from his sickening debauch.
 But the fresh breezes of the matin air
 Are health and fragrance to the rosy cheek,
 Rising with early dawn, to hear the chaunt
 Of warbling birds, and cull the dewy flowers.
 Time paces onward—and thy faithful hand
 Marks every moment with relentless truth.
 In vain the urchin hurries on to school—
 The bell has ceased to toll the hour of nine:
 And the stern pedagogue, with brow severe,
 Points to the dial, and applies the rod.
 'Tis noon—the ploughman turns his weary steeds
 Beneath the grateful shade, and gladly hears
 The conch far sounding o'er the sunny fields.
 The good wife hath a dial, and can see
 The sun in his meridian—or perhaps
 An antique horologe, in walnut frame,
 Notes, with a heavy tick, the march of time.
 Far different in that busy hive of men,
 The crowded city—there, the frequent step
 Of money changers, and the varied hum
 Of traffic, and the gilded car of pleasure,
 And moving forms of beauty throng the scene:
 Pride, folly, pleasure, and the love of gain,
 Together hail the splendour of high noon.

Evening comes on—
 The sun just tinges with a lingering ray
 Some lofty cupola, or gilded spire—
 Then youthful beauty rises from repose;
 Leaving the dear sleaz's laziness,
 To woo the softness of the vesper air.
 Dim twilight veils the kindling blush, that warms
 The maiden's cheek, when whispered words grow bold,
 Urging a passionate and ardent love:
 Her heart throbs quickly, and the timid sigh
 Bears witness to the magic of the hour.
 Again the hour of midnight—youthful hearts
 Are beating joyously amid the light
 And music of the dance—soft rosy lips
 Pour forth the witching melody of song:
 Rich gems, and waving plumes, and sparkling eyes,
 Blend all their power with the perfumed air,
 Casting a fairy beauty o'er the scene.
 Still onward roll the chariot wheels of time,
 Unswerving in an even, rapid course—
 Though to the happy lover's ardent hope,
 They hardly move to reach the bridal day;
 And for the felon, in his narrow cell,
 Rush like a whirlwind to the hour of doom.

T.

YOUTH.

BY MISS LONDON.

And herein have the green trees and the blossoming
 shrubs their advantage over us; the flower withers and the
 leaf falls, but the fertilising sap still lingers in their veins,
 and the following years bring again a spring of promise and
 a summer of beauty; but we, when our leaves and flowers
 perish, they perish utterly; we put forth no new hopes, we
 dream no new dreams. Why are we not wise enough, at
 least more preciously to retain their memory?

Oh! the hours! the happy hours
 Of our other earlier time,
 When the world was full of flowers,
 And the sky a summer clime!
 All life seem'd so lovely then;
 For it mirror'd our own heart:
 Life is only joyful when
 That joy of ourselves is part.

Fond delight and kind deceit
 Are the gladness of the young—
 For the bloom beneath our feet
 Is what we ourselves have flung.
 Then so many pleasures seem
 Scatter'd o'er our onward way;
 'Tis so difficult to deem
 How their relish will decay.

What the heart now beats to win
 Soon will be unloved, unsought:
 Gradual is the change within,
 But an utter change is wrought.
 Time goes on, and time destroys
 Not the joy, but our delight:
 Do we now desire the toys
 Which so charm'd our childhood's sight?

Glory, poetry, and love,
 Make youth beautiful, and pass
 As the hues that shine above
 Colour, but to quit their glass.
 But we soon grow calm and cold
 As the grave to which we go;
 Fashion'd in one common mould,
 Pulse and step alike are slow.

We have lost the buoyant foot—
 We have lost the eager eye;
 All those inward chords are mute,
 Once so eager to reply.
 Is it not a constant sight—
 Is it not most wretched too—
 When we mark the weary plight
 In which life is hurried through?

Selfish, listless, Earth may wear
 All her summer wealth in vain—
 Though the stars be still as fair,
 Yet we watch them not again.
 Too much do we leave behind
 Sympathy with lovely things;
 And the worn and worldly mind
 Withers all life's fairy rings.

Glorious and beautiful
 Were youth's feeling and youth's thought—
 Would that we did not annul
 All that in us then was wrought!
 Would their influence could remain
 When the hope and dream depart;
 Would we might through life retain
 Still some youth within the heart!

From a late English Magazine.

OF DOMESTIC NOVELTIES AT FIRST CONDEMNED.

It is amusing enough to discover that things now considered among the most useful and even agreeable acquisitions of domestic life, on their first introduction, ran great risk of being rejected by the ridicule or the invective which they encountered. The repulsive effect produced on mankind by the mere strangeness of a thing, which at length we find established among our indispensable conveniences, or by a practice which has now become one of our habits, must be ascribed sometimes to a proud perversity in our nature—sometimes to the crossing of our interests, and to that repugnance to alter what is known for that which has not been sanctioned by our experience. This feeling has, however, within the latter half century, considerably abated; but it proves, as in higher matters, that some philosophical reflection is required to determine on the usefulness, or the practical ability, of every object which comes in the shape of novelty or innovation. Could we conceive that man had never discovered the practice of washing his hands, but cleansed them as animals do their paws, he would for certain have ridiculed and protested against the inventor of soap, and as tardily as in other matters have adopted the invention. A reader, unaccustomed to minute researches, might be surprised, had he laid before him the history of some of the most familiar domestic articles which in their origin incurred the ridicule of the wits, and had to pass through no short ordeal of time in the strenuous opposition of the zealots against supernumerary luxuries and other domestic novelties. Our subject is an humble one, and deserves no grave investigation; I shall, therefore, only notice a few of universal use. They will sufficiently demonstrate that however obstinately man moves in “the March of Intellect,” he must be overtaken by that greatest of innovators—Time itself; and that, by his eager adoption of what he had once rejected, and by the universal use of what he had once deemed useless, he will forget, or smile at the difficulties of a former generation, who were baffled in their attempts to do what we all are now doing.

Forks are an Italian invention; and in England were so perfect a novelty in the days of Queen Bess, that Fynes Moryson, in his curious “Itinerary,” relating a bargain with the patron of a vessel which was to convey him from Venice to Constantinople, stipulated to be fed at his table, and to have “his glass or cup to drink in peculiar to himself, with his knife, spoon, and fork.” This thing was so strange, that he found it necessary to describe it. It is an instrument “to hold the meat while he cuts it, for they hold it ill-manners that one should touch the meat with his hands.” At the close of the sixteenth century, were our ancestors eating as the Turk-

ish noblesse at present do, with only the free use of their fingers, steadying their meat and conveying it to their mouths by their mere manual dexterity. They were, indeed, most indelicate at their tables, scattering on the table-cloth all their bones and parings. To purify themselves from the filthy condition of their tables, the servant bore a long wooden “voiding knife,” by which he scraped the fragments from the table into a basket, called “a voider.” Beaumont and Fletcher describe the thing,

“They sweep the table with a wooden dagger.”

Fabling Paganism had probably raised into a deity the little man who first taught us, as Ben Jonson describes its excellence,

“—— the laudable use of forks,
To the sparing of napkins.”

This personage is well known to have been that odd compound, Coryat the traveller, the perpetual butt of the wits. He positively claims this immortality. “I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this FORKED *cutting of meat*, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England since I came home.” Here the use of forks was, however, long ridiculed; it was reprobated in Germany, where some uncleanly saints actually preached against the unnatural custom “as an insult on Providence, not to touch our meat with our fingers.” It is a curious fact, that forks were long interdicted in the Congregation de St. Maur, and were only used after a protracted struggle between the old members, zealous for their traditions, and the young reformers, for their fingers.* The allusions to the use of the fork, which we find in all the dramatic writers through the reigns of James the First and Charles the First, show that it was still considered as a strange affectation and novelty. The fork does not appear to have been in general use before the Restoration! On the introduction of forks there appears to have been some difficulty in the manner they were to be held and used. In “The Fox,” Sir Politic Would-be, counselling Peregrine at Venice, observes—

“—— then you must learn the use
And handling of your silver fork at meals.”

Whatever this art may be, either we have yet to learn it, or there is more than one way in which it may be practised. D’Archenholtz, in his “Tableau de l’Angleterre,” asserts that an Englishman may be discovered anywhere if he be observed at table, because he places his fork upon the left side of his plate; a Frenchman by using the fork alone without the knife; a German by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian by using it as a tooth-pick.

* I find this circumstance concerning forks mentioned in the “Dictionnaire de Trevoux.”

Holding the fork is a national custom, and nations are characterized by their peculiarity in the use of the fork at table.

TOOTH-PICKS seem to have come in with forks, as younger brothers of the table, and seem to have been borrowed from the nice manners of the stately Venetians. This implement of cleanliness was, however, doomed to the same anathema as the fantastical ornament of "the complete Signor," the Italianated Englishman. How would the writers who caught "the manners as they rise" have been astonished that no decorous person would be unaccompanied by what Mas-singer, in contempt, calls

"Thy case of tooth-picks and thy silver fork!"

UMBRELLAS, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronis of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob hugely disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffee-house for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower—but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, "the young gentleman belonging to the custom-house, who, in fear of rain, borrowed the *umbrella from Wilks' coffee-house*, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's *pullens*." An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informs us that when he used "a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not, with any comfort to himself, use it; the people calling out 'Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?'" The fact was that the hackney-coachmen and the chairmen, joining with the true *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. This footman, in 1778, gives us further information. "At this time there were no umbrellas worn in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and the carriage." His sister was compelled to quit his arm one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, "that he persisted for three months till they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use their's, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London." This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now, in some degree, be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.

COACHES, on their first invention, offered a fruitful source of declamation, as an inordinate luxury, particularly among the ascetics of monkish Spain. The Spanish biographer of Don John

of Austria, describing that golden age, the good old times, when they only used "carts drawn by oxen, riding in this manner to court," notices that it was found necessary to prohibit coaches by a royal proclamation; "to such a height was this *infernal vice* got, which has done so much injury to Castile." In this style nearly every domestic novelty has been attacked. The injury inflicted on Castile by the introduction of coaches could only have been felt by the purveyors of carts and oxen for a morning's ride. The same circumstance occurred in this country. When coaches began to be kept by the gentry, or were hired out, a powerful party found "their occupation gone!" Ladies would no longer ride on pillions behind their footmen, nor would take the air, where the air was purest, on the river. Judges and counsellors from their inns would no longer be conveyed by water to Westminster Hall, or jog on with all their gravity on a poor palfrey. Considerable bodies of men were thrown out of their habitual employments, the watermen, the hackney-men, and the saddlers. Families were now jolted in a heavy wooden machine into splendour and ruin. The disturbance and opposition these coaches created we should hardly now have known, had not Taylor, the waterman and poet, sent down to us an invective against coaches, in 1629, dedicated to all who are grieved with "the world running on wheels."

Taylor, a humourist and satirist, as well as waterman, conveys some information in this rare tract of the period when coaches began to be more generally used. "Within our memories our nobility and gentry could ride well mounted, and sometimes walk on foot, gallantly attended with fourscore brave fellows in blue coats, which was a glory to our nation far greater than forty of these leathern timbrels. Then the name of a *coach* was heathen Greek. Whoever saw, but upon extraordinary occasions, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Drake, &c.? They made small use of coaches; there were but few in those times, and they were deadly foes to sloth and effeminacy. It is in the memory of many, when in the whole kingdom there was not one! It is a doubtful question whether the devil brought *tobacco* into England in a *coach*, for both appeared at the same time." It appears that families, for the sake of their exterior show, miserably contracted their domestic establishment; for Taylor, the water-poet, complains that when they used formerly to keep from ten to a hundred proper serving-men, they now made the best shift; and, for the sake of their coach and horses, had only "a butterfly page, a trotting footman, and a stiff-drinking coachman, a cook, a clerk, a steward, and a butler, which hath forced an army of tall fellows to the gate-houses," or prisons. Of one of the evil effects of this new fashion of coach-riding, this satirist of the town wittily observes, that as soon as a man was knighted, his lady was lamed for ever, and could not, on any account, be seen but in a coach. As hitherto our females had been accustomed to robust exercise, on foot or on horseback, they were now forced to substi-

tute a domestic artificial exercise in sawing billets, swinging, or rolling the great roller in the alleys of their garden. In the change of this new fashion they found out the inconvenience of a sedentary life passed in their coaches.

Even at this early period of the introduction of coaches, they were not only costly in the ornaments—in velvets, damasks, taffetas, silver and gold lace, fringes of all sorts—but their greatest pains were in pairing their coach-horses. "They must be all of a colour, longitude, latitude, cressitude, height, length, thickness, breadth—(I muse they do not weigh them in a pair of balances;) and, when once matched with a great deal of care, if one of them chance to die, then is the coach maimed till a meet mate be found, whose corresponding may be as equivalent to the surviving palfrey, in all respects, as like a broom to a besom, barm to yeast, or codlins to boiled apples." This is good natural humour, for the things mentioned under different appellations are not similar, but identical. He proceeds—"They use more diligence in matching their coach-horses than in the marriage of their sons and daughters." A great fashion, in its novelty, is often extravagant; true elegance and utility are never at first combined; good sense and experience correct its caprices. They appear to have exhausted more cost and curiosity in their equipages, on their first introduction, than since they have become objects of ordinary use. Notwithstanding this humorous invective on the calamity of coaches, and that "house-keeping never decayed till coaches came into England; and that a ten-pound rent now was scarce twenty shillings then, till the witchcraft of the coach quickly mounted the price of all things." The water-poet, were he now living, might have acknowledged, that if, in the changes of time, some trades disappear, other trades rise up, and in an exchange of modes of industry the nation loses nothing. The hands which, like Taylor's, rowed boats, came to drive coaches. These complainers on all novelties, unawares always answer themselves. Our satirist affords us a most prosperous view of the condition of "this new trade of coachmakers, as the gainfullest about the town. They are apparelled in satins and velvets, are masters of the parish, vestrymen, and fare like the Emperor Heliogabalus and Sardanapalus—seldom without their mackerones, Parmisants, (macaroni, with Parmesan cheese, I suppose,) jellies and kickshaws, with baked swans, pastries, hot or cold, red-deer pyes, which they have from their debtors, workshops in the country!" Such was the sudden luxurious state of our first great coachmakers!—to the deadly mortification of all watermen, hackney-men, and other conveyancers of our loungers, thrown out of employ!

TOBACCO.—It was thought, at the time of its introduction, that the nation would be ruined by the use of Tobacco. Like all novel tastes, the newly-imported leaf maddened all ranks among us. "The money spent in smoke is unknown," said a writer of that day, lamenting over this

"new trade of tobacco, in which he feared that there were more than seven thousand tobacco houses." James the First, in his memorable "Counter-blast to Tobacco," only echoed from the throne the popular cry; but the blast was too weak against the smoke, and vainly his paternal Majesty attempted to terrify his liege children that "they were making a sooty kitchen in their inward parts, soiling and infecting them with an unctuous kind of soot, as hath been found in some great tobacco-eaters, that after their death were opened." The information was, perhaps, a pious fraud. This tract, which has incurred so much ridicule, was, in truth, a meritorious effort to allay the extravagance of the moment. But such popular excesses end themselves; and the royal author might have left the subject to the town-satirists of the day, who found the theme inexhaustible for ridicule or invective.

COAL.—The established use of our ordinary fuel, Coal, may be ascribed to the scarcity of wood in the environs of the metropolis. Its recommendation was its cheapness, however it destroys every thing about us. It has formed an artificial atmosphere which envelopes the capital, and it is acknowledged that a purer air has often proved fatal to him who, from early life, has only breathed in sulphur and smoke. Charles Fox once said to a friend—"I cannot live in the country; my constitution is not strong enough." Evelyn poured out an entertaining invective against "London smoke." "Imagine," he cries, "a solid tentorium or canopy over London, what a mass of smoke would then stick to it! This filiginous crust now comes down every night on the streets, on our houses, the waters, and is taken into our bodies. On the water it leaves a thin web or pellicle of dust dancing upon the surface of it, as those who bathe in the Thames discern, and bring home on their bodies." Evelyn has detailed the gradual destruction it effects on every article of ornament and price; and "he heard in France, that those parts lying south-west of England, complain of being infected with smoke from our coasts, which injured their vines in flower." I have myself observed at Paris, that the books exposed to sale on stalls, however old they might be, retained their freshness, and were in no instance, like our own, corroded and blackened, which our coal-smoke never fails to produce." Coal-fires have now been in general use here three centuries. There was a proclamation, so far back as Edward the First, forbidding the use of sea-coal in the suburbs, on a complaint of the nobility and gentry, that they could not go to London on account of the noisome smell and thick air. About 1550, Hollingshed foresaw the general use of sea-coal, from the neglect of cultivating timber. In the country they persevered in using wood and peat, and still in many places continue this practice. Those who were accustomed to this sweeter smell, declared that they always knew a Londoner, by the smell of his clothes, to have come from coal-fires. It must be acknowledged that our custom of using coal for our fuel has pre-

vailed over good reasons why we ought not to have preferred it. But man accommodates himself even to an offensive thing, whenever his interest predominates.

Were we further to carry on a speculation of this nature, we should have a copious chapter to write of the opposition to new discoveries. The illustrious names of Vesalius on the study of anatomy, who was incessantly persecuted by the public prejudices against dissection; of Harvey in the discovery of the circulation of the blood, which led to so protracted a controversy that it was hardly admitted, even in the latter days of the old man; of Lady Wortley Montague in her introduction of the practice of inoculation; and, more recently, that of vaccination, and the ridicule of the invention of gas-light, are sufficient evidence that objects of the highest importance to mankind, on their first appearance, were slighted and contemned. Posterity smiles at the inaptitude of the preceding age, while it becomes familiar with those objects which that age had so eagerly rejected. Time is a tardy patron of true knowledge. A nobler theme is connected with the principle we have here but touched on—it is the gradual changes in public opinion—the utter annihilation of false notions, like those of witchcraft, astrology, spectres, and many other superstitions of no remote date; the hideous progeny of imposture got on ignorance, and audacity on fear. But one impostor reigns paramount—that plausible opposition to novel doctrines subversive of some ancient ones; doctrines which probably shall one day be as generally established as at present they are utterly decried; and which the interests of corporate bodies oppose with all their cumbrous machinery—but artificial machinery becomes perplexed in its movements when worn out by the friction of ages.

MATRIMONY.

HABIT and a long life together, are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than is generally imagined. No one is happy with the object of his attachment until he has passed many days, and above all, many days of misfortune. The married pair must know each other to the bottom of their souls; the mysterious veil which covered the two spouses in the primitive church, must be raised in its inmost folds, how closely soever it may be kept drawn to the rest of the world. What! on account of a fit of caprice, or a burst of passion, am I to be exposed to the fear of losing my wife and my children, and to renounce the hope of my declining days with them? Let no one imagine that fear will make me become a better husband. No: we do not love a property which we are in danger of losing.

We must not give to Hymen the wings of Love, nor make a sacred reality a fleeting phantom. One thing alone is sufficient to destroy your happiness in such transient unions; you will constantly compare the one to the other, the

wife you have lost to the one you have gained; and, do not deceive yourself, the balance will always incline to the past, for so God has constructed the human heart. This distraction of a sentiment which should be indivisible, will empoison all our joys. When you caress your new infant, you will think of the smiles of the one you have lost; when you press your wife to your bosom, your heart will tell you she is not the first. Every thing in man tends to unity; he is no longer happy when he is divided, and like God who made him in his image, his soul seeks incessantly to concentrate into one point, the past, the present, and the future.

The wife of a Christian is not a simple mortal; she is a mysterious angelic being; the flesh of the flesh, the blood of the blood of her husband. Man, in uniting himself to her, does nothing but regain part of the substance which he has lost. His soul, as well as his body, is incomplete without his wife; he has strength, she has beauty; he combats the enemy and labours in the fields; but he understands nothing of domestic life; his companion is waiting to prepare his repast and sweeten his existence. He has his crosses, and the partner of his couch is there to soften them; his days may be sad and troubled, but in the chaste arms of his wife he finds comfort and repose. Without a woman, man would be rude, gross and solitary. Woman spreads around him the flowers of existence, as the creepers of the forests which decorate the trunks of sturdy oaks with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian pair live and die united; together they rear the fruits of the union; in the dust they lie side by side; and they are re-united beyond the limits of the tomb.—*Chateaubriand*.

HEAT OF THE TROPICS.

THE mean temperature of the equatorial zone is as yet very imperfectly determined; but Humboldt thinks it does not exceed 80 degrees of Fahrenheit. The greatest summer heats are found in countries contiguous to the tropics. On the Red Sea, for example, the thermometer is often seen to rise 100 degrees at mid-day, and to remain at 94 degrees during the night. In the production of this extreme heat, astronomical causes combine their influence with the local peculiarities of the circumjacent countries. A few degrees within the tropic the sun at mid-summer continues for a considerable space of time to pass very near the zenith; and the day increasing with the latitude, is longer than under the equator, so that the amount of nocturnal radiation is diminished. Among the local causes which contribute to give an *excessive* climate to the Arabian peninsula and the tropical countries of Africa, we may reckon the sandy surface, almost entirely deprived of vegetation, the constant dryness of the air, the direction of the winds, and the quantity of heat radiated from earthly particles carried about in the atmosphere.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

NO. 1.

In that almost insulated part of the state of Massachusetts, called *Old Colony, or Plymouth County*, and particularly in a small village adjoining the shire town, there may be found the relics of many old customs and superstitions, which would be amusing, at least to the antiquary. Among others of less serious cast, there was, fifteen years ago, one which, on account of its peculiarity and its consequence, I beg leave to mention.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with that section of our country, that nearly one half of its inhabitants die of a consumption, occasioned by the chilly humidity of their atmosphere, and the long prevalence of easterly winds. The inhabitants of the village (or our town, as it is there called) to which I allude, were peculiarly exposed to this scourge, and I have seen, at one time, one in every fifty of its inhabitants gliding down to the grave, with all the certainty which characterises this insidious foe of the human family.

There was, fifteen years ago, and is, perhaps, at this time, an opinion prevalent among the inhabitants of that town, that the body of a person who had died of a consumption, was, by some supernatural means, nourished in the grave from the body of some one living member of the family; and that, during the life of this person, the body retained, in the grave all the fullness and freshness of life and health.

This belief was strengthened by the circumstance, that whole families frequently fell a prey to this terrible disease. Of one large family in this town, consisting of fourteen children, and their venerable parents, the mother and the youngest son only remained—the rest, within a year of each other had died of the consumption.

Within two months from the death of the thirteenth child—an amiable girl of about sixteen years of age—the bloom which characterised the whole of this family was seen to fade from the cheek of the last support of the heart-smitten mother, and his broad flat chest was occasionally convulsed by that powerful deep-toned cough which attends the consumption in our Atlantic states.

At this time, as if to snatch one of this family from an early grave, it was resolved by a few of the inhabitants of the village to test the truth of this tradition which I have mentioned, and which the circumstances of this afflicted family seemed to confirm. I should have added that it was believed that if the body, thus unnaturally nourished in the grave, should be raised and turned over in the coffin, its depredation upon the survivor would necessarily cease. The consent of the mother being obtained, it was agreed that four persons, attended by the surviving and com-

plaining brother, should at sunrise the next day dig up the remains of the last buried sister. At the appointed hour they attended in the burying yard, and having, with much exertion, removed the earth, they raised the coffin, and placed it upon the ground; then, displacing the flat lid, they lifted the covering from her face, and discovered what they had indeed anticipated, but dreaded to declare:—Yes, I saw the visage of one who had been long the tenant of a silent grave, lit up with the brilliancy of youthful health. The cheek was full to dimpling, and a rich profusion of hair shaded her cold forehead, while some of its richest curls floated upon her unconscious breast. The large blue eye had scarcely lost its brilliancy, and the living fullness of her lips seemed almost to say, “loose me, and let me go.”

In two weeks the brother, shocked with the spectacle he had witnessed, sunk under his disease. The mother survived scarcely a year, and the long range of sixteen graves is pointed out to the stranger as an evidence of the truth of the belief of the inhabitants.

The following lines were written on a recollection of the above shocking scene:

I saw her, the grave-sheet was round her,
Months had passed since they laid her in clay,
Yet the damps of the tomb could not wound her,
The worms had not seized on their prey.

O, fair was her cheek, as I knew it
When the rose all its colours there brought,
And that eye—did a tear then bedew it?
It gleamed like the herald of thought.

She bloomed, though the shroud was around her;
Her locks o'er her cold bosom waved,
As if the stern Monarch had crowned her,
The fair, speechless queen of the grave.

But what lends the grave such a lustre?
O'er her cheek what such beauty had shed?
His life-blood, who knelt there, had nur't her,
The living was food for the dead!

A belief in judicial astrology has been more or less prevalent in every part of the civilized world; and though this belief may have been popular only in proportion to the ignorance of the mass of the people, yet it will be acknowledged, by all who are acquainted with the events of the past century, that, though the ignorant may have been misled by the jargon of their superiors, yet the most learned, at times, were not only deceived by the imposing operations of the adepts, but were even dupes to their own imaginary acquirements.

In few places has this confidence been more general and implicit than in the old colony. A very large proportion of the inhabitants of that section of our country are seamen—a class of people remarkably tenacious of early opinions, and proverbially superstitious.

Whatever may be the nature of any popular belief, if there is not some special circumstance to give it authenticity, its influence is soon lost upon the minds of those who were most ready to receive it—it ceases to affect their actions, and is only brought to remembrance by some peculiar coincidence of circumstances. This may be the case at the present day with many of those superstitions which once agitated the minds, and influenced the actions of the old colonists; but the belief in judicial astrology will never be entirely lost from among them, while there is one alive who witnessed the event which I am about to relate.

Late in the last century, the Rev. Doctor S—, the clergyman of one of the three towns that lie on Plymouth Bay, had acquired the awe of his parishioners by his deep skill in the occult sciences, not less than their love and esteem by the purity of his doctrine and the excellence of his examples. He had calculated the nativity of very many of his congregation, and as the men were mostly “those who go down into the sea in ships,” he could not often fail when he predicted, with a solemnity which showed his own confidence in his art and demanded theirs, that they must ultimately find a watery grave.

Fully persuaded of his own powers, the reverend man was induced to calculate the extent of his own life. This was a matter of no small moment, and the good man was often seen at night by the neighbouring fishermen ascending a hill in the neighbourhood to “hold high converse with the stars.” The result of his calculations was not long a secret, for though he had confidentially entrusted the matter only to his two deacons, they had found means to divest themselves of the more weighty part of the secret, by hinting at a definite time, beyond which they might not expect the profit of the good man’s labours. It was, of course, soon noised through the town, that, on the morning of the 5th of July, 1795, he would, according to his own prediction, most assuredly be relieved from all the weight of earthly cares, and earthly sorrows. The whole of the week preceding the day he had marked as the termination of his earthly career, the pious man devoted to exhorting, directing, and comforting, those who had long looked up to him as a temporal as well as a spiritual guide. Early on the morning of the fatal Sunday, apparently dreaded by all more than himself, the oldest and most respectable of his parishioners assembled to await the result of the awful prediction. Eight o’clock was the hour which the Doctor had marked as the last of his existence, and to convince them of his confidence in his own art, he assured them that he had prepared no sermon for the day, and that he had set his house in order, in full persuasion that “he must die, and not live.”

He had finished a most pathetic prayer, when the hands of the clock indicated eight: the company stood in breathless anticipation—no change, however, took place—his pulse was regular, and no unusual sensation intimated even the distant approach of death; at length the Doctor observ-

ed, that, although he had been extremely careful in his calculation, yet he believed that he might have made an error in regard to time, to detect which he proposed examining anew his books. He accordingly rose to take them from a high projecting shelf, when the stool on which he stood, turning suddenly forward, threw him backward upon his head—he broke his neck, and expired immediately, without uttering a single word.

Since that unhappy affair, judicial astrology, although held in the highest admiration and reverence by the inhabitants, has been so dreaded that it has fallen into total disuse. A large slate slab, erected at the head of his grave, bears the age and character of the worthy clergyman, and tells, in a few words, the wonderful circumstances attending his death.

PUBLIC HOUSES.

THERE is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man’s house as if it were his own: whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servant will attend you with the alacrity with which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.—*Johnson.*

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men, whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of a sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them, therefore, keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their mind, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastic.



THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

THE DEAD MAN'S HAND.

Yet stay, fair lady; turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.—FRONT'S RELIQUES.

WHAT a strange and appalling history would be that of superstition! how humiliating, how degrading to the boasted dignity of our nature! In all ages, this teeming source of error has yielded abundantly all varieties of phantasms,—the sublime, the solemn, the horrible, and the ridiculous: a mildew, a blight, on the fairest blossoms of truth; an excrescence, a coat of rust which eateth as a canker. And yet neither good nor evil is unmixed. Such is the nature even of our most baneful impressions, that instances do arise where good may come from so corrupt a source. The connection between material and immaterial, between mind and matter, so operates, that sometimes (and in proportion to the strength of the impression) a change is wrought by the mere control of the mind over the bodily functions.

To this operation may be ascribed the wonder-workings of these latter days: we do not question the effects thereby produced; but totally, unhesitatingly, deny the cause. Imagination, at times, doth so usurp the mastery over the animal and bodily faculties, that she has been known to suspend their ordinary processes, and to render the frame insensible even to the attacks of pain itself.

In one of the northern divisions of the county, (we know not the precise situation, nor is it needful to our purpose that we inquire,) there dwelt a comely maiden, who, at a period of little more than twenty summers from her birth, found herself in the undisturbed possession, if not enjoyment, of an abundant income, with a domain of more than ordinary fertility and extent. Her parents dying during the period of her youth, she, as the only offshoot of the family, held her dominion uncontrolled. That the possessor of such an abundant stock of liberty should wish to wear a chain, is verily a marvel not easily resolved: but so it was; and she seemed never so well pleased as when the links were firmly riveted. The forging of this invisible chain was a work performed in secret. She felt her thrall, but she sighed not to be free! for, alas! a grievous malady had seized her. The light of her eyes (a brisk and winning gallant, in the shape of a male cousin,) had departed. He went out to the wars, as was reported, and Ellen refused to be comforted: he knew not, peradventure, of her liking towards him: he was of a different creed, moreover; and she had, in the sovereignty of her caprice, treated him with something of petulance—he thought scorn. What a misfortune, that two fond hearts should have wanted an interpreter!

She sat one evening in her bedchamber, and Bridget, her maid, who had served her from a

child, was busily engaged in preparing her mistress for the night's repose. Now, Bridget was a zealous believer in miracles and the like; and Ellen would often disport herself gently on the subject.

"I wish I could believe in thy legends; it would verily be a comfortable disposition of my thoughts in all extremity, to have hope of a special interference."

"And why not?" said Bridget.

"Because," said her mistress, "I did not imbibe thy faith with my mother's milk, as thou hast done. 'Tis part of thy very nature, wench; and thou couldst not but act in conformity thereto."

"There have we the better of our birthright. But, nevertheless, those who repent, and turn to the true faith, have the same privileges; yet is it hard, as well it may be, to bend their stubborn nature to this belief."

"Well, Bridget, dost think that St. Somebody, or whoever I might take a fancy to for the purpose, would be propitiated by a few genuflections, and restore me to health and—and—"

She faltered in her speech; the banter died away on her lips; memory gave a sudden twinge, and her heart grew dark under the dim cloud that was passing over.

"I would give the world, if I had it, to know what my cousin William is doing," said she, in a musing fit, as though some sudden fancy had crossed her.

"And why may you not?" said the ready-witted maid: "You must just take a phoenix-feather in one hand, a cockatrice tooth in your mouth, and breathe on the glass, when, as the breath departs, they say your true love will appear therein."

"But he is not my true love, wench; and so I may not bind him with such spell, mayhap."

"How know ye that, fair mistress?"

"Go to; thou dost wound and vex me with thy questions. Hath he not been gone these five months, and never a word, good or bad, hath been rendered to me. Nay, did he not, ere he went, deport himself with most cold and supercilious arrogance, and even with neglect and disdain?"

"Because in your own bright self, lady, he had the first example; for of all the gay sparks that fluttered about you, there was never a one of them that had to endure such chilling looks, and so haughty a bearing, as were usually reserved for him."

"Hold thy tongue; thou dost presume too much, methinks, upon thy former freedoms, wench; I like not such unguarded speech."

Bridget was silent at this rebuke; and whatever was uppermost in her thoughts, no more was said that night.

The following days Ellen was much worse.—The disease appeared to be rapidly gaining strength, and the maiden seemed doomed to an early grave.

"And isn't it a silly thing for one like you to die so soon?" said Bridget.

Ellen smiled. The hectic flush was apparently on her cheek, and the fever that fed it was on her vitals; at least, so said the village chroniclers by whom it was told.

* * * * *

The following morning Bridget was early at the bedside of her mistress, with a countenance more than usually indicative of some important communication. But Ellen was the first to break silence.

"I have had a strange dream last night."

"So I guessed," said Bridget, with a face of great importance.

"There came, as I thought in my dream," said Ellen, "a long-robed priest to my bedside—he stood there some time; and when I asked him of his errand, he raised his right arm, and I saw that the hand was wanting, being taken off at the wrist. I marvelled exceedingly at this strange apparition; but as I was going to question him thereon, I awoke. I know not why, but the vision sorely troubled me, especially when again going to sleep, for it was repeated thrice."

"It is a riddle," said Bridget, "and one with a heavy meaning in it, too, if we could find it out."

"Verily, I think so," said Ellen; "for the impress doth not pass away like that from ordinary dreams, but rests with a deep and solemn power upon my spirit, such as I can neither throw off nor patiently endure."

"I'll unriddle it for you, or go a pilgrimage to our Lady at Loretto," said Bridget, determined not to be behindhand in her curiosity. So she set her woman's wits immediately to work; yet she saw her mistress daily losing strength, and no clue was obtained by which to know the interpretation of the vision.

One day Mistress Bridget brought in a tall beggar-woman, dumb, or pretendedly so, and apparently deaf. She made many signs that the gift of foreknowledge was in her possession, though she seemed herself to have profited little by so dangerous an endowment. Ellen, being persuaded by her maid, craved a specimen of this wonderful art. The hag, a smoke-dried, dirty-looking beldame, with a patch over one eye, and an idiotic expression of face, began to mutter and make an odd noise at the sight of the sick lady. She took a piece of chalk from her handkerchief, and began her work of divination. First, she drew a circle on the floor, as a boundary, or frame, and within it she put many uncouth and crabbed signs; but their meaning was perfectly unintelligible. Under this she sketched something like unto a sword; then a hideous figure was attached to it, with a soldier's cap on his head.

Before him was a heart that seemed to hang, as it were, on the point of this long sword; which, when Ellen saw, she changed colour, but attempted to smile; yet she only betrayed her agitation. The dumb operator drew one hand across her own breast, and with the other pointed to the lady, which appeared to Ellen as though intimating that a soldier had won her heart, and that this was the true cause of her illness. Such an interpretation, perchance, was but the conscious monitor speaking from within, as it invested this unmeaning hieroglyphic with the hue and likeness of its own fancies. But more marvellous still was the subsequent proceeding. Having revealed the cause, it seemed as though she were about to point out, obscurely as before, the method and means of cure. When she had drawn the long unshapely representation of a cloak, above it was placed something like unto a human head, without helm or other covering; and to this figure two arms were added,—one having a huge hand, displayed proper, as the heralds say; the other arm entirely destitute of this useful appendage. Ellen at once remembered her dream, and watched the process even with more interest than before.

The hand which should have been attached to the wrist was now drawn, distinct from the rest, as though grasping a heart wounded by the sword—and, doubtless, the interpretation, according to Bridget's opinion, was, that the application of a hand which had been severed from the body would alone cure the disease under which she pined. The dumb prophetess did not communicate further on the subject; and, after having received her bounty, she departed.

"How very strange!" said Ellen.

"Marvellous enough," answered the maid.

"There is some mystery about this hand," thought Ellen; but where to seek for a solution, was a mystery of equal magnitude with the rest. Bridget was sure, from the disclosures already vouchsafed, that the needful directions would not be withheld.

Ellen felt restless and disturbed for a while after this event; but her sensations were again reverting to their ordinary channel, when one morning she awoke in a fearful trepidation. She said that the figure of a human hand was visible in her slumbers; that it led the way, pointing to an old house, like a fortified mansion, with a moat and gatehouse before the main entrance. As she followed, the hand seemed to twine its fingers about her heart, and, for that time, she felt relieved of her pain. So vividly was the scene impressed upon her imagination, that she felt assured she should recognise the building again, and especially the interior, where, in a stately chamber, the miraculous cure was performed.

Affairs went on for a little time in this dubious state; but the continued and increasing illness of Ellen made it expedient that a change of air should be attempted, and the journey accomplished by short and easy travel. The family-coach was brought out; and Mistress Bridget, invested with the dignities of her office, went forth

as attendant of the body, and principal conductor of stores and packages.

Journeying southward at a slow pace, pausing to take a look where there was any object worth the attention, they came one afternoon (about the fourth day after their departure) to Wigan.—When they had journeyed thence a mile or so, as they were passing down a jolting road, Bridget, whose curious eye was ever on the look out, suddenly exclaimed, at the same time pointing through the window,

"I declare, if there isn't dummy again yonder!"

Ellen beheld the dumb sybil, whose predictions were not forgotten. Bridget, by her looks, seemed to ask leave to stop the carriage, and hold another conference with the woman; and Ellen, whom illness had rendered somewhat passive in such matters, did not make any opposition. Having accosted this walking oracle, Bridget courtesied with great reverence; but the beladame went straight to the carriage, addressing herself to the invalid within, by pointing to her breast, and making divers motions of the like signification, which were not easy to be understood, even by the party for whom they were intended. The prophetess seemed fully to comprehend that her symbolic representations were unintelligible; and no fitting place being at hand whereon they could be readily portrayed, she strove with the greater vehemence to explain their meaning. There appeared a more than ordinary anxiety, on her part, to communicate something of importance, and the travellers looked as though fully aware of it. Her most unequivocal signs, however, were to this purpose—that they should not proceed further. Ellen, impelled by fear and curiosity, spoke aloud,

"Surely we are not to remain here, at the beck of this woman!"

The one-eyed sybil nodded an affirmative.—This, at any rate, helped them to an easier mode of communication, finding that she was not deaf, as they had hitherto supposed.

"And whither shall we proceed?"

The woman here pointed to a narrow lane, on the right of the main road they were pursuing.

"Truly that seems but an indifferent path.—Wherefore should we turn in thither?" inquired Ellen.

Again the prophetess pointed to her own breast, and then at the bosom of the invalid.

"By this token I understand that in so doing I am to expect some relief."

Again nodded the officious intruder.

"But how shall that relief be obtained?"

The woman here lifted up her hand, again pointing towards the path by which they should proceed.

"Go and see, I suppose thou wouldst say," said Ellen.

Another affirmatory nod was the answer.

"Wilt thou be our guide?"

The person addressed, here darted a look at Ellen which seemed to express pleasure at the request, if pleasure it might be called, that could irradiate such an aspect. She put out her hand

for the customary largess ere setting forward as their guide on the expedition. Some difficulty now arose, by reason of the straitness of the path; but their dumb leader hastened up the lane with unusual speed, beckoning that they should follow. From this signal it appeared that there was sufficient room, and the postilion addressed himself to proceed by so unusual a route.

They went forward for about a mile with little difficulty; but a sudden turn, almost at right angles with their course, presented an obstacle which the driver hesitated whether or not to encounter; but it was impossible to return, though they were not without serious fears that the weird woman might lead them on to a situation from which they could not extricate themselves. Still she beckoned them forward, until they emerged into another and a wider road, on which they travelled without further impediment.

Ellen, whose eyes were abundantly occupied, suddenly assumed a look of greater fixedness and intensity. For a while she seemed nearly speechless with amazement. At length she cried,

"'Tis there!—There!"

Bridget looked forth, but saw nothing worthy of remark, save an old gatehouse, over a dark lazy moat, secured by heavy wooden doors.

This gatehouse was apparently the entrance to a court or quadrangle, inclosed by buildings of wood and plaster of the like antiquity. Their guide stood on the bridge, as though to intimate that their wanderings would here terminate.

"I have seen it before," said Ellen, with great solemnity and emotion. Bridget, perhaps, fancied her mistress's thoughts were wandering strangely, and was just going to recommend rest and a little of the medicine she carried, when Ellen again spoke, as though sensible of some incoherency in her remark:—"In my dreams, Bridget."

"Is this the house you saw when—?"

"The very same. I should know it again; nor should I forget it, if I were to live to the age of the patriarchs."

Ellen determined to alight, and witness the issue of the adventure; so, in due time, these forlorn damsels were seen advancing over the bridge unto this enchanted castle.

"The beladame knocked loudly at the gate, and immediately she sprung back; but when the travellers again looked round, she was gone!"

Now were they in a precious dilemma. Two females before a stranger's gate—the warder acoming, when their business would of necessity be demanded. A tread, every footstep of which might have been passing over them, was close at hand. The bolts shrieked—the gate shook—and a curious face peeped forth to inquire their errand. He threw the gate wide open, and invited them to follow: after which, he led them through a clumsily-ornamented porch into the great hall; at the end of which was a low gallery, supported by pillars and pilasters richly and profusely carved. From these, arches were sprung; and a flight of stairs, at one end, led to the upper chambers.

Their guide preceded them into a small wainscoted room, fitted up as a study, or perhaps an oratory in those days. A wooden crucifix was placed in a recess, occasionally covered by a green curtain. Shelves, laden with books, occupied the further end of the room, and writing-materials were laid upon an oak trestle or table, before which sat a tall white-haired personage, in a suit of sables, to whose further protection the porter left his charge.

Ellen had suffered herself to be led passive, hitherto, by her maid; but when she saw that they were now fairly committed to the disposal of a stranger, (for so he appeared,) she felt uneasy, and anxious to depart. The room and the whole scene were vividly brought to her recollection; for she fancied that, at one time or another, she had been present in a similar place.

Bridget courtesied. "Here is a sick person who would have the benefit of your prayers," said she. The pale and wasting form that was by her side sufficiently corroborated her truth.

"If she have faith, I will cure her malady. What sayest thou?" He fixed his clear grey eye upon her, and Ellen felt as though some charm were already at work, and a strange tingling went through her frame. She stammered out something like an assent, when the stranger carefully proceeded to unlock a little cabinet, inlaid with ivory and gold, from which he took out a white silk-bag that diffused a grateful perfume through the chamber. He offered up a prayer before he unloosed the strings; after which, with great formality and reverence, he drew forth a human hand, dried and preserved (apparently by some mysterious process) in all its substance and proportions. Ellen was dumb with astonishment. Bridget could with difficulty refrain from falling on her knees before this holy relic; and her delight would easily have run over in some form of extravagance, had it been suffered to have free vent. To this relic, doubtless, had the predictions referred; and she doubted not its power and efficacy.

"This rare and priceless thing," said he, "was once the right-hand of an English martyr, Father Arrowsmith by name, put to death for his holy profession; in consideration whereof it is permitted that an honourable testimony be rendered to his fidelity, by the miracles that it doth and shall work to the end of time. Rub it thrice on the part affected, and mark the result. If thou receive it with humility and faith, trusting in Heaven, from whence alone the healing virtue doth flow,—these holy relics being, as it were, but the appointed channels and conduits of His mercy,—thou shalt assuredly be healed."

But Ellen was at some loss to know the precise situation of her complaint, until she recollected the picture drawn by the dumb fortune-teller, who described the heart alone as touched by this miraculous hand. Yet in what manner to make the application was a matter of some difficulty.

Bridget again relieved her from the dilemma.

"If it so please your reverence, the seat of the complaint is not visible. Suffer us to use it pri-

vately. We will not carry forth nor misuse this precious keepsake."

"I fear not for the harm that can happen to it by reason of mischievous devices. If taken away, it would assuredly return hither. Should the lady have some inward ailment, let her lay it as near as may be to the part where she feels afflicted, and keep it there for a space until she findeth help."

The two visitors were then shown into another chamber; and here Bridget, with great devoutness, and a firm faith in its efficiency, placed the dead cold hand upon her mistress's heart. Ellen shuddered when she felt its death-like touch. It was either fancy, or something more; but she really felt as though a load were suddenly taken away,—an oppression, an incubus, that had continually brooded over her, was gone. Surprised, and lightened of her burden, she returned into the oratory, and gave back the relic, along with a liberal offering, into the hands of the strange personage. He said there would scarcely be occasion for a repetition of the act, as it was evident the faith of the recipient had wrought its proper work.

The day by this time being far spent, he begged permission to introduce Ellen to the Lady Gerard, who, as mistress of the house, he said, would be much gratified to afford them entertainment, and, if need were, shelter for the night. On hearing the name of her visitor, this kind lady would take no denial, but expressed herself warmly on the folly and imprudence of an invalid being exposed to the night air; and Ellen, delighted with the change she felt, was all compliance and good nature. After a little hesitation, she suffered her first refusals to be overcome, and the night wore on with pleasant converse. By little and little, Lady Gerard won the confidence of Ellen, who seemed glad that she could now speak freely on the subject nearest to her heart.

"It is marvellous enough," continued Lady Gerard, "that you should have been conducted hither; for in this house there is a magic mirror, which may, peradventure, disclose what shall relieve your anxiety. On being looked into, after suitable preparations, it is said (for I never tried the experiment) to show wondrous images within its charmed surface; and like the glass of Cornelius Agrippa, of which we have a tractate in the library-chamber, will show what an absent person is doing, if the party questioning be sincere, and anxious for his welfare."

"I have long wished," said the blushing Ellen, "that I might see him of whom our evening's discourse hath, perchance, been too much conversant. I would not for worlds that he knew of my wish; but if I could see him once more, and know the bearing of his thoughts toward me, I could now, methinks, die content."

"This very night, then, let us consult the oracle," said Lady Gerard; "but there must not be any witness to our exploit: so while away your impatience as best you may, until I have made the needful preparations for our adventure."

Ellen could not repress her agitation when, after waiting alone for a little time, her kind hostess came to summon her to the trial. She was conducted up the staircase before mentioned, and through a corridor of some length. The lamp grew pale and sickly in the cold wind of the galleries they trod. Soon, however, they paused before a low door. Lady Gerard pressed her finger on her lip, in token of silence. She then blew out the light, and they were involved in total darkness. Taking hold of Ellen's arm, which trembled excessively, within her own, she opened the door, but not a ray was yet visible. She was conducted to a seat, and Lady Gerard whispered that she should be still. Suddenly a light flashed forth on the opposite side, and Ellen saw that it came from a huge antique mirror. A form in male attire was there discernible. With a slow and melancholy pace he came forward, and his lips seemed to move. It was—she could not be mistaken—it was her cousin William! She thought he looked pale and agitated. He carried a light which, as it glimmered on his features, showed that they were the index of some internal and conflicting emotion. He sat down. He passed one hand over his brow, and she thought that a sigh laboured from his lips; but as she gazed, the light grew dim, and, ere long, the mirror ceasing to be illuminated, again left them in total darkness. A few minutes elapsed, which were swollen to long hours in the estimation of the anxious and wondering inquirer. Her companion again whispered that she should await the result in silence. Suddenly the light flashed out as before, and she saw the dumb fortune-teller instead of the individual she expected. Her features were more writhen and distorted than ever; and she seemed to mutter (it might be) some malignant spell, some charm, the operation of which

was for some unknown and diabolical intent.—Ellen shuddered as the weird woman took a paper roll from her bosom. Unfolding it, there was displayed the figure of her lover, as she supposed, kneeling, while he held out his hands toward the obdurate heart which he in vain attempted to grasp.

"I have wronged him," said Ellen, in a whisper to her companion; "if I interpret these images aright, he now sighs for my favour; and—would that we had known each other ere it was too late!"

"He knows now," said lady Gerard; and immediately the dumb prophetess was at her side. She threw off a disguise, ingeniously contrived, and Ellen beheld her cousin William!

The magic mirror was but an aperture through the wainscot into another apartment; and the plot had been arranged in the first place by Mrs. Bridget, who had been confederate with the handsome, but somewhat haughty wooer, having for his torment a maiden as haughty and intractable as himself. Thus, two loving hearts had nigh been broken for lack of an interpreter.

William's absence had taken deeper hold on Ellen's finely-tempered frame than was expected; and it was with sorrow and alarm that he heard of her illness. His distant relative, Lady Gerard, to whom he had retired for a season, spake of the marvellous hand, which she was sure would cure any disease incident to the human frame. It was absolutely needful that a cure should be attempted, along with some stratagem, to conquer the yet unbroken obstinacy in which (as with a double panoply) Ellen had arrayed herself. The result of the experiment has been shown. She was united to her cousin ere a few months were old and the "merrie spring" had melted in the warm lap of summer.

WINTER CAROL.

Leaves are falling,
Birds are calling,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Winds are blowing,
Summer's going,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Flowers are dying,
Breezes sighing,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Fields once bloomy,
Now look gloomy,
Let us fly, let us fly.

From this bleak dominion, where winter waves his pinion,
To a sky that's brighter, on a breeze that's lighter,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Where the hours are fleet, where the night is sweeter,
Where in gentler measure, life is linked with pleasure,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Why should we linger lonely, the two remaining only,
When here the storms pursue us, and there the sunbeams woo us?

To that happy sky,
Let us fly, let us fly.

SUMMER CAROL.

Buds are springing,
Birds are singing,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Winter's going,
Spring is glowing,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Like a maiden,
Flow'rs array'd in,
Let us fly, let us fly.

See, the comer
Laughs, young summer,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Winter leaves the bow'r, that springing from his pow'r
Takes again its dow'r, bud, and bloom, and flow'r,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Laughing seasons woo us, storms no more pursue us,
Bending trees invite us, laving streams delight us,
Let us fly, let us fly.

Why linger we thus lonely, the two remaining only,
When every once loved pleasure, forms a glorious treasure?

To that happy sky,
Let us fly, let us fly.

A DAY'S PLEASURE IN THE COUNTRY.

"THERE are a great many pleasures of which I have not the slightest comprehension. All those included under the names of rural enjoyments, unsophisticated tastes, country pursuits, are to me marvels and mysteries. All my plans for the diffusion of happiness have even to my own eyes been impracticable; for all the world cannot live in London. I am, I confess it, born and bred, in theory and in practice, a Cockney. I have no fancy for sitting in a punt, catching fish and cold together, and going home with three gudgeons and a sore throat. Neither do I desire to enact perambulating poulterer, accumulating landed property enough for a freehold, in the shape of mud on my boots; consigning in my secret soul every partridge to purgatory. I prefer a sofa to the most delicate green moss that was ever haunted by fairies. O, lakes that are so beautiful in poetry! O, prospects that are so lovely on paper! ye are about to lose for me all your charms—for I shall see them; and, alas! to see the beauties of nature is to reverse the old proverb, 'Seeing is not believing.'"

Frank Staunton was roused from his reverie by the loud blowing of a horn, on which the guard was expending breath enough to have lasted half an existence. Despite his soliloquy, he was fully alive to the exquisite though dusky landscape around: a purple shadow indicated the lovely lake of Ulleswater, upon which were flitting two or three scattered barks, with their phantom sails. Gleaming amid the trees, now in their thickest foliage, a light shone from every cottage: the moon was not up, but the evening star had many companions; and in the West one clear and lucid line, like melted amber, was yet bright with the memory of sunshine. The boughs of the hawthorn, on which the dew was just rising, swept against the coach as it passed rapidly by; and the fragrance on either side told that the hay was making in the adjacent fields. The mail stopped at the corner of a lane, amid the clamour of a dozen young voices, asking, in every variety of tone, if "their cousin was arrived," "How d'ye do's?" and "I am glad to see you's," were soon despatched:—so was supper. Frank saw that his female cousins were pretty, ill-dressed, and with louder laugh and voice than were admitted within his creed of lady-like. His uncle and aunt were of that denomination called respectable, worthy, matter-of-fact people, who have no nerves, and whose ideality has never been developed. "We have chosen your bedroom," said his eldest cousin, at parting, "because the nightingale sings in the tree opposite." The room was very low, and felt very hot—for the sun had been shining on it all day; and light and air were things never excluded from Ulleswater Cottage. Fatigued with his long journey, Frank hurried into bed; but the instant all became hushed, his ear was caught by "the mournful music" of the nightingale, whose sweet com-

plaint was now begun. "How very sweet!" exclaimed our hero—five minutes, ten, nearly a quarter of an hour; and though he at first concealed the fact from himself, that incessant "jug jug, trill, trill," was excessively tiresome. Now, Frank Staunton had really some poetry about him—nay, had published verses full of tenderness and feeling about moonlight, nightingales, roses, and recollections; he had, therefore, a character to support: but it was at last not to be borne; he jumped out of bed, dashed down the window, with an ejaculation of, "That cursed bird!" Among other metropolitan predilections, was that of late rising; but by five o'clock next morning all the house was in motion: the children ran overhead as if, like the lances of old, they were shod with iron; and every cousin that passed along the passage thought it an act of courtesy to knock at his door. He got up in self-defence; and as soon as he appeared, three parties at once contended for his company: his aunt wanted him to come and look at her turkeys—his uncle wanted him to see his pigs; while the boys were equally impatient that he should join their shooting party. As usual, clamour carried the day, and he was dragged off to the rookery. With Washington Irving strong on his memory, a rook-pie seemed little short of sacrilege. Such a waste of powder and noise as ensued! the rooks screamed, the children shouted, and every moment a gun went off close to his ear: and all this waste betaken fasting. Long before the summons came to the breakfast-table, Frank had arrived at the second stage of fasting, viz. a sick distaste to food: an appetite is not, like grouse, the better for keeping. The rapid way in which breakfast was despatched, did not permit of the hospitable distress that would otherwise have been called forth by the sight of his undiminished pile of provisions?

There is a species of entertainments peculiar to our islands, called in Wales "grass parties," in Jersey "milk parties," and at Greenwich and Richmond "*pic nics*:" they are days devoted to all those inconveniences which at less-favoured periods would, to use an expressive Irishism, "set you mad." You give up the comforts of civilized life—tables and chairs are *de trop*—one glass does the work of many—and your dinner is spread on the grass, for the benefit of the ants, earwigs, and other insects. It was for the celebration of one of these mistakes (for they are called pleasure) that the Selby family assembled in a large cart, without springs, destined to traverse the roughest of roads that ever destroyed your nerves, and threatened your joints. Two young men joined the party, and, quite as matter of right, appropriated the seats by the two eldest girls; and Frank was jammed into an inconceivably small space between his uncle and his aunt, both of whom maintained an unceasing flow of discourse—one touching his turnips, the other

her turkeys; while the younger children kept up an incessant and Babelish din. At length they arrived at a nook in a small wood: the father and mother, with the four younger ones, stayed behind to get dinner ready, while they enjoined the others to go and walk for an appetite;—an injunction Frank, at least, thought very needless. However, off they went, under a broiling sun, over hedge, ditch, hill and dale; while to Staunton it was obvious that the two young men took an underebbed pleasure in tiring, or trying to tire, the London stranger to death.

"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz walls I bent my way,"

thought Frank, as he toiled up the half-dozen hot hill, for the sake of the prospect, which he alone was expected to admire—the others, as they observed, having seen it so often. At length they returned to the little wood; the stump of an old oak looked very inviting, and there Frank was about to sit, when his second cousin, William, caught his arm, exclaiming, "Lord, mother! you have laid the cloth close by the wasp's nest." All hurried off—but not till Staunton's left hand was as an armoury, in which a score of wasps had left their stings. All hurried off, two or three dishes and plates broken, also the gooseberry pie dropped in the scuffle; but as soon as they were seated, due attention was bestowed on Frank's wounds: a key was produced from Mrs. Selby's ponderous pocket, destined to extract the stings; and when, in spite of the universal declaration "that it was the best thing in the world," he averred his conviction that it was the worst, and withdrew his hand, it had just the appearance of a honeycomb. Dinner proceeded; all seated themselves on the grass, nobody knowing what to do with their feet or their plates, Christians not being so handy as Turks. There was some romping, and a great deal of laughter excited by that local wit which is so utterly unintelligible to a stranger. Mr. Selby ate like an Abyssinian, and drank like a Saxon: he was one of those true-born Englishmen whose morality is beef, and whose patriotism is ale. The repast was concluded, and both he and his wife dropped off in their accustomed nap, with the mutual exclamation, "Frank, we have a water-party in store for you to-morrow." The party dispersed: Staunton saw the receding figures of his two fair cousins with the two young men; one of whom was entertaining his companion with the history of his brown mare's cold, and the other was being eloquent in praise of his liver-coloured pointer: the ladies, however, seemed very well entertained. The wind had changed, and it was one of those raw, piercing evenings which pay November the delicate flattery of imitation: there was a melancholy rustling in the leaves, a dim mist rising from the lake; and the visitor walked "the greenwood glade" alone, his teeth chattering, and a small chill rain beating in his face. This small rain gradually took a more decided form and became a heavy pelting shower. Mr. Selby's voice was heard calling on the party to assemble together: they did so, and again the cart bore its

crowded company. Suddenly it was discovered that Staunton was missing. To make short of a long story, they called, they hunted, but in vain: it was now getting dark, and home they were obliged to go—but minus their cousin. One supposed he was drowned, and another that he had fallen into some old gravel-pits; a third suggested that murders had been committed ere now. The evening closed in on a collection of those lugubrious tales that are the delight of an English fire-side. But the next day they were, indeed, seriously alarmed; for notidings could be learned of Frank Staunton, a ghastly fear seized on the whole neighbourhood—he might have been Burked! Sacks and pitch-plasters were that day the sole topics of discourse in the neighbourhood of Ulleswater. Next morning, however, came the post, and with it a letter: it was from Frank Staunton, and ran thus:—

My dearest Aunt—There are some temptations that are irresistible; that of the London mail passing by my path, proved so to me. I called to the coachman, got up by the guard, and was miles on my journey before I remembered aught but the happiness of a return to town. I shall ever retain the most grateful recollection of your kindness; I will send my cousins the prettiest of the new *Annals* this year: but I've "made a vow, and registered it in heaven," never again to stir beyond the bills of mortality.—Your affectionate nephew,

FRANK STAUNTON.

GARRICK'S PRECEPTS TO PREACHERS.

THE celebrated Garrick having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favour him with his opinion as to how a sermon ought to be delivered, the English Roscius sent him the following judicious answer:—"My Dear Pupil: You know how you would feel and speak in a parlour, concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You could not think of playing the orator, of studying your emphasis, cadences, and gestures; you would be yourself; and the interesting nature of the subject impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would be in the parlour, be in the pulpit; and you will not fail to please, to affect, and to profit.

It is the power of attention which, in a great measure, distinguishes the wise and great from the vulgar and trifling herd of men. The latter are accustomed to think, or rather dream, without knowing the subject of their thoughts. In these unconnected roavings they pursue no end; they follow no track. Every thing floats loose and disjointed on the surface of their minds, like leaves scattered and blown about on the face of the waters.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

BY THE BIRTRICK SHEPHERD.

THAT grumbly postman o' the night,
The beetle sounds his eiry horn,
The lamb's last bleat comes frae the height,
She seeks her dewy bed till morn—
The harper kail has bumb'd his strings,
And labours at his uncouth strain;
While every note the blackbird sings,
I'm feared may be his last Amen.

Then what can all my bonny Jane,
Wha wou't to be sae kind to me,
That here she lets me bit me lane,
And strain my een out ower the lee?—
There's naught, I ken, sae hard to bide,
It racks the very soul within—
I'd rather watch on cauld hill side,
Or stand in water to the chin.

The heathcock's bay comes down the gate,
The glooming stern croops o'er the hill;
Ilk sangster cowers beside his mate,
And has o' dear delight his fill;
While I may sit an' glower till morn,
Nor hear a sound from tower or tree,
Except yon craik's among the corn,
An' he has tint his love like me.

Poor bird, he's lonely in the dell,
And harps a note o' black despair,
And though forsaken like mysel,
I only laugh at him the mair.
His loss is but a motely quean,
Of cutty-tail, an' tawney hue;
But sic a flower as my dear Jane,
For love ne'er brushed the e'en'ing dew.

'Tis really mair than heart can bear,
I shall gang daft, ere it be day;
But yet the lassie is sae dear,
I downa bide to gang away.
Hush, Collie! hush! What's that I hear—
A smothered laugh ayant the tree?
There's some sweet pawky listener near,
The sweetest sound on earth to me.

"Ha! pawky Jane, how came ye here,
Round by the wrang side o' the knowe?
This night, some ither lad, I fear,
Has rowed ye in his plaid ere now."
"What's that to you? But I thought right,
To come an' tell you to gang hame;
I canna come to court the night,
Sae ye may gang the gate ye came."

"Provoking elf! come o'er the dike,
An' woo till day light ope her ee—"
"Na, thank ye, lad—bega' what like,
The wa' shall stand 'twixt you an' me;
I thought it hard that you should sit,
An' flite a' night sae gruff an' grum,
Sae I came ower on lightsome fit,
To tell you that I couldna come."

Out ower the dike I laup—I flew!
An' ere she gat a blink to chide,
I had her seated on the dew,
An' closely prem'd unto my side.
But O! the taunts an' bitter scorn
That I endured a while were sair,
Yet never till the break o' morn
Did she propose to leave me fair.

Love has a deal o' grief an' gloom,
Muckle to hope an' sma' to have;
Yet there are little blinks o' bloom
Sae sweet, the heart nae mair can crave—

Some little tints of loveliness,
Beyond what angels can enjoy—
O' earthly love they hae nae guess,
Though theirs is bliss without alloy.

And there's a joy without a sting,
With a dear lassie by your side,
A virtuous, lovely, loving thing,
Whom you intend to mak' your bride:
That is a bliss, befa' what may,
That makes man's happiness supreme—
It winna sing—it winna say,
But lasts like an Elysian dream.

From the London Literary Gazette.

USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

AWAY with all doubt and misingiv,
Now lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No men can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore;
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And love by the bumps we explore!
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed:
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
Casualty finely expanding,
The largest I happened to see;
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practised on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each feature,
As mild as an angel's appears;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears:
Destructiveness, terrible omen,
Most vilely developed did lie!
(Though perhaps it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The *organ of speech* was in Fanny:
I shuddered—'twas terribly strong!
Then fled, for I'd rather than any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turned my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved nothing but me;
How the look and the index could vary!
For naught but *self-love* did I see.

Locality, silly betraying
In Helen a passion to roam,
Spoke such predilection for straying—
Thought I—she'll be never at home.
Oh! some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind;
While others had all that was horrid
In terrible swellings behind.

At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls, I believe,
To please or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
'Twould take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

Original.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET was not that monster of cruelty he has been represented to be. He often showed mercy to the vanquished, and even forgave personal injuries. Oaab, son to Zohair, who had been one of his bitterest enemies, and for whose head a price had been offered, had the audacity to appear abruptly in the mosque of Medina, whilst Mahomet was there preaching to the people. Oaab recited some verses which he had composed in praise of the Prophet. He heard them with delight, embraced Oaab, and taking off his mantle put it upon the Poet. The mantle was bought from Oaab's family, by a Caliph, for the sum of twenty thousand drachmas, and became the most valued ornament of the Sovereigns of Asia, which they wore only at solemn festivals.

The last acts of Mahomet's life prove that his mind was far from being tinged very deeply with cruelty. On the evening before his death he arose, repaired to the Mosque, leaning on the arm of Ali, ascended the desk, prayed, and addressed the audience in these words: "*Moslems, I am dying. None need longer fear me;—If I have struck any of you, let him come hither, and return the blows upon my back. If I have robbed any of his property, let him repay himself from this purse. If I have insulted any man, let him now, in his turn, insult me. I submit myself to you: do justice upon me.*" One man only stood forward, and demanded three drachmas. Mahomet paid him his demand, and would have added interest. He then tenderly bade farewell to those brave citizens of Medina by whose valour he had been defended. He set his slaves at liberty, and gave orders for his funeral. And although he maintained to the last the character of the Prophet, asserting, even in his dying agonies, that he conversed with the Angel Gabriel, he nevertheless shewed kind and melting affection to his daughter Fatima; his favourite wife, Airzha, and to Ali, and Omar, his disciples and friends. All in Arabia lamented him with deep sorrow, and assumed the garb of mourning upon his death. The people howled, and rolled themselves in the dust. Fatima died of despair.

The poison which put a period to the Prophet's days had been given him, some years before, by a Jewess, named Zainab, whose brother had been slain by Ali. This vindictive woman poisoned a piece of roasted lamb which she served up to Mahomet. Hardly had Mahomet tasted the first mouthful of the meat when he spit it out, and cried that it was poisoned. Yet so potent was the poison, that, although immediately rejected, it continued to afflict him through all his subsequent life, and he died of its effects, four years afterwards, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The inhabitants of the East continue to regard Mahomet with unbounded respect and veneration.

Their doctors assert that the world was made for him; that the first thing God created, was light; and this light became the substance of Mahomet's soul. Some maintain, that the Koran was uncreated: others have embraced an opposite opinion. Hence a crowd of commentators, and of sects; and hence religious wars, which have deluged Asia with blood.*

Mahomet possessed from nature the most splendid qualities—Valour, wisdom, eloquence, a graceful figure, every accomplishment that can win affection, or command respect. Among the most enlightened nations, he would have been a great man; to an ignorant and fanatic people he was naturally, and almost unavoidably, a Prophet.

Hitherto, the Arabian tribes, placed among Jewish, Christian, and Idolatrous neighbours, had professed a superstitious medley of these several forms of religion, intermixed with that of the ancient Sabæans. They believed in genii, demons, sorcery: they worshiped the stars, and sacrificed to idols. Mahomet passed the first forty-four years of his life in unnoticed retirement, in which he continued the new doctrines that he wished to propagate; and after persuading the principal men of his own family, (the Koreschites, keepers of the Cooba, the most considerable persons in Arabia,) began suddenly to preach a new religion, hostile to all that were before known, and formed to kindle the ardent genius of those people.

"Children of Ismael," said he, "I recall you to the religion which was professed by your father Abraham, by Noah, and by all the Patriarchs. There is but one God, who is the Sovereign of the universe, and is called the Merciful. Worship him only. Be charitable to orphans, to the poor, to slaves, to captives; be just towards all men; justice is the sister of piety. Pray, and give alms. Your reward shall be to dwell hereafter in the delicious gardens of Paradise. Fight with valour, against the incredulous and the impious; fight, conquer, and compel them to embrace Islamism, or to pay you tribute. Every soldier who falls in battle, goes to the immediate enjoyment of the treasures of God. Cowardice cannot prolong the term of life. The moment at which every one of us must yield to the stroke of the Angel of death, is written in the book of the Almighty."

These precepts, dictated in a language rich, figurative, majestic—embellished with the allurements of verse, delivered from an Angel, by a prophet, who was at the same time a warrior, a poet, a legislator—to a people who were in their temper the most ardent in the world, the most passionately fond of the marvellous, of

* Histoire des Arabes: par Marginey. Vide Mahomet: par Savary. Bibliothèque Orientale, d'Herbelot.

pleasure, of valour, of poetry;—could not fail to be favourably heard. Mahomet gained many disciples; and their numbers were soon augmented by persecution. The prophet was driven by his enemies from his native city of Mecca, and forced to seek refuge in Medina. The date of his flight became the æra of his glory, Hegira of the Moslems.

Alms-giving is one of the precepts most assiduously inculcated by the Mahometan religion. It is recommended by various parables, and by one, among others, which is most particularly impressive.

"The Supreme Judge will, at the last day, bind upon him who has not given alms a terrible serpent, whose sting will incessantly wound the griping hand that was shut to the unfortunate."

MY LITTLE MAN.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true'"—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE was nothing to me more abominable than the idea of a little man. I had been made miserable by little men—the odious creatures! I married a little man. Ridicule is the keenest weapon wherewith the feelings can be attacked, and mine were wounded deeply and severely by it. It was my misfortune to attract none but little men; wherever I went, into what society I passed, there was sure to be some little man start up, and endeavour to do the agreeable for my amusement. *Pour passer le temps* I encouraged one of these gad-flies, and at length found that what I undertook for amusement, mere pastime, assumed another aspect; and the little piece of humanity that I looked upon as a plaything, soon became the chief actor in something more than a little *affaire de cœur*. Well, "things change their titles as our manners turn;" instead of being annoyed, I became pleased with the attentions of "my little man;" and, at length, I gave my hand at the altar to my little man, and became *une femme*—a wife. I was the wife of my little man.

So far, all went pleasantly enough: but I do not know how it was—the *fraicheur* the novelty of matrimony, went off. I saw nothing but my little man day after day, and the honey-moon spent in the horrible seclusion of Rookery Park, was any thing but a month of sweetness. I was glad enough when it was over, for then I was enabled to return to the metropolis, and make one among the merry circles of fashion. But then, alas, alas! every thing wore a different aspect. I was no longer envied by the women, no longer the object of the men's devotion; a mere common-place salutation greeted me, and every body wished me joy, I and my "little man!"

Wherever I went, there also my little man followed me, of course; at the opera, beaux no longer fluttered round me like butterflies, attracted by my diamonds, (or my eyes, as they said,) rays; nobody was near me but my little man. He was a fond, kind creature; but that very fondness, that very kindness which induced him to be perpetually near me, proved any thing but pleasant to me; for I soon got tired of the eternal smiling looks, and kind words of my little man.

At the concert, my little man was my conductor, but he frequently made more discord than harmony: I used to return home in a dreadful state of *ennui*: nobody had told me that I looked beautiful that morning but my little man. I thought myself in a deplorable situation.

Then I went to Almack's: there I pictured a recurrence of old scenes, and prepared my arts of coquetterie accordingly. I was splendidly attired that night, and am sure that I looked divinely. Well, alas! the usual finale; in despite of my attractions, I danced with nobody but my little man. People did say that he was of a jealous turn, and therefore the men were fearful of incurring his displeasure. Dear, dear, what a sacrifice I thought myself to a little man! But I need not detail my sufferings; let it suffice, that wherever I went there I was sure to hear and see nothing but the little man. He was so cruelly attentive. We appeared so attached, that really we in the world's opinion exemplified connubial happiness. Happiness, indeed! Happiness with my little man? When we were beheld approaching, it was whispered, "Here comes — and her little man." Had I visitors, the first question after my own health was sure to be, "How is your dear little man." I would rather have heard inquiries after my poodle dog. Well, thus I passed through ten years of married life, a very unhappy miserable creature, because I was a fine figure myself, and had for my husband a very little man.

Alas! he died!—the fetters were suddenly severed, and I again became my mistress. My year of widowhood expired: I returned to the gay circles of society in all my wonted loveliness. I was then but eight and twenty, having married at eighteen. I had felt very lonely in retirement; but I ascribed that loneliness to the monotony of the scene wherein I was, as it were, confined. When I re-appeared in society, all the beaux came round me, as they had done ten years previously; the days of my girlhood were revived, and I was again the object of universal homage. Then I thought I should be happy;—for the moment I was so. But alas! the heart-dreariness which I experienced in my seclusion was but the first thrill of that anguish which I was afterwards to experience in fullness. As the amusements began to tire, I felt weary: there was no one near me then to speak in tones which only one can utter. When I returned home there was no one there to welcome me with kindness and affection. When I was happy, there was no one to share my joy, or when I was in sorrow, there was no one upon whose bosom I could lay my head, and find repose and rest. No; all had fled—all had passed away. I had no husband—my happiness had descended with him to his tomb.

I am a widow, young and beautiful—they tell me so—the men hover round me, and my own sex envy my attraction. Alas, alas! they little know the bitter grief of her who would resign every thing—state, station, splendour—could she but recall into existence her dear, though once neglected "little man!"

IRRITABILITY OF GENIUS.

La Harpe, an author by profession, observes, that as it has been shown that there are some maladies peculiar to artists, there are also sorrows which are peculiar to them, and which the world can neither pity nor soften, because they do not enter into their experience. The querulous language of so many men of genius, has been sometimes attributed to causes very different from the real one; the most fortunate live to see their talents contested, and their best works decried. An author, with certain critics, seems much in the situation of Benedict when he exclaimed—"Hang me in a bottle, like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam!" Assuredly, many an author has sunk into his grave, without the consciousness of having obtained that fame for which he had in vain sacrificed an arduous life. The too-feeling Smollet has left this testimony to posterity—"Had some of those who are pleased to call themselves my friends, been at any pains to deserve the character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an *author*, I should, in all probability, have spared myself the *incredible labour and chagrin* I have since undergone." And Smollet was a popular writer! Pope's solemn declaration, in the preface to his collected works, comes by no means short of Smollet's avowal. When employed on the *Iliad*, he found it not only occupy his thoughts by day, but haunting his dreams by night, and once wished himself hanged to get rid of Homer: and that he experienced often such literary agonies, witness his description of the depressions and elevations of genius:—

"Who pants for glory finds but short repose,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows."

Thus must the days of a great author be passed in labours as unremitting and exhausting as those of the artizan. The world are not always aware, that to some, meditation, composition, and even conversation, may inflict pains undetected by the eye and the tenderness of friendship. When even Rousseau passed a morning in company he tells us it was observed that in the evening he was dissatisfied and distressed; and John Hunter, in a mixed company, found that conversation fatigued instead of amusing him. Hawkesworth, in the second paper of the *Adventurer*, has composed, from his own feelings, an eloquent comparative estimate of intellectual and corporeal labour. It may console the humble mechanic.

The anxious uncertainty of an author for his compositions, resembles that of a lover when he has written to a mistress not yet decided on his claims; he repents his labour, for he thinks he has written too much, while he is mortified at recollecting that he had omitted some things, which he imagines would have secured the object of his wishes. Madame de Stael, who has often entered

into feelings familiar to a literary and political family, in a parallel between ambition with genius, has distinguished them in this; "that while ambition *perseveres* in the desire of acquiring power, genius *flings* of itself. Genius, in the midst of society, is pain, an internal fever which would require to be treated as a real disease, if the records of glory did not soften the sufferings it produces."

The acquaintances of the poet Collins probably complained of his wayward manners and irritability; but how could they sympathize with the secret mortification of the poet for having failed in his pastorals, imagining that they were composed on wrong principles; or with a secret agony of soul, burning, with his own hands, his unsold but immortal odes? Nor must we forget here the dignified complaint of the Rambler, with which he artfully closes his work, appealing to posterity.

In its solitary occupations, genius contracts its peculiarities, and in that sensibility which accompanies it, that loftiness of spirit, those quick jealousies, those excessive affections and aversions, which view every thing as it passes in its own ideal world, and rarely as it exists in the mediocrity of reality. They have abandoned their country, they have changed their name, they have punished themselves with exile in the rage of their disorder. Descartes sought in vain, even in his secreted life, a refuge for his genius; he thought himself calumniated among strangers, and he went and died in Sweden; and little did that man of genius think that his countrymen would beg to have his ashes restored to them. The great poetical genius* of our times, has openly alienated himself from the land of his brothers; he becomes immortal in the language of a people whom he could condemn; he accepts with ingratitude the fame he loves more than life, and he is only truly great on that spot of earth, whose genius, when he is no more, will contemplate on his shade in anger and in sorrow.

Thus the state of authorship is not friendly to equality of temper; and in those various humours incidental to it, when authors are often affected deeply, while the cause escapes all perception of sympathy—at those moments the lightest injury to the feelings, which, at another time, would make no impression, may produce even fury in the warm temper, or the corroding chagrin of a self-wounded spirit. These are moments which claim the tenderness of friendship, animated by a high esteem for the intellectual excellence of the man of genius—not the general intercourse of society, not the insensibility of the dull, nor the levity of the volatile.

* BYRON.—These remarks were of course, written during the life-time and voluntary exile of the noble poet.

I CAN NEVER LOVE YOU MORE; BARCAROLLE

From the Songs for the Grave and the Gay.

BY T. H. BAYLY.

ALLEGRETTO PASTORALE.

p legato

mf

p

fz *fz*

ritardando

I ne'er will love you less, But I can - not love you more; Nor can I now pre-
fess To have warm - er vows in store: - Words may not quite ex - press, How sin-
eres ... cen do

cerely I a - dore, I can never love you less, I can no - ver love you

more.

mf

This system contains the first two staves of a musical score. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of two sharps. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G2, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed between the staves.

My love is now full grown, The instant at his birth Could never know, I

p

This system contains the second and third staves. The top staff continues the melody from the first system. The bottom staff features a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

own, One quarter of your worth; But having learnt to bless Your

ritardando

This system contains the fourth and fifth staves. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff features a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads. The dynamic marking *ritardando* is placed at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

virtues o'er and o'er, I can never love you less, I can never love you

fz

This system contains the sixth and seventh staves. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff features a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads. The dynamic marking *fz* is placed at the end of the system. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

more.

mf

This system contains the eighth and ninth staves. The top staff continues the melody. The bottom staff features a series of chords, mostly triads and dyads. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed between the staves. The system ends with a double bar line.

GRIEF OF HEART.

"————— There are griefs
That hunt like hounds our happiness away!"
L. E. L.

FULL well I remember the moments so gay,
When time flew unheeded and swiftly away;
And I fondly imagined there never could be,
In existence, a being more happy than me.
How delightful to picture a long scene of joy,
Of bliss and of rapture that never could dry;
Reversed is that prospect for ever, and past
Is the vision of fancy, too brilliant to last.
It has faded like fairy-dreams—with it depart
Every hope of my soul, every wish of my heart,
Now cheerless must pass the remains of my youth,
For the lov'd one is false to her vows and her truth;
Those vows which she plighted, that truth which she swore,
Are broken, neglected, and heeded no more.
She is false! and creation can only appear
A cold blank.—Ah, what now can the lone world endear?
Though the sun darts refulgent his brilliant beam,
Though the moon sheds her soft placid light on the stream,
'Tis mock'try to me—the abandon'd—forsorn;—
To my feelings more welcome the blast and the storm;
For the zephyrs of summer, soft, cheering, and mild,
Give the whirlwind of winter, dark, piercing, and wild!
But hold—I am maddening!—Oh, heavens that pain,
It shoots through my bosom—ascends to my brain!—
'Tis accomplished—'tis over—I sink on the earth,
More happy this moment than that of my birth;
My sorrows are ended—my course nearly run,
Come, ingrate, and view what thy falsehood hath done.
Shall I curse thee?—Oh no!—In the last gasp of breath,
I must bless thee, thou dear one, lov'd even in death!

THE DEEP.

BY JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

THERE'S beauty in the deep;—
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow
That sparkle in the depths below;
The rainbow's tints are only made
When on the waters they are laid,
And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
Upon the ocean's level brine.
There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep;—
It is not in the surf's rough roar,
Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
They are but earthly sounds, that tell
How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
Or winds its softness through the flood,
Echoes through groves with coral gay,
And dies, on spongy banks, away.
There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep;—
Above, let tides and tempests rave,
And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave;
Above, let care and fear contend,
With sin and sorrow to the end:
Here far beneath the tainted foam,
That frets above our peaceful home,
We dream in joy, and wake in love,
Nor know the rage that yells above.
There's quiet in the deep.

RECONCILIATION.

A SKETCH.

Stories and prudes may lecture young people on the folly and absurdity of their falling in love; perhaps, were they to consult them, they never would: but, alas, we are not all wise, and who that has ever felt the first sense of "Love's young dream" will, for a moment, grant a listening ear to their abstract theory, which is in itself as poor and visionary, as the practice is absurd and impossible.

I do remember, when I was young, before the spring of life had lost one bud of freshness; before the mind's energies had fully expanded, and I was the veriest child of folly, then, and then only, was my heart touched with the beautiful fragrance of love, which, once lost, may never be regained.

I was about seventeen, and the object of my passion was two or three years my senior, but what was that in our eyes? We loved each other ardently and purely, and I must confess my vanity felt flattered by the preference shown to a "beardless boy," like myself, when I saw wealthier and likelier suitors rejected for me. Time travelled on, and some months had elapsed since our mutual and secret confession. We were revelling in bliss, pure and holy; our hearts insensibly grew together, and new beauties

seemed opening upon us, which, till then, we had known but by hearsay! Dreams of future happiness filled our minds, and every distant prospect, seen through "Hope's wizard telescope," was reflected with a brighter and a lovelier light than perhaps really belonged to it. But every one who knows any thing of the human mind, and of its pains and pleasures, will be well aware, that state was but one of those deceitful symptoms attendant upon that dangerous disease *amor primus*. But the smoothest streams are always rippled, even by the gentle wing of the light zephyr, as she skims on the surface. And so it was. Some trivial mistake; some little misunderstanding about something I had said, took place, and we were—human!

Well do I remember, that she had written me a note, rather hastily, perhaps, in which she stated, that if what I said was what I really meant, she must consider the affection professed as untrue, and requested me to send back all her letters. As it happened, I had them all, both hers and my own, and she even insinuated that she feared I had gained them surreptitiously, as it were, to gratify my own ends. This was too much for my proud spirit to endure, and I returned all her letters and my own too, together

with a note, full of mingled pride and affection, explaining my conduct, and the true meaning of what I had said; but I added, if this was not sufficient to satisfy her, and if for some *unknown* reason she was still angry, I could urge no more; and that I could not think of presenting myself at a ball, which was to take place a few evenings afterwards, at her father's house in the country. But this was sufficient; hearts will not long rebel against themselves, and I received, almost immediately, a note full of tenderness and love; the kindest by far I had ever had, wherein she conjured me to burn, and, if possible, forget her rash note, and to come out as her "own dear Edward" had always come before. Love has good feelings—Could I—did I—refuse? No! I blotted, as well as might be, the unfortunate circumstance from the book of memory, and went to the ball.

It was an autumn evening; I rode over on horseback early enough, it must be allowed, before the guests had assembled. Soon after I arrived, one of her brothers told me Julia wished to speak with me. We met, and we were alone. She took my hand, and exclaimed—"Edward will you forgive me?" I pressed her to my bosom, and kissing her, I could only echo her own words, and said, "Julia, will you forgive me?" She pressed her lips to mine, and that kiss spoke more eloquently, and more truly our reconciliation, than even the language of Demosthenes when poured forth against the proud Macedonian. It was the language of the soul, in which the tongue but bore its part: the whole feelings were employed to give utterance to so sweet a truth, that we were even dearer to each other now than ever. I whispered, "It is so sweet a joy to reconcile two fond hearts, it might almost tempt us to estrange them to enjoy the reconciliation." "Ah! no, Edward," said she, "let us never be so foolish again as to part in present anger for the hope of future joy." Shortly after we descended to dancing, and I shall ever remember that evening as one of the happiest of my life.

In the course of some time our loves were divulged to the higher powers; we were scolded for our secrecy, and blamed for falling in love! but, ultimately, some years afterwards, I led Julia to the altar, my blushing bride. Many years have since rolled over us, and happy in ourselves, in our children, and still more so in each other, we are, perhaps, as really blest as is the lot of humanity. But we never can *feel* again as we *have* felt; and better fitted to prepare us for the holier state hereafter, I cannot, at times, help regretting, that our feelings must decay with our youth, and exclaim—

Alas! alas! that we grow old,
That love should ever leave us:
The joyous heart should e'er grow cold,
Or fickle Hope deceive us:
That we should feel the woes of life,
Or if our love be carried,
Should lose the lover in the wife,
As soon as we were married!
Alas! alas!

The beauteous Spring in Summer dies,
And Autumn brings us pleasure,
And still beneath the wintry skies,
Wakes many a sleepy treasure.
But time, alas! can never bring
To age such flowers and feelings,
As still in youth and beauty cling,
In full and soft revealings.
Alas! alas! &c.

THE HUSBAND.

THE fond, protecting love of a devoted husband is like the tall and stately poplar, that rears its graceful foliage beside some happy cot, to which its leafy honours afford reviving shade; while its spreading branches shelter the melodious songsters of the verdant grove, who within its hallowed precincts nurture their callow brood, unmolested by the wanton tyranny of school boy pranks.

Oh! 'tis the effulgent Egean shield, which casts far and wide its bright defensive rays around the timid, shrinking form of the best, most tenderly beloved object of his warm heart's pristine love and veneration.

The hallowed affection of such a husband, is the far-off goal to which the adoring wife's most ardent wishes fly, borne upon the strong, untiring pinion of woman's faithful and unending love. Cheered by the smile of such a faultless being, the envious summer's parching heat, the ruthless winter's pinching cold, to her impart no pang: they pass unheeded by her well-defended head, light as the fleecy cloud; unregarded as zephyrs balmy breath. Supported by his manly form, what sorrow can assail, what anxious care invade her bosom's calm repose? Serene as the smooth surface of the glassy lake, unruffled by the storm's rude blasts, her peaceful hours speed on pleasure's wing.

How beautiful is such a union! How much more rare than beautiful! Oh! 'tis a sight that Angels might delight to fix their lingering gaze upon, lost in mute rapture and admiring awe. Mutually giving and receiving strength, the blissful pair tread life's thorny path, on light fantastic toe, gaily tripping on, unmindful of all, of care or woe—his powerful arm each dangerous briar removes; her delicate fingers present to his refreshed senses each beauteous flower that sheds its perfume on their illuminated way.

LET us avoid being the first in fixing a hard censure. Let it be confirmed by the general voice, before we give in to it.—Neither are you, then, to give sentence like a magistrate, or as if you had special authority to bestow a good or ill name at your discretion. Do not dwell too long upon a weak side; touch and go away. Take pleasure to stay longer where you can commend; like bees, that fix only upon those herbs out of which they may extract the juice their honey is composed of. A virtue stuck with bristles is too rough for this age; it must be adorned with some flowers, or else it will be unwillingly entertained.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

VISITORS to Bonaparte's tomb, at St. Helena, describe the recent planting of a set of young willows around it, cuttings from the parent trees, by the present governor, as the two or three old ones are fast going to decay. Longwood is now a farm house, and no part but the former billiard room remains inhabitable, the other apartments being converted into stables, granaries, &c. The now Longwood House (an excellent dwelling) has never been occupied, and apparently is fast falling to decay.

Seneca has very elegantly said that "malice drinks one half of its own poison."

I see those who are lifted highest on
The hill of Honour, are nearest to the
Blasts of envious fortune; whilst in the low
And humble valley fortunes are far more secure.
Humble valleys thrive with their blossoms full
Of flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and
The rough anger of the clouds.

Cato pleaded four hundred cases, and gained them all.

In the pure heart of a girl loving for the first time, love is far more ecstatic than in man, inasmuch as it is unfevered by desire—love then and there makes the only state of human existence which is at once capable of calmness and transport!

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice; once when I gained a law-suit, and once when I lost it."

It has been observed, and there is a world of homely, ay, and of legislative knowledge in the observation, that wherever you see a flower in a cottage-garden, or a bird-cage at the window, you may feel sure that the cottagers are better and wiser than their neighbours.

Opinion makes men brave—Nature forms them intrepid.

Some men are brave in battle who are weak in counsel, which daily experience sets before our eyes; others deliberate wisely, but are weak in the performing part; and even no man is the same to-day which he was yesterday, or may be to-morrow. "On this account," says Polybius, "a good man is sometimes liable to blame; and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended."

It is easier to admire than to imitate, and there is no error more common, than to imagine that talking of virtue is to practice it.

Man was made after the image of God, beasts after the resemblance of man; and in many beasts those two spirits appear to reign, but in that case they have little of the extraordinary one.

A man in prosperity forgets every one; and in adversity every one forgets him. In prosperity he appears to have lost his senses; and when loaded with misfortunes, he is said never to have had any. In his sudden elevation, he becomes discontented with all the world; and when hurled to the bottom of the wheel of fortune, all the world are discontented with him.

Swearing in conversation indicates a perpetual distrust of a person's own reputation; and is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not worthy of credit.

A wise and benevolent man may reasonably wish for children, if able to maintain them; but perhaps he is neither very wise nor very benevolent if he suffers his deprivation to make him unhappy. What is it we admire or find interesting in children? Their beauty, innocence, helplessness, simplicity; but he is a selfish sot who cannot appreciate those qualities in the offspring of others as well as in his own; and who, having the power, wants the inclination to cherish and attract them to him.

Woman, whose love is so much the creature of her imagination, always asks something of mystery and conjecture in the object of her affection. It is a luxury to her to perplex herself with a thousand apprehensions; and the more restlessly her lover occupies her mind, the more deeply he enthrals it.

A wise man is like the back or stock of the chimney, and his wealth the fire; he receives not for his own need, but to reflect the heat to other's good.

The first minister of state has not so much business in public as a wise man has in private; if the one have little leisure to be alone, the other has less leisure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one nation, the other all the works of God and nature under his consideration.

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that the world can take away.

There were 28,163 christenings in the British metropolis last year, and 25,337 burials. The whole excess of christening over deaths, in a population of about 1,300,000, was, therefore, only 2,926.

He who, when called upon to speak a disagreeable truth, tells it boldly and has done, is both bolder and milder than he who nibbles in low voice, and never ceases nibbling.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

LOUISE MARIE THERESE CHARLOTTE ISABELLE, the Queen of Belgium, is the eldest daughter of Louis-Philippe, King of France: her mother is the daughter of Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and grand-daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa. The Queen was born at Palermo, April 3, 1812, and is consequently now in the 21st year of her age.

The memoir of a young Princess who has passed her life in the bosom of her family, must necessarily be brief; indeed, it must almost entirely be confined to traits of mind and character.—Until the day of her marriage, this accomplished Princess devoted herself to her studies, which were continually to her a source of the greatest delight: she studied with the greatest assiduity the most important and profound works of philosophy and history; and attended the lectures of the different Professors, who are generally the first literary characters in France. In all her occupations, she proposed to herself the perfection of her own mind and character by moral improvement; and this line of conduct had an extraordinary influence even over all the persons of her household.

The Princess, for many years, kept a book in which she daily recorded passing occurrences, and her own reflections thereon: a record displaying her sound mind and vivacity of imagination.

The extreme beneficence of the Princess was the theme of general praise in France: the principal portion of her income was given to '*les pauvres inconnus*;' and from being in the habit, early in the morning, accompanied by a *Dame d'Honneur*, of visiting the poor and distressed, she was usually designated by them as *Notre Ange*.

In France, every person has the right of presenting petitions to the King in person: and considering the ambitious character of the people, and their desire for honours and advancement, these petitions, which may in a degree be regarded as of a private character, are very numerous. Such, however, was the confidence of King Louis Philippe in the talents and integrity of his eldest daughter, that to her he confided the office of investigating, annihilizing, and reporting upon these documents, a responsible duty which she executed so as to give general satisfaction.

As a proof of the strength of her mind, and the firmness of her character, it may be observed that at one period, it was suggested that it would be as well to postpone the nuptials with King Leopold, until affairs should become more settled in Belgium; but to this the Princess observed, that having witnessed the revolution and political events in France, she could entertain no fears respecting other changes.

The regret of every one connected with the French Court, on her quitting France, was most marked. By the poor, and the household of her father, her loss will be severely felt: the former observed, that they were about to lose '*leur ange gardant*.'

The reign of Maria Theresa is considered by the Belgians as the happiest epoch in their history: and their high respect for her memory is not less than that entertained in France for *Henri Quatre*.

Since her arrival in Belgium, the Queen has done all in her power to obtain the affection of every class of the people. Wherever she has been she has presented tokens of her satisfaction and kindness; and her gifts are invariably accompanied by letters to the parties, in her own handwriting.

On the morning following her marriage, she was in church at eight o'clock, accompanied by her *Dame d'Honneur*; and again at twelve, with all the Royal Family.

The engraving accompanying this sketch will give the reader an exact idea of the dress of her Majesty on the occasion of her marriage. She was besides, most superbly decorated with diamonds.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

HAVE you walked abroad into the fields? Have you surveyed the expanse of waters? Have you examined the earth, its structure, and its form—its surface, its mountains and vallies—its springs and its rivers—its medicinal waters—its plains, wide and extensive?—Have you attentively considered the structure and uses of vegetables and flowers?—Have you become familiar with Natural History—with the varieties of animals, birds, insects, and reptiles? Have you duly reflected upon the uses and phenomena of the atmosphere? Upon the changes of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of day and night?—Have you raised your wondering eyes to the heavens—have you considered the magnitude of the planets—their distance from us—the velocity and regularity of their motions—the awful magnitude of worlds upon worlds—the vastness of systems on systems? Have you done all this? And do you tell me that the result of your investigation is, that there *may* and *may not be* a God? No—if you have improved your opportunities, or exercised your powers of mind with any degree of faithfulness, the fact that there is a God has been riveted in your minds; and you cannot, if you would, get rid of it! If you have thought at all, you have felt the conviction, that your outgoing and incoming have been beneath the eye of Omniscience!

Original.

THE DROVER.

A TALE.

In a small village in the western part of England, there stood a little hostel, whose successive occupants, for a long course of years, dispensed the good things of this life to the gossips, the politicians, and the loiterers of the borough. It was also in high repute with many wayfarers, drovers especially, who, travelling to the inland markets for the sale of their live stock, and returning with well-lined pouch, met a cordial reception from the jolly host of the "Heifer." It is indeed said, that by way of compliment to these independent gentry, the ample sign presented its distant resemblance to the animal just named. Who the artist was, who had thus left a significant proof of his pictorial talent, has never transpired; it was indeed a subject of curiosity and ingenious speculation among the *virtuosi* of the village; but, except the very hazardous conjecture of its being justly fathered upon a "puir lean bodie," whose vocation was, and whose support depended upon whitewashing fences, houses, &c., no shadow of probability could lay this sin at the door of any other: and there swung upon its rotten gallows, the ancient and ghastly sign-board, and there perhaps it still swings.

But, avoiding unnecessary digression, we will introduce the reader to the inn itself, a compound of wood and stone of various forms and dates, of but one story, and containing under its ample roof several rooms beside the general sitting and drinking apartment, which was entered immediately from the front. This apartment, ornamented by its bar, its shining pewters, and the more shining face of the veteran tapster, offered at least one convenience at the season of which we write; the vast expanse of fire-place was piled with well dried faggots, that sent a roaring torrent of flame up the chimney, and diffused a cheerful gleam among the group that clustered around the hearth. It was a cold, frosty night in November; the moon carcered in her silver chariot through a cloudless sky, and the cricket chirped in the corner, as if in unison with the old fashioned clock that everlastingly tick-ticked above its resting-place. There were ranged about the fire, four persons, (including mine host) whose features and expressions were fully revealed by the broad blaze, at which all gazed vacantly during a long pause in the conversation, only interrupted by a deep draught, and a long drawn sigh, as the liquor found its way to its destination.

"I say, old Harry, another flagon!" shouted one of the guests, into the ear of the nodding publican, as he despatched the contents of a huge measure, "another flagon! fore George, your malt has been well managed, old one."

The speaker was rather tall, and of a slender

though muscular frame; his hair, dark as the raven's wing, curled profusely over his head, and luxuriated in a formidable pair of jetty whiskers, his eye was deep, restless, and fiery, and his whole demeanour testified that he was better off than one half of the world, and as independent as the other. At his loud summons the host bustled about with habitual alacrity, and soon satisfied his obstreperous wants. Of the other two travellers, the one was a short and somewhat plethoric body, with reddish sandy hair, gray eyes, and a huge mouth armed with a complement of the finest ivory; unlike the careless and rather tawdry dress of the tall stranger, his dreadnought of stout woolly cloth, betokened a deal of respect for his personal convenience; and the grave and severe expression of his embrowned features was hailed with no pleasurable emotions by the third individual of the group.

"It's a braw night," quoth he of the dreadnought, to the silent figure at his side, "ye ha doubtless travelled mony a mile in the twinkles o' the moon—ye ha maybe been aboon Lunnun wi' yer quadrupeds, and the journey is no that easy in these times?"

"And why not?—the roads are good, and the air makes one stir briskly, if he would not have his fingers chilled. But I did not say that I had been to London."

"Na—na—very true, but the bit whippie in your hand, wi' its knock down physiognomy, made me opine ye kenned the distinction between a cow and a sheep, and ye lo'ed the gowd o' the Lunnuners o'er weel, not to take yer beasties there. A gude market is Lunnun wi'—if Ise mistaken, mayhap ye would inform me?"

To this interrogatory, characteristic as it was of the nativity of speaker, the drover returned no direct answer. "I have heard it said, that one might meet with a worse sale for his cattle than in the great city, but there are many towns between this and there, where the folks do not expect to get what is good without paying for it."

The gentleman of the whiskers listened with interest to this cross questioning, but observing its object waxing uneasy, he at once put a stop to its continuance. "Let him alone, Sawney, have you no manners, hold that wagging tongue within its walls."

"As yer honour wulls; only I don't see the harm of speering at the truth, if a man be honest and worthy like."

"Thank ye, gentlemen," said the drover, as he finished his can of ale, "thank ye both, but I shall be under the necessity of pushing a few miles further before the little hours, and it is scarce nine o' the clock yet. A merry sitting to you, friends." So saying, he paid the reckoning,

whistled to his dog, that rose lazily from his snug corner, and left the house.

John Workman was one of those men, who, with a moderate degree of shrewdness, and an unwearied perseverance, have raised themselves from dependence and poverty to a competent livelihood, who are rich enough to be idle, but not too proud to labour. Long habitude in the occupation of a drover, had rendered its constant pursuit almost a matter of necessity; he seemed at a loss when unengaged in its duties, and he therefore continued to flourish his long-lashed whip, and shout forth commands to his obedient herds, as they proceeded to some populous city, even to the metropolis, there to satisfy the wants or luxurious whims of the purse-proud cits. It was indeed whispered that plodding John, (as he was familiarly called,) had other motives in visiting London than the mere sale of his live stock. The profits which previous industry had realized, were said to be vested in city property, and that he sometimes returned to his "grazing" with more money in his purse than all his horned cattle were worth, to improve his grounds, to enlarge his business, and increase the comforts of domestic life. One thing indeed was wanting, which money failed to obtain, and that was a wife. His frequent absences, his roving and precarious life, were no temptations to his former fair schoolmates, and though John had a near prospect of a gray head, and his fortieth year, none had ever heard him sigh for the pleasing charms of wedlock. It was indeed reported that a young damsel, now a doughty maiden of thirty-five, had received, and rejected his addresses, and that his heart had ever since remained proof against all amorous attacks. His only love, his most devoted attachment, was bestowed on his trade; his honesty, punctuality, and well-known responsibility, procured for him a large share of patronage. Unwearied and alone, he pursued his way over the greater part of England; alone, did I say? no; the only being for whom he evinced any extraordinary feeling—his faithful, old, and well-trained dog, trotted at his side, and momentarily cast a glance of affection towards his master.

In this way he left the hostelry of the "Heifer," reflecting seriously on the inquisitive curiosity of the Scot, and distrustful of the appearance of his companion. He had with him a large sum of money, chiefly in notes, and he felt desirous of reaching the next village, about ten miles distant, while the moon shone, and rendered the travelling comparatively safe. The atmosphere was beautifully clear, not a single cloud met his eye, as he threw a cautious glance around: the grass, the hedges, the trees, the very road, sparkled with hoar-frost, that seemed to reflect, as in unnumbered mirrors, the bright beams of the moon, and the glittering rays of the twinkling stars. Though he had travelled all the day, weariness did not oppress him, but his step was as elastic, and his eye as sprightly, as when he rose from his morning slumbers to commence the labours of the day. Nearly two hours had flown,

and yet the expected village was not in sight, the well-known spire did not rise from its embowering grove to cheer the lone traveller, and he beheld, with no ordinary anxiety, the moon gradually sinking behind the western hills. Fear—a strange and undefined sensation crept over his mind; horrid tales of highway robbers, and midnight assassins, rose from the recollections of his childhood, and though good fortune had ever spared him the displeasure of such an encounter, still, he verily believed that it might be his turn yet. To tell the truth, although John was usually undaunted in danger, he was now but illy prepared for a demonstration of his pugnacious qualities; darkness had succeeded the uncommon brilliancy of the night; the cold, before unfelt, while visible objects engrossed the attention, became piercing and painful; light fleecy clouds swept hurriedly over the face of Heaven, and the wind awoke with low and mournful music. John drew his upper garment more closely around him, and as he turned up its well-furred collar for the protection of his face against the driving snow, he muttered something of "snow-drifts, and the comforts of the chimney-corner," and then relapsed into silence. He had advanced but a short distance when he was startled by a low and rough growl, and pausing, he saw the fiery balls of his companion's eyes gleaming fearfully through the gloom. Again he uttered a discontented whine; the drover strained his hearing, attempting to catch the sound of any approaching danger, but the gusts of wind constantly sweeping around, rendered every effort unavailing; suddenly, however, a rumbling sound broke on his ear, and the next instant his eye could distinguish a light, covered cart, flying against the storm, as swiftly as a feather might have been borne upon it. It was impossible to hail it, and perhaps useless; he therefore bade Tray keep quiet, and pursued his way with renewed confidence, which was greatly increased on discovering that his journey was nearly at an end, and his apprehensions entirely unfounded.

It was usual with him on arriving at this part of the road, to send Tray forward to his well-known stopping place to give notice of his coming; and calling the dog to him, he patted his head and bade him "hie on." The animal bounded forward as if perfectly conscious of the importance of his mission, but scarce had the sound of his feet died away, before his loud bark came redoubled and fiercely on the air as if in contest with some one. The drover hastened onward, and to his astonishment discovered a man in furious battle with the dog, with difficulty defending himself with a heavy cudgel from his incessant and spirited attacks.

"In the name of fury," shouted John Workman, the equilibrium of his usual calmness destroyed by this unexampled impudence on the part of Tray; "in the name of Satan—you whelp of the devil—down! down!—Ah! bite, will you?" and he interlarded these exclamations and interrogations with a few well applied blows with his

whip, that brought the animal crouching to his feet. "I ask pardon, friend," he continued, addressing the stranger, who stood leaning on his club, puffing and blowing from complete exhaustion, "has this unruly cur done you any injury?"

"The dog is a carnivorous animal," said the stranger, wiping his brow; "and his muscular conformation has been peculiarly adapted for seizing and retaining, *unguibus ac dentibus*, all soft and yielding substances."

"Cornif—ung—yes, yes, he *can bite*," observed the drover, doubtfully, and endeavouring to comprehend more fully the unaccustomed language of the tall and uncouth form before him.

"*Deo adjuvante*, as we of the rod say, our own arm hath helped us." Here he gave a swing and a flourish to his cudgel, by way of emphasis, and Tray, despite of his still smarting stripes, grumbled and writhed himself along the ground.

"Quiet! dog, quiet!" exclaimed the drover; "If I knew where to get such another, I might put an end to your marauding villainies; but be still now, and the halter may not fit you yet." At this apostrophe which may have been understood, the dog wagged his tail and fawned playfully on his master, who endeavoured to get rid of his importunities, to enquire the purposed destination of his unexpected companion. This opportunity was afforded by the stranger asking in more homely terms than at first, "how far distant it was to the next village?"

"Not more than half-an-hour's walk in this brisk breeze: if yonder post do not deceive me, it must be at the court-yard of Dame Williams' inn, from there we may soon reach B—; do you rest at B—to-night?"

"By the favour of the gods, as we say, scholastically, I do intend then and there to fix my nocturnal abode, that is to say, *vulgo*, to lodge for the night; when Phœbus wakes again, the road is before me, and business of ponderous import calls me to the Septentrional."

"The man is out!" thought the drover, utterly puzzled by this outlandish lingo. "The *what*?" said he aloud, "mayhap a plain man would better understand the king's English, if it is your condescension to be guilty of its use."

"Ay, ay; when we are at Rome, do as Romans do; but as the peasants of yonder domiciliary erection appear not to have retired to the arms of soporific Morpheus, let us exclaim with the Latin bard, *nunc est bibendum*, and to pursue the idea—Ah! I forgot; wilt empty a flagon by way of good company?"

"Now I understand you; and in truth the wind blows over cutting for a cold stomach, we will drink to better acquaintance, shall we not?"

"*Certe*, that is by all means; we shall, doubtless be better acquainted, but here we are at the very *Penates*—I beg pardon, at the threshold, and we may imbibe somewhat to melt the snow that—yes, let us enter."

They entered the tavern together, and drawing a small round table near the fire, called for a hot preparation of malt liquor, then much

approved as a caloric. The drover had now a fair chance for scanning his companion's appearance. He was above the ordinary height, well and strongly made; his features sallow, and rather disagreeable than otherwise; his eyes were concealed by a huge pair of green spectacles, above which rose a bold and not ill-formed forehead, shaded by long, dark hair. This figure was accounted in a suit of rusty black that had evidently passed the climax of its charms, and contracted many blemishes incident to declining years; sundry spots and sutures bore certain testimony to this fact, not to speak of the almost total absence of buttons, and the uncertain tenure of the only surviving member of that once numerous and respectable family. Over all was thrown what had once been a cloak, if we are allowed to reason, as logicians say, "from the less to the greater;" its *breadth* sufficed to protect the upper limbs, but some unfortunate accident, or it may be, dire necessity had made off with full one half, and that the lower, so that the inferior extremities were exposed, guarded by a pair of huge jack boots, and covered with a mingled tegument of mud and dust. The whole man was surmounted by a brownish black conical figure, surmised to be a hat, whose crown, however, had felt the force of gravitation, urged, it may be, by an antagonist impulse to that which had flown away with the band and a large portion of the rim.

Such was the odd appearance that John Workman gazed at with wonder and pity, as they sat together advancing still deeper into the liquor, as into more open familiarity; now conversing of the usual topics of travellers, or discoursing of their respective occupations, in which, he of the spectacles was far more communicative than the drover, whose habitual wariness was not easily surprised into indiscretion.

"Whose health shall I drink?" said John, with that smirking expression of half soberness, which is peculiar to the unaccustomed reveller; "do you travel with a name, or not?—maybe like you can do as well without one;" eyeing the tattered garb of the stranger.

"*Consocie mei!* thou art in error; *gaudeo nomine Jeremie*, which is to say, they christened me Jeremy or Jeremiah, to which the *cognomen* is Birch, at your service, sir."

"Ay, yes—yes—Jeremiah Cognomy Birch—very pretty name—your very good health—might be a parson?—eh!—a wet one, though—my name is John—John Workman—ah—hiccup!"

"Thy health, good John—thou dealest in cattle? *mugunt vacca te greges centum circumque*; but it behoves not in *foro loqui*, which is to say, to cry out secrets in the public, we may talk of that as we pass along the highway."

"Shall we walk?" grunted the drover, in whose head the fumes of the liquor had condensed into a blinding cloud that quite obscured his vision, both intellectual and physical; "we lodge at the 'Keys,'—well, we must be a jogging—as—as it is raining very hard, and the beasts will be 'unco

tired,' as that imp—impertinent red headed Scotchman would say—you don't know him—well, never mind; there's a shilling, Dame, good night."

Plodding John could not divest himself of the idea that he was at the tails of a few score of cattle as of wont, and he brandished his long-lashed whip, shouting at the top of his voice, and apparently endeavouring as well as his irregular gait would permit, to keep them at a proper pace and in proper order of march. Suddenly requiring, as he imagined, the assistance of Tray, he whistled the well-known note, but was surprised to find it unanswered by the usual tokens of attention and obedience. Somewhat alarmed, his scattered senses by degrees returned, he rubbed his eyes, and as he looked upon the empty road before him, he felt shamefully conscious of the indiscretion into which he had been betrayed. His companion calmed his alarm by reassuring him that the dog could not be far off, though out of hearing, and John then recollected that he had sent him on to the village, although he did not remember his subsequent recalculation.

But his alarm was soon renewed and increased at a question propounded by his newly acquired friend, respecting the safety of travellers in this part of the country; "For," said he, "I have unfortunately been made the intermediate vehicle of a mercantile transaction, and bear an onerous burthen of the argenteary representative, which is *anglice*, bank-notes."

The drover completely satisfied with this proof of confidence, bethought him that a similar course on his part would enhance their mutual safety. "My good sir," said he, "your frankness is just to my liking, and we will stick by one another all the better for your being so well stocked, for you must know that I am as unlucky as yourself, and would be as unwilling to risk"—here he stopped; he had dropped his voice and looked around cautiously during the conclusion of his confession, and now his eye rested on the face of his companion. The spectacles had vanished—the sallow cheeks were covered with gigantic whiskers, and in the altered countenance he recognised the tawdry gentleman of the "Heifer." Dumb and aglazed at this terrible discovery, he started back perfectly sobered—with difficulty he at length faintly exclaimed, "ruined! ruined!"

"Ruined, an' it so please ye," said a voice behind, in a tone of cruel mockery—"ye ha' a souse and a pleasurable stare, mon!"

"Have I?—then try if my kick is like it," said the drover, as he dashed his heavily shod foot against the leg of the speaker—"and now ye villains for life or death."

So saying, he hastily wrapped the lash of his whip about his hand and arm, and grasping it firmly, whirled it around his head, and then aimed its heavy handle full at the face of his only standing opponent. But the quick eye of the highwayman detected the intent, and by a sudden dart he eluded the tremendous sweep of the instrument, which, had it taken effect, must in-

evitably have equalized the combat, and placed one of the actors out of the power of resistance. But such success did not attend it, and the self-named Jeremy Birch was instantly on his guard, endeavouring to parry the blows which the drover dealt incessantly, with a powerful and skilful hand. The Scot, whose limb had been well nigh broken by the unexpected assault, attempted in vain to rise, but muttering in the intervals of pain the deepest curses, he dragged himself through the snow to assist his comrade in their nefarious design, for he saw the contest was of very doubtful issue. The robber, unable to cope with the nervous arm of the drover, and only avoiding his blows by surprising agility, appeared at length to waver; his antagonist perceiving the advantage, gathered all his remaining strength for a final and decisive stroke; grasping his weapon with both hands, he raised it high above his head, at the same time advancing his left foot; unfortunately it was not set down with sufficient firmness, it slipped; he strained to recover his posture, but tottered, and received a half spent blow that brought him to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye his foe was upon him and the forms of both close intertwined like two serpents in deadly strife. Each one strove to gain the upper hand, but so swift were their involutions that neither retained the superiority for a moment. The Gael hovered around like an evil spirit, breathing blasphemy and vengeance; his eye flashed, and his upraised knife gleamed in the faint star-light; three times did his arm descend, and three times was it arrested in mid course; the danger of piercing his associate was as great as the chance of striking their common victim; at length the drover was above, his hand was clasped tightly on his adversary's throat, his strength was failing, for he heard the hoarse gurgle; the heaving and throbbing breast proclaimed the inward struggle for life; at the very moment of his victory the cold steel entered his back; his grasp relaxed, again the weapon was plunged into his flesh, and he felt the blood gushing from his wounds. In another moment he lay breathless and insensible, to all appearance dead. Even then the vengeful cruelty of his assassin was unquenched, and the senseless and bleeding body was mutilated and disfigured in a most horrid manner, after having been despoiled of every thing of the slightest value.

A long and imperfect existence followed this fearful proximity to death, and when Workman began to receive real and healthful impressions from outward objects, and his thoughts to perform their accustomed office, he was bewildered at finding himself in a neatly furnished chamber, that recalled some vague but pleasing sensations to his mind; he strove to rise, but his closely swathed limbs were so rigid as to forbid every attempt at motion; a well-dressed man was at his side, scarcely distinguishable, however, through the dim light; one hand held a watch at which he gazed with an air of deep anxiety, while the other rested on the patient's pulse.

"Good!" exclaimed the physician, "the fever

has abated, the prospect is more favourable." A deep drawn sigh caused him to start, and a smile of benevolence beamed across his fine features, as he congratulated the patient on the restoration of his reason.

"I have," said he, "for three long days, been balancing between hope and fear, and confess that a dread of serious result was enhanced by the wandering state of your mind; but thank heaven all is now well, enjoy a little more rest, and in the afternoon all shall be more fully explained."

As the sufferer began to reflect upon the past, he seemed to have been haunted by a horrid and painful dream: his brain had been filled with terrific images, and although he was unable to recal them distinctly, yet the bare and confused recollection caused an involuntary shudder. Reverting to more distant objects, the scenes of his misfortune rose strongly defined and coloured, and joy at his providential deliverance overpowering every other emotion, a gush of tears poured over his hollow and flushed cheeks, and relieved the unwonted pressure. A slight repast of nourishing food, served him by an attentive matron, revived him still more; and, when after a few hours the physician returned, he expressed a desire to hear all that had befallen him since his loss of consciousness.

A few words sufficed to explain. A passing carriage, which arrived immediately after the catastrophe, had discovered and borne him to the present shelter, where his wounds had been examined; and though they at first appeared mortal, yet, with attention and care their unfavourable symptoms declined: his recovery from the delirium which succeeded had been hourly watched with patience and anxiety, as well for the restoration of Workman's health, as also that he might best inform the outraged villagers of the perpetrators of the crime, for no clue was yet discovered to the really guilty, in despite of every precaution and minute enquiry. Certain footmarks had been measured, and also a print in the snow of a human form, known from its size not to be that of the unfortunate drover. As the drover heard the narrative of the kind Providence that had interposed between him and destruction, and had snatched him from the strong grasp of death in his veriest extremity, his heart swelled within him, and overflowed with gratitude that he could not find words to express. Each day rendered the prospect of his recovery more cheering and certain, and, on the first opportunity, in an interview with an attendant officer of the police, he disclosed all the particulars of the transaction, from the time of his rencontre at the "Heifer," to the last scene in the appalling tragedy. It was done more for the sake of form than with any reasonable hope of success, especially as the evident disguise of the parties concerned, rendered a recognition extremely difficult and improbable. No pains, however, were spared to set on foot a legal investigation.

It now becomes necessary, for the sake of

brevity, to change the scene of our narrative to the metropolis, where an active and energetic police had already been possessed of the full particulars relative to the robbery and intended murder; and well knowing the course of conduct usually pursued by such villains, a silent but unremitting search had been instituted within the precincts of London. The only guide in the mysterious labyrinth that involved the whole affair, consisted simply of the following facts:—the description of the disguised individuals, and the measurement of the marks imprinted on the snow—both too insignificant to point suspicion in any definite direction. The landlord of the "Heifer," and the hostess, where the travellers had last been seen, were both interrogated, and their houses underwent the strictest scrutiny, but not the most trifling satisfaction was obtained. Both denied ever having seen the robbers before, and no proof could be adduced of the falsity of their testimony. In these embarrassing difficulties, it was thought proper to entrust the management of the business to a single man of tried courage, the most unyielding perseverance, and subtle cunning, investing him with plenary authority, and giving orders to spare no time or exertions, but confine his whole attention to this particular subject. Day after day passed in fruitless wandering among the herds of guilty wretches that infest the land, and defy the arm of justice in the concealments of the city; the gaming table, the theatre, all were searched in vain.

"A long and a short!" said Storming Willie, (as he was familiarly called) while he turned over his papers with a puzzled air; "a long—strong—thin; a short—thick—sandy—Scotch;—humph! many such here, but not the thing: here have I been three days hard at work, and no game:—let me see, 'twas done in the west—aye, well—yet they must be in town; it is the nature of the rogues to love company; money too—then they didn't walk—no, no, their laziness would rather be humoured—they will be for riding to London—in the coach it may be."

Full of a new idea, and as blithe as a hunter who has struck on the Fox's trail, he made haste to divest himself of his official appearance, and proceeded forthwith to one of the western stage offices where daily arrivals poured into the city. Here, on making the necessary inquiries as if for two of his friends, he was overjoyed at learning that as late as the day before, two persons of the appearance designated had arrived, and were set down at a quarter which was pointed out. Even the names under which they travelled he found no difficulty in obtaining, which, whether true or false, might prove of some utility. On the wings of hope, yet trembling with dread of disappointment, he flew to — street, after obtaining the proper papers; night had just set in, and seeing a house of entertainment close at hand, he bade his subalterns await his return, and entered, seating himself in a secluded corner and calling for a flagon of ale. Whilst endeavouring to mature a plan of operation, numerous

persons passed to and fro, of all ages and sizes, but none of that peculiar formation which he longed to lay his hands upon. Once indeed he started at hearing a rough voice calling for a "wee drappie of strong waters," but the countenance of open good nature from which this request proceeded, put the vision of success to flight. Almost in despair at not meeting the objects of his search, Willie began to button his great coat, and prepare for an out-of-doors reconnaissance. He had nearly reached the entrance, when his attention was arrested by a little girl of interesting appearance, who ran by him, holding a pitcher in her hand, and asked for "a quart of strong beer for Mrs. Holman."

"Holman!" muttered Willie, and he stopped short in his walk; in that moment he scarce knew how to act, but a consciousness of his conspicuous position at once determined him. He passed into the street, and impatiently awaited the return of the child. She passed—

"My pretty girl, stay a moment; I am looking for a friend of mine, a Mr. Holman, can you tell me does such a one live in this neighbourhood?"

"La, sir!" she replied, with the utmost simplicity; "that is my father, he has been away a long time, and only came home last night; if you come with me you shall see him."

"With all my heart, child; is any one with him?"

"No, sir, unless my mother; but, see we are at home, will you walk up stairs?"

Willie felt some secret qualms at trusting himself in the lion's den; but relying on his experience, he conned a speech to address to his newly discovered friend, and then boldly entered the apartment shown by the child. The moment his eye rested on the figure which rose at his entrance, a firm conviction of his correct judgment settled on his mind—the tall—strong—thin was before him. Still more, and stranger; on a closer inspection he recognised features unseen for years, but distinctly remembered. In a moment his course was planned. "Good night, Mr. Holman," said he, "perhaps you do not remember me, Will Nixon, the old companion of your school hours and your plays."

Holman stared for an instant as if unsatisfied of his friend's identity, then starting forward, he grasped his hand warmly, and exclaimed, "Lord! Will Nixon, is this you? Heaven bless us man, how times have changed; yes, indeed, school days have done but little good for me; Latin and Greek don't help one to bear the kicks and cuffs of this rough world, and you look as if you had not escaped without your share."

"No, no; a sorry time enough I have had of it since we played at marbles together, and sometimes at fisticuffs, all out of pure good love. But what have you been at for these dozen or two years?"

"Oh! don't ask—but you have heard perhaps how I fell in with Lucy Brooks, the Squire's daughter; the old villain swore he would hang me for shooting on his manor, and — him, I fell in love with his only child, and married her out-

of revenge; I sent him to his long home with sorrow, but not a bit of his land did I inherit; no, he left his daughter a shilling, and for me his bitter curse; sorely has it hung upon my head, turning my brightest hours to night—yes, it seems now to unnerve my arm, and make me care as little for the world and all that is in it, as for the sighing of this north wind. I bore up against it at first; poverty stared us in the face; my child, my fair-cheeked child, sickened, pined, and died. If I would live, I must work, and then they bade me tend the village school, but the curse haunted me even there, and I was on the wide world again; guilt tempted, dissipation seized me; I could wear a laugh upon my lips when my heart was bleeding tears; I was called a *joyful, happy fellow*—good God! what did that cost me—years flew—clouds gathered—I was—but no matter—no matter."

"Ah! your lot has indeed been pitiful. I am sorry, very sorry for it; but I must forget that you have been my friend."

"How—why?—are you too like the rest?"

"Yes; I must do my duty, though it go hard with me. You know the Scotchman—"

"Who—Tom Brown—what of him?"

"Yes, that is his name; have you seen him lately?—I forgot to say that I was of the police—you stand accused of his murder."

"Of the police—the devil!—so good a man in such a business!—Ha, ha, ha—accused of his murder!—well that is a good one—now are you serious? I came to town with him last night; he lodges in the next street; I suppose you can't take my word for it, however;—come with me and you shall see him as alive as either you or I."

"No, that would be too troublesome; just give me a direction, I will satisfy myself, and return to give you joy on the refutation of the charge."

Holman tendered this service with perfect indifference and unsuspicion, little knowing the snare which his artful friend was weaving about his feet. He sat down to await his return. Storming Willie almost intoxicated with joy at so unexpected a denouement, descended the stairs, giving strict orders to the officers to allow no egress from the house; then selecting several stout companions, he hastened to the lodging of the unsuspecting culprit; and came down upon the astonished Scot with the suddenness of lightning and the startling effect of thunder. He was about retiring to bed, when the door opened and his unwonted visitors burst into the room. Discharging a volley of invectives against the intruders, he hobbled forward to resist their further entrance; but in a moment he was convinced of the rashness of the attempt; submitting to his fate, not, however, without protesting his innocence most loudly, and denouncing vengeance on his captors. He was soon under the custody of the keeper of the prison, and allowed to vent his passion in solitude.

One of the supposed parties in the assault having been thus secured by a successful *coup de main*, it only remained to secure Holman,

and, at the same time, procure direct evidence of the crime; it was therefore determined to obtain access to the repositories of the suspected, by means of a search warrant. Supported by several men, well, but secretly armed, Willie proceeded once more to Holman's apartment; he found him traversing the floor with hasty and lengthened strides, his arms folded, and so absorbed in thought as not to notice their approach. The noise of their entrance at last attracted his attention, and pausing, he handed a chair to Nixon, and requested his companions to be seated. His features betrayed no anxiety nor fear, even when he demanded the success of the visit to — street.

"Entirely satisfactory—he is alive and well; but we are compelled to ask your permission for a search; our warrant is this paper." And he handed him a scroll containing a description of his person as a receiver of stolen goods.

"Upon my word, Nixon," said he, in a tone of displeasure, "you are carrying this joke too far; what have I to do with stolen goods? but here are the keys, look for yourself: as for this paper it is the work of some one who wills me harm; 'twill soon be disproved."

Meanwhile every nook had been searched minutely, but without success, when one of the men drew from beneath the bed a large bundle, apparently of clothing.

"What is this?" enquired Nixon.

"Nothing but the remnants of my pedagogue apparel," was the careless reply.

"Worn, though," said Nixon, unrolling it—"since beginning another trade—hah! what's here—a cloak—hat—blood on it!"

"Blood did you say?—then blood be it. Damnation seize you, give me the cloak;" and pale, staring, and wild, he endeavoured to gain possession of the garment; then, seizing a pistol concealed in his bosom, he pointed at Nixon and drew the trigger. It happily missed fire: in an instant it was wrested from his grasp, and after a few minutes of desperate struggling, he was hurled to the floor and securely pinioned. During this scene his wife and child, who had been alarmed by the uproar, entered the room, and supposing that the unhappy man was being murdered, rent the air with frantic shrieks, praying and beseeching with clasped hands and dishevelled hair, the life of a husband and a father. When they saw entreaty was vain, they flew to call assistance, and on returning found the chamber desolate, the object of their solicitude gone, they knew not whither. In a dungeon cold and dark, he inwardly cursed the treachery of his false friend, and his own confiding simplicity.

In vain did the myrmidons of the law test every expedient to extort a confession from either of the prisoners, no promises could persuade, no threats coerce them to compliance; both maintained a dogged obstinacy and defied the power of their enemies. The circumstantial evidence which could be adduced to confirm their guilt was very strong; but, to proceed to

extremities, a cause was wanting "more relative than this." Workman had sufficiently recruited his health to support the fatigue of a journey to the metropolis, and had already arrived. It was supposed that should the Scot but see him alive whom he doubtless supposed dead, and hear his voice, that conscience would force from him an avowal of the attempted crime.

It was near midnight. The cell was dark and moist with drops that seemed to ooze from its rock-built sides and vaulted roof, as if tears of pity for the sufferer beneath. On a rough table stood a small taper, flickering in the cold gusts that rushed through the close grating, and casting a doubtful light upon a low and rude couch where lay a form, short and stoutly built. His face was embrowned and furrowed, yet the blood had deserted it, and the pale forehead and colourless lips looked as if the finger of death had pressed upon them. The door opens; an emaciated figure supported between two officers of the prison, enters, and is seated beside the bed; he looks with pity on the sleeper, and passes his hand hastily across his moistened eyes. A slight noise causes the sleeper to be restless; he grasps the bed covering convulsively, and his lips move but without articulation.

The drover stooped down, and whispered a few words in the ear of the Scot. A cold sweat bedewed his face—he gasped for breath, and turned from side to side with a heavy groan:—then he lay perfectly still, almost ceasing to breathe, apparently striving to catch the drover's voice, then buried his face deep in the bed-clothes. Again the drover spoke, and louder—"Where did you murder him?"—The Scot started furiously from his recumbent posture, and flung his arms wildly in the air: he shrieked—"Murder him! ha! ha! ha! I swear I did not—look—look—how the white snow turns into blood—he is choking him—hush, hush—is he gone?—Oh God! oh God!" and with a thrilling shudder he awoke. The first object that he saw was Workman, close beside him. He shrunk and started back with horror; his trembling fingers pointed at him, and his body sunk backwards, while his mouth jabbered some unintelligible sentences, till fainting with excess of terror, he fell insensible into the arms of the attendants.

It was long before life was restored, and long before he could be convinced of the reality of the drover's existence; but when he was, his transports were beyond description; he wept, he danced, he sang, and was eager and impatient for his confession to be made. In this he declared that the intention of Holman and himself was only to deprive the drover of his money; that he had been decoyed into Dame Williams' for the purpose of being intoxicated, and that their worst enemy, the dog, might be made away with; that rage at the blow which he received, and fear of his comrade's death, had so maddened him as to render him incapable of reflection, and that then he had stabbed the drover; and, finally, that so great had been the excitement of the country, it was impossible to make any use of

their ill-gotten gain; and that it remained almost untouched in a place which he disclosed. Many a tear was shed, and many a heart-rending groan burst from his bosom during the recital; but when he had finished, a mountain seemed removed; he breathed more freely, and conversed more at his ease.

Let us not dwell on this sad conclusion. The accomplice, though at first denying all know-

ledge of the accusation made in the confession, persisted not, after being confronted with the living witness of his guilt.

The day of trial came—the one paid the forfeit of a long career of crime upon the scaffold; and the other, far from his native land, was compelled to herd with those whose crimes had driven them from the bosom of society.

Y. P.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears?
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears;
My father gazes on my face
With yearning, earnest eye;—
And yet, there's none among them all,
To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of Spring!
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glim'ring, and gay, and fair,
As if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death-dew'd glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
I know that I must die!

The Summer winds breathe softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lonelier and a siller one
Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with the dead!

Even after eve, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seems to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
Ah! why are those sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fondling fled?
Not e'en my parents' kisses now
Could keep me from the dead!

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of Heaven;
But with a hollower vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die!

THE HUNTER'S SERENADE.

Thy bower is fleeted, fairest!
Fits bower for hunter's bride—
Where old woods overshadow
The green Savannah's side.
I've wandered long and wandered far,
And never have I met,
In all this lovely western land,
A spot so lovely yet.
But I shall think it fairest
When thou art come to bless,
With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grape glimmers
On sunny knoll and tree,
And stoops the slim papaya
With yellow fruit for thee;
For thee the duck on glassy stream,
The prairie-fowl shall die;
My rifle for thy feast shall bring
The wild swan from the sky;
The forest's leaping panther,
Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
Shall yield his spotted hide to be
A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me,
Thy maiden love of flowers;
Ah! those that deck thy gardens
Are pale compared with ours.
When our wide woods and mighty lawns
Bloom to the April skies,
The earth has no more gorgeous sight
To show the human eyes.
In meadows red with blossoms,
All summer long, the bee
Murmurs and loads his yellow thighs
For thee, my love, and me.

Or, would'st thou gaze at tokens
Of ages long ago?
Our old oak stream with mosses,
And sprout with mistletoe;
And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
The giant sycamore;
And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
Cumber the forest floor;
And in the great Savannah,
The solitary mound,
Built by the elder world, o'erlook
The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
Thy pledge and promise quite,
With many blushes murmured,
Beneath the evening light.
Come, the young violets crowd my door.
Thy earliest look to win,
And at my silent window-sill
The jasmine peeps in;
All day the red-breast warbles
Upon the mulberry near,
And the night-sparrow trolls her song
All night, with none to hear.

THE LAKE OF CANANDAIGUA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

Twenty years ago, the pretty village of Canandaigua, in the western part of the state of New York, with its white-washed cottages "bombed soft" in accacias and roses, did not exist. But the shores of its beautiful lake had even then one sequestered mansion which might have vied in its sweet loneliness with the fairest dwelling that wood and water ever conspired to adorn. The spot is still one of the most admired in that land of bright air and sunny landscape; but then, it was lovelier still. No staring hotel rose to mar the soft harmony of the scene. The white cottage of Mrs. Hastings, with its festooned portico of flowering creepers, was the only object reflected from the bosom of the lake, that showed a trace of human workmanship. The first feeling, on looking at such a dwelling, must have been unmixed admiration—the second, perhaps, wonder, that any one possessed of the taste and familiarity with the luxuries of social life, which the air of the place indicated, could live so far remote from beings of the same order. But the situation of Mrs. Hastings was such as to make her choice of this residence perfectly natural. Three years before the date of the circumstances about to be related, she had banished herself from her native England, by contracting a marriage so imprudent as to offend every friend she had in the world. The extremely romantic turn of her mind caused her to find attraction in the very circumstances which, to her more reasonable friends, made her choice peculiarly objectionable. Mr. Hastings was the natural son of parents who had never acknowledged him: all he possessed was a person pre-eminently handsome, an affectionate heart, and most sweet temper. Some one, he knew not who, had kept him at school till he was seventeen, and then given him a pair of colours. Miss Weyland unfortunately met the young man at a ball, while his uniform was in its first blush and glory. Emboldened by the consciousness of being the most distinguished figure in the room, the young officer ventured to request an introduction, which, under other circumstances, he would never have dreamed of. The consequence was a hasty marriage, and emigration to America. With better fortune than such imprudence deserved, the two years that their union lasted were like "one long summer's day of idleness and love." Her fortune, which the mature age of twenty-one had placed at her disposal exactly one week before her marriage, sufficed to purchase three hundred acres on the lovely borders of the Canandaigua Lake; it cleared them, as acres there are seldom cleared; it built them a fairy palace, bought half a score of slaves, and put them in possession of enough stock to produce an income of a thousand dollars, which, with the produce of their little farm, made them quite as rich as they wished to be. Their neighbours were few, and widely

scattered. At five miles distance, lived a magistrate, (in the language of the country a squire,) who ground all the corn, and performed most of the marriages of the district. Three miles farther, dwelt an attorney who, whether he could "help it" or not, was assuredly "a special" one. He was appointed by the government to superintend the sale of land, and to collect the tax upon it; he was, moreover, intrusted with the important commission of negotiating for the purchase of an extensive Indian reserve in the neighbourhood, with the chiefs of the nation to whom it belonged. A few backwoodsmen, the hardy and enterprising pioneers of the vast rush of population which has since spread over the district, were scattered here and there; and amongst them "the Store," whence flowed the heterogeneous multitude of commodities which a hundred shops are thought hardly sufficient to furnish in a city. This important emporium raised an imposing front of yellow planks; and close beside it, in all the splendour of red ochre, stood the no less necessary "public" offering to the hard worked sons of the forest, their darling luxuries of whiskey and tobacco. Their nearest neighbours, however, were the inhabitants of the Indian village, which was the metropolis of the tribe above mentioned. They never experienced the slightest inconvenience from the vicinity, but on the contrary, carried on a very convenient traffic for venison, wild turkeys, and all the nameless varieties of forest dainties, which the Indians have at their command, with a certainty which might raise a sigh of envy in the most accomplished poachers of the old country. In a word, their existence might best be described by the expressive French phrase, "*ils menait une vie bien douce.*" But, alas! at the end of two years, Mr. Hastings died of the autumn fever, so often bred on the enticing shores of a lake; and his widow was left with nothing to console her, but the persuasion that she had given him two years of happiness in exchange for what seemed likely to have been a long life of anxiety and privation. The first six months after she lost him, were spent in heart-felt and unmitigated sorrow; and if those which followed were less melancholy, it was only chance that made them so, by awakening that spirit of romance which had placed her in the wilds of America. The winter had passed dismally away; both cold and sorrow had chilled the heart of the solitary widow, and she felt persuaded that nothing could ever again restore the life and lightness of her spirit. But who or what can resist the first burst of the American spring? It comes not, as elsewhere, timidly, fearing the last parting blast of winter; but, bold and vigorous, starts into life and power, and only yields before the scorching splendour of the summer sun. The first time Mrs. Hastings had quitted her solitary hearth, since she return-

ed from seeing her young husband laid beneath his favourite chestnut tree, was on a sunny morning, towards the end of April. Had she thought about going out, she would not have had courage to do it; but as she stood at the door of the pretty parlour that opened upon the lawn, she stepped out, rather from the animal instinct which led her to meet the soft breeze that rose from the lake, than from any premeditated hope of finding enjoyment. Yet still she wandered on, and with a sort of dreamy pleasure, felt the warm air upon her cheek, watched the gentle ripple of the lake, as it almost reached her footpath, and listened, though unconsciously, to the chirping concert which every bough sent forth.

At last she reached a spot, too well remembered to be seen without a pang. It was a lovely nook, at the most distant point of their "clearing," where they had suffered a few acres to retain their original wildness, excepting that, at one point, close upon the border of the lake, poor Hastings had reared a bower for his young wife, which he had delighted to make the prettiest toy in the western wilderness. It was here that, while he amused himself with his fishing-rod, she used to read to him, sing to him, talk to him. Often had the forest rung to the gay laugh of the married lovers; and often in that deep solitude had they repeated to each other the fond vow that they would not change their leafy paradise for the noblest palace in their native land. Never had she been more thoughtless and fearless of sorrow than the last evening they had passed together there—but within three hours after they quitted it, the young man was laid upon the bed from which he never rose again. Poor Mrs. Hastings sat down before the door, upon the very spot where last she had seen him sit, and her tears flowed abundantly. While thus sadly occupied, and utterly unmindful of every thing but her sorrow, the sudden sensation of most violent anguish caused her to utter a sharp, loud scream, and almost in the same instant she perceived that a snake had settled on the hand which hung by her side, and that a young Indian girl, springing from among the forest trees, had seized the reptile just below its head, and with gentle dexterity caused it to quit its hold. She saw this, but she saw no more: pain and horror overpowered her, and she fainted. On recovering her senses, she found herself on her own bed, with several of her slaves about her; but the figure which immediately fixed all her attention, was that of the young Indian girl who had preserved her. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture. Her slight and delicate hands were crossed upon her bosom, her long, glossy, black hair was fastened back behind her head, so as to show the beautiful contour of her face and bust; her features were small, and exquisitely regular; and her eyes, the loveliest in the world, were beaming with the very soul of gentle kindness. The wounded hand had been enveloped with some application that had already eased the pain; and it was evident by the manner in which the

negroes stood apart, while the young Indian alone hung over her, that she it was who had the charge of her at this critical moment. Had Mrs. Hastings not lived for two years on the borders of an Indian reserve, and thereby become familiar with the dress and figure of her neighbours, she might have been tempted to believe, during the first confused moments of returning reason, that the dark, but lovely girl was some spirit of the woods, who, by her magic touch, had stilled the throbbing agony, which had been the last sensation she was conscious of feeling. But she well knew that the reputation which the Indians bore for skill in herbs, was held in high reverence by the negroes, and doubted not that she now owed her life to the exercise of it. In a voice, feeble from recent suffering, she attempted to express her thanks; but her dark-eyed nurse pressed her finger on her lips, and with a smile of delighted success, said in broken English, but of most gentle accent, "Lady, no speak." She then tendored her a draught already prepared, and making a sign to the obedient negroes to leave the room, she closed the curtains around the bed, and placed herself beside it in silent watchfulness. The sure drug did not disappoint her; a long and quiet sleep was its effect; and in a few hours Mrs. Hastings awoke, with no other ill effect from the bite—though a most venomous one—than a trifling degree of stiffness in the arm. It was impossible to receive so important a service without wishing to reward the author of it; and of all people living, Mrs. Hastings was the least likely to be deficient in such a wish. Her first feeling was the desire to heap favours upon the pretty Yarro, beyond the possibility of her hope or expectation. It was much more easy to do this with a being whose wishes were so humble, and whose knowledge was so limited, than to satisfy the enthusiastic gratitude of her own heart. Yarro was just sixteen, and being an Indian, and the belle of her tribe, may reasonably be supposed to have been fond of finery. She had a darling brother, too, the prince of hunters, the scourge of panthers, and the glory of his race. But Yarro had received more articles of dress than her wigwam could hold; and her brother, Hawkes-eye, more rifles and ammunition than he could stow away; yet still Mrs. Hastings thought she had done nothing for them. There are some warm hearts, in whom the act of bestowing creates more affection than that of receiving favours. Our English exile was decidedly one of these. She had felt deeply grateful to the young Indian when she recovered from her accident; but, after she had petted and loaded her with presents for a week or two, she became so fond of her, that she was never contented in her absence. This arose partly from her own generous and loving nature, and partly from the manifold attractions and amiable qualities of her young favourite. When, in addition to these causes of attachment, it is remembered that Mrs. Hastings was in a state of the most desolate solitude, it will hardly appear surprising, that she should resolve to adopt and educate the

pretty Yarro. But here she encountered a difficulty which she did not expect. Hawkes-eye and Yarro had neither father nor mother—they were all in all to each other; and when she proposed to take the young girl into her family, and treat her as her child, she was answered by two words only, "Hawkes-eye die!" When the young man was consulted, he steadily refused to give any opinion, and only repeated, from time to time, in an accent of perfect tranquillity, "Yarro, choose!" Too affectionate in her own nature to be displeased by the same temper in others, Mrs. Hastings abandoned her project, and contented herself, as well as she might, with a daily visit from her forest friend. Just at this time a circumstance occurred, which not only made a change in the destiny of Yarro, but in that of the whole nation to which she belonged. Mr. Mansel, the attorney who was commissioned by the government to purchase from the Indians the fine tract of country which had been reserved to them in the neighbourhood of Canandaigua, had encountered many difficulties in the progress of his undertaking. The tribe he had to deal with were strongly attached to their lands; and he talked to them in vain of the hunters' paradise, which the loving kindness of their great father, the President, had prepared for them on the other side of the great river. Again and again, he assembled their chiefs in council; they listened, with the most impenetrable gravity, to the long harangues which Mr. Mansel uttered, and which the accomplished Pawtawako faithfully interpreted; but still they only answered, "No."

Mr. Mansel, however, was not a man to submit quietly to seeing the government contradicted by a few hundreds of red Indians. If they would not be persuaded in one way, they must another; the dignity of his country required it, and, moreover, he was to be paid handsomely for the job. At the next meeting in the senate grove of lofty beech trees, under whose shade all national measures were discussed, Mr. Mansel, after expressing his regret at the failure of a negotiation so greatly for their advantage, informed them that he was now come to take his leave, previous to his departure for Washington, whether he was going for the purpose of informing their great father that they had thought proper to refuse his offers. He held out the hand of peace to the chieftains, and waved a courteous adieu to the young men who stood outside the circle of the elders. In return, he received their simple, but sincere "Farewell!" He turned to go, and having loosened his horse from the tree to which he had fastened it, he asked two of the most distinguished among them to accompany him to the red tavern, to drink together a cup of peace and good-will, before he set off. To refuse this would have been uncourteous, and, truth to say, unnatural, in an Indian. Two horses were immediately prepared for them, and they set off with the friendly white man. Though Mr. Mansel did not speak their language with sufficient fluency to use it for an harangue uttered within

the shade of the Senate Grove, yet he was sufficiently acquainted with its quaint and simple idiom, to enable him to converse freely with his companions. He did so in a manner the most satisfactory. He spoke of the fame of their fathers, many of whom he mentioned by name; of their skill in the chase, their fleetness in the course: and as he did it, he looked at the gentle expression of their dark faces, marked the simple and innocent triumph that beamed from their deep-set eyes, listened to the kind feelings of their grateful hearts, and then laughed inwardly to think that such a race should strive to cope with him.

The Indians are said to be cruel in war; and their ferocity is the more conspicuous, because it is exercised in a way unknown in European warfare. It might, perhaps, be difficult to show that war, under any system, did not expose those concerned in it to the same charge. That increasing civilization introduces many courtesies which, when the field is over, calm the terrors of conquest, is most certain; but were this graceful gilding removed, (which Heaven forbid!) the European soldier would not be much less terrible than the Indian. In peace, no beings acting from the unchecked impulses of nature can show more amiable propensities; and were they suffered to remain on earth till the slow, but steadily advancing march of Christianity reached them, they might be added to the fellowship of the nations, giving another proof of the power and the blessings of its influence. But this is not to be. They are driven from their forest kingdoms, like the beasts that perish—not like men who wear the image of their Maker—and this too by a race who do not, even in fable, pretend to trace their origin from "the great spirit." Another fault attributed to the poor Indians is their proneness to intoxication. It is hardly fair that this should be urged against them by those who not only offer the cup, but do it with a hand that trembles from the use of it. Most true it is, that intoxication and the art of blasphemous swearing, is all of education that the red Indians have gained by the proximity of white men.

Before the party reached the red tavern, Mr. Mansel had succeeded in opening completely the easy hearts of his companions, and they followed him into it, with all the fearless confidence of brothers. Rum, whiskey, and tobacco, soon united to entrance their faculties; Mansel continued his cajoleries, and the poor Indians listened to him, till they could hear no more. Soon after the debauch had reached this point, the door of the room was suddenly opened, and the figure of a young Indian, with his hatchet slung across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand, appeared at it. Hatred and suspicion glared from his dark eye, as he fixed it on the startled Mansel. A table stood before him, where, amidst the bottles, pipes, and glasses, he perceived paper, and the implements of writing. A suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. "What you do with this?" he said, taking up the pen, which, still wet with ink, lay upon the table, "I have

been writing a letter to my wife, that she may not expect me home to-night," replied the lawyer. "Take some rum: Hawkes-eye, your uncle there, lies fast asleep, you see; but he'll be none the worse when he wakes up, I expect; come, take some rum." Hawkes-eye stood silently holding the pen in his hand; the fierce expression of his countenance sunk into a look of the profoundest melancholy. He looked from the pen to his uncle, and then back again to the pen; he took no notice of Mansel, or his offered cup; he spoke not a word, but with the air of a man conquered and heart-broken, he turned, and left the room.

Mrs. Hastings had just entered her breakfast parlour, and was looking from the window in hopes of seeing her young favourite approach, to share, as she had often done, her morning meal, when she perceived—not the light figure she was looking for, but the tall and stately form of Hawkes-eye. Another glance showed that Yarro followed him, and the next moment they entered the portico together. Yarro looked pale and agitated; but her brother's brow betrayed no passion whatever. "Lady!" he said, "do you love Yarro still?" "Indeed I do, Hawkes-eye: I love her better every day." "And will you take her for your child?" "Gladly! if you will let me have her." Yarro stood behind him, but said not a word. He turned, and took her hand. "Take her, good lady—love her."

The muscles of the firm savage trembled. He turned to go. Then Yarro waked from the trance which seemed to have fallen on her, and laying her head on his bosom, she uttered, in her native tongue, some hurried words, whose meaning seemed almost to choke her. Hawkes-eye saw the wondering look of Mrs. Hastings, and, difficult as it was to him, answered his sister in English. "We must go, Yarro: they have sold the land. Hawkes-eye not see Yarro's feet torn in the long way. Good lady loves you. The father's bones lie near. Yarro weep by them." "What does this mean?" said Mrs. Hastings; "are your people going, Hawkes-eye?" "With to-morrow's sun, or the great father of Washington will hunt them." A livid paleness spread over his face, but it was from passion, not weakness. "Lady! you not the child of that great father; love Yarro! I go with my people; but in six moons come back to see poor Yarro." So saying, and as if fearing longer parley with the weeping girl, he left them. From Yarro, who was beginning to speak English with facility, Mrs. Hastings soon learnt the meaning of this scene. Mansel had contrived to get the mark of the two chieftains affixed to the deed of sale, before *credible witnesses*; nothing more was necessary to legalize the expulsion of the tribe by violence; and should they refuse to go, they would speedily, as Hawkes-eye expressed it, be hunted from their grounds. The manner in which this signature had been obtained, being neither new, nor even uncommon, the young Indian had interpreted the scene at the tavern without difficulty.

Before daylight the next morning the chiefs returned to their village, and were soon followed by official information of the deed they had done. It was impossible for an honest heart not to mourn over such a transaction, but the success of her darling scheme soon drew Mrs. Hastings' thoughts from every thing but the happiness of having obtained the object of her wishes; nor was it possible that the young Yarro should not soon find consolation amidst the many new pleasures that surrounded her. Great, indeed, was the change in her destiny. Every day some new acquirement drew her nearer to her patroness, and further from the untaught wildness of her forest home. With what eagerness did she enter upon her new, strange, but most delightful studies. She began learning to read, to write, to sew; but what was far beyond all else, as to the progress she made, and the delight she received from it, was the study of music. Of all Mrs. Hastings' numerous young-lady-like acquirements, music was the only one which she had not abandoned; and to teach the docile Yarro how to modulate her sweet and powerful voice, now became almost her only occupation.

It was about two months after Yarro had taken up her residence with Mrs. Hastings, that Colonel Weyland, her youngest brother, and the only one of her family who had taken any notice of her since her marriage, arrived with his regiment in America. At the conclusion of the peace which soon followed, he obtained leave of absence, and set off from New Orleans to visit his widowed sister on the Canandaigua lake. He arrived at her remote but beautiful residence on the evening of a sultry day, and meeting a negro servant at the gate which opened upon the lawn, he dismounted, and commending his weary horse to his care, directed his steps to the open windows of an apartment through which a stream of light issued. The sound of a rich and most sweet female voice singing, caused him to pause for a few moments in the portico before he entered. His sister sung, and sung well, but that voice was not hers. He drew near to the open window, and, sheltered by the profuse foliage of a magnolia, ventured to reconnoitre the apartment, in the hope of seeing the female whose voice had so enchanted him. Immediately opposite the window was his sister, seated at the piano-forte, with her fingers on the keys, as if in the act of playing—but no sound proceeded from the instrument. She was looking up in the face of Yarro, who stood beside her, pouring forth such a volume of delicious sound, as appeared either to defy her attempt at accompaniment, or so completely to engross her attention as to rob her of the power of continuing it. And the person of her who sung—how did it strike him? Perfectly unlike any form of beauty with which the young officer was familiar, yet, as he fancied, lovelier far than all others, she stood before him more like the creation of a dream, than an object seen in the sober reality of day.

Mrs. Hastings, who had not yet lost the fascinating remnants of her character, delighted to dress

her favourite so as best to set off her uncommon beauty, and at the same time, by the whimsical style of the costume, to give her that foreign air, which, by showing she was not of the same race as her fair countrywomen, should prevent any comparisons being drawn to the disadvantage of her olive skin. Many an idle hour had she amused in planning and making the dresses of Yarro, and many more in admiring her young and graceful figure, after she had adorned it according to her fancy.

Some minutes elapsed before Colonel Weyland could break the spell that held him. At length the song ceased; Mrs. Hastings exclaimed, with the energy of real pleasure, "delightful," and her brother entered, repeating, with equal sincerity, "delightful, indeed!" "Dearest Harriet," he continued, "it is indeed a pleasure to me to see you once again, and still more to see you looking so well, and engaged so pleasantly."

Mrs. Hastings knew that it was her brother's intention to visit her before he returned to England, but she had not expected him so soon. The sudden emotion occasioned by his unexpected entrance, and the many sad recollections that crowded upon her as she looked at him, for a few moments quite overpowered her. She rose to meet him, but her limbs would hardly support her, and she dropped upon a sofa, not fainting, but trembling and hysterical. The frightened Yarro knelt before her, and loosened her dress, while Colonel Weyland sat down beside her, and by his affectionate caresses endeavoured to restore her composure. While they were thus occupied, Yarro looked up anxiously to the face of her friend, and in doing so encountered the gaze of her brother. One must have seen the melting softness of young Indian eyes to conceive their power. Not all the dazzling fairness of an English skin, not all the blue brilliance of an English eye, nor yet the graceful ringlets of the light brown hair, could send to the soul such a sense of beauty, as one glance of Yarro's full dark eye.

Tales of love have been so often told, that they will grow tedious, notwithstanding the endless variety of circumstances which may make each one appear something unlike the rest. Colonel Weyland scarcely remained a month with his sister, but that short period sufficed to create, nourish, and ripen to the strength of passion, the unbounded admiration he had conceived for the young Indian the first hour he saw her. Mrs. Hastings was not slow to perceive the state of her brother's heart; but far from opposing an attachment which the rest of his family would have treated as the vilest degradation, or the most wild insanity, she used her utmost efforts to promote it. Her fanciful brain immediately suggested the idea of her brother's marrying her protegee, and continuing with her for ever. With much unnecessary skill she displayed all the thousand nameless graces of her innocent Yarro. She made her dance, she made her sing, she made her utter, in her matchless voice, and in tones of the deepest feeling, the

most impassioned poetry. It was her hand that scattered over the breakfast table the richly scented flowers of the garden; it was she who presented to him, beneath the shadow of the locust trees that bordered the lake, the cool sangaree, or the refreshing water-melon. The young soldier felt as if spell-bound in a fairy palace. Every object seemed to aid the intoxication of his senses. The soft well-shaded lawn, the bright and tranquil lake, the sedulous attention of the quiet slaves, the music, the poetry, the beauty of Yarro, for ever before him; the gentle kindness, and renewed affection of the long-lost companion of his childhood, all seemed to "lap him in Elysium." Perhaps the very consciousness of the seductive softness of the scene, awakened in Colonel Weyland a salutary fear of himself. He was completely a gentleman, and a man of honour. The first prevented him from ever thinking for a moment of making the young Indian his wife, and the last gave him strength to fly, before he had poisoned for ever his own peace by destroying her innocence. Yet it was not without a most painful struggle that he tore himself away. His prudence had not always been so much stronger than his feelings, as to prevent his sometimes forgetting for a moment the restraint he had imposed upon himself. He feared, and with reason, that he had not always concealed his passion from the object of it, and it was almost impossible not to look into those gentle eyes to discover if it were returned. Alas! he could not doubt it, and his wayward but generous heart felt as much pain as pleasure in the discovery. He felt that it was time to go, but could not endure to pain a sister, whom he should probably never see again, by shortening the period he had named for his stay. Five days only of it remained, when the brother of Yarro was seen by Mrs. Hastings crossing, with his firm and measured stride, the path to the house. His appearance was much changed. He no longer wore the dress and the arms of his tribe, but was wrapped in a garment, something between a coat and a jacket, which, from being much too large gave him the appearance of thinness and misery. His lank and sable locks hung down below an old beaver hat, which was pulled forward over his eyes, and his whole person spoke poverty and suffering. Mrs. Hastings made an exclamation which caused Yarro to raise her eyes from her work: they followed those of her friend, and met the object which had produced it. For one short moment the change baffled the partial eye of affection. "No! it could not be Hawkes-eye," but the next saw her spring through the open window into the arms of her brother. Mrs. Hastings stepped out to greet him; the Colonel followed. Yarro, with that feeling so constantly found in affectionate tempers, of wishing that all they love, should love each other, took the hand of her brother, and led him to Colonel Weyland. There was much that was excellent in Colonel Weyland, but there was also a little touch of the world's hardness. 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Yarro expected that he should—but he knew not the sick pang of wounded affection which this slight would give her. She turned from him, and, still holding the hand of her brother, went up to Mrs. Hastings and said, "The wigwam still stands, and I pass the day with Hawkes-eye." She kissed the hand of Mrs. Hastings, and still holding fast to her brother, retreated by the path which led to the forest. It is not necessary to repeat the sad occurrences of poor Hawkes-eye's life since he left his home, it is enough to say that the gentle Yarro forgot herself and all her own engrossing feelings, while listening to him.

Meanwhile, Colonel Weyland took a solitary walk, in which he communed deeply with himself. The parting glance of Yarro pierced to his very heart—so fond, so gentle, yet so reproachful. And, oh! that dreadful brother! The very moment that he felt her power most, was that in which he was more than ever revolted by the idea of her condition. "I must see her no more," he exclaimed; while the life-blood almost stopped, as he made the resolution. "To bid her farewell would kill me!" With a hurried step he hastened back to his sister. "Harriet! forgive me the two days I take from my promised month; but reasons of great importance oblige me to leave you directly; it is better for us both that our parting should be shortened. Would I could persuade you to return to England with me." "Talk not of it, Frederick," she replied, "I am here, if not monarch of all I survey, at least of the one only spot that is dear to me. Already forgotten by the world, why should I force myself and my sorrows upon its sympathy; and Yarro, Frederick, do you think that I too could leave her?" The young man turned his head aside, but could not avoid the searching eye of his sister: he therefore took courage to meet it, and looking steadily, but mournfully at her, he replied, "I will not blame you, Harriet, for the fearfully strong temptation you have thrown in my way, neither do you blame me for having resisted it; rather join me in thanking heaven that I alone am the sufferer; and now farewell! God bless you, dear sister, and since you will not return to us, may you find all the happiness in the society of Yarro—that I could dream, but dare not think of." Having uttered these words, he quitted the room, and, leaving all other cares of departure to his servant, mounted his horse, and rode sadly and heavily away.

The eyes of Mrs. Hastings were still wet with the tears this parting had cost her, when Yarro returned. She looked round the room, anxiously. "Where is he?" she said. "Gone, Yarro, gone for ever!" Bitterly did the feeling of self-reproach follow this hasty avowal. The poor girl turned deadly pale, and after the struggle of a moment, fell senseless to the ground. With tenderest care the imprudent Mrs. Hastings watched her returning senses, and conscious, too late, of the mischief she had caused, sat silently rubbing her temples, and pressing her cold hands, determined to utter no word that should pain or delude her farther. A very few moments sufficed to restore

the startled faculties of this child of the forest. The sudden blow had stunned her, but she had nerves, strong to endure; and kissing the hands which caressed her, she rose from the ground, and stood motionless and calm, like a silken lily after the hurricane has swept over it. She meant to speak, but for a minute or two felt it was impossible. A short low sob struck the ear of Mrs. Hastings. "Yarro, dearest Yarro!" she said, in accents of the tenderest pity. "I have walked far with my brother," she replied, "and I am weary; but I shall be better when I have slept. May I lie down on my own dear little white bed?" "I will lead you to it, my love," said her repentant friend. "No, no, not so, I must go alone." She did so, and did not appear again till at her usual hour of descending on the following morning. She then employed herself in executing her daily task of placing fresh flowers in the room. This done, she approached Mrs. Hastings, and, laying a hand on either shoulder, "she fell to such perusal of her face, as she would draw it." Then she kissed her forehead once, twice, thrice. "I must go to see my poor brother," she said. "Bring him here, dear Yarro," replied her friend. Yarro shook her head. "I will tell him," she said, and departed. She sought the sacred spot that sheltered the bones of their father, and Hawkes-eye stood there, not in his usual attitude, which was leaning upon his rifle, but with his arms "folded in that sad kuot," which marks a dejected spirit. She sat down on the ground beside him, and made a sign that he too should sit. He did so, and the tender and pitying glance with which each read sorrow in the eyes of the other, softened their hearts. The tears of both flowed freely. "You look ill, Yarro," said her brother. "Yes, Hawkes-eye, I am ill—sick, sick to death; come with me, Hawkes-eye, to the water's edge;" and, hand in hand in hand, they reached the water's edge. They climbed a rising bank, one point of which jutted out over the lake; and here again the brother and sister sat down, side by side. For some time they sat looking at the beautiful expanse in silence. There is a passive quietness in the manners of the Indian race, both male and female, which lead many to believe that they are passionless and cold in temperament. But this manner is like the snow that covers Etna. Yarro loved the young Englishman with a fervour which, happily, his fair-haired country-women are not very apt to feel, and of which, in her case, he had not the slightest idea. Had he suspected it, his task would have been more difficult. She worshipped the ground over which his feet passed: the air he breathed was hallowed; the words he had spoken, and the songs he had listened to, were incantations of most blessed power, muttered a thousand times through the long nights that parted them. She had watched, with beating heart, the passion that flashed brighter and brighter from her lover's eyes, and smiled aside as her heart foretold the rapture of the moment when his tongue should find courage to utter it. No shade of fear mixed with her

fond impatience. *He loves as I do*, sounded within her heart, every time their eyes encountered—and that was so often, that confidence was only strengthened by delay. The destruction of this delicious dream withered her very soul: she could not bear it ***** Yarro turned her eyes from the bright bosom of the placid lake, to the melancholy face of her brother. "Son of my father," said she, pointing to the water, "let me rest in peace!" The stout hunter trembled, and springing to his feet, caught his sister in his arms, and endeavoured to carry her from the spot. "Hawkes-eye!—I cannot go! Brother! a gnawing serpent eats my heart—will you not help me?"

"Yarro! my dear Yarro!" "Look at that cool, smooth water, brother, and let me rest

beneath it." "No, Yarro! no." "By our father's spirit, deny me not—I pant, I thirst for it. Farewell, my father's son!" With sudden quickness she eluded his grasp, and the next moment the parting waves received her. He heard the splashing sound, and bent over the cliff from whence she sprung; but already had the peaceful waves closed over, and the aching heart of Yarro beat no more. The Indian watched the spot, till the last ripple of the waters died away; then turned away, to begin again the weary pilgrimage, which was to take him to a dwelling that was not his home, and to a land he loved not.

Mrs. Hastings returned to England with Colonel Weyland. She soon after married; so also did her brother. But neither of them ever forgot the Lake of Canandaigua.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

BY L. E. L.

Divinest art, the stars above
Were fated on thy birth to shine;
Oh, born of beauty and of love,
What early poetry was thine?

The softness of Ionian night
Upon Ionian summer lay,
One planet gave its vesper light,
Enough to guide a lover's way;
And gave the fountain as it play'd
The semblance of a silvery shower,
And as its waters fell, they made
A music meet for such an hour:
That, and the tones the gentle wind
Won from the leaf, as from a lute
In natural melody combined,
Now that all ruder sound was mute;
And odours floated on the air,
As many a nymph had just unbound
The wreath that braided her dark hair,
And flung the fragrant tresses round,
Pillow'd on violet leaves, which prest
Fill'd the sweet chamber with their sighs,
Lull'd by the lyre's low notes to rest,
A Grecian youth in slumber lies;
And at his side a maiden stands,
The dark hair braided on her brow,
The lute within her slender hands,
But hush'd is all its music now;
She would not wake him from his dreams,
Although she has so much to say,
Although the morning's earliest beams
Will see her warrior far away:
How fond and earnest is the gaze
Upon these sleeping features thrown,
She who yet never dared to raise
Her timid eyes to meet his own.
She bends her lover's rest above,
Thoughtful with gentle hopes and fears,
And that unutterable love
Which never yet spoke but in tears!
She would not that those tears should fall
Upon the cherish'd sleeper's face;
She turns and rees upon the wall
Its imaged shade, its perfect grace.
With eager hand she mark'd each line—
The shadowy brow the arching head—
Till some creative power divine
Love's likeness o'er Love's shadow spread.
Since then, what passion and what power
Has dwelt upon the painter's art!
How has it soothed the absent hour,
With looks that wear life's loveliest part!

From the Album of Lady Mary —.

A LAY OF DEPARTED LOVE.

I THINK—I'm almost certain—that I love you now no more
My heart has ceased to flutter when the postman's at the door;

I do not kiss your writing, as in folly once I did!
Nor are your notes (why send them?) in my jealous bosom hid!

I do not idly fancy I read volumes in the seal,
Whose quaint device intends anything but—to conceal;
I don't perfume my paper when I scribble to you now;
Or use emboss'd, or tinted; and I scrawl, you best know how.

I've cens'd presenting flowers, soft things silently to tell;
Since, for my cooler converse, *vina vocis* serves as well.
I cannot, in the Ball-room, deem of belles yourself the best,
And leave, deserted, pining, anxious, envious, the rest.

Nor do I, when I see you chatting with another beau,
Feel, as if I must destroy him, and my eyes could deal the blow.

For I can flirt with fair ones, and without rememb'ring,
too,
That once I thought—frights—stupid—all who were not just like you.

My serenades are over; ev'ry lyric to the moon,
Et cetera, burnt; my flute is crack'd, my voice gone out of tune;

My gay guitar is broken; but you'd rather like to hear
That my brain was crack'd for you, and my heart broke too, my dear.

I've lately slept quite soundly, quit of dreams that used to be;

My appetite is charming—I can eat enough for three;
I sigh, from mere repletion, and oft muse; yet 'tis I vow,
On naught but cares and crosses—for, I do not love you now.

I'm glad we did not marry, as I'm horridly in debt,
And you are not the 'Fortune' I'm resolved to capture;—yet

'Twas pity you'd no money, for I reckoned that your purse
Would long since have united us, for better or for worse.

Still—still, had you ne'er flirted with ten coxcombs ev'ry day,

To torture, torment, try me—and your sovereignty display,
We might in time have wedded, with affection scarcely cool'd;

But you mis-reckon'd sadly, in supposing I'd be fool'd!



THE MERMAID;
OR, MARTIN MEER.

THE MERMAID OF MARTIN MEER.

LITTLE needs to be said by way of introduction or explanation of the following tale. Martin Meer is now in process of cultivation; the plough and the harrow leave more enduring furrows on its bosom. It is a fact, curious enough in connexion with our story, that some years ago, in digging and draining, a canoe was found here. How far this may confirm our tradition, we leave the reader to determine.

Harrington, and his friend Sir Ralph, were spruce and well-caparisoned cavaliers, living often about court, towards the latter end of Charles the Second's reign. What should now require their presence in these extreme regions of the earth, far from society and civilization, it is not our business to enquire.

"How sweetly and silently that round sun sinks into the water!" said Harrington.

"But, doubtless," returned his companion, "if he were fire, as thou sayest, the liquid would not bear his approach so meekly; why, it would boil, if he were but chin-deep in yon great seething-pot."

"Thou art quicker at a jest than a moral, Molyneux," said the other and graver personage; "thou canst not even let the elements escape thy gibes. I marvel how far we are from our cousin Ireland's at Lydiat. My fears mislead me, or we have missed our way. This flat bosom of desolation hath no vantage-ground whence we may discern our path; and we have been winding about this interminable lake these two hours."

"Without so much as a blade of grass or a tree to say 'Good neighbour' to," said Molyneux, interrupting his companion's audible reverie;—"crows and horses must fare sumptuously in these parts."

"This lake, I verily think, follows us; or we are stuck to its side like a lady's bauble."

"And no living thing to say 'Good b'ye,' were it fish or woman."

"Or mermaid, which is both." Scarcely were the words uttered, when Harrington pointed to the water.

"Something dark comes upon that burning track left on the surface by the sun's chariot wheels."

"A fishmonger's skiff, belike," said Sir Ralph.

They plunged through the deep sandy drifts towards the brink, hastening to greet the first appearance of life which they had found in this region of solitude. At a distance they saw a female floating securely, and apparently without effort, upon the rippling current. Her form was raised half way above the water, and her long hair hung far below her shoulders. This she threw back, at times, from her forehead, smoothing it down with great dexterity. She seemed to glide on slowly, and without support; yet the distance prevented any very minute observation.

"A bold swimmer, o' my troth," said Moly-

neux; "her body tapers to a fish's tail, no doubt, or my senses have lost their use."

Harrington was silent, looking thoughtful and mysterious.

"I'll speak to yon sea-wench."

"For mercy's sake hold thy tongue. If, as I suspect—and there be such things, 'tis said, in God's creation—thou wilt ——"

But the tongue of this errant knight would not be stayed; and his loud musical voice swept over the waters, evidently attracting her notice, and for the first time. She threw back her dark hair, gazing on them for a moment, when she suddenly disappeared. Harrington was sure she had sunk; but a jutting peninsula of sand was near enough to have deceived him, especially through the twilight, which now drew on rapidly.

"And thou hast spoken to her!" said he gravely; "then be the answer thine."

"A woman's answer were easier parried than a sword-thrust, methinks; and that I have hitherto escaped."

"Let us be gone speedily. I like not yon angry star spying out our path through these wilds."

"Thou didst use to laugh at my superstitions; but thine own, I guess, are too chary to be meddled with."

"Laugh at me an' thou wilt," said Harrington: "when Master Lilly cast my horoscope, he bade me ever to eschew travel when Mars comes to his southing, conjunct with the Pleiades, at midnight—the hour of my birth. Last night, as I looked out from where I lay at Preston, methought the red warrior shot his spear athwart their soft scintillating light; and, as I gazed, his ray seemed to ride half way across the heavens. Again he is rising yonder."

"And his meridian will happen at midnight?"

"Even so," replied Harrington.

"Then gallop on. I'd rather make my supper with the fair dames at Lydiat, than in a mermaid's hall."

But their progress was a work of no slight difficulty, and even danger. Occasionally plunging to the knees in a deep bog, then wading to the girth in a hillock of sand and prickly bent grass, (the *arundo arenaria*, so plentiful on these coasts), the horses were scarcely able to keep their footing—yet were they still urged on. Every step was expected to bring them within sight of some habitation.

"What is yonder glimmer to the left?" said Molyneux. "If it be that hideous water again, it is verily pursuing us. I think I shall be of water as long as I live."

"As sure as Mahomet has excommunicated him same still, torpid, dead-long since passed."

"Then have our demon-

circle, in place of a right line, and we are fairly on our way back again."

Sure enough there was the same broad, still surface of the Meer, though on the contrary side, mocking day's last glimmer in the west. The bewildered travellers came to a full pause. They took counsel together, while they rested their beasts and their spur-rowels; but the result was by no means satisfactory. One by one came out the glorious throng above them, until the heavens grew light with living hosts, and the stars seemed to pierce the sight, so vivid was their brightness.

"Yonder is a light, thank Heaven!" cried Harrington.

"And it is approaching, thank yon stars!" said his companion: "I durst not stir to meet it, through these perilous paths, if our night's lodging depended on it."

The bearer of this welcome discovery was a kind-hearted fisherman, who carried a blazing splinter of antediluvian firewood dug from the neighbouring bog; a useful substitute for more expensive materials.

It appeared they were at a considerable distance from the right path, or indeed from any path that could be travelled with safety, except by daylight. He invited them to a lodging in a lone hut on the borders of the lake, where he and his wife subsisted by eel-catching and other precarious pursuits. The simplicity and openness of his manner disarmed suspicion. The offer was accepted, and the benighted heroes found themselves breathing fish odours and turf smoke for the night, under a shed of the humblest construction. His family consisted of a wife and one child only; but the strangers preferred a bed by the turf embers to the couch that was kindly offered them.

The cabin was built of the most simple and homely materials. The walls were pebble stones from the sea beach, cemented with clay. The roof tree was the wreck of some unfortunate vessel stranded on the coast. The whole was thatched with star-grass or sea-reed, blackened with smoke and moisture.

"You are scantily peopled hereabouts," said Harrington, for lack of other converse.

"Why—ay," returned the peasant; "but it matters naught; our living is mostly on the water."

"And it might be with more chance of company than on shore;—we saw a woman swimming, or diving, there not long ago."

"Have ye seen her?" enquired both man and dame, with great alacrity.

"Seen whom?" returned their guest.

"The Meer-woman, as we call her."

"We saw a being, but of what nature we are ignorant, float and disappear as suddenly as if she were an inhabitant of yon world of

she will be here anon."

though it failed in prognostication. She might be

for aught they knew. She

always came from the water, and was very kind to them and the babe. Such was the sum of the information; yet when they spoke of the child there was evidently a sort of mystery and alarm, calculated to awaken suspicion.

Harrington looked on the infant. It was on the woman's lap asleep, smiling as it lay; and an image of more perfect loveliness and repose he had never beheld. It might be about a twelve-month old; but its dress did not correspond with the squalid poverty with which it was surrounded.

"Surely this poor innocent has not been stolen," thought he. The child threw its little hands towards him as it awoke; and he could have wept. Its short feeble wail had smitten him to the heart.

Suddenly they heard a low murmuring noise at the window.

"She is there," said the woman; "but she likes not the presence of strangers. Get thee out to her, Martin, and persuade her to come in."

The man was absent for a short time. When he entered, his face displayed as much astonishment as it was possible to cram into a countenance so vacant.

"She says our lives were just now in danger; and that the child's enemies were again in search; but she has put them on the wrong scent. We must not tarry here any longer; we must remove, and that speedily. But she would fain be told what is your business in these parts, if ye are so disposed."

"Why truly," said Harrington, "our names and occupation need little secrecy. We are idlers at present, and having kindred in the neighbourhood, are on our way to the Irelands at Lydiat, as we before told thee. Verily, there is but little of either favour or profit to be had about court now-a-days. Naught better than to loiter in hall and bower, and fling our swords in a lady's lap. But why does the woman ask? Hath she some warning to us? or is there already a spy upon our track?"

"I know not," said Martin; "but she seems mightily afraid o' the child."

"If she will intrust the babe to our care," said Harrington, after a long pause, "I will protect it. The shield of the Harringtons shall be its safeguard."

The fisherman went out with this message; and on his return it was agreed that, as greater safety would be the result, the child should immediately be given to Harrington. A solemn pledge was required by the unseen visitant, that the trust should be surrendered whenever, and by whomever demanded; likewise a vow of inviolable secrecy was exacted from the parties that were present. Harrington drew a signet from his finger; whoever returned it was to receive back the child. He saw not the mysterious being to whom it was sent; but the idea of the Meer-woman, the lake, and the untold mysteries beneath its quiet bosom, came vividly and painfully on his recollection.

Long after she had departed, the strange events of the evening kept them awake. Enquiries were now answered without hesitation. Harrington learnt that the "Meer-woman's" first appearance was on a cold wintry day, a few months before. She did not crave protection from the dwellers in the hut, but seemed rather to command it. Leaving the infant with them, and promising to return shortly, she seemed to vanish upon the lake, or rather, she seemed to glide away on its surface so swiftly, that she soon disappeared. Since then she had visited them thrice, supplying them with a little money and other necessities; but they durst not question her, she looked so strange and forbidding.

In the morning they were conducted to Lydiata by the fisherman, who also carried the babe. Here they told a pitiable story of their having found the infant exposed, the evening before, by some unfeeling mother; and, strange to say, the truth was never divulged until the time arrived when Harrington should render up his trust.

Years passed on. Harrington saw the pretty founding expand through every successive stage, from infancy to childhood—lovelier as each year unfolded some hidden grace, and the bloom brightened as it grew. He had married in the interval, but was yet childless. His lady was passionately fond of her charge, and Grace Harrington was the pet and darling of the family. No wonder their love to the little stranger was growing deeper, and was gradually acquiring a stronger hold on their affections. But Harrington remembered his vow: it haunted him like a spectre. It seemed as though written with a sunbeam on his memory; but the finger of Death pointed to its accomplishment. It will not be fulfilled without blood, was the foreboding that assailed him. His lady knew not of his grief—ignorant happily of its existence, and of its source.

Their mansion stood on a rising ground, but a few miles distant from the lake. He thus seemed to hover instinctively on its precincts; though, in observance of his vow, he refrained from visiting that lonely hut, or enquiring about its inhabitants. Its broad smooth bosom was ever in his sight; and when the sun went down upon its wide brim, his emotion was difficult to conceal.

One soft, clear evening, he sat enjoying the calm atmosphere, with his lady and their child. The sun was nigh setting, and the lake glowed like molten fire at his approach.

"'Tis said a mermaid haunts yon water," said Mrs. Harrington; "I have heard many marvellous tales of her, a few years ago. Strange enough, last night I dreamed she took away our little girl, and plunged with her into the water. But she never returned."

"How I should like to see a mermaid!" said the playful girl. "Nurse says they are beautiful ladies with long hair, and green eyes." But,—and she looked beseechingly towards them—"we are always forbidden to ramble towards the Meer."

"Harrington, the night wind makes you shiver. You are ill!"

"No, my love. But—this cold air comes wondrous keen across my bosom," said he, looking wistfully on the child, who, scarcely knowing why, threw her little arms about his neck, and wept.

"My dream, I fear, hath strange omens in it," said the lady, thoughtfully.

The same red star shot fiercely up from the dusky horizon; the same bright beam was on the wave; and the mysterious incidents of the fisherman's hut came like a track of fire across Harrington's memory.

"Yonder is that strange woman again, that has troubled us about the house these three days," said Mrs. Harrington, looking out from the balcony; "we forbade her yesterday. She comes hither with no good intent."

Harrington looked over the balustrade. A female stood beside a pillar, gazing intently towards him. Her eye caught his own; it was as if a basilisk had smitten him! Trembling, yet fascinated, he could not turn away his glance; a smile passed on her dark red visage—a grin of joy at the discovery.

"Surely," thought he, "'tis not the being who claims my child!" But the woman drew something from her hand, which, at that distance, Harrington recognised as his pledge; his lady saw not the signal; without speaking, he obeyed. Hastening down stairs, a private audience confirmed her demand, which the miserable Harrington durst not refuse.

Two days he was mostly in private. Business with the steward was the ostensible motive. He had sent an urgent message to his friend Molyneux, who, on the third day, arrived at H—, where they spent many hours in close consultation. The following morning Grace came running in after breakfast. She flung her arms about his neck.

"Let me not leave you to-day," she sobbed aloud.

"Why, my love?" said Harrington, strangely disturbed at the request.

"I do not know!" replied the child, pouting.

"To-day, I ride out with Sir Ralph to the Meer; and, as thou hast often wished—because it was forbidden, I guess—thou shalt ride with us a short distance; I will toss thee on before me, and away we'll gallop—like the Prince of Trebizond on the fairy horse."

"And shall we see the mermaid?" said the little maiden quickly, as though her mind had been running on the subject.

"I wish the old nurse would not put such foolery in the girl's head," said Mrs. Harrington, impatiently. "There be no mermaids now, my love."

"What—not the mermaid of Martin Meer?" enquired the child, seemingly disappointed.

Harrington left the room, promising to return shortly.

The morning was dull, but the afternoon broke out calm and bright. Grace was all im-

patience for the ride; and Rosalind, the favourite mare, looked more beautiful than ever in her eyes. She bounded down the terrace at the first sound of the horses' feet, leaving Mrs. Harrington to follow.

The cavaliers were already mounted, but the child suddenly drew back.

"Come, my love," said Harrington, stretching out his hand; "look, how your pretty Rosalind bends her neck to receive you."

Seeing her terror, Mrs. Harrington soothed these apprehensions, and fear was soon forgotten amid the pleasures she anticipated.

"You are back by sunset, Harrington?"

"Fear not, I shall return," replied he; and away sprang the pawing beasts down the avenue. The lady lingered until they were out of sight. Some unaccountable oppression weighed down her spirits; she sought her chamber, and a heavy sob threw open the channel which hitherto had restrained her tears.

They took the nearest path towards the Meer, losing sight of it as they advanced into the low flat sands, scarcely above its level. When again it opened into view, its wide, waveless surface lay before them, reposing in all the sublimity of loneliness and silence. The rapture of the child was excessive. She surveyed with delight its broad unruffled bosom, giving back the brightness and glory of that heaven to which it looked; to her it seemed another sky, and another world, pure and spotless as the imagination that created it.

They entered the fisherman's hut; but it was deserted. Years had probably elapsed since the last occupation. Half-burnt turf and bog-wood lay on the hearth; but the walls were crumbling down with damp and decay.

The two friends were evidently disappointed. At times they looked out, anxiously—but in vain, as it might seem; for they again sat down, silent and depressed, upon a turf heap by the window, while the child ran playing and gambolling towards the beach.

Harrington sat with his back to the window, when, suddenly, the low murmuring noise he had heard on his former visit was repeated. He turned pale.

"Thou art not alone; and where is the child?" or words to this purport were uttered in a whisper. He started aside; the sound, as he thought, was close to his ear: Molyneux heard it too.

"Shall I depart?" said he, cautiously; "I will take care to keep within call."

"Nay," said his friend, whispering in his ear, "thou must ride out of sight and sound too, I am afraid, or we shall not accomplish our plans for the child's safety. Depart with the attendants; I fear not the woman. Say to my lady, I will return anon."

With some reluctance Sir Ralph went his way homewards, and Harrington was left to accomplish these designs without assistance.

Immediately he walked out towards the shore; but he saw nothing of the child, and his heart misgave him. He called her; but the sound

died, with its own echo, upon the waters. The timid rabbit fled to its burrow, and the sea-gull rose from her gorge, screaming away heavily to her mate—but the voice of his child returned no more!

Almost driven to frenzy, he ran along the margin of the lake to a considerable distance, returning, after a fruitless search, to the hut, where he threw himself on the ground. In the agony of his spirit, he lay with his face to the earth, as if to hide his anguish as he wept.

How long he remained was a matter of uncertainty. On a sudden, instantaneously with the rush that aroused him, he felt his arms pinioned, and that by no timid or feeble hand. At the same moment a bandage was thrown over his eyes, and he found himself borne away swiftly in a boat. He listened for some time to the rapid stroke of the oars. Not a word was spoken from which he could ascertain the meaning of this outrage. To his questions no reply was vouchsafed, and in the end he forbore enquiry—the mind wearied into apathy by excitement, and its consequent exhaustion.

The boat again touched the shore, and he was carried out. The roar of the sea had for some time been rapidly growing louder as they neared the land. He was now borne along, over hillocks of loose sand, to the sea beach, when he felt himself fairly launched upon the high seas. He heard the whistling of the cordage, the wide sail flap to the wind, with the groan of the blast as it rushed into the swelling canvas; then he felt the billows prancing under him, and the foam and spray from their huge necks as they swept by. It was not long ere he heard the sails lowered; and presently they were brought up alongside a vessel of no ordinary bulk. Harrington was conducted with little ceremony into the cabin; the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in the presence of a weather-beaten tar, who was sitting by a table, on which lay a cutlass and a pair of richly embossed pistols.

"We have had a long tug to bring thee too," said the captain; "but we always grapple with the enemy in the long run. If thou hast aught to say why sentence of death should not pass on thee—ay, and be executed straightway too—say on. What! not a shot in thy locker? Then may all such land-sharks perish, say I, as thus I signify thy doom." He examined his pistols with great nicety as he spoke. Harrington was dumb with amazement, whilst his enemy surveyed him with a desperate and determined glance: at length he stammered forth,

"I am ignorant of thy meaning; much less can I shape my defence. Who art thou?"

The other replied, in a daring and reckless tone,

"I am the Free Rover, of whom thou hast doubtless heard. My good vessel, and her gallant crew, ne'er slackened a sky-raker in the chase, nor backed a mainsail astern of the enemy. But, pirate as I am—hunted and driven forth, like the prowling wolf, without the com-

mon rights and usages of my fellow men—I have yet their feelings. I *had* a child! Thy fell, un pitying purpose, remorseless monster, hath made me childless! But thou hast robbed the lioness of her whelp, and thou art in her gripe!"

"As my hope is to escape thy fangs, I am innocent of the crime."

"May be thou knowest not the mischief thou hast inflicted; but thy guilt, and my bereavement, are not the less. My child was ailing; we were off this coast, when we sent her ashore, secretly, until our return. A fisherman and his wife, to whom our messenger intrusted the babe, were driven forth by thee one bitter night, without a shelter. The child perished! and its mother chides my tardy revenge."

"'Tis a falsehood!" cried Harrington, "told to cover some mischievous design. The child, if it be thine, was given to my care—by whom I know not. I have nurtured her kindly: not three hours ago, as I take it, she was in yonder hut; but she has been decoyed from me; and I am here, thy prisoner, and without the means of clearing myself from this false and malicious charge."

The captain smiled incredulously.

"Thou art lord of yonder soil, I own; but thou shouldst have listened to the cry of the helpless. I have here a witness who will prove thy story false—the messenger herself. Call hither Oneida," said he, speaking to the attendants. But this personage could not be found.

"She is gone ashore in her canoe," said, the pirate; "and the men never question her. She will return ere mid-watch. Prepare: thou showdest no mercy, and I have sworn!"

Harrington was hurried to a little square apartment, which an iron grating sufficiently indicated to be the state prison. The vessel lay at anchor; the intricate soundings on that dangerous coast rendered her perfectly safe from attack, even if she had been discovered. He watched the stars rising out, calm and silently, from the deep: "Ere yon glorious orb is on the zenith," thought he, "I may be—what!" He shrunk from the conclusion. "Surely the wretch will not dare to execute his audacious threat!" He again caught that red and angry star gleaming portentously on him. It seemed to be his evil genius; its malignant eye appeared to follow out his track, to haunt him, and to beset his path continually with suffering and danger. He stood by the narrow grating, feverish and apprehensive; again he heard that low murmuring voice, which he too painfully recognised. The mysterious being of the lake stood before him.

"White man," she spoke in a strange and uncouth accent; "the tree bows to the wing of the tempest—the roots look upward—the wind sighs past its withered trunk—the song of the warbler is heard no more from its branches, and the place of its habitation is desolate. Thine enemies have prevailed. I did it not to compass thine hurt: I knew not, till now, thou wert in their power; and I cannot prevent the sacrifice."

"Restore the child, and I am safe," said Harrington, trembling in his soul's agony at every point; "or withdraw thy false, thine accursed accusations."

"Thou knowest not my wrongs, and my revenge! Thou seest the arrow, but not the poison that is upon it. The maiden, whose race numbers a thousand warriors, returns not to her father's tribe, ere she wring out the heart's life-blood from her destroyer. Death were happiness to the torments I inflict on him, and the woman who hath supplanted me. And yet they think Oneida loves them—bends like the bulrush when the wind blows upon her, and rises only when he departs. What! give back the child? She hath but taken my husband and my bed;—as soon might ye tear the prey from the starved hunter. This night will I remove their child from them—to depart, when a few moons are gone—it may be, to dwell again with my tribe in the wigwam and the forest."

"But I have not wronged thee!"

"Thou art of their detested race. Yet would I not kill thee!"

"Help me to escape."

"Escape!" said this untamed savage, with a laugh which went with a shudder to his heart. "As soon might the deer dart from the hunter's rifle, as thou from the cruel pirate who has pronounced thy death! I could tell thee such deeds of him and these bloody men, as would freeze thy bosom, though it were wide and deep as the lakes of my country. Yet I loved him once! He came a prisoner to my father's hut. I have spilled my best blood for his escape. I have borne him where the white man's feet never trod—through forests, where aught but the Indian or the wild beast would have perished. I left my country and my kin—the graves of my fathers!—and how hath he requited me? He gave the ring of peace to the red woman; but when he saw another, and a fairer one of thy race, she became his wife; and from that hour Oneida's love was hate!—and I have waited, and not complained, for my revenge was sure! And shall I now bind the healing leaf upon the wound?—draw the arrow from the flesh of mine enemies? Thou must die! for my revenge is sweet."

"I will denounce thee to him, fiend! I will reveal—"

"He will not believe thee. His eye and ear are sealed. He would stake his life on my fidelity. He knows not of the change."

"But he will discover it, monster, when thou art gone. He will track thee to the verge of this green earth and the salt sea, and thou shalt not escape."

With a yell of unutterable scorn she cried,

"He may track the wild bee to its nest, and the eagle to his eyrie, but he discerns not one foot-print of Oneida's path!"

The pangs of death seemed to be upon him. He read his doom in the kindling eye and almost demoniac looks of the being who addressed him. She seemed like some attendant demon, waiting to receive his spirit. His brain grew dizzy.

Death would have been welcome, in comparison with the horrors of its anticipation. He would have caught her; but she glided from his grasp, and he was again left in that den of loneliness and misery. How long, he knew not;—his first returning recollection was the sound of bolts, and the rude voice of his jailers.

In this extremity, the remembrance of that Being in whom, and from whom, are all power and mercy, flashed on his brain like a burst of hope—like a sunbeam on the dark ocean of despair.

"God of my fathers, hear!" escaped from his lips in that appalling moment. His soul was calmed by the appeal. Vain was the help of man, but he felt as if supported and surrounded by the arm of Omnipotence, while silently, and with a firm step, he followed his conductors.

One dim light only was burning above. Some half-dozen of the crew stood armed on the quarter-deck behind their chief; their hard, forbidding faces looked without emotion upon this scene of un pitying, deliberate murder.

To some question from the pirate, Harrington replied by accusing the Indian woman of treachery.

"As soon yonder star, which at midnight marks our meridian, would prove untrue in its course."

Harrington shuddered at this ominous reference.

"I cannot prove mine innocence," said he; "but I take yon orb to witness that I never wronged you or yours. The child is in her keeping."

"Call her hither, if she be returned," said the captain, "and see if he dare repeat this in her presence. He thinks to haul in our canvas until the enemy are under weigh, and then, Yoh ho, boys, for the rescue. But we shall be dancing over the bright Solway ere the morning watch, and thy carcass in the devil's locker."

"If not for mine, for your own safety!"

"My safety! and what care I, though ten thousand teeth were grinning at me, through as many port-holes. My will alone bounds my power. Who shall question my sentence, which is death!"

He gnashed his teeth as he went on. "And your halls shall be too hot to hold your well-fed drones. Thy hearth, proud man, shall be desolate. I'll lay waste thy domain. Thy race, root and branch, will I extinguish; for thou hast made me childless!"

The messenger returned with the intelligence that Oneida was not in the ship.

"On shore again, the —! If I were to bind her with the main chains, and an anchor at each leg, she would escape me to go ashore. No heed;—we will just settle the affair without her, and he shall drop quietly into a grave ready made, and older than Adam. I would we had some more of his kin; they should swing from the bowsprit, like sharks and porpoises, who devour even when they have had enough, and waste what they can't devour."

"Thou wilt not murder me thus, defenceless, and in cold blood."

"My child was more helpless, and had not injured thee! Ye give no quarter to the prowling beast, and yet, like me, he only robs and murders to preserve his life. How far is it from midnight?"

"Five minutes, and yon star comes to his southing," said the person addressed.

"Then prepare; that moment marks thy death!"

The men looked significantly towards their rifles.

"Nay," cried this blood-thirsty freebooter, "my arm alone shall avenge my child."

He drew a pistol from his belt.

"Yonder is Oneida," sung out the man at the main-top; "she is within a cable's length."

"Heed her not. When the bell strikes, I have sworn thou shalt die!"

A pause ensued—a few brief moments in the lapse of time, but an age in the records of thought. Not a breath relieved the horror and intensity of that silence. The plash of a light oar was heard;—a boat touched the vessel. The bell struck.

"Once!" shouted the fierce mariner, and he raised his pistol with the sharp click of preparation.

"Twice!"

The bell boomed again.

"Thrice!"

"Hold!" cried a female, rushing between the executioner and the condemned. But the warning was too late;—the ball had sped, though not to its mark. Oneida was the victim. She fell, with a faint scream, bleeding on the deck. But Harrington was close locked in the arms of his little Grace. She had flown to him for protection, sobbing with joy.

The pirate seemed horror-struck at the deed. He raised Oneida, unloosing his neckcloth to staunch the wound."

"The Great Spirit calls me;" she spoke with great exertion: "the green woods, the streams, land of my forefathers.—Oh! I come!" she raised herself suddenly, and with great energy, looking towards Harrington, who yet knelt, guarded and pinioned—the child still clinging to him.

"White man, I have wronged thee, and I am the sacrifice. Murderer, behold thy child!"—She raised her eyes suddenly towards the pirate, who shook his head, supposing that her senses grew confused.

"It was for thy rescue," again she addressed Harrington, "The Great Spirit appeared to me: He bade me restore what I had taken away, and I should be with the warriors and the chiefs who had died in battle. They hunt in forests from which the red deer flies not, and fish in rivers that are never dry. But my bones shall not rest with my fathers!—I come.—Lake of the woods, farewell!"

She threw one look of reproach on her destroyer, and the spirit of Oneida had departed.

The pirate stood speechless and bewildered.

He looked on the child—a ray of recollection seemed to pass over his visage. Its expression was softened; and this man of outlawry and blood became gentle. The savage grew tame. The common sympathies of his nature, so long dried up, burst forth; and the wide deep flood of feeling and affection rolled on with it like a torrent, gathering strength by its own accumulation.

Years after, in a secluded cottage, by the mansion of the Harringtons, dwelt an old man and his daughter. She soothed the declining hours of his sojourn. His errors and his crimes—and they were many and aggravated—were not unrepented of. She watched his last breath; and the richest lady in that land was "THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER."

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit."—GRAY'S LETTERS.

Oh! many a voice is thine thou Wind! full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou bear'st a sound and sign,
A minstrel, wild, and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own;
And the spirit is thy harp, O wind! that give the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a Clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their waste brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track,
The chime of low, soft, southern waves on some green, palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

Thou art come from Forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined:
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things free
Of the dim, old, sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conquerer passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets the sound of haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shouts of multitudes are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tomb and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd;
Thou hast caught the Anthem's billowy swell, the stately dirge's tone,
For a chief with his sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead!

Are all these notes in thee, wild Wind? these many notes in thee?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be:
Yes! buried but unsleeping there, Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep Urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies!

FORSAKE ME NOT!

— Upon her cheek
The story liv'd, and shrinking shame was there—
Beseeching looks, painful humility;
And from her face was gone—*hope*—save when she
Glanced in petitioning beauty to the skies,
Seeking relief or pardon!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

FORSAKE me not—forsake me not,
I left my home for thee;
And wearily roamed through foreign lands,
And over the stormy sea:
I've been to thee for many a year,
A fond and faithful wife;
Have cheer'd thy hours of pain and care,
And encounter'd, with thee, all strife;
And now, though brighter may be thy lot—
Forsake me not—forsake me not!

For thee I left a father's arms—
I was his only pride!
He wept;—though grief and shame were great,
He blest his child and died!
His poor, his erring, wayward child,
Was blest too, and forgiven;
He raised his hands and his dying eyes,
And commended me to heaven!
It was for thee I left that cot,
And, now, I pray thee, forsake me not!

Thou know'st how happily I roam'd
Amid the flow'rets fair,
That bloom'd, like happiness around
Each bright and gay *parterre*;
Thou know'st that sorrow, pain nor care,
E'er smote my guiltless breast;
And my heart was light as the floating air,
For I was beloved and blest:
Now I pray, by the joys of that hallow'd spot,
Forsake me not—forsake me not!

I listen'd to thy luring voice,
Believ'd each word as spoken;
And when my heart would most rejoice,
Alas—alas—'twas broken!
I follow'd thee, when the hand of fate
Threw thee back in life's career;—
And when thine heart was desolate,
Mine too was in its fear:
Ah, can such moments be forgot?
I pray thee—I pray thee, forsake me not!

Thou hast call'd me "thy angel—thy wife!"
Realize but the word thou hast spoken;
And raise once again into life,
The spirit now blighted and broken;
Ah, think too of her who despised—
Scorn'd—hopeless—*thy victim*! Ah, dwell
On the madness—the death thou would'st bring
On the heart that still loves thee too well!
For the mercy of Heaven, reflect on my lot—
I pray thee—I pray thee, forsake me not!

MALAVOLTI.

A NEAPOLITAN STORY.

"I AM innocent—let that content you," said Malavolti.

"It does content *me*," replied Beatrice; "but will it content Heaven? Believe it not. The proud spirit sins deeply in the very act of denying sin; for who outlives but one rising and setting of the glorious sun, and does not, in thought or deed, offend the Almighty? Hear me, Malavolti—hear me, and heed me. You are doomed to die; all intercession, all the prayers and supplications of friends and kindred, have been cast back upon them; and I, your mother, pleaded for your life in nature's holiest accents, have wept and sued in vain. Reason with your condition, then, as if disease or length of years had brought you to the grave; and do not, in scorn of worldly wrong, to wrong your eternal soul as to hazard imminently, if not surely to fling away, its salvation. You say you are innocent."

"I am! I am!" exclaimed Malavolti, impatiently.

"Ay," answered Beatrice, "of blood—of that one crime, for which, unjustly, you are to die; but not of all crime, and therefore not fit to die, till by meek repentance, and perfect faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice, you wash out every stain; for in the centre of the proudest heart the seeds of rottenness lie enshrined."

"True, most true," replied Malavolti, calmly. "And it is most true, too, that I am to die—but never on the scaffold. Fools! They think these fetters, and this dungeon, and their careful watch to keep from me each implement of death, will achieve their triumph; as if steel, or poison, or the free use of hands, were all the means by which a man can escape from injustice. Oh, mother! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow. I am so changed by what I am, that my heart aches not, as once it would, to see your tears, nor smites me with that remorse a son should feel, who makes a mother weep."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Beatrice, sobbing piteously, "I can bear to lose you in this world, for I feel that our earthly separation will be short. But it is terrible to think that I must lose you for ever, Malavolti; and that when my own dying hour comes, its pangs will be mitigated by no hope of rejoining thee, my only one, 'the choice one of her that bare thee,' in the mansions of the blest, in the abodes of everlasting peace. Oh, God! what affliction it is to be a mother, when the child we cleave to is encompassed with trouble."

Malavolti bit his lip, which quivered with emotion, in spite of himself; and his eyes glistened with tears that he could not repress. There was a tone of such deep anguish in the voice of Beatrice, as she uttered the last words, such a truth of maternal suffering in them, that even the gaoler, who sat in one corner of the cell, felt a sort

of pity kindling in his rugged bosom, and he addressed Malavolti.

"Come, signior," said he, rising and advancing towards him, "don't be too obstreperous. You see what a way your poor mother is in, and it is not much she asks of you, methinks, when she only begs you to have a priest. What harm can he do you? You say you are innocent; but that does not make the matter either better or worse, as I can perceive; for, innocent or guilty, your head is to be chopped off, and so you ought to be shrived. You are not the first man by many, I can tell you, that I have had under my care, who has felt a little qualmish about confessing his guilt. According to their own account, indeed, very few of them deserved what they got; but what then? They were none the better for being innocent; so do what your mother wishes, send for a priest and confess your innocence to him. It will be a comfort to yourself: and I am sure this noble lady will be all the happier for it, when you are gone."

"My good fellow," replied Malavolti, who knew exactly what the gaoler meant to say, though his manner of expressing himself was neither very bland nor much adapted to his purpose,—“My good fellow, I'll talk with you upon this subject when we are alone—”

"Which we must soon be now," interrupted Verruchio, "for the evening gun went ten minutes ago; and by this time they are making preparations to lock up the outer prison gates for the night."

At these words Beatrice arose, and embracing her unhappy son, the wretched mother took her leave, imploring him to think of all she had said, and promising to return on the following morning at the earliest hour which the regulations for admitting strangers would permit. Malavolti kissed her tenderly, but made no reply; and when she had quitted the cell, he cast himself upon his litter of straw to brood in silence over his design.

Malavolti was a Florentine by birth, but a Neapolitan by education, and by all these relations, social, moral, and political, which constitute the affinity of country. His father was of patrician descent, though he inherited with the pure blood of his ancestors only a very slender portion of that wealth which in former times had ranked them with the princes of Italy. Still, however, the wreck of his patrimonial property, that had escaped public confiscation, and the waste of private prodigality, through the long course of three centuries, enabled him to maintain the independence, if not to assume the state, of his noble lineage. At an early age he married Beatrice Polenta, the youngest daughter of the Marquis Polenta, and of a family as noble, but as decayed as his own. The personal charms of the youth-

ful Beatrice, and the lofty qualities of her character, were her only dowry; but when she bestowed these, with her heart's first love, upon the father of Malavolti, she went to the altar rich in the costliest treasures of a bride. It was about two years after their marriage, and when Beatrice had given birth to the son whose doom she now bewailed so bitterly, that she accompanied her husband to Naples, where he had sought and obtained a civil office of considerable rank and emolument under the Neapolitan government. But he had scarcely entered upon its duties, and began to nourish hopes of future advancement, which lay fairly within the range of his position, when a malignant fever, whose fierce progress no skill could arrest, brought him to his grave in the short space of three days.

Beatrice idolized her husband. Every hour since their union had developed some fresh cause why she should do so. When the ardour of mere passion had subsided, instead of clinging to her only by the cold remembrance of expired or expiring sympathies, (that common though feeble link of conjugal attachment,) far nobler bonds succeeded. The lover, chosen by the heart alone, had grown into a being whose virtues kindled the devotion of the mind. And this love dies not, because it is inspired by that which partakes not itself of death. Memory retraces, in fleeting colours, that comeliness of the body which was pleasant to the eye, when the body lies in corruption; but the enduring record of departed goodness dwells in the soul, like the writing that is inscribed upon adamant.

There is in singleness of grief—in the rare privilege to sorrow, without the upbraiding consciousness of disregarding duties,—a refuge for the mourner. When we can say to ourselves, our tears hallow the dead, but wrong not the living; when we feel we are at liberty to consecrate our whole existence to the deep silent homage of the tomb, because we feel that all we have lived for has been taken from us, and that therefore all our thoughts may gather, unblameable round the past, and a mysterious and scarcely earthly repose, dwells within us. We shut out the world, and a calm solemn submission of the bereaved spirit seems to reconcile us to afflictions with which we are thus permitted to hold undisturbed communion. But this sabbath of the heart was denied to Beatrice. She had been a happy wife; he who had made her so lay festering in his shroud; yet—she was still a mother, and her maternal yearnings gave eloquent language to the utter helplessness of her first-born. "Poor child!" she would exclaim, as she watched its placid slumbers, or gently wiped away the tears that had fallen on its orphan brow, "it were a cruel office for my hand to barb death's arrow afresh, and leave thee, like a thing of chance, to sink or swim, upon the waters of life. That thou art fatherless, is Heaven's will; but wherefore thou art so, concerns thy wretched mother less to know than it does to confess before Heaven the sacred duties she has to discharge towards thee! Yes, thou sleeping image

of him who sleeps in death!—thou strange and incomprehensible source of bright hopes and a laughing future, streaming across my dim path, like sunbeams irradiating the dark edges of a passing thundercloud, giving fair promise of a serene sky anon!—yes, thou secret spell, that canst make a mother's warm smiles glow within the cold, cold sepulchre of her widowed heart, I will bid sorrow be gentle for thy dear sake; and when my sad thoughts steal to thy father's grave, or linger there with fond recollections, summon them back to the cradle of our child, and make them obedient servants to thy happiness."

Beatrice kept faith with herself. As years rolled on, the prattling infant grew into the sturdy boy; and the sturdy boy ripened into the manly youth, in whose every look and feature, tone of voice, proud bearing, and impetuous spirit, she saw the exact counterpart of him whom in her youth she had loved to idolatry. Nor was the resemblance the self-created picture of a mother's partial eyes. Friends and kindred, nay even strangers, who knew the father, would dwell upon the extraordinary identity which shone forth in the younger Malavolti. Oh! how she would sometimes sit and gaze upon him, or mark his lofty carriage as he trode the earth, or listen to his full melodious voice as its tones deepened into manhood, and in the thrilling ecstasy of imagination forget that twenty years had passed away! In such moments, he was her own Malavolti, and she the Beatrice Polenta who had stood with him blushing at the altar, and weeping in the fullness of her joy. When the delusion vanished the charm remained, and the son was loved with feelings in which Beatrice unconsciously mingled the memory of her husband.

He was in his seven-and-twentieth year when the lamentable event occurred, which consigned him to a dungeon, with the sentence of a felon's death. Lamentable indeed it was in its consequences to Malavolti; but he was the victim of circumstances and not of premeditated iniquity. Without seeking it, and, in truth, without deserving it, he had drawn upon himself the enmity of a young Neapolitan nobleman, Count Brittorno. The immediate cause of this enmity was jealousy; the imagined offence of Malavolti, a secret intrigue with his self-assumed rival's mistress, the beautiful Angelica Donzelli. But Malavolti was too proud an aspirant for woman's heart to dispute its possession. The loveliest of the sex, if she could balance between his pretensions and those of another, was disdainfully released by him from the perplexity of a choice; though, in a case where he had once been received, he would punish an intruder, while he relinquished with scorn the object of contention. This haughty feeling, which could be satisfied with nothing less than unquestioned and unquestionable supremacy, presented an insuperable barrier to what he would have considered the intolerable degradation of seeking to supplant another from whom the tenor of possession might be supposed to consist in the mercenary conditions of a stipulated price. Still more was it a defence against

the mean and pitiful ambition of declaring himself a suitor for the preference which had been already bestowed with the sanctity of love.

Brittorno, however, acting under the influence of seeming circumstances that warranted his suspicion, and ignorant of Malavolti's creed in matters of gallantry, had pampered his jealousy with what he deemed proofs of design, if not of success, in participating with himself in the favours of Angelica. But instead of making a direct accusation, he sought to involve Malavolti in a quarrel, by stinging insinuations or insolent taunts. Malavolti had noticed these splenetic efforts; but though a man of fiery character, and prone enough to dare the proudest he who ruffled his self-complacency by a look only that could be construed into a precursor of defiance, he held the mastery over his impetuous passions with too noble and dignified a spirit, to let them be played upon, or to suffer that they should be made the instruments of his own arrogance at the will of another. Hitherto, therefore, he had studiously parried, sometimes with raillery, sometimes with scorn, and sometimes with contemptuous silence, the repeated endeavours of Brittorno to provoke him into a feud; but the latter goaded on by his fancied wrongs, and mistaking the deliberate self-command of Malavolti for a taint of cowardice, angered him at last beyond the endurance of that habitual control which he had imposed upon his feelings in all their previous clashing. It was in the saloon of the Duke of Montrefelto, and in the presence of some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Naples, that Count Brittorno happened to encounter Malavolti on an evening subsequent to one in which he believed he had been serenading the fair Angelica under her garden window. Malavolti observed that his brow was more tempestuous than usual, and that the firm compression of his lips, and the scowling wrath of his eyes, indicated he was writhing under the torment of strong emotions. It so chanced, too, that Malavolti, who was a little flushed with wine, felt an inclination to sport with his moody humour; and advancing towards Brittorno, he remarked with a tone of careless freedom, that he had "never seen the incomparable Angelica look so lovely as when last he saw her at the opera. She seems passionately fond of Music."

"Yes," replied Brittorno, curling his lip into an expression of cold disdain, "so fond of it, that I believe she sometimes finds pleasure in the discordant twanging of a cracked guitar,"

"I dare say," rejoined Malavolti: "for the soul holds intercourse with the divine melody of an air it knows, in spite of its bungling execution, as we can withdraw ourselves from the rant and monotony of a bad actor, and suffer the mind to settle upon the inspired conceptions of the bard whose language he profanes."

"You seem to understand the power of music over a heart susceptible of its charms," answered Brittorno.

"Oh!" replied Malavolti, gaily, "it is not the power of music only over susceptible hearts that

I understand. I have studied every avenue to them."

"And made yourself master of all, I doubt not," said Brittorno, ironically.

"And made myself master of all," repeated Malavolti, "from a burning look, and an inexpressible tender sigh at morning prayer"—

"To the lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade under a garden window," interrupted Brittorno, abruptly.

"Aye," said Malavolti, laughing; "an evening serenade by moonlight under your mistress's window, especially if you can find your way to her bed-room window, is our charming Italian method of delicately offering the homage of an impassioned heart to its refined idol. But for the grossness of what you call the 'lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade,' I am no follower of such pastimes. They are apt to give a man the quinsy: or, as it may chance, provide a grave for him before he has thought seriously of dying."

"And yet, signior," answered Brittorno, folding his arms in his mantle, while he fixed his eyes steadily on Malavolti, "there are fools in this city of Naples, who tempt the chance you mention."

"There are fools everywhere, as well as in Naples," retorted Malavolti, giving a marked emphasis to his words; "but the fool to wonder in my mind, is he who rashly seeks to play with a lion till he rouses him. Rousing him at once were better, if he have nerve for the encounter."

"Your pardon, signior," said Brittorno, with much caustic bitterness; "I can imagine a climax of folly beyond that, and my school-boy reading furnishes me with the example—the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, and thought he was a lion; but when he meant to roar he only brayed,—and laughter, not terror, was the consequence."

"Count Brittorno!" exclaimed Malavolti fiercely, stepping closer to him; "there is offence in your words. Am I their aim?"

"Signior Malavolti," replied Brittorno, sarcastically, "a Neapolitan does not *ask* that question. Or if he does, it is only for himself to be directed in his resolves by the answer. But *you* are a Florentine!"

"Enough!" said Malavolti.

"More than enough," replied Brittorni, contemptuously; "and yet, I dare say less than sufficient."

Malavolti's person seemed to dilate itself with indignation, as he glared upon Brittorno, and addressed him in a stern and angry voice:—

"Florentine, or Neapolitan,—either or both—for birth and breeding dispute the distinction in me,—the high blood of Italian nobility runs in my veins, and you have to learn I shall not dishonour it. *Why* you are my enemy, I know not: and because I know not, I have avoided being yours. For months you have crossed my path, at every turn meanly seeking to fasten a private quarrel upon me, and so make a cause of vindictive strife to hide the true one. Was this manly? If you could dare to think I had

wronged you you should have had the greater daring to tax me with the wrong, and not bait me with ambiguous taunts and obscure allusions, like a foul bird of ill omen, who shuns the light, but screams portentously, shrouded in darkness. I am choleric and proud enough to be stung with injury: and being chafed, as now I own myself to be, prompt enough to strike at my assailant. Follow me, Count Brittorno!" added Malavolti, pointing to his sword and retreating a few paces.

"If, as you say, signior," replied Brittorno, with an air of cold, insulting mockery, "it has taken months to chafe you, perhaps the noble heat that burns so fiercely at present will hardly cool before the morning. I have a pleasant appointment an hour hence, that might be marred were I to go forth with you now; but you know my retreat," he continued significantly, "the silvan villa where I sleep during these sultry nights of summer."

"It contents me," said Malavolti, after a pause. "Be it so." Then advancing to Brittorno, he added, "But, Count, that there be no mistake in this business when the morning comes, I make my pleasant appointment with you, thus"—striking him gently on the arm with his gloves. He then turned on his heel, and quitted the room.

The blood flushed into the face of Brittorno; his sword was half out of his scabbard: and if those who were standing round had not held him back, the saloon of the Duke de Montrefello would have been the scene of a sudden combat, where nothing less than the death of one or both of the combatants must have ensued.

That night, in repairing to his villa, Count Brittorno was way-laid and assassinated. He was discovered the following morning, at the foot of the steps leading up to the Marble Terrace, covered with wounds, as if he had either fought desperately with his murderers, or they had wantonly mangled his body with repeated stabs. There were strong reasons for supposing, too, that the fatal encounter had not taken place where the body was found, but that it had been brought there after life was extinct; as there was a track of blood through the garden, and for a considerable distance along the unfrequented road which led to the villa.

Suspicion naturally fell upon Malavolti, who was immediately arrested. He denied the crime laid to his charge, and demanded to know the alleged proofs of his guilt. But the compendious principles of criminal jurisprudence which regulated the Neapolitan tribunals, were too well adapted for the gratification of powerful malignity, to protect less powerful innocence. The family of Brittorno was potent in its wealth, in its alliances, in its influence; and the trial of Malavolti was so conducted, as to secure that decision from his judges, which had been already bargained for by his prosecutors. He was found guilty upon the negative evidence of his own inability to disprove his guilt. Sentence of death was passed. Malavolti appealed to the superior court. Grey beads and wrinkled brows, clothed in scarlet and ermine, went through the solemn plausibility of

revising a decree which they never intended to reverse; and Malavolti had the consolation of knowing that all the forms of justice had been duly observed, in grave mockery of all its essential principles, and its fundamental spirit. He was ordered to be executed at the expiration of three weeks.

It was on the day this decision of the superior court had been officially notified, that his noble minded mother, resigned to part with him in this world, but deeply impressed with the awful necessity of religious preparation for the next, had vainly besought him to employ those means of eternal salvation, of whose efficacy she not only entertained a profound belief, but the rooted conviction, that without them the everlasting perdition of the soul was inevitable. Hence her entreaties; hence her imploring supplications to Malavolti, who resisted her prayers from no infidelity of the heart, nor from any lukewarm sentiments of devotional piety. But in his proud scorn of a malefactor's death on the scaffold—in the fierce resentment of his impetuous spirit at the iniquity of his sentence—and in the bitter repugnance he felt to furnish such a triumph to his enemies, had he conceived a purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzled his heated imagination by the heroic fortitude which it demanded, sternly admonished him, he must yield neither to the solicitations of filial love, nor to the sometimes importunate cravings of fainting nature, (which in the hour of death, doth ravenously hunger for the food of eternal life,) by admitting priestly counsel. If he would persevere to the end, he must hold no parley with creeds or dogmas. Therefore was his mother denied; though to deny her as he did, was a harder trial of his resolution than the stern purpose for which he denied her.

On the following morning Beatrice visited her son as she had promised to do. There were the visible traces in her countenance of much mental anguish, and much bodily suffering. She embraced Malavolti in silence; but there was a clinging tenderness in her embrace, as if she were loath to part with her treasure: and when she grasped his hand, the pressure of her own was a mute exhortation to be composed, which spoke to his heart.

"I have spent the live-long night in prayer for thee," said Beatrice, after a pause, "and my hope is strong that I have not humbled myself before God in vain; for, methinks I behold in thee, my son, the departing signs of that sore tribulation which so grievously oppressed me yesterday."

"Yes," replied Malavolti, calmly, "it is doubt, not certainty, that makes a steadfast spirit falter.—Till yesterday, life was a stake I played for; and though my chance was desperate, my feverish hopes hung trembling on the throw. To-day, I count the hours between me and the grave; and I thank the reverend council for their despatch. They might have clothed cruelty in the garb of mercy, and, by seeming to deliberate, mocked me with the belief that justice sat in her right hand, and that they could execute the judgment

of truth. Yesterday the terrors of death were upon me, because in my heart there still lingered the gladness which whispered to it, the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun; but to-day, the terror is gone, and I languish for the end."

"I grieve to hear thee say so," answered Beatrice; "for it is pride, not religion, that supports you; Pride, which is of this world only, who, when she plants her foot upon the sand, believes she treads upon a rock. I do not doubt you dare to die, but I dare not think of what it is you dare, when it is only death you are prepared for. It is a miserable vaunt, Malavolti, to boast your equality with the beasts that perish! Yet, you do no more, when you make your reason perform the office of their instinct, by exchanging the fear of death which should appal the most righteous, for the ignoble heroism of merely despising the body's sufferings."

"Would you have led me forth to execution, and see me mount the scaffold like the vilest criminal?" exclaimed Malavolti.

"No" answered Beatrice, firmly; "I would not lead you forth to execution—I would not behold you mount the scaffold—I would not see you die at all, if what I would were what I could. But, can you bid these stone walls yield you a free passage to liberty and life? Can you achieve the substitution of a just pardon for an unjust sentence? Oh, my son! can you—can you escape the scaffold?"

"Aye!" murmured Malavolti.

"How?" said Beatrice.

Malavolti was silent. Beatrice looked at him for a moment, and then advanced with a slow step and dignified air, "Proud man!" she exclaimed, "tremble at what you see! Behold your mother kneels to you!"

Beatrice knelt at the feet of her son. Malavolti covered his face with his hands.

"Hear me, Malavolti! When you were a cradled infant, your father died. I did not mourn as women do who shed brief tears upon a husband's grave, and balance the account of sorrow with the surplus of remaining joys. Mine was the condition, rather of a prosperous merchant, whose wealth is great indeed, but all, all embarked in one fair venture, which being wrecked, he is a very bankrupt, even to the beggary of hope. But what did I when the tempest came and stripped me of my wealth? Ah, my son! I forgot myself, and remembered you! I commanded back my tears—I stifled my sighs—I calmed my grief, divorced my sad thoughts from your father's tomb, and lived through many a grievous hour because thou didst live. Now, Malavolti, I demand sacrifice for sacrifice! Give me, in return for all the years I have been a weary pilgrim on this earth for thee, the few miserable days that stretch between the present one and that whereon it is appointed thou must die. Oh, God! the pang is sharp enough to look upon you, as now I do, and think how soon I *must* lose you; yet can I gather some consolation from the knowledge, that a thousand puny accidents in

life's daily course might have wrought the same calamity, with a suddenness, too, whose shock would have bruised my poor heart even worse than this that hath befallen. But my thoughts grow frantic, Malavolti, and my affliction is without hope, when I behold thee 'blotted out of the Book of Life, and not written with the righteous;' when the tremendous truth strikes me, 'that from beneath, hell is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming!'"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Malavolti, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "spare me!"

"Son! son!" rejoined Beatrice, rising, "spare me and save thyself! Disrobe thy haughty spirit of those tinsel gauds of a mountebank world, whose vanities thou ne'er again must look upon; prepare for death, not as a pageantry, where man is to look on and call you noble, but as a sacrifice where the eternal God is to be appeased, and which the saints of heaven may offer up, with prayers upon their golden altars."

Malavolti, whose face was still covered with his hands, wept bitterly, and his sobs were audible.

"Blest be those tears!" exclaimed Beatrice, in a voice of fervent zeal; "they are the gracious harbingers of contrition, the penitential waters of the soul, which cleanse it from its impurities. Oh, my son! child of my love! my only one! I never saw thee weep, till now, that sorrow, for thy sorrow, whate'er it was, did not make me prone to weep too. But this grief is holy; and with a joy as holy do I welcome it. The parched earth smiles not more gratefully when the gentle rains descend, than does my almost withered heart smile in gladness, refreshed by these precious drops thine eyes let fall."

She paused. But while she gazed at Malavolti, her features assumed an expression of divine sanctity, which seemed to heighten with her progressively deepening conviction that the moment of assured victory was near. Blended, however, with this saint-like ecstasy, there was a troubled air of chastened and subdued, though intense, melancholy, which told all the story of a mother's grief. Whatever might be the sublime consciousness of triumphant piety, it could not silence the voice of nature; and that voice eloquently revealed to the heart of Beatrice, that after all she had done, she had but brushed away a loathsome weed growing in the rank soil of a grave. The grave remained!

Malavolti, meanwhile, was fearfully agitated. The impassioned appeal of his mother had unnerved him. He spoke not, neither did he uncover his face. But his labouring chest, the trembling of his body, his deep-drawn sighs, and his convulsive sobs, denoted what a tempest raged within. Grasping the ponderous fetter that hung upon him, he arose, paced up and down his cell, and dashed away, with an impetuous hand, the tears that still gathered in his eyes. Beatrice uttered not a word. In anxious silence she watched the stormy conflict of his passions. It was to her the omen of a prosperous issue; for what alone she feared was that calm unruffled

spirit, which, in the beginning, had betokened so fixed, so deep, and so inexorable a purpose. Some minutes had thus elapsed, and the violence of Malavolti's emotion was gradually subsiding, when he approached Beatrice, took her hand, and, in a faltering voice, addressed her:

"You have prevailed!" said he. "Be satisfied! I am as innocent of this crime, mother, as when you bore me; doubt not that. But you shall see me mount the scaffold like a felon: and I will die—a murderer's death—and let a holy priest shrive me of my sin. All this I'll do, in poor requital of that weary pilgrimage you have borne for me. But oh! I did, indeed, meditate far other things! I did look to mock at my destroyers, and in such a way as would have told the world that Malavolti, who shrunk from the axe, had a fortitude to embrace a hundred deaths in shunning one—to die hourly, ay, hourly, though the space allotted him yet to live. But it is idle, to now, talk of cancelling oaths made to my own heart in the agony of shame, as I contemplated the ignominious scene of a public execution. Do with me as thou wilt."

Beatrice embraced her son, and wept upon his bosom. The feelings of both were at that moment beyond the reach of language; and even after their first vehemence had abated, silence was the sanctuary of their thoughts. The mind of Malavolti had undergone a complete revolution. He had a new character to play; new passions to control and guide; new duties to learn; and a new path to tread in his passage to the grave. Beatrice, on the other hand, now that the pressure of the greater evil was removed, felt with accumulated sharpness that which she fancied was entirely blunted, because its pain had been lost in the more acute anguish of one whose anticipation maddened her. She could now meditate upon the single grief of her approaching bereavement, and sorrowful enough were her meditations; but never once did she allow them to betray themselves by word, or sigh, or tear, or look, in the presence of Malavolti: No! This incomparable woman, with all the lofty spirit of the noblest matrons of ancient Greece and Rome, held her maternal grief in subjection, that she might the better comfort and sustain her son. It was only when she was alone, and in the solitude of her own thoughts, and unobserved of any, that she paid the natural tribute of the heart, and discharged it of its swelling burden.

Time passed on, and every day Beatrice was at her post. No sooner did the hour strike at which the outer gates of the prison were unlocked, than she presented herself for admission, and sought the gloomy dungeon of Malavolti. Sometimes she was accompanied by the venerable Padre Anselmo, who administered the holy offices of religion, and with pious zeal prepared her unhappy son for death. It was an inexpressible consolation to Beatrice herself to participate in these offices, to listen to the exhortations of the sacred apostle of grace, and to join her own fervent prayers with the appointed ones of the church, for the efficacy of their intercession. At other

times, when Anselmo was delayed or prevented in his attendance by duties elsewhere, she would sit for hours with Malavolti, discoursing of a world to come, with such calm earnestness of voice, and with such seeming tranquillity of spirit, that, but for the affectionate ardour of her manner, she might have appeared a kind friend only seeking to lighten the tribulation of a friend, instead of an anxious, heart-broken mother, supporting a beloved son under the trial of approaching death.

It was on the evening of the eighteenth day, and when only three more intervened before the day of execution, that Malavolti was awakened from a quiet sleep into which he had fallen, after the departure of Beatrice for the night, by the harsh grating of his cell door.

"Here is a holy father," growled Verruchio, "who says he must speak with you. He would not be denied; but by St. Agnes, it is as much as mine office is worth to let him in at this untimely hour.—You must be quick, friar, or come again in the morning, for I shall return speedily to conduct you forth."

The goaler retired, locking the door after him. Malavolti, in the dim twilight of his cell, could just discern the tall figure of a man, closely wrapped in the cowl and black drapery of a Franciscan monk, who listened a moment to the receding sound of Verruchio's heavy footsteps along the stone passage, and then striding hastily up to him, threw back his hood and cloak, exclaiming, "Fly! save your life!"

"Who are you?" replied Malavolti, raising himself from his straw.

"It matters not. I come to save you. There is no time for words. Put on this disguise. The gloom of evening will befriend you. Get beyond the prison walls. There you will find persons waiting to convey you from the danger of pursuit; and leave the rest to me."

"Why should I do this?"

"Tut! tut—ask questions, man, when you have leisure to be inquisitive. A moment's irresolution, and we fail. Here—hold your chains thus, and they will not clank: wrap yourself in this cloak, draw the cowl down round your face, and be sure you speak not, nor walk with too eager a step, till you are once fairly on the outside. Here—here."

"You come upon a thriftless errand, whoever sent you," said Malavolti, disengaging himself from the disguise which the stranger was placing upon him.

"Are you mad?"

"No; I am innocent!" replied Malavolti proudly.

"Granted; but your death is inevitable."

"I know it; and I will not avoid it by an act which would give every tongue in Naples a license to say I deserved it."

"By St. Francis!" exclaimed the stranger, "you amaze. But I have risked too much already, not to risk a little more. Consent to fly, or—"

"Or what?" interrupted Malavolti.

"Hark!—Verruchio returns. I hear his footsteps—quick! quick! I'll throw myself on this straw, while you, as the door opens, stand prepared to quit the cell, so that he may not enter himself and perceive the cheat. When you are safe, I know a way to save myself."

"You disturb me," said Malavolti. "Be quick yourself, rather, and resume, for your own secure return, the disguise that has enabled you to come safely hither. Whoe'er you are, your motives claim my gratitude, though I disdain to use the means you proffer."

The next moment the key was heard in the door. The stranger instantly clothed himself in his monk's garb; as Verruchio entered, ejaculated in a low voice a pious *Benedicite!* and slowly followed him from the cell. Malavolti returned to his straw: but it was long before the perturbation which this mysterious scene had occasioned would allow him to sleep. There was no clue by which to unravel the interest any human being, except his mother, could be supposed to feel in his fate, sufficient to suggest such an enterprize; and he well knew it originated not with her. She had, all along, fixed his thoughts too steadily upon the fatal consummation of his iniquitous sentence; and was, besides, as incapable as himself of favouring a scheme, which, though it might save his life, would ratify his imputed guilt. Wearied with conjectures, he at length sunk into a feverish and disturbed slumber.

Not such was the slumber into which he sunk a few short hours before he went forth to execution. Beatrice had obtained permission to pass with him that last, that dreadful night. And she did so. At midnight, the good Padre Anselmo retired to seek a brief repose, promising to return at sun-rise. Beatrice sat by her son's side, supporting his head upon her bosom, and gazing wistfully at those features which had the paleness of long imprisonment upon them, but nothing else to wring her heart. Their expression was angelic, and shone with the sanctity of perfect resignation. As she parted the clustering raven locks that covered his fine open brow, she thought he never looked so much like his father, as she last remembered him, when he too in his dying hour reclined upon her bosom. And then unbidden recollections crowded fast upon her mind; step by step they carried her back through buried hopes, and bright dreams, that were, when all of present joy and all of future bliss, that beamed like sunny visions upon the sparkling tide of time, was precious to her, only because it *was* shared, or prophesied of being so, in years to come, with her much beloved son. The transition from these remembrances to the scene before her was dreadful. It pierced her very soul: and it was a relief from the torture of her own solitary thoughts while Malavolti slept, when the entrance of Anselmo called both herself and him to the solemn preparations for the scaffold.

The bell tolled! the assistants of the prison entered the dungeon to attire Malavolti in the

usual dress of a criminal who is to die for murder. A faint flush passed across his cheek during this humiliating ceremony, and he cast his eyes round his cell for his mother, as if he would have conveyed to her by one hurried look, all that his proud spirit then suffered as the price of yielding to her prayers. But she was no longer present. Firmly resolved to abide all, while she could be firm, she had found it impossible to witness this ceremony, and to take her last farewell, without betraying such emotions as might have unmanned Malavolti at the moment when he had most need of all his energies. She had, therefore withdrawn, unperceived, pronouncing no other adieu, than the mute one which was concentrated in the agonizing look she fixed upon him, as she hurried out of his presence for ever!

The procession began. Malavolti walked with a firm step, an erect figure, an air of conscious innocence, and with something of expressed contempt for the injustice he sustained, mingled with a profound character of religious awe at the solemnity of his situation. The scaffold was erected about a hundred yards from the walls of the prison. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the sun shone with all the brilliant radiance, and the air fanned upon his pallid cheek as he passed into it, with all the balmy softness of the Italian climate. The assembled crowd was numerous; but of the many thousands who were there collected, not one ventured to disturb the thrilling silence of the scene. Malavolti surveyed the multitude; and again his face was flushed for a moment, while his knitted brow and the haughty gathering up of his body proclaimed that one last struggle with himself—one expiring rally of mere earthly passion—was throbbing in his heart.—But it was soon over, and he ascended the scaffold with the calm demeanour of a man in whom the fear of death had passed away.

The last offices of religion were performed by Anselmo, who had retired a few paces from the block; the executioner stood ready with his axe—and Malavolti was in the act of kneeling down, after having requested the headsman not to strike till he gave the signal by stretching forth his hand, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "Stop!" Malavolti either heard it not, or supposed it was some other cry; for he knelt down, while the assistants proceeded to place him in the proper position, when the same voice, in a louder and frantic tone, was heard again. "Innocent! Innocent!" it cried, or rather screamed. The words were instantly repeated by a thousand tongues, and the air resounded with tumultuous shouts of "Innocent! Innocent!" The scene that followed was at once sublime and terrific. Malavolti raised himself on one knee, and gazed wildly round, as if suddenly aroused from some frightful dream. The officers of justice, mistaking the confusion for a desperate attempt at rescue, laid hold of him, and endeavoured to force his head down again to the block, while the executioner, grasping the axe firmly in both hands, with a ferocious look, stood in an attitude to strike the fatal blow the moment there was room

for him to wield the instrument. The populace hooted, groaned, yelled—amid loud and louder cries of “Innocent! Murder! Brittorno! Brittorno!”

Malavolti, with a giant's strength, wrested himself from those who were struggling to hold him, and, like a maniac, sprang at the throat of the executioner, who had raised his axe to fell him where he stood. The people, bearing down all opposition, rushed forward; Malavolti and the executioner rolled together on the platform, the latter streaming with blood from a wound inflicted with his own axe in falling, when just at that moment a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd, and ascending the steps of the scaffold. It was the Count Brittorno himself! He was enveloped in a black cloak, his hat off, his features distorted with agony, and exclaiming, in a voice that resounded above the wild roar of the multitude, “Look on me! look on me!—I am Brittorno—Malavolti is innocent!” The eye of Malavolti caught one glimpse of his person, and bursting into an hysterical laugh, he swooned in the arms of the Padre Anselmo. A tremendous shout of exultation burst from the populace, which was repeated with deafening violence, when they saw the hand of Malavolti firmly grasped in that of Brittorno, who was kneeling by his side.

In a few moments, peace was restored; and though no one could explain the cause of what they had all witnessed, every one rejoiced in the miraculous preservation of a noble cavalier from an unmerited and shameful death. Malavolti, as soon as he recovered from his swoon, was conducted back to the prison amid the now silent sympathy of the thousands who had assembled to behold his execution. They gently blessed him as he passed, but abstained from all violent demonstrations of joy, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling, which animated the whole as if they were but one man, and taught them to reverence the grandeur of his situation.

And Beatrice! Where was she? Did no messenger of gladness pour the balm of joy into her sad heart? Was there no swift tongue to tell her she was still a mother? Oh, yes! Those shouts—that wild uproar—those straining notes that filled the very air with voices innumerable, crying aloud, “Malavolti! Innocent!” outran the surer tidings of the good Anselmo, who sought the poor mourner in her desolate habitation. “I will praise the Lord as long as I live! I will sing praise to my God while I have my being!” was all she could say; when, with streaming eyes upraised to Heaven, she again folded in her arms her living son!

A few words will suffice to relate the circumstances which led to this extraordinary catastrophe. The Count Brittorno was the victim of his own snares. Believing that Malavolti was his secret rival in the affections of his mistress Angelica, he had resorted to the familiar practice of his country, and employed three desperate braves to prowl about the grounds of his villa,

and watch their opportunity for assassinating him, should he approach the house. These hired stabbers had been in his pay for several weeks; but as Malavolti was really no candidate for the lady's favours, they might have pursued their honourable calling for as many months without surprising their prey. It was to this secret ambush, however, that Brittorno alluded darkly, when (in his altercation with Malavolti, at the Duke de Montrefelto's) he retorted, that there “were fools in the city of Naples who tempted the chance he mentioned,”—that of being “provided with a grave before he thought seriously of dying.” By what fatal mischance, or under what unforeseen circumstances it happened, was never known; but that very night Count Brittorno himself, repairing to his villa, was mistaken for Malavolti, set upon by his own blood-hounds, and left for dead, in the way already mentioned. At first, Brittorno believed that the persons who had attacked him were hired by Malavolti, who had taken that method to supersede the necessity of meeting him on the following morning. Hence his own willingness, and that of his family, to conceal the fact of his wounds not being mortal, in the hope that the convenient forms of Neapolitan justice would work out their revenge by sending him to a scaffold; while they knew it would be no inexpressible offence in the eyes of the majority of their countrymen, that Brittorno should afterwards appear. He would be rid of a detested rival at all events; and he did not despair of living down whatever odium the circumstance might at first excite. The scheme, therefore, was fully resolved upon, and adroitly managed. But in the interval, and while slowly recovering from his wounds, Brittorno received unequivocal proofs from his mistress, that his suspicions were utterly unfounded with regard to Malavolti, and he also learned who were his real assassins. It was then that something like compunction began to awaken in his breast for the impending fate of Malavolti. He would willingly have rescued him from it. But how could he do so without betraying his own unparalleled perfidy? His first contrivance was sending one of his myrmidons, disguised as a monk, to prevail upon Malavolti to escape from prison; but when this project failed, he knew not what to do. Base as he was, he could not reconcile, even to his conscience, the idea of sacrificing, not only an innocent man, but one who, he had ascertained, had never wronged him in the point where he was most sensitive. Still he could not resolve to make the sacrifice of himself in the only way that would enable him to do substantial justice. At length the day of Malavolti's execution arrived, and, impelled by a restless impulse, which he strove in vain to resist, he mingled with the crowd in disguise; but when he saw the guiltless Malavolti in the act of offering up a life he had not forfeited, his emotions became so violent and ungovernable, that he rushed forward to arrest the fatal catastrophe in the way described, though almost too late to give effect to his tardily awakened sense of honour.

TRAVELLING EQUIPAGES OF A PERSIAN PRINCESS.

In the very gray of the morning, before objects could be well distinguished at fifty yards distance, when the shades of the high towers and turreted walls were alone enough to hide whatever might be at their base, a procession was seen to issue from the lofty porticos of the royal Palace of Tehran. The principal object consisted in a richly equipped takhteravan, mysteriously curtained over with crimson cloth, embroidered in all its compartments with the royal insignia of Persia (the sun rising behind the back of a lion couchant,) and which covered a frame of gilded lattice-work. It was borne between two richly caparisoned mules, whose housing of red cloth covered them almost entirely, whilst tassels of various colours hung about their heads. Other mules equally caparisoned were in attendance, that they might be exchanged at pleasure, and so steady were the paces into which they had been trained, that they travelled for days together without breaking into a trot. The litter was spread with the softest mattresses and cushions, that no accidental jolt might discompose the person within, and the great care which was shown in properly conducting it over the most easy paths, disclosed how important it was thought that the occupant should be treated with the highest consideration. This conveyance was closely surrounded by several women on horseback, some clad in crimson cloth cloaks, having the privilege of exposing their faces, for such is allowed to ladies of the royal household, and others clothed from head to foot in impenetrable veils of white muslin. Some three or four led horses, richly caparisoned, were marshalled at some distance in front, whilst mules bearing rich yakdars or trunks were seen hastening at a distance from the line of march, the whole being marshalled by the royal eunuchs, who with loud shrill voices, and angry words and gestures, were casting about the eyes of watchfulness and suspicion, in order to discover any audacious trespasser who might have transgressed the awful Corook. The whole was closed by the person of the Khajeh Bashi or eunuch in chief, and a numerous suite, who were ready at the smallest signal to scour the country, and inflict immediate death on any unfortunate offender.

The mysterious individual who occupied the litter was no less a personage than the Princess Amima, niece of the king, whose charms we must for the present keep veiled from our reader, as they were in reality from all mortals, until they must of necessity be disclosed to him, and in the mean while we must allow the passage of the procession to produce that effect upon the country where the Corook was proclaimed, which it always did, namely, fear and curiosity. How every man's heart beat with desire, as the confused tread of the procession passed his gate; his imagination conjuring up to him, in the very name of the Banou, charms which none but a Houri of Paradise could possess! But again, it sunk when he reflected how near he was to death, should his curiosity prompt him to protrude even

the tip of his moustache through the chink of his fast closed shutter, to steal a look! And when the procession issued into the open country, instead of passing through an industrious peasantry enlivening the fields, this awful order produced an untenanted wilderness, for even if one unlucky wight was seen, it was in the act of flying for his life, as if he were pursued by a plague, or fearing the influence of the pestilential simoom.

The old draw-bridges creaked, as in succession the procession cleared first the ditch which immediately surrounds the ark, and then that which encircles the town, and having once passed the fortification, and got fairly into the sahara or the plain, as the day dawned, the individuals who composed it got into better humour; the women began to talk and to show off their horsemanship, and every thing promised a day of enjoyment—emancipation from the confinement of the walls of the harem being alone one of the greatest delights which a Persian woman can enjoy.

THE GRAVE.

O THE grave! the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; it extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom springs none but fond regrets and recollections; who can look down on the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him? But the grave of those we love—what a place for meditation! Then it is we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy—then it is we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn and awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all the stifled grief; its noiseless attendants; its mute watchful assiduities; the last testimonies of expiring love, the feeble fluttering. Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate!—There settle the accounts with thy conscience of every past endearment, unregarded, of that departed being, who never, never can return, to be soothed by contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a sigh to an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungente action, will come thronging back upon the memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

—Washington Irving.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLÉON BUONAPARTE.

THE portrait of Napoleon, on the opposite page, will be generally recognized as a spirited and faithful likeness. The history of this wonderful and fortunate man is so familiar, that it would be trespassing unnecessarily upon the patience of our readers were we, in this place, to give more than a mere outline, furnishing a few facts and dates for convenient reference.

Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 15th August, 1769. His family had been of distinction in Italy, but removed to Corsica during the war between the Guelphs and Ghibellines. His father was an advocate of considerable reputation, and his mother, Lætitia Romolini, since so celebrated as Madame Mere, was remarkable for her personal beauty and the strength of her mind. On the morning of Napoleon's birth his mother had attended mass, and on her return was suddenly seized, and the future hero of his age came into the world, on a temporary couch, covered with tapestry representing the heroes of the Iliad. He was her second child. Joseph, the ex-king of Spain, for many years a respected inhabitant of this country, was the oldest. There were three younger brothers, Lucien, Louis, and Jerome, and three sisters, Eliza, Caroline, and Pauline.

In 1776, Napoleon was admitted into the military school of Brienne, where he was distinguished for his mathematical attainments; but was unapt in general literature. In 1783, on the recommendation of his teachers, he was transferred to the Royal Military school at Paris, an extraordinary compliment to the genius of a boy of fourteen. Here he spent nearly three years, devoted to mathematics and history, his chosen authors being Plutarch and Tacitus. In August, 1785, he obtained his first commission as Lieutenant of Artillery. In the beginning of 1792, he became Captain of Artillery, and witnessed, though he did not partake, the terrible revolutionary scenes of the 20th of June, and the 10th of August. His first military service was in Corsica in 1793, where he reduced a small fortress, in which he was afterwards besieged, and himself and his companions obliged to abandon it, and betake themselves to the sea. On the 18th December, 1793, Napoleon achieved his first memorable exploit in recovering Toulon, which had previously been in the hands of the English. From this time Napoleon advanced by rapid strides to greatness. He was directed to join the army of Italy, then stationed at Nico, with the rank of chief of battalion. Here he rendered good service; but after the fall of Robespierre, being suspected of having supported the party of that odious monster, he was for some time neglected. On the 4th of October, 1796, as commander of the forces of the National Convention, he achieved the triumph of that body, and laid the foundation of his own future greatness.

Within five days after this affair, he was named second in command of the army of the interior, and soon after became commander-in-chief. In 1796, Buonaparte married Josephine, and three days afterwards again joined the army of Italy, at Nice. In less than three months he fought and conquered at Monte-Notte, Millesimo, and Mendai, thus opening to himself the gates of Italy. At the bridge of Lodi, soon after, Napoleon distinguished himself no less by his skilful arrangements, than his personal courage. It was here, in consequence of his gallant behaviour, that the soldiery gave him the honorary nickname of the *The Little Corporal*. On the 14th of May, fourteen days afterwards, Napoleon entered Milan, of which he took military possession. As these were among the earliest of Napoleon's achievements, we have referred to them particularly: his subsequent progress during the remainder of this campaign was no less brilliant and rapid. He overrun all Italy; compelled Venice and the Pope to submit to his victorious arms, and drove Austria into a treaty of peace, by which France was an immense gainer. Returning to Paris, where he was regarded with coldness by the Directory, his active mind planned the celebrated Egyptian expedition, on which he embarked on the 19th of May, 1798, taking with him 40,000 picked soldiers, and some of the ablest generals then in the French service. The events of that expedition need not here be recorded: they are among the darkest and brightest of Napoleon's eventful life, and are full of romantic interest. In little more than a year he returned to France, and availing himself of the agitations which his friends had created, overthrew the power of the Directory, and assumed the First Consulate. During Buonaparte's absence, Austria had re-conquered nearly all her Italian possessions, and one of the Chief Consul's first objects, after settling the internal government of France, was to break down the growing power of that nation. At the head of his army he effected the passage of the Alps, crossing the great Mont St. Bernard, the greatest exploit of modern warfare, and pouring down upon the plains, carried victory with him wherever he went. The surrender of Geneva and the triumph at Marengo, with the restoration of all that had been lost in his absence, brought Napoleon back to France covered with fresh glory. On the 15th May, 1802, he was proclaimed Consul for life. In 1804 he was endowed with the title and authority of Emperor of the French. The famous battle of Austerlitz in December 1805, established the imperial dignity, and from that time Premiers, Dukes, and Marshals were created, a magnificent court established, and all the ceremonies of royalty strictly observed. After four years passed in the construction and completion of the most mighty projects, both civil and military, the celebrated Code de Napoleon

—public works of all kinds—the invasion of Spain—new triumphs over Austria—Napoleon divorced Josephine and married the Arch-Duchess Maria Louisa, and on the 20th of April, 1811, had issue, the late Duc de Reichstadt, who soon after his birth was publicly proclaimed King of Rome. From this time forward Napoleon's fortunes seemed to decline. In 1812 he made his disastrous Russian expedition, from which he returned with a loss of 400,000 men, including forty-eight generals, and 3,000 regimental officers. Reverse followed reverse, until April, 1814, when the allied armies having previously entered Paris, he was compelled by his perilous position, to abdicate the

thrones of France and Italy, and consent to a voluntary exile in Elba, retaining the empty title of Emperor, and a scanty establishment. In less than a year, Napoleon taking advantage of fresh discontents, returned to France, resumed the imperial government, and after a brief reign of an hundred days, was finally overthrown at Waterloo. His banishment to St. Helena, his employments on that desert island, and his death on the 5th of May, 1821, are all familiar.

In this brief sketch of the greatest man of modern times, we have purposely avoided all commentary, and only alluded to such events as were necessary to maintain the connexion of his history.

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL.

THE last, last tone hath died,
Oh! bid it wake once more;
Bid the glad harp again the swelling tide
Of stately music pour.
For sink we now beneath the saddening spell
Of our loved Minstrel's song that bade farewell,
We marked his kindling eye,
And there a holy fire
Shone as a day-beam from that light on high
Which angels doth inspire;
And his cheek flushed, as his proud song flowed free,
Like to the billows of a waking sea.

And firmer grew his hand,
More passionate his lay,
He bade his guardian angels bless his land,
So dear—so far away;
Until we caught the fervour of his tone,
And our heart's prayer made answer to his own.

Then came a softer strain
To fill the eye with tears,
And the soul's inner depths with mournful pain,
To linger there for years:
While breathless tremblings made the bosom thrill,
Lest his last music should too soon be still.

For we had loved him well,
Through many a changing day;
He was not with us as an ocean shell,
Cast up—then swept away:
But from a band of brotherhood it bore
Song, step, and smile—to bring them back no more.

And time had hastened by,
Strengthening the links which bound us;
And his bright spirit in the hour of joy,
Had evermore been round us:
Nor knew we, till that parting music died,
How sad a change must come—how dear a void!

Not sad for him—his tears
In the south land shall fall;
Where the tall cliff its vine clad steep uprears
Above a peaceful vale:
There shall he meet his kindred—there shall tell
Of friends in distant isle who loved him well.

But ever—the bird is flown
That cheered us with its lay—
Eve hath come down to dim our hour of noon,
Our loved one passed away:
And we must grieve, as oft remembered rise
The speaking music of his melodies.

THE POET'S REQUIEM.

PEACE! exalted spirit!
To thy tomb so lowly;
Thou, in mansions holy,
Blessings dost inherit;
Earth, unkind and cold,
Joy and hope denied thee,
Thee doth silence hold
Whom no kinsmen weep;
Yet, where thou dost sleep
Let me rest beside thee.

What is life?—a fever;
Death?—a home of quiet,
Where the shout of riot
Comes intruding never:
Little heeded thou,
Though a world deride thee;
Heaven is round thee now;
I may shed a tear
Slander's words to hear—
Oh! to sleep beside thee;

Pure and generous nature,
O'er deceit compliant
Towering, as a giant
Of high heavenly stature:
Gold with splendid lure
Of rich promise tried thee;
How may fraud, secure
That his foe is gone,
Laugh thy tomb upon;—
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

Radiant heir of glory!
Genius unrequited,
Hope too early blighted,
Why was this thy story?
Why did cruel hands
From thy love divide thee?
Lo! to brighter lands
Thou didst soar away
From thy chains of clay;
Oh! to sleep beside thee!

In a world so weary
Would my path were ended!
For it lies extended
In perspective dreary,
Through the heartless throng,
From which the grave doth hide thee;
Gifted son of song!
Take a willing guest
To thy bed of rest;
Let me sleep beside thee!

THE FREEBOOTER OF LOCHABAR.

TOWARDS the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, in the county of Moray, a native of Lochabar, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of *Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt*, which signifies, "Peter, the priest's son." Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle, on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for sometimes between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochabar, but crossing the River Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathdarn, and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, *Cairn-au-Sh'uaran*, or The Well Hill. But notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon Lord Lovat, then chief of Frasers, discovered his track, and dispatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt, and recovering the cattle.

It so happened that there lived, at this time, on the laird of Grant's ground, a man also called Cameron, surnamed Mugach-more, of great strength and undaunted courage; he had six sons and a step-son whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with Mugach, and, as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in the man. The Mugach no sooner received his orders, than he armed himself and his little band, and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The Mugach called on Padrig and his men to surrender, and they, though numerous, dreading the well known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The Mugach drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them till their owners came to recover them.

Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and way-laid the Mugach, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that Mugach and his sons must pass: but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place, and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose. That

very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's, and, having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage.

No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangement for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was started by a noise above the rafters, and looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his step-son! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, "Dear father, I fear you have killed me!" For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief, but rage soon usurped the place of both. "Let me open the door!" he cried, "and revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!" His sons clung around him, to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first born son, in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. "Hast thou forgotten our former days?" cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door; "how often thou hast undone thy door to me, and wilt thou not open it now, to give me way to punish him who has, but this moment, so foully slain thy beloved son?" Ancient recollections, and present affliction, conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door, undid the bolt, and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming behind him, threw over it a large canvas winnowing sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was recking in the best heart's blood of the bravest Highlander that Strathspey could boast

of. His four sons who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralyzed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupified and appalled. But she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. "Oh, my sons! my sons!" she cried, "spare my boys!" But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewn the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons.

Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called *Tom-nan-Cean*, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, than his butchery was known at the Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochabar. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach, having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot on foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and as he was entering Strathspey at *Lag-na-caillich*, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated, by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away.

Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. "A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!" said one. "The laird may catch the next thief her nansel for Donald!" said another. "Let's turn him loose!" said a third. "Ay, ay," says a fourth, "what for wud we be plagu-

ing ourself more wi' him!" "Yes, yes! brave, generous men!" said Padrig Mack-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking, as all the events of his life had been: "Yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey men,—it is unworthy of Grants, to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!" Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. "But, no!" said Muckrach, sternly, "it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake Mugach's false wife. But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye then let him go, my men, the fate of Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?" This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards, and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff.

As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulnan, the hill of *Tom-nan-Cean* appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of it, the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, "Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!" Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir-tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighbouring birch thicket supplied them materials for making a withe, and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth into a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes.—*Sir T. Lauder Dick's Account of the Moray Floods.*

No man rises to such a height as to become conspicuous, but he is on one side censured by undiscerning malice, which reproaches him for his best actions, and slanders his apparent and incontestable excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues.

HOME.

In this affectionate term is comprised all that is valuable in memory, and in imagination. As we look back to the early days, when youth and innocence smiled upon our pillows, wandered with us in the fields, climbed the mountains, and traced the cheerful rills that gladden our shores, the fountains of delight in our bosoms, which the hand of Time had half covered over with the moss and weeds of accumulating years, gush forth afresh; and association tunes her harp of a thousand chords, to emulate the melody that then gladdened our hearts with the joys of youthful satisfaction.

The love of home seems to form a constituent of the human mind. It has given vigour to the arm of the warrior, and animation to the song of the bard. "God, and our Native Land," has formed the watchword of battle, and been echoed in the death song of many a valiant heart. The hoary top of St. Gothard, and the long resounding cliffs of the Appennines, have listened to the Shepherd's song of home; while the less enthusiastic, but not less affectionate inhabitants of the hills of New England, and the sojourner who makes his abode in the far extended valleys of the West, has felt in his heart an increasing glow, as he has calmly, but exultingly thought—

"This is my own, my Native Land!"

So far from being a childish emotion, an affection for home has been a characteristic of some of the most eminent minds of ancient and modern times. The Emperor Vespasian loved to retire from the fatigues of war and state, to cultivate his Sabine farm. And he, who within the past thirty years shook more than half the thrones of Europe to their centre, remarked, that he could "find the way among his native hills blindfolded." Before Charles the Fifth retired to the Monastery of St. Justus, he went to visit the place of his nativity; and Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp during the siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Volambray, where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with milk, cheese, and fruit.

To an inhabitant of the pleasant and peaceful villages of New England, a thousand delightful associations add their charms, to increase the love which we cherish for the land of our nativity. The three ever youthful and redolent daughters of Time—the Past—the Present—and the Future—in our ready imagination, seem to be hovering around our heads. We recal, with gratitude to our fathers, and to that Heaven which smiled upon their endeavours, the remembrance of those eventful times, when those shores were peopled, and when they were ransomed from the control of foreign domination. We picture to our delighted fancy, the time

When o'er these plains, with birch and maple crowned,
The wild deer wandered, and the red man frowned,
When the first glimpses of the morning broke
On vales of pine, and endless groves of oak,

From whose green vistas, bright with flowers and dew,
The wild bird sung, the wigwam glimmered through;
Here oft in chase the deer was seen to pant,
Plunge in the waves, or seek his wonted haunt.

On yon green hill, the Indian war whomp rung,
In yon green vale, the song of peace was sung,
When round the oak, conflicting chiefs were set,
To pour the horn, and light the calumet.
Then glowed the bosom of the dark-browed maid,
As in the green depths of the forest shade,
She wreathed with flowers the youthful chieftain's hair,
And kissed his brow in silent gladness there.

Then rose, at eve, the Pilgrim's grateful song,
And his deep prayer rolled forth the woods along,
Then night came onward, and the sad voiced owl
Sent her lone cadence to the wolf's long howl.

And oft, at midnight, when the desert storm
Broke o'er the fields, their beauty to deform,
Hurling the branches of the oak on high,
Leaving the cottage roofless to the sky,
Or—worse than woes of elemental strife,
The savage death-shot, and the reckless knife,
Which knew no mercy, from the locks of gray,
To the fresh brow that in the cradle lay,
How shrunk the Pilgrim's heart, amid his care,
Lest God should give his labours to despair!
Those fears are over, with the Pilgrim's toll—
He sleeps in peace beneath the blood-drenched soil:

But while exulting in the Pilgrim's cause,
The voice of truth and justice bids us pause,
With heart-felt sympathy, to shed the tear
Above the red man's wrongs, and fate severe.
His were the happy shores our fathers found,
His, by God's gift, each hard fought battle ground,
He fought, as you would fight, with heart and hand
To ward destruction from his native land.
He bared his breast, and dared the manly strife
To save his sire, his daughter, and his wife.
Think ye he loved them?—Ask the fate he met,
How deep his heart on home and friends was set!
He raised no Christian prayer, that God would deign
To strewn with Christian bones his native plain,
But the Great Spirit in the woods he sought,
And bowed his heart to God in prayer untaught.

He failed, and o'er his forest home
Towers the tall fabric, and the lofty dome.
On high the hand of art has sent
The column and the monument,
To tell the triumph and the pride
Of white men who in battle died,
And of their sons to whom is given
The treasures from the child of nature riven,
But through each wood, and o'er each battle ground,
No mark of Indian foot is found.

They died—and left no trace,
Or record of their valiant race,
Save that their conquerors record
The triumphs of their keener sword,
And bards relate, how in the forest gray,
Their last sad death-song died away.

We leave the red man to slumber in the forest, through whose recesses so often he chased the deer, and brought down the eagle from the mountain top. Our path is through pleasant villages, inhabited by men of another colour—another language—another faith. Beautiful houses, tenanted by white men, rear their shining walls amid fields of yellow grain and mellow fruit—and barns filled with the treasures of industry, and tall spires, shooting lightly toward heaven, from

whose altars the prayers of piety ascend in gratitude to the Giver of all good.

Our Independence is achieved, and we have not now to brighten our armour, and nerve our hearts for the conflict—but to recline in the repose of our sanctuaries—to sit in the shadow of our trees, with grateful voices to praise, and with cheerful hearts to enjoy the privileges and the blessings of our tranquil lot. Through the indulgence of a beneficent Providence, we have not now to “lie down, year after year, with lighted thunderbolts,” to watch the coming battle. Upon us have fallen the more agreeable duties of cultivating domestic peace, and social harmony. To enhance the civilities of polished life; to obliterate the records of error and of passion; to cherish the arts of peace, and foster the indications of genius; to indulge the delights of rational friendship, and the claims of neighbourly intercourse; to increase the amount of literary and mental excellence, and to promote the charities and the affections which flow from well regulated hearts.

But where is the Home of the Slave? For him no cheerful fireside is lighted—no roof spreads its genial shadow over his peaceful slumbers—no wife prepares his food, and smooths his pillow—no child extends its joyful arms to meet him with a smile. He is homeless—friendless—heartless. For him the sun shines not—the dew and the rain fall not. All the blessings of earth are for others, and himself is the property of the unfeeling and the tyrannical. When will those who exult in the excellence of our free government, be willing that all shall enjoy its benefits? When will Christians become indeed the disciples of Him who died for all, and extend to the slave the blessings of the gospel? When will the black man find a home, except in the grave, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?”

ANOTHER NEW DANCE.

We have received many communications respecting the new dance that has been introduced at a ball given by Lord Suffield, at Gunton Park, some of which speak highly in favour thereof, while others seem to think it can scarcely become popular from its complexity and *machinery*. We have made inquiries upon the subject, and learn that, with modifications, the new dance may be rendered a most amusing one. The following is a brief description of its present figures and arrangements, as introduced and danced at Gunton Park. The dance bears the old name of “Cotillon,” but the appellation should be altered; the dance itself being totally new. It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires behind the chair; but when “the right man,” as the old saying goes, arrives, she springs up, the tone and accent of the music

are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seize their partners, and the circle is continued. All in turn go through the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who immediately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and waltzing is resumed. A gentleman is then seated in a centre chair, hood-winked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tantalus of the mirth remains, till by a sudden resolution he decides for right or left, uncovers the eyes, and waltzes away with the chance directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are now placed triangularly *dos a dos*, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths pace round them in a circle, till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to one alone is given, a ring, and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, and each seizes his partner, and once more swings round the circle. We have heard that this dance will be introduced at Almacks in the course of next season; we shall then have a better opportunity of noticing its merits.—*London Mag.*

THE WIFE.

How sweet to the soul of man (says Hierocles) is the society of a beloved wife, when wearied and broken down by the labours of the day: her endearments soothe, her tender cares restore him. The solicitude and the anxieties, and the heaviest misfortunes of life are hardly to be borne by him who has the weight of business and domestic cares at the same time to contend with. But how much lighter do they seem, when after his necessary avocations are over, he returns to his home, and finds there a partner of all his griefs and troubles, who takes for his sake her share of domestic labours upon her, and soothes the anguish of his anticipation. A wife is not, as she is falsely represented and esteemed by some, a burden or a sorrow to man. No; she shares his burdens and she alleviates his sorrows; for there is no difficulty so heavy or insupportable in life, but it may be surmounted by the mutual labours and the affectionate concord of that holy partnership.

Russia, or whatever other power ultimately removes the carcass of Turkey from Thrace, may, perhaps, for a period bend under the burden; meet, at the commencement, with impediments *en masse*, encounter famine and sickness in its progress; but the event of a single pitched battle will be the *coup de grace* to Turkey, and the very fears of the invaded will accomplish the prediction of their expulsion from Europe. I never questioned a Turk on the stability of the empire, who did not state his conviction of the fulfilment of the prophecy, that the Giaours were to prevail over the true believers.

SQUILLETTI, THE CELEBRATED BANDIT.

SQUILLETTI was born about the year 1595, in the small territory of Catanzano, situated at the extremity of Italy, below the promontory of the gulf of Otranto, in the kingdom of Naples. He early became an explorer of the lonely woods, the hills and wilds, around the coast and in the vicinity of Mola de Gaeta. In his youth he was remarkable for his fiery and active spirit, combined with great intellectual acuteness; and, as he grew to manhood, he gave evidence of marked talent, as well as a frankness and boldness of demeanour, which produced a very favourable impression upon strangers, no less than on those who knew him. His habits, unfortunately, did not long keep pace with the improvement of his personal qualities and his mental capacity; he became vain and arrogant in his carriage, violent and quick in quarrel, in addition to a suspicious, sceptical, yet reckless turn of mind. He went with his father at an early age to Naples, where he entered the royal college, and prosecuted his studies with a view of pursuing a legal career. He made rapid progress; but this was interrupted by the untimely death of his father—the origin, most probably, of all his future errors and excesses, and but for which, with such talents, he might have become the boast and ornament, instead of the terror and execration, of his country. Instantly throwing up his former pursuits, he quitted Naples for Rome, where he was fortunate enough, at first, to meet with several eminent and respectable prelates, by whose persuasion he was led to complete the course of academical studies he had already entered upon. But the regard of some distinguished personages to whom he was subsequently introduced, proved by no means equally beneficial to him; for, under their patronage and encouragement, the worst features of his character took deeper root, and showed themselves in a strange combination of hardihood and malignity of purpose. This was appreciated by the more abandoned of his noble associates; and he was soon employed in various secret and difficult undertakings: he was set as a spy upon the motions of their adversaries, and, by no wonderful transition, he thus became the fit tool of their most fearful and desperate designs. A faithful minister to the wants of powerful vice, he was, nevertheless, hated by his employers as the depository of their secret plots: and, aware of his own importance, his arrogance soon became intolerable to them. Playing a double game, he had, by the most artful means, gained the confidence of the exiled party; and this coming at length to the ears of his early patrons, they withdrew from him not only the conduct of their affairs, but the proceeds he had hitherto drawn from such a source; it being the custom of such lordly personages to seek out for ministers for their iniquitous views—to enforce strictest secrecy—and, when their objects shall have been fully accomplished, to

“whistle them down the wind, a prey to fortune.” This led Squilletti seriously to consider his position; he resolved to change his plans, and, under the veil of religion, to give a freer impunity to every species of extravagance and vice to which he was most addicted. Retiring at once from high company and from courts, he took upon himself the old hermit's penitential garb, and, with scandalous hypocrisy in a beginner, he withdrew into a small half-ruined church, which lay on the high road from Rome to Naples. There, instead of counting his beads, he noted the character of all those who went by; and when of sufficient wealth, or with other recommendations, he contrived to convey intelligence to the exiled parties, who took measures of vengeance, for plunder, or other enormities, which they perpetrated against their real or supposed enemies. The hermit-chief thus succeeded, by observing the most sanctified exterior, in reducing robbery and extortion to a complete system, till, growing insolent by success, he fell under the suspicion of a Roman noble, who had been plundered near the spot, and who communicated what he had observed to the pontifical court. It was directed that the proceedings of the new anchorite should be strictly watched; and, spite of his caution, it was proved that he was an accomplice in the daring attacks upon life and property that had created so much terror through the adjoining districts. But, informed of the impending danger by the counter-spies he employed, Squilletti suddenly threw off his hermit-garb, and with it the name of Fra Paolo, given him by the people in his penitential retreat. He betook himself to the mountains near Mola da Gaeta, extending his depredations to the confines of Naples and Rome; and, while pursuing the same career more openly, and in a wider field of operations, the ecclesiastical court offered an immense reward for his head, and despatched at the same time a captain of police, with forty men, the better to effect its object. Anticipating their approach, Fra Paolo, having given directions to his partisans, assumed the disguise of an aged shepherd, and went boldly to give his enemies the meeting, with the hope of betraying them into the hands of his exiled colleagues, lying in wait to fall upon them. Taking up his quarters at a neighbouring inn, he presented himself to the police on their arrival, as having just come from the mountains; and, finding the party much stronger than he had expected, he changed his design, and informed the captain that he would discover for him the abode of the whole band of exiles, whom he represented as being most formidable, and lying in ambush to receive him. The captain, without any suspicion, accepted the proposal, and, giving in to the snare, invited the feigned shepherd to take supper with him. Fra Paolo then retired; but, instead of going to rest, he put four gold pieces into the host's hands,

and, bidding him inform the captain that he whom he was in search of had paid for them both, and that a leader of police ought to know his man before he attempted to catch him, he hastened to rejoin his friends. The confusion and alarm created among the whole party on the delivery of this message were such, that the captain could not prevail on them to venture farther, from the dread of falling into the fatal ambush said to be laid for them by the exiles. He was thus compelled to abandon the expedition. Soon afterwards, apprehending the result of leaguings with some disaffected nobles of the kingdom, he abandoned both the Neapolitan territories and those of the church, and transferred the seat of his operations to Florence. He had taken the precaution, when at Rome, as well as at Naples, to supply himself with letters of recommendation from influential personages, mostly obtained by bribing their secretaries, especially those of the cardinals, and with them he confidently presented himself at the court of the Grand Duke, Ferdinand II. So well did he play his part, and, such was his plausibility and address in making himself both useful and agreeable, that he was soon taken into the ducal service; nor was he less a favourite with the ministers and ladies of the Florentine court.

Unfortunately, Fra Paolo knew better how to acquire than to merit good fortune; and he had no sooner succeeded in his object than his natural arrogance and love of intrigue armed against him some of the chief personages in Florence, whose faults or foibles he was imprudent enough to ridicule in the presence of the duke and his friends. The offence was mortal; his footsteps were dogged; and one day, as he was walking alone, in the vicinity of San Nicolo, he received the blow of a stiletto in the back, which had very nearly proved fatal. Sensible of the extreme peril he had thus incurred, and severely admonished at the same time by the duke, he no longer boasted his exploits; he gave up his correspondence with foreigners and exiles; and, apparently devoting himself with passion to literature, he printed a volume of his poems, dedicated to the charming Margherita Costa, his favourite, and a most accomplished woman. In 1643, the grand duke and the Collegati having taken up arms against the Barberini, the bandit-priest was made captain of a company of *Venturieri*, drawn for the most part from the kingdom of Naples and the territories of the church, and equipped solely at our host's expense. With this force he was commanded to keep possession of some posts in the neighbourhood of Siena, in which he acquitted himself not only to the general's satisfaction, but with considerable credit. On the return of peace, in the subsequent year, Fra Paolo resumed his literary pursuits, by means of which he made himself favourably known to the Barberini, offering to devote his talents to the service of the family, and supplicating the cardinal to grant him absolution of all his former sins, with liberty, after adopting an irreproachable life, to re-visit the city of Rome. His request, seconded

by supposititious letters from different princes, was easily granted, upon obtaining which, he solicited his congee at the hands of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. This, at first, was denied him, his patron pointing out to him the danger he would incur, and the certain advantages he would sacrifice; but, still persisting in his solicitations, under plea of returning to his native place, they were at length complied with. On his arrival at Rome, he assumed the ecclesiastical habit—a habit quite indispensable to those who wished to figure in the papal capital, and in no long time began to distinguish himself in a manner which drew a wide line between his present and his former character, and raised him to honours that made it difficult to recognise him. Yet this rapid career, combined with other circumstances of a suspicious nature, attracted the curiosity of the people and the attention of the holy court. Doubts and suspicions were soon after turned into certainty; when, having appeared with striking *eclat* for a period of some months, he withdrew from ecclesiastical life with as much speed as he had entered upon it, and, resuming his military accoutrements, once more entered the duchy of Tuscany at the head of a small troop. On reaching Florence he understood that the duke was then residing at his villa Ambrogiana, on which he instantly put spurs to his horse, and, alighting at the palace-gate, required to be admitted to an immediate interview. This, the master of the ceremonies, a cautious man, prudently refused, stating that the grand duke would, on the morrow, hold an audience at Florence; and the new soldier was compelled reluctantly to retrace his steps, and await the hour assigned at the palace. It never came: the grand duke, hearing of Fra Paolo's strange importunity to be admitted, without stating his object, took the alarm; and gave orders for him to be instantly arrested. On the following morning, therefore, the captain of the guard, having meantime ascertained that the stranger had appointed to go to the shop of a certain *banderaio*,* situated in the district of Calimaruzza, and, having disposed his attendants at different spots, saluted our hero just as he was about to enter, and, bidding him good day, laid his hand on him, informing him that he was the duke's prisoner. At the same moment his soldiers advanced with levelled pieces, surrounding him on every side, while the passengers and inhabitants hurried in terror from the spot. Casting one glance around him, to ascertain if any of his own party witnessed his capture, he quietly gave up his sword to the chief of the police, finding it would be utterly useless to contend against such fearful odds. This (for him) disastrous event, occurred in November, 1644, and when he was in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Having thus suddenly fallen from his loftiest hopes, into the hands of judicial power, the unhappy Fra Paolo found his lot still farther aggravated by being ordered into solitary confinement.

* "A furnisher of the pomp and pride of war."

On first recovering from the shock, he solicited the use of a pen and ink from his gaoler; and these were not refused him. He wrote to some of his most influential connexions, beseeching them to put some engine to work, in order to induce the duke to state his reasons for confining him; and, if possible, to set him at liberty. This was attended with no success; to every application made to him the uniform reply of the duke was, that he was fully acquainted with the extent of his prisoner's delinquencies, and knew what he was about;—an answer which closed the door to all farther intercession in his favour. Finding himself thus confined to a living tomb, after making some fruitless efforts to alleviate his sufferings, the intellects of the unhappy prisoner grew disordered; he furiously attacked his keepers, and, on partial recovery, felt himself heavily ironed, and secured with redoubled vigilance. His aliment consisted of the coarsest food, which he procured with four livres the day; a sum out of which he contrived to save sufficient to hire an attendant, whom, at length, he bribed to procure him some files. By such means he succeeded in liberating himself from his chains. He was already, also, in the act of making his way through the walls, when an alarm was given; he was again secured, and exposed to severer privations than before. A stone pillar, to which was attached an immense chain, was fixed deeply in the earth, and to this the wretched Fra Paolo was bound by an iron collar, while other irons were replaced upon his feet. As time elapsed, the grief and rage by which he had been before instigated, became more calm; hope yet whispered the possibility of escape; and the desire of vengeance, serving as a subject on which to brood, kept him from sinking into utter idiocy and raving. He succeeded so far as to bribe one of his attendants, by splendid offers, to convey letters for him to his former associates, acquainting them with his dreadful condition, and beseeching them to lose no time in devising some plan for his deliverance from the tortures he endured. Moved by this appeal from their old commander, they conceived it touched their honour to make the attempt;—each swore to stand by their leader and one another, and peril their lives for his. On the last day of June, twenty-five of the number agreed to enter Florence; and, the less to excite suspicion, they were to go separately, and as private individuals, each intent on his own business. At midnight they were to meet at an appointed spot, and proceed rapidly, joined by their brethren, towards the gates of the prison. Armed from head to foot, they were to seize on the sentinel;—wrench from the gaoler the keys under penalty of his life; and, bursting into the prison, to rescue their chief from his terrific doom; and at the same time give freedom to the whole of the unhappy inmates of the place. By these they were to be supported in their retreat to one of the gates of the city, where a larger force was in readiness to give them support. Even had this wild and daring enterprise failed in the object

for which it was intended, it must, nevertheless, have excited the most serious alarm among the citizens, at the dead hour of night, sunk in slumber, and wholly unprepared for an invasion of the kind. They were spared the trial, by the act of a renegade to his honour and his band, who betrayed the plot to the government. Precautions were adopted; the unhappy prisoner was consigned, if possible, to still harder duress; he was prohibited the use of pen and paper, and condemned to the lowest felon's lot. The spirit of Fra Paolo was no longer proof against such a fatal reverse: he at first attempted to starve himself to death;—to beat his head against the walls of the prison;—but escape, even on these terms, was denied him; he was ordered to be chained down as a madman, and to be fed. He yet persevered—he succeeded in setting fire to his dungeon, but it was extinguished; and thenceforth, only iron utensils were placed within his reach. At length, the freedom which man and his own efforts denied him, age and wearied nature bestowed; exhausted by violent passion, by long suffering, and voluntary fast, Fra Paolo closed his strange misguided career—but not till he had reached the eighty-first year of his age. He had undergone three and thirty years of solitary confinement; and, doubtless, he died as he lived, a hater and despiser of princes, as he might well be—if not a contemner of all laws, whether human or divine. The crimes committed in his youth had been abandoned, if not deplored, and were fearfully expiated by long years of suffering and sorrow. The cause of his imprisonment was never made known; but, most probably, it consisted in the wounded pride or false alarm of the duke, who, having detected the imposition practised upon him, attempted rather to satiate his vengeance than to provide for his safety; inasmuch as, had his prisoner succeeded in escaping, he would, it is natural to suppose, have retaliated upon his ungenerous oppressor."

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND RELIGION.

THAT political economy should have been complained of as hostile to religion, will probably be regarded a century hence—should the fact be then on record—with the same wonder, almost approaching to incredulity, with which we of the present day hear of men sincerely opposing, on religious grounds, the Copernican system. But till the advocates of Christianity shall have become universally much better acquainted with the true character of their religion than universally they have ever yet been, we must always expect that every branch of study, every scientific theory, that is brought into notice, will be assailed on religious grounds by those who either have not studied the subject, or who are incompetent judges of it; or, again, who are addressing themselves to such persons as are so circumstanced, and wish to excite and to take advantage of the passions of the ignorant.—*Lectures delivered at Oxford, by Dr. Whaley Archbishop of Dublin.*

From Turner's Sacred History of the World.

THE PRINCIPLE OF LIFE.

NOTHING seems more clear to our perception, when we allow no previous theory or prepossession to obscure its discernment, than the fact already mentioned, that life is not the material frame which it animates. From our consciousness of ourselves, from our observation of others, and from the phenomena which the living principle exhibits in all the departments of nature we have examined, the grand physiological principle emerges to our view. I feel it most satisfactorily in myself; and the more strongly, as my body becomes weaker, more infirm, and inefficient, while my mind retains all its faculties, activities, and power of operation. What is thus true life, wherever we can adequately discriminate it, we may consider it to be so in each of its forms and abodes, where we can less investigate it; and, therefore, in plants, as well as in animals, and in these as well as in man. Life, I would, therefore, assume to be a principle in vegetation distinct from its material substance, and additional to it. But to live is to be. Life is being. Vegetables, from having it, are, therefore human beings; living in those peculiar configurations which distinguish their different classes.

But by a living being we usually mean, a living personality of some sort or other; that which feels, and thinks, and wills. Are vegetables living beings of this description?

All animals that feel have a nervous organization by which their sentiments occur to them. Plants have a medulla, or pith, which ramifies into their most important functions, and which seems to be essentially operative in their growth and vigour; but pith is not nervous matter. On this there can be no mistake; the eye and touch, as well as the chemist's decomposition, prove their dissimilarity. Pith, therefore, cannot be attended with the same effects to vegetables which their nerves occasion to the animal classes. It is thus manifest, at once, that plants cannot possess nervous sensitiveness.

The principle of life within human beings, and, apparently, in most animals, is attended with the feeling of pain or pleasure; with the perception of external objects; and with a power of associating, remembering, comparing, and judging of the sensations and ideas which occur. Were plants created to have such sensibilities, or have they acquired them since their primitive formation? The first president of the Linnæan Society, and chief founder of our botanical school, was inclined to allow them a sort of conscious sensitivity. Dr. Darwin, their elaborate poet and enthusiastic friend, went much farther, and gave them not only sensitivity and organs of sense, but also a passion of love, a common sensorium, dreams, ideas, and self-consciousness. The calmly-reasoning Dr. Hartley thought, that their sensations could not be disproved.

We may unhesitatingly answer, on this inquiry, that, as plants have not nervous sensitivity, they cannot have the animal feeling of pleasure and pain; and, as they have not the animal eye or ear, they cannot have his perception from what he sees and hears, and, therefore, not his ideas, nor any such intellectual materials as he has for his capacity to act upon. Whatever faculties they may have, they cannot have animal sensations, perceptions, ideas, images, or emotions.

Yet a living being may be a living personality without these. All these arise to the animal and to ourselves from our nervous organization, and principally from those of our eyes and ears. But, without either of these, the animal mind would be what it is, independent of these, and what it was before they accrued to it. So the vegetable mind, whatever it be, and whether its living principle deserves such a name as mind or not, must be what it is, though it has none of the ideas and sensations of the animal. It will subsist with its own original and essential qualities and properties, such as they are, and whatever they may be found ultimately to be.

But, to have a personality of mind and character, plants must have the faculties of self-consciousness, moral sensitivity, moral perception, and moral volition. They must feel that they exist; they must be sensible of a difference in actions, as to their rightness or wrongness; they must be able to discern which is either of these; and they must spontaneously direct their will, and that by their conduct, according to their feelings of judgment.

All moral beings must have sufficient liberty of agency on their moral perceptions and volitions, or they can do no moral actions, or exhibit a moral character; and they must be in a society of other beings who will be affected by their conduct, or occasion their moral principles to be in application and operation. Plants have not this freedom of action, nor this social state. Each is insulated from the other, without needing or giving any mutual assistance; neither acts on the other; and their living principle is in a fixed and rigid frame which it cannot move out of its rooted position. All its shoots and fibres are of the same character. It can fan the air with its leaves, but it is under the strictest confinement of material necessities, and can only be what it is, and live as it does; acting in its interior functions, and vasculatory, but passive and inactive as to every other being in nature, except as it exhales its fragrance, and presents its flowers and fruits to all that approach. The plants have no actions towards others to perform, no duties, and no social offices; have no moral choice to make, no moral knowledge to acquire, and no moral agency to exert. Plants, therefore, are not made or meant to be moral beings,

and cannot, from any of their qualities, attain or exhibit a moral character. Hence their principle of life has not this species of personality; they are not moral persons; nor can their living principle love, dream, feel, or think as animals do.

But may not plants have that personality which arises from self-consciousness, though without any other intellectuality, and without any communication of the perception to others? They are not more fixed in their localities than the oyster, not so denuded of vascular mechanism as the polype, nor more apparently insensate than the animal sponge. Can we grant to either of these a perspective consciousness of its own existence, and deny it to the vegetable?—Perhaps not. We can only say, that the sensitive consciousness of the plant, however analogous to the personal entity, must be very unlike in the sensation. It cannot be that nervous feeling, which, in animals, accompanies their nervous organization. It must be in the plant, if it exist at all; and, if any enjoyment follow from it, it must be of a kind peculiar to itself, and known only by itself; which no animal sensitivity resembles, and of which, therefore, we, from the want of an original sensation of it, can form no image or idea. That it has very active energy is evident from its power of forming the substance of its own body out of the unlike elements of nature.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE total amount of known British insects (according to the last census) is 10,012, which is nearly twice the number of ascertained birds, and more than ten times the number of ascertained quadrupeds throughout the whole world. Mammiferous animals, in general, that is to say, quadrupeds and whales, may be located over the earth's surface (approximate) as follows:—There are about 90 species in Europe; 112 in Africa; 30 in Madagascar and the Isle of France; 80 in Southern Asia and Ceylon; betwixt 50 and 60 in the islands of the Indian Archipelago; from 40 to 50 in Northern Asia; above 100 in North America; nearly 190 in South America; and 30 to 40 in New Holland and Van Dieman's Land. Thirty species of seal and cetace inhabit the northern seas; 14 the southern; and about 28 of these species occur in the intermediate latitudes. There are probably about 60 species which are chiefly aquatic, viz. the cetacea; 20 species, such as the seals and mooses, may be called amphibious, in as far as they come frequently on shore, although the saline waters of the ocean are their more familiar and accustomed homes; about 100 are able to support themselves in the air with bat-like wings; perhaps a dozen more can skim from a greater to a lesser height, as it were upon an inclined plane, by means of the extended fulness of their lateral skin; 15 may be said to be web-footed, and inhabit, for the most part, the waters of lakes and

rivers; nearly 200 dwell among trees; 60 are a subterranean people, and dwell in the crevices of rocks, or in the holes of the earth; about 120 ruminating and pachydermatous, and more than 150 of the carnivorous and gnawing tribes (glires) wander through the forest without any particular or permanent habitation, and are generally endowed with the power of rapid movement. In relation to their nourishment there are about 330 mammiferous animals of an herbivorous or frugivorous disposition; about 80 whose habits are omnivorous; 150 which are insectivorous, and 240 carnivorous degrees.

THE FRAIL FLOWER.

MEMORY goes back like a weeping mourner, and brings up from the unreturning tomb the precious forms that have long rested in its deep shadows. Sweetly the dead obey our commands, and come up at our bidding, and we see them beautiful as they once were, or pale and lifeless as last we saw their cold remains.

Sometime in the autumn of 18—, the writer, then a mere youth, was walking in one of the mountain towns of Vermont, with one of the most amiable youths of that section of country. His name was James Manning Hall, of an excellent family, and breathing, in the height of his worldly bliss, the balmy air of the twelfth year of his existence. We remember well the affectionate dignity of this generous and noble-minded little man.

The sun was going down with a lustrous splendour over the ridges of the Green Mountains as we separated. We shook hands, repeated the words *good night! good night!* an unusual number of times, and then stood looking after each other with smiles. We little thought that our separation was, as it regards this world, a final one.

The next morning, the beautiful, the benevolent, the sober-minded, and the intellectual James Manning Hall was an inanimate image of clay. He had thoughtlessly ascended the ladder of a cart-body which was leaning against the fence, and when he had nearly gained the top, it fell over upon him, and crushed his skull. His death was instant.

A whole community were in tears. My heart was broken. Long years of sorrow and the rush of a thousand stirring events through my bosom have not effaced his dear image from my memory. I can still see the smile of his last *good night!*

WHEN I see leaves drop from trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the cups of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance; but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy who hath no need of his friends.

THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

The Words by Lord Byron—the Music by George B. Cogdell,

OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

ANDANTE.





II.

And the midnight moon is weaving,
 Her bright chain o'er the deep;
 And its breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's sleep.
 So the spirit bows before thee,
 To listen and adore thee!
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of summer's ocean.

LA NAPOLITAINE.

Oz, Napolitaine! does the gondola glide
 In thy bright sunny land, o'er the blue summer-tide?
 Does it fling the white foam in defiance around,
 Does it break the stream's slumber, and wake the low sound,
 That will rise from the waters, and float like a tune
 'Neath the stars of thy heaven, and the light of thy moon?
 O'er thy river of gold, doth it bound in its pride,
 Fit home for a lover—fit bark for a bride?
 Tilt the oars play no longer—the anchor is cast
 In the bed where it seeketh its true rest at last?
 Some say it resembles a young flying dove,
 Or a white summer-cloud that is floating above—
 Or a bird on the wing—or a swan on the stream—
 Or the light fairy forms of a beautiful dream—
 Or the dolphin that glideth along the calm sea—
 But, Napolitaine! I compare it to thee!
 They say it is musical—surely the fall
 Of thy foot 'mid the stillness that hushes the hall,
 And the echo it wakes, is more musical still
 Than the dash of the oar or the tune of the rill!
 They say, little fairy! they say it is light,
 But have we not gazed on thy dancing to-night?
 The rose on thy young cheek, the laugh on thy face,
 Thy figure, that moves like a spirit of grace;
 And do they not tell us, no bark of the sea
 Boundeth on to its haven more lightly than thee?
 And, lastly, they say, that its anchor is cast
 Where the gondola seeketh its true rest at last.
 And hast thou no anchor of joy too, sweet maid!
 To cling to when brighter and fairer things fade?
 Have they smoothed thee no pillow, as soft as a dear,
 When thy dancing is past, and thou leavest us here?
 Oh, yes! thou shalt flee on the wings of a dove,
 And find in thy bright home a haven of love;
 And thy pillow of beauty—thy harbour of rest—
 Shall be what thou seekest—a young lover's breast!

THE EARLY DEAD.

He rests—but not the rest of sleep
 Weighs down his sunken eyes,
 The rigid slumber is too deep,
 The calm too breathless lives;
 Shrunken are the wandering veins that streak
 The fixed and marble brow,
 There is no life-flush on the cheek—
 Death! Death! I know thee now.

Pale King of Terrors, thou art here
 In all thy dark array;
 But 'tis the *living* weep and fear
 Beneath thine iron away:—
 Bring flowers and crown the Early Dead,
 Their hour of bondage past;
 But woe, for those who mourn and dread,
 And linger till the last.

Spring hath its music and its bloom,
 And morn its glorious light,
 But still a shadow from the tomb,
 A sadness and a blight
 Are ever on earth's loveliest things—
 The breath of change is there,
 And Death his dusky banner flings
 O'er all that's loved and fair.

So let it be—for ne'er on earth
 Should man his home prepare;
 The spirit feels its heavenly birth
 And spurns at mortal care.
 Even when young Worth and Genius die
 Let no vain tears be shed,
 But bring bright wreaths of victory,
 And crown the Early Dead.

THE SMUGGLER'S ESCAPE.

The sky grew dark, the dim moon waned,
The sea rose with the blast;
The canvas broad the cutter strained,
Loud creaked the quivering mast.
A flint-lock flashed along the gale,
It roused the watch on shore:—
The rovers furled their gleaming sail,
And piled the muffled oar—

A rock beneath, stood the Rover Chief,
Away from his ocean band;
That signal shot soon brought relief,
For the boat was ably mann'd.
A beacon light blazed o'er the dark,
From the cliffs the guards emerge;
The smuggler saw his own wild bark,
Like a sea-bird on the surge.

Within the deadly carbine's reach,
The long black boat lay to—
Then bounding down the dusky beach
Rush'd the leader of the crew;
He sprang—he almost touched the wave,
When a foeman crossed the sand,
The crew strained every nerve to save—
They were struggling hand to hand.

The coast guard hurried on either side
When blood from the heart was spilt;
The smuggler sprang knee-deep in the tide,
With his sabre stained to the hilt;
Shots poured around—slugs plashed the foam
As the seaboard dashed afar:
Three cheers for the reckless hearts that roam
The deep by the midnight star.

A SYBILLINE LEAF.

Thou askest thy Fate? No astrologer I,
To read what they tell us is writ in the sky—
Yet thy fortune, sweet Ella, I know I can trace
While the lore of the heavens I read in thy face.

"Bright—bright as the splendour of tropical skies,
"Or the soul that beams out from those love-lighting eyes,
"Will sparkle the stream of thy life's happy hours,
"Like a brook which sings through one long summer of flowers."

This, this I know,
But still there's something darkly hid,
At times beneath that pensive lid,
That says 'twill not be so;
Yet, lovely girl, do not reverse;
As truth, these idle bodings here.
"Rashly, rashly, wilt thou give
"That young heart away,
"Sadly, sadly, wilt thou live,
"Through each weary day.
"Watching wilted hopes to bloom,
"That never will;
"Disbelieving half thy cruel doom,
"Still, oh still,
"Thou wilt love as woman loves.
"Fondly and true,
"Blindly as woman trusts,
"Wilt thou trust too.
"Thou wilt be loved as men love
"Lightly alone—
"Thy joys be shared by others,
"Thy griefs be all thine own."

FASHIONABLE TACTICS.

THE CRUSADE OF THE SPONGES.

"Town is growing lamentably thin, my love," cried Lady Sponge to Sir Simon, as they lounged together, yesterday morning, over their scanty breakfast-table. "One may count the hammer-cloths in the park. Nothing left, in fact, but a little knot of the superfine, who have nothing to say to us, and a horde of nobodies, without an establishment, to whom we have nothing to say."

"Perhaps you had better find something. All our dinner-giving friends are gone:—it is convenient enough to have a few acquaintances on whom one can drop in to tea. I am told Lady Lad gives little supper parties, after cards. Call upon her this morning, and see what is to be done." "I have never been near her the whole season: and she is as touchy as a Turk! Really, my dear, I have no face to go!"—"Pho-pho!—with your face you may do anything. But I see how it is. You want to be moving;—you want to go to one of those confounded ruinous watering places; though you know I have not had a shilling of rent from my Norfolk estates these two years past." "Hush!—hush!—Do you take me for one of your creditors, that you put me off with that favourite romance of real life?"

"Lady Sponge!"

"My dear Sir Simon, let us understand each

other. We shall find the expense of remaining in town enormous, now that every body is gone;—no one is left to drive with;—no one is left to dine with;—people are shabby enough to send all their private boxes to market at Eber's when they go away; and, next Sunday I shall actually be obliged to give a shilling for my seat in church!—This will never do!—The only question is where our friends muster strongest; that we may put ourselves in the way of enjoying a little agreeable society;—(and getting rid of each other.)"

"You talked of going into Northamptonshire, to your cousins, the Squanders?—Excellent quarters for the autumn!—best venison in England;—fresh Providence pines for tiffin, dinner and supper;—saddle horses for twenty friends;—and as many carriages as the Baker street bazaar!"

"Very true!—but the Squanders are such foolish, pleasure-hunting people!—Depend on it they will be off to some music meeting, or Doncaster races, before we have lived out the amount of our post-horses at Squander Park. No! if we are to take to the country-visit system, let us begin with some respectable stationary family. The Crumpes, for instance!—Lord Crumpe never stirs out of his easy chair; and Lady C.

will consider it a favour on my part to stay at the Hall and nurse him, while *she* takes the girls to Tunbridge or Ramsgate. Crumpe hill is only two-and-thirty miles;—no sleeping on the road;—only 3*l.* 4*s.* post-horses, (and the first two stages on the Dover road, you know, posting is reduced—so we may say *fifty* shillings.) William and Faddlefield will go with us;—and half-a-guinea a-week to old Cullender for board wages and taking care of the house, will get us on for the next six weeks, for less than six guineas!—*I am decidedly for going to the Crumpes.*"

"Remember, I am obliged to play at back-gammon with the old fellow, and seldom lose less than three guineas a week."

"That is a consideration. What do you think of trying the western road? We might begin with a week at the Fledgelings at Berkhamstead."

"I hate the Fledgelings!—They make the plea of 'cottage fare,' an excuse for giving one stale fish and Wright's champagne."

"And clean linen at the rate of two towels per week! Well!—we can pass on direct to the Somersfields, in Wiltshire. There are four families in that neighbourhood who have invited us; and both the Somersfields and Walkers send us on a stage with their own horses. I really think, on the Western road, we might make our way very well till Christmas; and then, you know, your uncle will be at Bath, keeping open house."

"To say the truth, I gave a little hint to Lady Somersfield at the last Almack's; talked to her about her hospitable mansion; the woodcock shooting on Somersfield Moor, and a *puree d'anchois*, for which her cook was celebrated when we were last in Wiltshire."

"Well?"

"The woman turned her full moon of a face upon me, evidently with an attempt to look facetious, and told me, in the driest possible way, that the cholera had broke out in her neighbourhood, and that she could not find it in her conscience to admit visitors at Somersfield for six months to come!"

"Impertinent woman!—when I know that all the Bartons are going there for the Archery Meeting."

"After all, the winter in Bath would have been a bad look out. My uncle's whist is much too high for my finances."

"Very true!—And I could not have worn out my old London finery. At Bath or Brighton, one is obliged to mount a regular winter toilet; furs and velvet, and all that sort of thing."

"Upon my life, I think we had better stay in town. The Carmichaels are going to Paris; perhaps they would lend us their villa at Fulham?—You know they keep up a regular establishment there, for the daughter, who has been on an inclined plane for the last fifteen years."

"If I were to say a word on the subject, I don't see how Mrs. Carmichael could refuse. I have saved her a fortune in milliners' bills this spring, by making up all her old faded tissue scarfs into turbans; and you know how we used

to have that horrid boy Dick of her's home to dinner of a Sunday from Dr. Everard's, last winter, at Brighton."

"'Love me, love my school-boy!' used to be Mrs. C.'s motto. 'Love me, lend me your villa,' shall be ours."

"Remember, we shall be terribly fleeced in fees to the servants! It is always the custom in those vulgar Nabob families."

"True, my dear! By the way, I have a little scheme which, perhaps, might turn out agreeable for both of us. Lord Aiguillette has invited me to go with him to these Prussian reviews."

"Prussian reviews!—Why, the journey would cost you a fortune!"

"Not a *kreuzer*. As Scott says, 'where M'Callumore travels, he pays all.' Aiguillette, like Lord Hertford on a pic-nic party, finds every thing; and I, in return, am to find him in German, of which he does not know a syllable."

"Umph!—You are to go then as courier, and save him the trouble of swearing at the post-boys?—A very creditable mode of paying your expenses."

"As creditable as tickling up turbans for Mrs. Carmichael! And while I am gone, (we shall be away a month,) you, my love, can pay a little quiet domestic visit to your mother and sisters at Hornsey."

"At Hornsey!—when you know I have seen nothing of them for the last year."

"But you could write them a civil reconciliation letter."

"Could I?—I am sure I will do no such thing. No, my love! if you go to Prussia, I will not encounter all the anxieties of your absence at a dull, uninteresting place, like my mother's citizen box. I will pass the time at Cheltenham; the waters will be of service to me, and—"

"Pray how do you imagine I am to stand the expense of such an expedition?—All our economy of the season would be thrown away in one week at the Plough!"

"My dear Sir Simon! What a notion you seem to have of my principles! Can you for a moment suppose that I thought of going there at our own expense?—No, no! I hope I know better. The old Dowager, Lady Trembleton, sets off at the end of the week. She would be delighted to have me; and I know her only scruple about inviting us both was, her dread of *your* claret. I will speak to her directly. We shall have a charming autumn, without the expense of a five-pound note. You shall write to me once a week by the Brussels bag, and give me all the news of the camp; and I will dispatch you the Cheltenham scandal in return. Exchange no robbery!"

"An excellent plan!"

OLD age seizes upon a great and worshipful sinner, like fire upon a rotten house; it was rotten before, and must have fallen of itself; so it is no more but one ruin preventing another.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is none so bad to do the twentieth part of the evil he might, nor any so good as to do the tenth part of the good it is in his power to do. Judge of yourself by the good you might do and neglect—and of others by the evil they might do and omit—and your judgment will be poised between too much indulgence for yourself, and too much severity on others.

A merchant who always tells truth, and a genius who never lies, are synonymous to a saint.

"Thus, as now you see it,
You pile hath stood, in all its stony strength,
Through centuries forgotten. Ruinous Time,
The outrageous thunder, and all wasting storms
Have striven to drag it down: yet, still it stands
Enduring, like a truth, from age to age."

Friendship stands in need of all help, care, confidence and complaisance; if not supplied with these, it expires.

Virtue has this happiness, that she can subsist of herself, and knows how to exist without admirers, partisans and protectors; want of assistance and approbation does not only not affect her, but preserves, purifies, and renders her more perfect.

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but love still more so.

Ordinary people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog, who wags his tail, and licks the hand, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

Playing cards were first invented in France as an amusement for Charles VI.

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our councils, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.

The portable quality of good humour seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no moments lost: but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads (when it is a load) that of time, is never felt by us.

To be angry is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

The good parishioner accuses not his minister of spite in particularizing him. It does not follow that the archer aimed, because the arrow

hit. But foolish hearers make even the bells of Aaron's garments "to clink as they think."—And a guilty conscience is like a whirlpool drawing all in to itself, which would otherwise pass by.

We cannot be too jealous, we cannot suspect ourselves too much to labour under the disease of pride, which cleaves the closer to us by our belief or confidence that we are quite without it.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

He lives long that lives well; and time mispent is not lived, but lost. Besides God is better than his promise, if he takes away from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a better value.

He who loves to such a degree as to wish he were able to love a thousand times more than he does, yields in love to none but to him who loves more than he wishes for.

There is some pleasure in meeting the eye of a person whom we have lately obliged.

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.

Let the passion for flattery be ever so inordinate, the supply can keep pace with the demand, and in the world's great market, in which wit and folly drive their bargains with each other, there are traders of all sorts.

He must be very indifferently employed, who would take upon himself to answer nonsense in form; to ridicule what is of itself a jest; and put it upon the world to read a second book for the sake of the impertinences of a former.

Carving in marble was invented in 772, before Christ.

"A lady should not scorn
One soul that loves her, howe'er lowly it be.
Love is an offering of the whole heart, madam,
A sacrifice of all that poor life hath;
And he who gives his all, whate'er it be,
Gives greatly, and deserveth no one's scorn."

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity were he a rich man.

There may be a friendship existing between persons of different sexes; yet a woman always looks upon a man as a man; and so will a man look upon a woman as a woman. This engagement is neither passion nor pure friendship: it is of another kind



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THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1886.

THE VENETIAN ARTIST, OR THE PORTRAIT OF DONNA CHIARA.

It was a rich, warm, splendid Italian evening, when the young artist, Leonzio Giordano left his palettes and pencils, after a whole day spent in the service of his art, and threw open the window of his atelier, to luxuriate in the fresh breeze. As it played over his heated temples, and lifted the curls of his hair, what beautiful imaginings did it not bring to the young painter's heart! As he looked out over the calm Adriatic, mingled with the sunset sky, in one broad rich crimson tint, and its thousand sails, and gondolas floating about, and listened to the distant fitful sound of the gondoliers' wild songs, accompanied with the plashing of their oars at intervals, and then turned to survey the magnificent buildings, and towering cupolas of Venice—he felt that he was happy, he felt that *he lived*. There were, indeed, few in Venice's most lordly palaces who had a happier life than the poor artist, Leonzio Giordano.

It has been said, that he approaches the nearest to perfect happiness, who has the fewest desires to gratify. This was not the case with Leonzio; his was not that dull, grovelling happiness, whose pleasure consists only in the absence of pain. His ambition and his desires were few; but they absorbed and engrossed his whole being, and things that to others would have appeared of little or no importance, were to him sources of the most exquisite pain or pleasure. He was enthusiastic in the pursuit of his art, and hitherto, that pursuit had brought him nothing but success and pleasure. He lived a life of constant hope, and hope seldom disappointed; for, with that noble timidity which so often accompanies genius, his hopes never went so far as the reality—his anticipations never equalled the success he obtained. Besides this, the means themselves, and not the end, were a source of happiness to him; he loved the art for its own sake, and not for the applause of men. The intensity of his genius was, as it were, a compaction to him, another soul in itself: he looked not upon its vivid perceptions, and the delight they afforded him, with pride and vanity; but it seemed to him a gift, a thing distinct from himself. He wanted not a beautiful prospect, or a fine face, to enjoy the beauties of nature and form: in his own study he had collected what were to him an inexhaustible field of delightful contemplation. There was "the statue that enchants the world." The Laocoon—the dying Gladiator—the Apollo—the Vesta—an assemblage, in short, of most of the *chef-d'œuvres* of sculpture and painting, in copies

that emulated the originals in correctness. With these he lived and communed, and taste, that sixth sense of refinement, taught him to enjoy and appreciate them. Yet, even had these been wanting, the eye of the enthusiastic artist could find elsewhere enough to delight it. He sought everywhere for the *poetry of form*, and could look sometimes with a delight scarcely comprehensible to any but an artist, on the peculiar folds in the drapery of the crimson curtain that shadowed his window as the light fell on it, in a picturesque manner.

With so many more sources of enjoyment than the rest of mankind, with one absorbing and beloved pursuit—a pursuit in which all the powers, genius, wishes, and happiness of his mind were concentrated, and that pursuit crowned with success—who could be happier than the young Leonzio? So he thought, and so he dreamed in his overflowing heart, as he leaned over his easement to catch that evening the Adriatic breeze. He was interrupted from his flood of reveries by the opening of the door, and a footstep advancing through his gallery. He thought it was his servant Giannetto, and, without withdrawing his head from the window, desired him to go, in a tone of impatience different from his usual kindness. He felt an indescribable chill come over his heart and imagination, to be thus rudely aroused from one of his loveliest dreams. It was like the presentiment of evil, of such an interruption to the happy tranquillity of his life. The steps still advanced, and he turned round at length; it was not Giannetto, but a stranger, who stood before him, and broke the silence, at last, by saying: "I presume I am speaking to Messer Leonzio Giordano, with whose works every one is better acquainted than with himself. Pardon this intrusion, but I knocked several times at the door of your gallery, and at last ventured to come in."

Leonzio bowed slightly, and seemed to wait for a farther explanation. The stranger was enveloped in an ample cloak, and though his figure was concealed, what could be seen of his features, by the dim light of evening, showed him to be young, handsome, and distinguished. He walked several times before the pictures in the gallery, as if he were examining them, though it was too dark to distinguish the colours.

"I wish," said he at length to the artist, "to possess some works of your's; one that you consider your *chef-d'œuvre*."

"You do me honour, signôr; it is not I that

can judge; you should choose one yourself, in a more favourable light; but I have few works that are finished."

"Never mind," said the stranger, send it me or finish it when you will; I shall depend upon your choice, and allow me to give you this payment in advance:" and in thus saying, he presented a purse full of sequins to the astonished artist, who, putting it back hastily, replied:

"It is impossible, signor, to judge of the merit or the price of a work, until it is completed. I cannot accept of this kind of payment; return here to-morrow in the daylight, and then, if there be any one of my works worthy your notice, you can choose."

The stranger smiled haughtily, and regarded Leonzio with a penetrating and sarcastic glance. "This is not the way of the world, Messer Leonzio," said he; "but you will learn to know it better. I shall not be here to-morrow; and now hear what I would have done, and tell me, without torturing me with suspense, tell me if it be in the power of your heart to compass it. There is something in your countenance, (even in this dim twilight I can see it,) that tells me you will not abuse the confidence I am going to repose in you, a perfect stranger to me."

He paused a moment, then continued with an affected carelessness:

"You excel in portraits, I think; how I wish you had arrived at the art of painting from description! but that is impossible; the nearest to it is from memory. Do you think you could paint a portrait, an exact resemblance, without a regular sitting, only from seeing the person once and by stealth."

The romance of Leonzio's disposition caught fire at the singularity of this proposal.

"It would depend," said he, "greatly on the person, and the opportunities I might have for observation. I have never made the experiment, but if the features were sufficiently striking to fix themselves in my memory, I think I could undertake it."

"My dear Messer Leonzio," rejoined the stranger, "you will make me the happiest of men; I hardly dared to believe the thing possible; but you must see her for a moment, and there is no fear of your ever forgetting her. The lady whose portrait I would have is more beautiful than the hand of a painter has ever portrayed, or the mind of a poet ever imagined. Graceful and enchanting as a nymph, she is severe and modest as a vestal. Her eyes—no, it is impossible to look on those eyes and expect to paint them on an inanimate canvas."

"But how, signor," said the artist, "how and when am I to see this peerless beauty?"

"That is the misfortune," returned the stranger. "I can devise no means for you to see her; she goes very seldom from home, and has an uncle more vigilant and jealous over her than Cerberus himself. I can scarcely myself get a sight of her, and much less introduce another. We must think of it; in the mean time you have conferred an inexpressible obligation on me by

undertaking what I require; I hope we shall be friends, and see more of each other; my name I cannot now disclose to you, only remember, I may be a powerful friend and a most dangerous enemy."

With these words he left the apartment, leaving Leonzio with his mind strangely troubled and perplexed at the singularity of the adventure. He heard no more of his mysterious visitor for several days, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, when, looking over a small table he had not touched since the evening of the visit, he saw something glitter, which, on examining, proved to be a diamond ring of great magnificence. He thought it must have been dropped accidentally by the stranger, but there was not the least clue by which to discover, or return it to the owner; he did not even know any name by which to inquire for him. As he was that day employed at his easel, the mysterious visitant again stole into his gallery, and came up to him with the air of a man who confers a favour by being familiar.

"Well, Messer Leonzio," said he, "I am sorry to say, I come not with better success than when I was here before. So far from being able to give you any farther account of the lady, I have lost her entirely. Yes," said he, clenching his hands, and speaking inwardly, "she is gone from me now; but if the world holds her, I shall find her—she shall be mine, her portrait and herself."

"How!" said the artist, "is the lady gone, say you, and is there no trace of her flight?"

"No more than there is of the arrow that cuts the air, or the gondola that skims the water. But I shall find her, I shall not sleep till I find her."

Leonzio restored the ring to its owner, but he forced it back on the artist, with the air of one not accustomed to be denied.

"What," said he, "you refuse this slight token of my friendship! you know not whom it is you thus risk to offend, or of what use my protection may be to you hereafter. But go on with your work, and permit me to remain by you, and to examine some of your performances."

"No," said Leonzio, "I cannot rest thus in ignorance; take back your ring, I entreat you, noble stranger; I would serve you to the utmost of my power, but not for any other reward than your friendship. If I must have a remembrance, give me that little signet ring on your finger, and take back this."

"Then let it be so, if you will," said the stranger, putting it on his finger: "but do not use it as a signet; it might occasion mistakes. But let me talk of the portrait. If I find the lady of my love, there will still exist the same difficulty for a sitting; you must steal her portrait; and even were there not that difficulty," he added, looking at the young painter with a scrutiny that made him blush, "I would rather you should look on her without being seen yourself."

And Leonzio Giordano was a youth who might well have awakened jealousy in the bosom of a lover, with less cause of distrust than the one

before him. His countenance was one of singular beauty, and his form, though rather too thin and tall for perfect symmetry, was moulded with the grace of an Apollo. His forehead high, clear, and thoughtful, was shaded by a profusion of dark curls; his eye dark, bright and beaming, seemed the very home of genius and feeling; and if there was too much of pride in the curl of his lip, it vanished all before the peculiar sweetness of his smile. There was a fascination too in his manner, that was irresistibly attractive: he spoke little, for the solitariness of his life and occupation had given him a habit of abstraction and reverie; but when any thing interested him, the natural eloquence of his genius broke forth from his lips like inspiration.

The mysterious stranger seemed to feel forcibly the charm of his presence. He often and often came to the atelier of young Leonzio, and their intimacy and the pleasure they took in each other's society, increased with every visit. The stranger spoke as one who had been accustomed to be listened to and applauded; but, as if convinced by the pure force of nature, he listened with admiration and delight to the young artist's original turns of thought and natural eloquence. His own constant theme was the praise of his lady "*Mia donna*," for never in a moment of forgetfulness did he disclose her name or his own, or could Leonzio ever discover whether the passion he expressed for her was returned. The cavalier, for it was only thus Leonzio distinguished him, expressed the warmest friendship for the young artist. He purchased, or, as he said, caused to be purchased among his friends, as many of his paintings as he could finish, and his fortunes prospered rapidly under so powerful a patronage.

Beautiful Rome! Eternal city! the tomb of ancient beauty, yet beautiful in the splendour of thy decay! who can wander through thy deserted temples and ruined palaces, nor feel his mind elevated with thoughts of the magnificent works of men, and at the same time depressed by their instability! Yet even their duration is an eternity compared to the lives of those who reared them, or whose minds first conceived their beauty; and that duration will be infinitely less, oh, how infinitely less! than those short lives, compared with the *real* eternity. Many reflections such as these came crowding on the mind of the young Leonzio Giordano, as he found himself within the gates of Rome. He had occupied himself in studying from the works of the old masters, and a feeling of depression at his own littleness in comparison to them, for a while damped his ardour. He had more satisfaction in studying from living models, where he seemed to create the picture, than from works, whose excellence consisted in their conception. To copy from nature is invention, because it is impossible ever to imitate her entirely, and the nearer we approach to her, the more elevated we are: to copy even from the noblest works of man is still humiliating. Leonzio was painting a portrait of a certain Signor Degli Orsini, an old

gentleman, whose chief characteristic expression was, that he was a gentleman of the old school, and had an air of faded nobility and a certain sternness of eye and lip that were valuable, in point of character, to an artist. One morning Leonzio went rather earlier than usual to the house of the old count, which was in one of the suburbs of Rome. On entering the apartment, he found, not Orsini, but a lady who appeared to be attentively examining the picture as he had left it. Her back was towards him, and he had walked close up to her without her perceiving him. At length she turned round, and a face and form of such surpassing loveliness met his view, that he thought then, for the first time, he knew what beauty was. She blushed, and looked confused, and seemed scarcely to know whether to retreat or to remain—it was only for a moment, for, with the ease and perfect freedom from affectation so natural to the women of Italy, she recovered herself, and after some words of praise and admiration on the work before her, she added, "I shall begin to think my uncle handsome, he is so like this, and this is so fine a picture."

The young artist had never been so confused at the sound of his own praises. The uncle, however, was not long in making his appearance, and, with a frown of most portentous import, signed to the young lady to quit the room. She retired, and the frown had not left the features of the old man when he placed himself for the portrait. The artist, too, was thoughtful and absent, and had this day no light converse to call forth a smile. At last he threw down his pencil and said,

"I wish, signor, you would smile."

"That is not in my power," returned the old man; "I have little to make me smile, and many things I could weep at. Cannot you talk and amuse me?"

This was as ineffectual a request as the desiring the count to smile.

"If you had any friend, signor, whose company would entertain you, it would be of inestimable value to your portrait."

Degli Orsini thought awhile, and then said:

"You saw that young lady who was in the room when you came?"

"I did see her."

"I am sorry for it; but since it is done, there can be no recalling the sight of the eyes. Listen to me, young man; it is of the utmost, the most vital importance that you never mention to living souls that you have seen such a person, or where. If you promise me this, and I depend on your secrecy, it is of little consequence that you have chanced to see her. There can be no danger, if you are discreet."

Alas! the real danger, which was to the young painter's heart, was what the old gentleman least thought of. From that time, however, the beautiful Chiara Del Castelli was constantly in the room during her uncle's sittings; she talked to him, she laughed, she sang, she related stories—the painter had no longer to complain of want

of amusement or animation in the subject, though it must be confessed the picture was far from advancing more rapidly; on the contrary, like Penelope's robe, the artist seemed one day to undo what he had finished on the former. He could not please himself, and there was always something to be retouched at another sitting, and Donna Chiara had always some fault to find, something that required altering. Never had Leonzio been so long about any of his works, he whose rapidity of execution was one of the chief characteristics of his genius, and, what is more strange, never had he had so little wish to finish a picture.

It was for Donna Chiara this picture was destined, as a present, when (as he gathered from the discourse of the uncle and niece) she left the world for the seclusion of a convent. The hours Leonzio passed in the society of Count Degli Orsini and his beautiful niece, were delightful indeed! They ever discoursed on a variety of subjects, and each subject reflected the talent, grace, and information of the fascinating Chiara. At last, however, the picture must be finished: Leonzio had no longer an excuse for his visits. There was one more chance for him, and that he resolved to try; and, in making a request which from any other, would have been more to confer a favour than receive one, the young artist seemed as if he were going to receive a sentence of life or death. His request was, that, in return for the delightful hours he had spent in their society, Donna Chiara would allow him to take her portrait, that she might present it to her uncle in return for his. Chiara blushed, and looked towards her uncle. "Should you not like to have my resemblance when I shall be away from the world, in my silent cell at the convent, dear uncle? When you see me with my hair short, and in the coarse dress of a nun, and my skin yellow and faded with confinement and fasting, will you not like to have a memento of what Chiara once was?"

"Alas! Chiara mia, I must hide it from all eyes as carefully as I do the original; but if you wish it, and Messer Leonzio will undertake the task, it will be a gift of inestimable value to me."

The vivacity of young Leonzio's thanks might have awakened the count's suspicions, had he been of a suspecting nature, but this was not his failing; and, though he was always in the apartment while Donna Chiara sat for her portrait, the fire that glanced in the young painter's eye as he gazed on his beautiful model, and the conscious blush of the maiden as she met that ardent gaze, he attributed to natural modesty in the one, and enthusiasm for his art in the other. He saw not that the lady had turned from his gaze sometimes in a different attitude from that of his picture; he saw not how often the artist had thrown down his pencils; and how useless they were in his trembling fingers, and how he gazed on her without thinking of his canvas; he heard not the low deep sigh that burst from his bosom as he resumed them; he heard not the still fainter echo of that sigh that escaped sometimes

from Donna Chiara. All this time, if the portrait advanced still more slowly than the former one, it was multiplied a thousand times by the artist, and with more success, from memory. Every imagination of Leonzio was become a repetition of Chiara's features. Now he portrayed her with her beautiful dark ringlets smoothed on her forehead, and her eyes of light cast down like a meek Madonna. Now they sparkled and beamed and glowed on the living canvas as a Venus or an Armida. But the one in which he had caught the most perfect resemblance was as a nymph of Diana: there was an exultation of youth, beauty, and purity, and a glow of life about this picture, which cast an undefined charm around it; the artist had introduced a figure in the background of a satyr, to whose features he had involuntarily given a resemblance of his mysterious visitor and friend, the Venetian Cavalier.

In the mean time, if Leonzio had been happy in his pursuits before, he felt at that moment he had never lived till now. All which he had before made the end of his efforts and his ambition, seemed now scarce worth the wishing for. His genius, his hopes, his wishes, his happiness, all were absorbed in one object. Who does not know that words are but the *least* required in Love's communion?—who does not know how much may be asked and given, and said, and promised, before the lips have uttered one word or vow? So it was with Leonzio and Chiara: always in the presence of the count, they conversed with freedom and open-heartedness on all subjects, and thus learned to be intimate with each other's thoughts; and yet the only theme on which they did not speak was precisely the one in which each felt the deepest skilled in the other's feelings. No vow, no word of love, had passed their lips, yet each felt convinced of the other's affection. There was a sort of mute intelligence established between them. If Leonzio related a story or repeated verses that expressed his own feelings, Chiara's blush and glance told that she understood it. If she might be accused of giving her heart, or at least of letting it be seen that she had given it too easily, let it be remembered, that, having been intended from her infancy for the cloister, she had seen very little of the world, and was entirely without coquetry. Sincerity with her was a virtue, not only of disposition but of conscience, and in proportion to the purity of her feelings was her indulgence of them. She reproached herself for the deception she almost involuntarily practised towards her uncle as a crime; but when on the point of confiding to him her feelings, she was always stopped by the timidity of her nature, and the fear that such a confidence might put an end to the happiness she was enjoying in the society of Leonzio. So they went on loving and being beloved, neither hoping nor fearing, neither dwelling on the past, nor looking to the future: to them there was no past, no future—there was nothing but the present; their life was, indeed, "*chiusa in cose brece spaja*."—Oh, if any part

of their lives deserved to be called happy, it was then!

"A thousand and a thousand thanks, Leonzio mio, my faithful and active friend! you have done more for me than I could have hoped or expected. To repay you one millionth part of the debt I owe you is impossible. I can forgive your resemblance of me as the satyr—it is enough that you have put us in the same canvas. I have taken what you no doubt destined for me, and shall remain eternally your friend.

"IL CAVALIERE."

This was the note Leonzio found on his table one evening on his return from the count's. His wood nymph had disappeared, and in its place remained a packet containing the above letter and two thousand sequins. He had almost forgotten his mysterious friend, but he had been there! What was he to think of the manner of his visit? Giannetto told him, that the cavalier had asked for him; and when he took away the picture and left the packet in its stead, of course he concluded his master knew of the exchange. Part of the truth flashed across his mind at once, but it was still enveloped in impenetrable mystery. The lady whose charms had been so often the theme of the cavalier's discourse, could be no other than Donna Chiara; and on seeing the picture he must have concluded it his own property. But why this mystery? And Chiara, perfidious Chiara—she who that very morning had permitted a hope, a rapturous hope, to enter his breast, that if there was any thing in the world she would regret leaving, it would be himself—why did she in cruelty permit that hope? When, in the forgetfulness of his passion he had dared to ask her, if, in the holy meditations of her monastic life, she would sometimes allow a thought to stray towards one who, in losing her, would lose more than a world, more than heaven itself! what meant those tears that gushed from her eyes as her only answer, which she vainly strove to hide with her delicate hand? And why did she not withdraw that hand when the young Leonzio, who had thrown himself at her feet, kissed away the tears that fell upon it, and held it to his heart, his lips, and to his brow with such passionate fondness? All this passed in a moment—for it was only a moment by chance the uncle had left them alone—but it was one of those moments which are an eternity to lovers; and yet, when they are past, seem still less than a moment. In that instant he knew, or at least, he thought, that he was beloved by Chiara. Oh! exquisite, rapturous thought! with what a buoyant step and happy eye he returned home that day! and to what a depth of despair he fell at the disappointment that awaited him! Who was this cavalier, so magnificent in his wealth and power, yet so mysterious in his actions? He exhausted himself with a thousand wild conjectures; but still the end of them all was, that Chiara's heart was not for him—that she had deceived him; yet what had she said to deceive him? Nothing—and yet every thing. He dashed to the ground and trampled under foot the purse

of gold the cavalier had left. "Deceived too in him, who, in spite of his mystery, I thought my friend! Base, sordid mind, to think to repay me with gold for what is dearer to me than a thousand worlds! He shall return it. I will seek him through the world till I find my Chiara's image. That, at least, will not betray me—that shall be my consolation—that shall still smile on me. Alas! what do I say? it smiles on him now as she does."

There was no more peace for the young Leonzio; he passed the night in feverish agitation, and the morning brought no repose to his troubled spirit! He determined to leave nothing undone to find out the retreat of the mysterious cavalier, and cause him to restore the picture; but in what way to discover that retreat he was totally at a loss. The cavalier had arrived in a plain carriage; and when he returned, Giannetto thought not of tracing it. Perhaps he would come again, but to await that was intolerable. He must pursue him; and where would he be more likely to meet or hear of him than at the count's? Chiara must have known of his arrival even if it were possible he had not yet discovered the place of her abode. He remembered now, with an additional pang of self-accusation for his carelessness, that he had left a card with Count Degli Orsini's name and place of abode on his table, which, together with the picture, was gone when he returned. He might thus have unwittingly furnished a clue to the discovery of Chiara, if, as he hardly dared to hope, the pursuit of the cavalier were unwelcome to her. He then hastened towards the suburb where the Count Degli Orsini dwelt, his heart swelling with various feelings, now of involuntary tenderness towards Chiara, all deceitful as he thought her, and now of indignation towards his friend; then again feelings more of sorrow than of anger came over him. What could he reproach them with? the cavalier for loving Chiara, when he felt in his own heart it was impossible to see and not love her. And Chiara, if she had been unfaithful, was it not rather the cavalier who had most right to complain? Still he must see Chiara; he must hear the explanation of these mysteries from her own lips. He hastened to Count Degli Orsini, with a feeling of desperation that made him look forward to his arriving there as the end of his intolerable suspense; he should then know his fate. How his heart beat as he turned down the unfrequented court-yard of the house; he knocked at the door impatiently, but no one came for a length of time; he knocked again, and at last pushed open the door; finding it unfastened, he went up to the room in which he usually found Degli Orsini and his niece sitting. No one was there, no servant in the antechamber, no sound of a living creature about the house. The rooms were in confusion, as if there had been a hasty departure. The books and some of the smaller furniture were gone, and the rest left in disorder. There was a lamp just expiring, that had been left burning all the night, before an inkstand with the pen in it, and

paper by it. The picture, the unfinished picture, was left, and near it had fallen a bouquet of roses and jessamine, now faded and withered, that Donna Chiara wore the day before. One overwhelming idea took possession of Leonzio's mind, and would not be repelled. Chiara had fled, and none could be the companion of her flight but the cavalier. He threw himself on a chair opposite the picture, and gave himself up to the bitterness of grief. Suspense was at an end, and there seemed nothing for him but the dreadful certainty. In the last four-and-twenty hours how many changes had taken place in his feelings; one moment raised to the highest pinnacle of felicity, a felicity he had hardly dreamed he might dare to hope; the next an overwhelming and sudden calamity, overthrowing all his bright visions, and that by the concurrence of two persons whom he had never thought of together, though now he recollected the cavalier's glowing descriptions of his unknown fair one, and wondered at his blindness, that, on seeing Chiara, he should fancy for a moment there could be two in the world like the cavalier's Donna and his Chiara. He did not make all those reflections then; he threw himself on the chair, and remained with his eyes fixed on the seat Chiara used to occupy, in a stupor of grief. He knew not how long he continued in this state: at length the faded flowers attracted his eye; he took them up, and a tear, a bitter tear, fell on their withered leaves; it revived him to consciousness and to himself. In lifting up the bouquet, he found it had concealed a letter addressed to himself, in Chiara's own hand-writing. It need not be told with what trembling anxiety Leonzio broke the seal, or how often and how rapturously he kissed the precious characters.

DONNA CHIARA TO MESSER LEONZIO GIORDANO.

"Long as I have been the sport of fortune, and the child of grief, I did not think to have had this to bear, to be betrayed where I had placed my surest trust *on earth*. I do not reproach you, Leonzio, I leave that to your own heart; even now I cannot bring my mind to understand the dreadful certainty that it is *you* who have been all this time planning my destruction. Your attempts *now* to find out my retreat will be unavailing. We shall never meet again, never! I repeat, I will not reproach you, but I will tell you what you have done. You have not perhaps—I *hope* you have not—any idea how deeply you have wronged me; you never can know entirely, because you never can know what it is to love as I have done—to love as I have loved *you*. I blush not to make this confession now, it is for you to blush, that could so deceive me. Young as I am, I had found so little in this world to attach me to it, that I looked forward with hope and joy to the period when I should renounce it entirely, and bind myself by my vows to a life of heavenly meditations, and peace and happiness; my thoughts and hopes were fixed on heaven, till I saw you; then it was I first felt there was something to be regretted in the world.

This feeling was, at first, undefined and uncertain. I was troubled and perplexed in my meditations and prayers; I could not as before retire to my closet, and shut out all the world from my thoughts; there were feelings that pursued me, and an image that haunted me even in the inmost sanctuary of my own heart; I could not escape from it. I sighed *not now* for the peace of my cloister; I was become worldly-minded, and yet it was not the world I sighed for; I knew not what I wished; all my prospects seemed changed, and I had no hope for the future; still there were moments when I enjoyed the present, and thought neither of my former days of peace, now gone, nor my future hopes, now changed; those moments were when I was with you; they were worth all I had lost of peace and hope. I confess it to you now; this humiliation is the least of what I deserve; already are my sins visited upon me; may that heaven I have so grievously offended enable me to bear the chastisement inflicted! Oh! any thing but this I could have borne without repining. I had vainly and impiously set up in my heart an idol, a human idol—fondly I worshipped it, forgot for it my vows, my prayers, my hopes, every thing!—that idol was thine image, Leonzio—a fair image of virtue and goodness. It has been rooted up, and torn from my heart, by the discovery of thy perfidy:—it was not thee, but the creation of my own fancy I loved: that is destroyed—but with its destruction, my heart, my soul is left desolate. O Leonzio! I would paint to you what I *was*—persecuted and helpless, yet having a peace within that set me above all worldly persecutions—couldst thou see me as I *am*, as *thou* hast made me, desolate, despairing, with the light that was within me turned to darkness—thou, even thou, wouldest pity the wretched

CHIARA."

On the evening of Leonzio's last visit to Count Degli Orsini, Chiara was leaning over the balcony, half concealed by the blinds, watching the last glimpse she could catch of his figure as he turned up the long quiet street, when she observed an old monk, with tottering steps seemingly trying with his staff to grope his way up to the gate of the court-yard. Her compassion was awakened and her curiosity somewhat excited: as he seemed approaching the door of the house, she spoke to him from the balcony, and asked what was his errand. The old man did not look up, but with his head still more buried in his cowl, lifted up his hands towards her, crying, "*Carità, carità, in nome Dio carità!*" At this appeal Chiara retreated from the window for her purse, and sent down by the servant some money. She went no more to the window, but was surprised by the servant returning to tell her, in a whisper, that the mendicant monk wished to speak to her alone on something that might be of importance. The count was at the other end of the room, and observed not what was passing. Chiara hastily rose and went into the corridor where the monk awaited her. "What would you with me, Padre?" said Chiara.

"We are not alone," said the monk, pointing to an open door.

"I cannot wait; if it is any thing in which I can assist you, speak it here."

"Alas! Bella Signora, what can you fear? I have a tale of distress, indeed, but it must be for your private ear; it is a case of life and death; you can speak the word, and—"

Chiara trembled involuntarily, and led the way to an apartment on the ground floor. The monk shut the door carefully, and then remained some time silent, and at length kneeled at the feet of Chiara, in an attitude of the deepest veneration.

"Padre, rise, I beseech you," said the lady.

"It is not to a sinner like me, that a holy man should bend the knee: speak, what is it I can do for you?"

The monk still remained prostrate. "Signora," at length said he, "I ask of you life, ay, more than life, happiness; speak the word, for never will I rise till you grant my request. How long have I sought for this moment, and sought for you and have not found you! Lady, you know what I would ask—look on me!"

He had thrown off his cowl and hood. He resumed his natural voice, which no longer trembled indeed with age, but with the agitation of youthful passion. She uttered a cry of astonishment and alarm, and rushed towards the door. "Again, again art thou there, destroyer? whither shall I flee from thy persecutions? why wilt thou not leave me in peace?"

"Oh, call them not persecutions!" said the cavalier, for it was himself; "or, rather say anything, anything, so that I hear once more the sound of that heavenly voice. Reproaches, themselves, sound sweet to me from your lips. Stay!" continued he, forcibly detaining her, as she was attempting to leave the room; "I have not sought you so long, to leave you again at a word and a sign, as I have done: hear me, only hear me."

"Leave me, leave me!" said Chiara. "Dare not to detain me: my uncle, my—"

He held her hands firmly, but gently, in his own, while he still continued on his knees before her. "Hear me, Donna Chiara," said the cavalier; "nay, you *shall* hear me. I come not now to persuade, but to convince; I come not a suppliant, but a penitent, a sincere, but almost a despairing penitent. Chiara, I have sought you thus long and restlessly, and you see that no retreat, no flight can hide you from me. There is no place I would not penetrate and search to find you; you cannot escape me—you know my power, my influence, the number of my agents. If I spoke the word, nothing you could do or say could be of any avail: you are mine. Nay, turn not pale, lady; I only tell you what I *could* do. I have offered you riches, power, splendour, liberty, and, above all, a heart devoted to you for ever—a heart that many a proud dame would not have spurned as you have. You have even preferred to all this a living death, a cloister; you would give up all this world's present joys for a chimera, an uncertainty, and a superstition. I

could say much, I have said much, on this subject; but this is not what I ask. Chiara, I offer you my *hand*, my liberty, which I have sworn never to give to any woman's keeping. You, you alone, Chiara, have overcome all my repugnance; you would not of my love, of my vows. I again repeat it, Chiara—you are in my power; but, but I am more in your's."

The cavalier had no need to retain Chiara's hands; they fell cold and motionless by her side, and she stood before him like a statue, as he proceeded. She knew the extraordinary person before her; she knew his rank, and more than rank, she knew the extent of his power, and the mysterious, fearful influence he possessed. She knew the extent of the sacrifice he was making, the exalted dignity he offered her. She was silent, she remained long silent, and he hoped everything. He again took her passive hand. "Chiara *vita mia*, speak to me, or rather speak not, and I will believe your silence. You do not reject me; lead me this moment to your uncle. I will inform him of the change in our prospects."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips; she burst from him, and without speaking, ran up the stairs to the apartment where she had left her uncle. She threw herself on her knees before him, raised her clasped hands towards him—"Save me, dear uncle!—do not condemn me," she exclaimed at length, and a flood of tears relieved her suffering heart.

The old count had not time to recover from his surprise at this unexpected scene, when the cavalier, with his monkish dress hanging about him, followed Chiara into the room, and stood before him. There was about him that ineffable pride of high dignity that *could* not kneel, but he held out his hands towards Chiara kneeling at her uncle's feet, and looked at the count with an air of appeal and supplication, as if to join his prayers with her's. Yet still there was triumph, a "laughing devil" in his eye, that exulted in seeing Chiara, the proud Chiara, humbled for him; for *his* sake, who had often knelt in vain to her.

He stood there enjoying his exultation for a moment, in too great happiness to break the silence. Chiara's continued agonized sobs at length roused him.

"Count Degli Orsini," said he, "console your niece: she asks but a word from you—I ask but for a word. Make us happy—make her mine."

Degli Orsini rose with his habitual respect to high rank, but with a countenance flashing with indignation. "What, are we not at peace here? take our lives since they are in your power, but cease to insult us thus."

"*Piano, piano, amico mio*," said the cavalier; "hear me, hear your niece."

Chiara still kept her arms clasped round her uncle as if for protection. "Oh hear him not! listen to him not! think of my despair, my dear uncle."

"She raves," said the cavalier; "excess of joy has turned her brain. Count Degli Orsini, in one word I offer to Donna Chiara my hand; you

know how much that sacrifice implies. I ask but your consent; see Chiara at your feet; can you resist *her tears*, her supplications added to mine?"

"Do I hear aright," said the count, "or is it a dream. You, you the husband of my Chiara! Impossible! and can she doubt my acquiescence? my dear Chiara, what can you fear?"

Chiara rose, and stood erect and proudly "severe in youthful beauty."

"I did fear," my uncle, "I did fear your acquiescence; more I feared your commands that I should consent; but no, you are too kind, too proud to suffer me to think for a moment of such an alliance, such a humiliation; for so I should consider an union with a man, however exalted in rank, who has ever dared to ask that I should be his on any other terms."

Her beautiful dark eyes flamed, and her cheeks glowed with enthusiasm as she said this. The cavalier was for a moment struck dumb with surprise.

"What," said he at length, "what can this mean? is there any thing else besides virtue that is powerful enough to resist me? Cold-hearted, cruel Chiara, is it that you hate me so much, that misery and poverty, every thing seems preferable, to all that life can offer of delight with me? I had fondly thought it was only that chimera you call virtue, which stood in the way of my happiness; but now that is removed, I find you as far from me as ever." His eye glanced on the unfinished portrait—"Ha!" said he, "another portrait! what means this? surely this is the work of Giordano—Has he been unfaithful to me!"

It was now Chiara's turn to listen in breathless astonishment.

"Leonzio Giordano! do you know him then?"

"You know him, signora, it seems: has he been here, has he taken that portrait? He painted for me that inestimable portrait, for which I shall never be able sufficiently to repay him. Did he take it with your consent, and from *his*?"

Chiara turned deadly pale; she pressed her hands to her forehead, and felt as if bewildered by the new and unexpected suspicions that crowded on her mind.

"Was Messer Leonzio then an emissary of yours?" said the count, for Chiara could not speak.

"He is my friend, count; it was through him I discovered your retreat: I at least thought him my friend; if he has not"—and his eyes flashed and his lips quivered as he said it; "if he has betrayed me, and stolen the heart when I only told him to steal the countenance—If it were so, if it were possible—" and he paced the apartment with hasty strides.

"Do you suppose it possible, then, that the proud daughter of the Castelli, that my niece could so far condescend for an instant, as to think of an artist like Giordano?" said the count.

The cavalier answered him not, and Chiara had sunk on a chair pale and motionless. Her

illustrious suitor, her uncle, her fears, her anxiety, every thing had disappeared from her mind. Leonzio unfaithful, a minister, an agent to the licentious pursuits of the cavalier, sent by him to ensnare her! he whom she had thought the personification of all nobleness and virtue, he, an emissary of vice! Where then was virtue to be found on earth, if its semblance could be so counterfeited? Powerful, mysterious man, everywhere his agents surrounded her, everywhere persecuted her; where could she escape from him, where from herself, her misery? They spoke to her, her uncle, her lover, but she heard them not—she answered them not: plunged in a stupor of despair, she could not think, she could not combine the circumstances of her unhappy fate, she could only feel Leonzio was a deceiver.

"Addio, *Vita mia*, I shall return to-morrow!" were the words that awakened her from her trance, and the cavalier kissed her cold hand as he departed. She felt the necessity of exerting herself, and the words *I shall return to-morrow*, sounded in her ear like a knell.

The old count had gone to conduct their illustrious visitor to the door; when he returned, he went up to his niece, and could not conceal the joy and exultation of his heart. "Well, *Chiara mia*," said he, "no more tears and misery now—this is indeed a triumph of beauty and virtue! who would have thought it possible! what happiness, *Principessa mia*!"

"My dear uncle, do not call me so—do not grieve me with your joy. Listen to me; be not offended with your poor Chiara; you have been a father to me, and never yet have controlled my inclinations, never contradicted me in anything. I have hitherto brought you nothing but misery and disasters; for, but for me, to save me from the pursuit of a libertine, you would not have been forced to leave your native country, to conceal yourself in holes and corners, and live like a banished man. I never can repay the debt of gratitude I owe you, never! You ask me to repay it with my life, and perhaps I ought not to hesitate; but dear uncle, *will* you require such a sacrifice of me? I feel I cannot live if you force me to marry that person, whose very name I dare not breathe, lest some of his secret and all-powerful agents should be near to hear it. Speak, uncle, do you require this sacrifice of me?"

"My child, you know not what you say or what you refuse. There is no woman, not only in Italy, but in all Europe, who would for a moment hesitate; and do you call it a sacrifice?"

"To me it is a sacrifice of honour, of virtue, and of pride; it will be one of life. I feel it—but nevertheless, if you will, I must submit."

"But his wife, Chiara, think of that! he asks you to be his wife!"

"Uncle, I have not seen much of the world, but all that I have seen is deceitful and faithless."

If Leonzio can be a betrayer, she might have added, who is there that we can trust? This thought only rose to her lips in a deep but sup-

pressed sigh. She continued: "How are we sure this is not some new artifice of the cavalier? Is it likely that I, a subject, though of noble blood, could presume to suppose he would choose me, and raise me to his dignity? Then even if he were sincere, his principles—would you make me the companion of such a man?—No, better were it to be immured in the darkest and most lonely cell of some obscure convent, where he will never find me out—where I may meet with no false friends to betray me into his power."

"Chiara, do with me as you will: if you really would reject this brilliant alliance—but I do not see the possibility. We cannot resist him—I dare not refuse; you know his power, and you also know that he is restrained by no principle."

"And is it to such a man you would see me united! Oh, dear uncle, let us fly while there is yet time; he will be here to-morrow, and I feel with you to refuse him openly would be but to provoke further persecution; flight is our only resource. This time it will be unexpected. I think I have a plan to elude his vigilance, and a retreat that will be secure: you shall return to our beautiful Venice. It was from thence indeed we were obliged to fly to this place, and I think he will for that reason be less likely to pursue us thither."

"Strange girl, you lead me as you will; but if you seek to elude him, there is no place so secure as a convent; the veil will at least protect you from him. Till now you have always been imploring my consent to this retreat from the world. I now think it is the best thing that remains for you; it would be selfish in me to withhold my consent to it any longer. Alas! how shall I spare you in my old age!"

Chiara blushed deeply, and replied—"Dear uncle, I do not think of it; I dare not think of it now. Alas! there is indeed nothing in this troubled world to attract me, or to hold me but you." She blushed still deeper as she said this; she felt she was not expressing her real sentiments. "But still, uncle, I cannot leave it without some preparation, and some more decided vocation for a monastic life. We will talk of this hereafter, but now we must think of our preparation for flight. How can I sufficiently thank you, dearest uncle, for your indulgence towards me. Heaven grant that I may no more involve you in my misfortunes."

Every thing was in readiness at the dawn of day for their departure. Chiara took no rest, the only rest she found for her distracting thoughts was in bodily activity and exertion: she was in a fever of mental excitement; she was under the influence of two opposing powers. She thought of Leonzio, Leonzio the betrayer, and a despairing chill came over her whole faculties; she cared not what became of her in the world: her hands fell powerless by her side, she wished only to be left to her bitter grief. Then would the words sound in her ear, "*I shall return to-morrow,*" and she would start up with awakened energy to fresh exertion, with the

feeling that there was yet a misfortune to dread beyond what she had already suffered. Sometimes she thought she would wish to see Leonzio once more, and reproach him with his perfidy. Then again she saw before her his bright open countenance, that looked so much like Heaven; his fine thoughtful brow, and his sunny smile—was it possible *he* could be a deceiver? Yet it was so; there was no room for doubt. He had painted her portrait only to give it to his hated employer; he had done this for gain—he had betrayed to him their place of abode. She could not, however, leave the house, without letting him see the extent of the wrongs he had done her. She wrote to him. She doubted not he would return the next day exulting in his successful villany. She felt humbled to the dust by such a confession; but she felt it must reach his heart and his conscience to know how deeply he had betrayed her, how deeply she had loved him. She felt it a sort of penance she deserved, for suffering him to usurp so much of a heart and mind she had wished to dedicate to her God. With these bitter despairing feelings she wrote the before-mentioned letter, and placed it where the person to whom it was addressed seized it with such rapturous avidity.

There was a brilliant fete given at Venice during the Carnival by one of the principal nobles, and as the company were masked, and the greatest liberty reigned at the time, the number of those that went far exceeded those who were invited.

Magnificent halls and suits of rooms were opened, and there was music, dancing, light converse and games: you would have thought from the happy sounds and gay pageantry, not a feeling was there admitted but joy and revelry. Yet there was many a gay mask covering a sad countenance; and there was intrigue, and hatred, and jealousy, and envy, under many a gay garment. Among all the revellers, there was one mask who seemed to take no part in what was going on. He wandered about from one apartment to another like a restless spirit; he spoke to none, sought none, and seemed interested in nothing.

It was Leonzio Giordano, this restless wanderer. "Why am I here?" said he to himself, "in this revelry? what have I to do with it? Yet, what have I to do elsewhere? My life is passed in seeking what, if found, would be perhaps but bitterness and misery to me!" He sighed deeply, and his sigh was echoed by some one behind him; he started, turned round, and found it proceeded from a masked lady who was hanging on the arm of an old man. They had both ample domino robes, whose folds were drawn over them studiously concealing their figures. They were standing in a recess of a window near Leonzio, and seemed to take as little part in the revelry as he did. These three masks were not allowed long to remain undisturbed. A young dancer and his partner came into the recess, and after some of the common conversation usual on such occasions in Venice,

as well as elsewhere, their attention was forcibly arrested by the conversation they involuntarily heard pass between the dancers.

"Is it true," said the lady, "that the Prince di Castiglione is here to-night? He must have returned very suddenly to Venice—it was but the other day he was at Rome."

"It is difficult," returned her partner, "to account for his movements, and to say where he is, and where he is not: he seems to have the faculty of ubiquity."

"I know not how it is he obtains such power over every one that approaches him; but I know," said the lady, "I would give the world to see him; they say he is the handsomest man in all Venice, and quite irresistible."

"Too much so," said the young man; "his power seems to be unbounded. If we lived in the days of sorcery and magic, one should be tempted to suspect he had other agents besides those he employs. These are, however, powerful enough for any purposes of his. He has been known to boast that he never met with the being he could not conquer. It is well known that in his early youth he passed much of his time with the condottieri and banditti, and it is shrewdly suspected that, advanced to the highest dignities of the state as he is, it is to the influence he still holds over them, or perhaps they over him, he owes much of his present mysterious power."

"Hush!" said the lady, "speak lower; no one ventures to breathe his name out of a whisper, lest some of his myrmidons should be near."

"Or himself," continued the young man; "he delights in assuming all kinds of disguises; and to carry his point, either of revenge or intrigue, neither principles of good nor fear of evil will arrest him. Did you ever hear the story of Donna Chiara di Castelli?"

"Yes," said the lady, "something of it; he introduced himself to her in some disguise, and persuaded her to marry him secretly, and then shut her up in a dungeon from which she escaped—"

"No, no, that is not the right story," interrupted the dancer; "he paid his addresses to her, as he had to every beauty in Venice, but with no success. It is singular that there should be such an infatuation about every one whom he approaches, that even the proud, the high-born beauties of Venice seem to think it an honour rather than a disgrace to listen to discourses from this man, which no other would have dared to address to them. Even the Doge's daughter herself, they say—But to return to Donna Chiara: the story is, that she alone resisted his cloquence; whether for some more favoured lover, or her determined predilection for a convent, is not known. To elude his persecutions, she left Venice with her uncle; and the prince, more determined than ever in his pursuit, at last discovered her at Rome, and, finding her favour could not be obtained on any other terms, offered to make her his wife."

"What! Princess di Castiglione! to share his unbounded wealth and dower, and, above all, to

have the glory of fixing the heart of such a man? She did not refuse, surely?"

"I am afraid there are too many who would not, signora," said the young man with an air of pique, "but *she did refuse*, from what motives I know not; but she again escaped from Rome, and the prince has not been able yet to discover her. It is said that his late excursion under the commission of the senate against the Condottieri, had not for its sole motive his zeal for the service of the State. There is a singular story too of young Giordano, the celebrated painter, being employed by the prince to take Donna Chiara's portrait, and by that means giving him notice of her retreat, and—"

"It is false! by Heavens, it is false!" exclaiming Leonzio, rushing forward, no longer able to contain himself at this recital in which he was so deeply interested; he recollected himself, however, and said, with an effort at calmness, while his mask concealed the perturbation of his countenance, "pardon me, signor; do you know the artist Giordano?"

"Only by his works, and my infinite regret that for some reason or other his genius, which seemed to be of such surpassing promise, should have been suddenly extinguished. He studied at Rome, and there produced several fine works, but since that time he has never been heard of; and it is much to be eared he may have shared the fate of many who have been subject either to the power or the revenge of the Prince di Castiglione. I can scarcely believe that so sublime a genius as his works demonstrated, can be compatible with the base mind of an emissary to such purposes as those of the prince. Do you know aught of him, signor?"

"He was my friend," returned Leonzio; "I knew him even as myself, but he is so changed within these few years, that I should scarcely know him, were I to meet him. He may be dead; he is at least dead to genius and the arts. What was before the height of his ambition and hopes, is now nothing to him. There are but two things he seeks in the world, and then he can die in peace. Revenge on the Castiglione, and justice from Donna Chiara."

"What!" asked the young man, "was it not then Giordano who betrayed her to the prince?"

"No, by my soul!—no, by my hopes of Heaven I would die a thousand deaths to save her from him. But where is Castiglione? he is masked, and I cannot discover him in this crowd; but I will find him, and he shall find—"

He was interrupted by the exclamation of the elder mask of the two who had also remained in the recess, as he attempted to support the lady to a window. She hung heavily on his arm, incapable of moving, but with still enough of consciousness to resist their attempts to take off her mask, that she might breathe more freely. "Oh! let us go," said she, faintly, but anxiously; "I am quite well, take me away from hence. Oh! why did you make me come?" That voice, faint as it was, had penetrated to the depths of Leonzio's heart, every thing had disappeared

before him but Chiara, for it was, indeed, herself he saw before him. "Chiara," said he, springing forward and taking her hand, "*Anima mia*, have I found you?"

"Hush, hush!" said she wildly; "breathe not my name; he is here, he will hear you. But you have betrayed me to him once, have you not? You say you have not. Oh! say it again; let me hear it from your lips, and I shall believe it!"

Leonzio was pouring forth the most earnest protestations, the tenderest assurances. This moment had repaid him for all his sufferings; Chiara forgot her fears, her anxiety, her doubts, every thing in the delight of hearing again Leonzio plead his love, his faithfulness; and the old count remained too much astonished at the suddenness of this scene to attempt to interrupt it. It was interrupted at last by a voice too well known to all the party. That voice exclaimed in a tone half ironical, half triumphant, repeating the words of Leonzio—"Chiara, *anima mia*, have I found you!" They all looked round to see from whence that voice proceeded. But before a single movement could be made, Leonzio and Chiara found themselves seized without a possibility of resistance, by a party of masks who had surrounded them during their unexpected and interesting recognition. Chiara, half fainting with surprise and terror, was unable to speak. But Leonzio exclaimed wildly, "Where is the prince, the cavalier? or by whatever name he calls himself: what right has he to molest the free subjects of Venice?"

"The right of power," said the same voice in a whisper close to his ear.

They were by this time in the street, or rather in a kind of garden belonging to the palace, which they must go through to arrive in the open street. All the masks retired at the command of one. It was the prince. Leonzio was the first that broke the silence: and it was with words of high defiance towards Castiglione. The prince heard him coolly, and then said, "Provoke me not more, young man; you are in my power. You may learn by experience, better than you seem to know, what that power is. You have betrayed me—my friendship for you, my affection, more than ever I felt before towards any man, you have betrayed. The treasure I hold, the dearest in a thousand worlds, you have stolen—the heart of Donna Chiara. But I forgive you; I am too happy now to gain thus unexpectedly what I have sought so long and fruitlessly, to find room in my heart for aught but joy. But here, where I may command," continued he, turning to Chiara, "here I am still a supplicant. You see," continued he, "*Bel Idol mio*, there is a fate that seems to frustrate all your schemes to avoid me. I ask you again, I again repeat the solicitations I made when we last met, and which you then did not seem so utterly to disregard. Speak—wilt thou be mine?"

"Never," said Chiara, "while I have life!"

His lips quivered with concentrated rage as he said, "Before you answer thus decidedly, where

you have perhaps so little power to decide, signora, let me ask you one question. Nothing, I am sure, but prepossession in favour of another, could choose the alternative of what I *might* do, to what I offer. Who but a madman would provoke the lion in his den, when with one word he might lead him to crouch at his feet. You love another, signora; answer me, is it Leonzio Giordano?"

Chiara felt on her answer depended Leonzio's fate as well as her own. She was silent a moment, and Leonzio, who had been scarce able to control his feelings during the prince's speech, now advanced to Chiara: "Lady," said he, "answer him; say only that you do, let me hear it from your lips, and I defy the whole world to wrest you from me."

"Peace, Leonzio!" said the prince: "you may defy the whole world, but not me; at least not now. I speak but the word, and you are carried off to unknown dungeons and distant fortresses, where you may languish out your days in silence and forgetfulness. Who is there, think you, would care what was become of the poor artist? Speak, Donna Chiara," said he, maliciously observing her change of countenance, "would you grieve for his fate? or would you not, if it were in your power, avert it?"

Chiara was aware that he sought only to force an avowal of her sentiments; she answered in a voice that she strove in vain to render calm: "I would do all in my power certainly, I would even die to save him, or any other of my fellow-creatures to whom life would be a more valuable gift than to me."

"Ha! is it so?" returned the prince; "does your Christian charity extend so far? I am happy to have it in my power to do your bidding. His fate is in your hands; speak the word. It is not asked of you to sacrifice your life for him—only, only say you will be mine, and he is free; refuse me again, and——"

"No, no, never—impossible! say not the word. I will die a thousand deaths rather," exclaimed Leonzio.—"Prince, I know not by what right you thus dispose of our lives and inclinations. Is there no justice in the free State of Venice? is there not a tribunal, or think you there is not an arm that will defend a helpless woman from thy threats? Nothing but the respect due to her presence has withheld me thus long; but now defend thyself, and meet me as a man."

His sword flashed in his hand, and his eye flamed with indignation as he threw himself upon the prince; but the latter stepped back, and in a moment the same masks, who were only at a little distance, again advanced, seized, and disarmed him.

"See now," said the prince, "the use of your resistance; see, Donna Chiara, how entirely you are both in my power."

There was a silence of a few minutes, and then Chiara threw herself at the feet of the prince. She stretched out her clasped hands towards him; her mask had fallen off in her agitation. She raised her eyes streaming with tears to his

face—"Spare him, save him!" was all she could utter.

"You consent then to be my wife? you are mine, beautiful, angelic Chiara, that you should kneel to me!" and he would have raised her, but she sank again on the ground, and cried out—

"Oh! no, no, never! hear me, ask me any thing but that, and save him; but I cannot be yours. If it will satisfy you to bind myself never to be another's, never to be his, I will gladly do so; but yours I cannot be."

"You speak the word, then, for his fate. Leonzio, it is not I, but Chiara, that decides your death."

"O that my death could save her from you, and I would covet it as the choicest blessing! Beloved Chiara, make that a condition, if indeed there is a spark of honour or virtue left in that tyrant's breast—leave me to the direst fate he can invent; but stipulate that he place you in some sanctuary, where—"

"Hold! and dictate not to the lady. Signora, you that are to decide on both our fates, on whose breath we hang, keep not that humiliating posture; rise, rise, I beseech you."

But Chiara had no power to obey him: the conflicting anguish of the last few minutes had at length overcome her energy—she had fallen senseless at the feet of the prince.

"Barbarous tyrant, you have killed her! but in death she shall be mine!" and, with an effort almost superhuman, Leonzio tore himself from the grasp of his guards, snatched up the senseless Chiara in his arms, and with the rapidity of lightning had rushed out of the garden, and had turned down a street before his pursuers had recovered sufficiently from the surprise occasioned by the desperate and unexpected effort, to think of overtaking him. Whether he had obtained too far an advance upon them, or whether the prince might have deemed so public a pursuit imprudent, certain it was, that, surprised at his own success, the young Leonzio found himself arrived at the sanctuary of San Giovanni, where he hastened to obtain assistance and security for his beloved Chiara.

The sun was just setting behind the majestic Apennines, leaving streaks of gold light upon the thin clouds that rested on their summits; every thing around breathed of peace and beauty. That peace and beauty was felt as a relief to the party in a travelling carriage, which, from the fatigue of the horses, who seemed to have been urged to the utmost of their speed, was now obliged slowly to ascend the hill and give the travellers time to enjoy the tranquillity of the evening.

"I am afraid, signor," said the postillion to one of the travellers, "we shall not be able to get on to the next town with these horses. They are not fit for much more such hard driving."

"Is there no place then nearer where we can procure other horses?"

"No, signor, but there is a small convent just on the borders of the forest we are coming to, where you might perhaps remain for the night;

besides, signor, without an escort you would not like to go through the wood so late. They say these parts are infested with banditti."

"Oh, never mind the banditti, uncle," said a sweet voice which could belong to no other than Donna Chiara, "what we have to fear is being overtaken is far more dreadful than any banditti."

"But if we were to meet any of them and they detain us? I think, my dear Chiara, we had better make up our minds to remain here for to-night, and ask for accommodation at the convent; you will be safe there; you cannot conceal from me that you are almost overcome with the fatigue of our hurried journey. We travelled all last night, and surely we are far enough now from pursuit; we shall soon arrive at Livorno, and then, once embarked for Marseilles, we shall at last be safe and happy, *non è vero Chiara mia?*"

A deep sigh was Chiara's only answer. Alas! in leaving Italy, if she left behind the causes of her disquietude, she left also every hope of happiness. Leonzio, to whose courage and affection she owed her present safety, whom she had but just discovered so worthy of her love and gratitude, she had parted with for ever. The count, though he acknowledged their obligations to him, could not so far forget his aristocracy as to think for a moment of an artist as a husband for his niece. Chiara, worn out by so many months of suffering and anxiety, submitted in silent despondency. They had met so unexpectedly and parted again so suddenly, she could hardly recover from the stupefaction of her faculties, but the more vividly her recollection returned, the more keenly she felt her misery.

"We remain, then, at the convent to-night," said she. "Heaven grant that we may not be overtaken before morning?"

"Never fear, child; if we are surprised it will be by the banditti, for the prince will never trace our route. And what if he did? Chiara, I confess I think I indulge your whims too much, in suffering you to refuse the prince. As to that Giordano, I certainly ought to have known better than to allow so handsome a young man and you to sit looking at each other so many hours in the day. I cannot wonder at it: if he were but noble, he would be every thing I could wish."

Chiara sighed again and they relapsed into silence. "I wish," said the count, at length, "we had an escort; I do not half like that strange courier, (we have only him,) and though he looks fierce enough with his dark eyebrows and mustachios, I observe he never looks at one in the face; see now how he is riding and trying to look into the carriage."

"Can you doubt him for a moment, dear uncle?" said Chiara, "when he was so strongly recommended by —" She faltered, and a faint blush tinged her pale cheeks as she pronounced the name of Giordano.

There was certainly something singular in the deportment of the man; and the recollection of her former unjust suspicions of Leonzio's faith

crossed her mind more than once when she considered his strong recommendation of the courier.

The evening was so fine that Chiara proposed to her uncle to walk on the side of the road towards the convent, both for the sake of relieving the horses, and to enjoy the evening air more freely. He assented, but was soon fatigued, and wished to return to the carriage; while Chiara, who felt herself revived and invigorated by the air and exercise, obtained permission to extend her walk, and the courier, Pascal, was enjoined to remain near her as a protection and guard. He led his horse and walked close behind her. They were in sight of the little monastery which rose on the side of the forest, with its humble turrets and spire contrasting with the bold, majestic mountains behind. Chiara looked at it as on a spot where there was at least peace to be found, if not happiness, and she was half inclined to wish to take up her abode there for the rest of her days. But her heart was no longer sufficiently her own to hope yet to dedicate it to Heaven. She felt she was yet too much attached to the world, and that attachment to the world, in the person of Leonzio, she could not even wish to conquer.

She was interrupted in this reverie by a voice that made her start: it was the voice of Leonzio. She looked round, and there was no one near her but the courier Pascal. She walked on, and concluded it must be her own imagination, that, so impressed with his image, had converted every sound into the voice of Leonzio. They had by this time lost sight of the carriage; it grew darker, and she quickened her steps, and in her haste, treading on a loose stone, sprained her ankle. She was forced for a moment to stop from the pain; when she tried to proceed, she found herself unable to walk without the aid of the courier, who eagerly offered his arm to support her, which she was obliged to accept. She felt his arm tremble beneath her slight weight as she leaned on it, but he spake not a word of civility, though she could not help fancying his manner was very different from that of a common domestic. She wished she were in the carriage again as she found herself alone with her strange companion, and her foot became more and more painful as she walked. Her alarm increased by the strange manner of her servant, who, as if involuntarily, caught the hand that rested on his arm, and pressed it to his heart.

"Good Heavens, Pascal!" said she, in the greatest alarm.

"Be not alarmed, dearest, best beloved!" said he, at length supporting her in his arms; "though forbidden by your uncle to accompany you, I could not let you go without protection. In this disguise I intended to have concealed myself, till I saw you safely embarked. Chiara, will you forgive your own Leonzio!"

It is needless to say that the lady was no longer so much offended at the tender attentions of her supposed domestic, nor was she in such haste to overtake the carriage. They walked on slowly,

discoursing on their future plans and prospects, nor heeded they the deepening gloom of the evening. They were now almost at the gate of the convent, and a sudden turn of the road brought them close to the count's travelling carriage, when, what was the terror and dismay of Chiara to see it surrounded by a troop of banditti.

The robbers must have supposed the carriage was only by accident separated from its escort, which could not be far distant, by the silence and caution of their movements; for when Chiara and the supposed courier came within sight, it was too near for either party to attempt a retreat. Leonzio's first thought was to conceal Chiara and defend her, but she cried out—

"My uncle! oh! what is become of him; they will murder him. Do not think of me, go and see what is become of him—yet stay, Leonzio, they will kill you—stay!"

They had, however, on perceiving Chiara, left the carriage and advanced towards her, as she clung tremblingly to Leonzio's arm for protection, who put himself in a posture of defence. They appeared to approach, however, with no hostile intentions, and the foremost of the band advancing, said—

"Signora, there is no cause for alarm; and resistance, you see, would be useless; your courier, there, might have saved himself the trouble of drawing his sword. The old gentleman in the carriage is quite safe, as well as his gold and jewels. You, I presume, are the jewel we seek."

He dismounted from his horse, and would have seized Chiara's hands to drag her away; but Leonzio struck him down with his sword, and having made good a retreat towards a niche in the garden-wall of the monastery, in which he placed Chiara, he continued to defend her with the most desperate courage against the numbers that assailed him; while she, more dead than alive, supported herself with her arms round a stone statue of St. Ursula, that was placed in the niche, and hid her face from the sight of this dreadful scene. Three of the robbers had fallen before the deadly stroke of Leonzio, and the rest began to retreat; when another party of horsemen advanced from a turn in the road, and one of them furiously galloped towards the spot, crying out in a voice that made the heart of Chiara die within her—"Caitiffs, villains, stand off!—Leave that lady, and at your peril lift another band." It was the voice of Castiglione.

The unconcern with which the robbers obeyed his voice, and the opportune rencontre, convinced Leonzio that their implacable enemy had concerted the whole plan of the attack and rescue. His arm doubly nerved by indignation, he sprang upon the prince, who had dismounted from his horse, and a deadly strife ensued. It was not of long duration: the weapon of Castiglione had pierced Leonzio's faithful heart, and he fell without motion at the feet of Chiara. There was one deep, struggling groan; he breathed her name, and all was over. There was a dead silence, a horrible pause; then a shriek wild, piercing, and long, broke from the

agonized Chiara. She threw herself on the lifeless body of her defender in passionate grief; then, as if a sudden hope came over her, she seemed to wait in terrible silence if there was yet any sign of life. It was the awful silence of agony—every one respected it; she pressed her lips to his, she laid her hand on his heart, there was no beating; his fine countenance, beautiful even in death, lay there white and still under the glancing moonbeams. She gazed on him with the fixed calmness of despair; and then turned towards the prince, who—not having known Leonzio in this disguise, and in all his threatenings meaning rather to terrify Chiara into compliance, than any real harm to her lover—remained motionless with surprise and horror. “Look there,” said she, “destroyer! behold thy work, and be satisfied that thou hast destroyed us both. I am in thy power, if thou wilt, for my life; behold the Princess di Castiglione!” And with these words she burst into a wild, unnatural, and fearful laugh, that struck horror into all present. The prince had not foreseen this tragical conclusion to what he looked on only as an adventure of gallantry, and was shocked and

grieved at what had happened. To think of soothing or comforting Chiara he felt would be impossible; he felt he could never behold her without the recollection of the death of Leonzio; and she—could she ever behold him without horror? He gave orders to his people, the robbers having dispersed, to take charge of her and the count to the Ursuline monastery, and then he returned to Venice.

Poor Chiara! The intense agony of that hour, together with her previous anxiety and suffering, threatened soon to curtail her earthly miseries. Her senses had forsaken her; and in the delirium of a fever, brought on by the sudden shock of grief, she fancied every one who approached her a Castiglione, and that she was defending the life of Leonzio from his sword. They were obliged to use force to tear her from the dead body: and when at last the unremitting care and attentions of the Ursuline sisters had restored her to health, she felt no inclination to leave their humble roof. Leonzio was buried in their chapel, and Chiara passed a few more years in weeping and praying over his tomb, and then her gentle spirit fled for ever.

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HER GRAVE?

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild flowers wave
In this free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast.
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters by!
Faint gales with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain,
Falls now the bright spring rain,
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise,
Gracious and kind!

Therefore let song and dew
Thence in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave,
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

From the Messiah.

OUR LORD'S FIRST MIRACLE.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

BUT now the banquet; such as lowly roof
Demanded, and with simple manners claimed:
O'er milk and honey, rice and kneaded flour,
And water, cool as mountain-well contained,
When consecrating prayer arose, for Heaven's
High blessing—then the marriage-feast began.
But soon to Jesus, Mary's asking eye
Was turned, and meekly for the aidless want
Of friends beloved, a miracle she hoped;
But thus was answered:—“Woman!—unarrived
My dawn of glory! what have I to do
With thee?”—Oh! think not from that sinless mouth,
Annihilating words of harshness came;
The pity, not the anger, of rebuke
Was there!—Six stony water-pots antique,
For pure lavation, such as holy rite
Demanded, in the nuptial chamber stood;
And each, obedient to Messiah's voice,
With gushing water to the brim was filled;
When lo! the element, by power subdued,
Blushed into wine, and glowed beneath its God!
And when the ruler of the rustic feast
Admiring drank this new created wine,
A miracle stood forth:—as shines a star
Clear, round, and large, the only one in Heaven!
Each heart beat louder; on the lifted brow
Of mute-struck guests, divine amazement sat;
And from the eyes of new disciples flashed
The fire of faith! that eloquence of soul,
While ecstasy is dumb. And when at night,
By torch and timbrel home the vested train
Returned, amid the hymeneal song
Of sweetest rapture; while each bridal robe
Like snow in moonlight glittering shone
The holy mildness of thy deep-toned voice,
Redeemer! still in hearts its echo rang—
Though vaster miracles Thy name en throne,
In this omnipotently tender shine
The rays of love; concentrated, calm, and bright,
They dazzle not, but still thy power declare.

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

NO. 2.

WHETHER it is that the human mind delights in cherishing the impressions which most affected it in infancy; or that from habits of indolence we neglect the means that would free us from their influence, and thus subject ourselves to feelings whose causes are indefinite, and whose effects are sometimes ridiculous—often fatal, certain it is that the legends of childhood are often verified in age by the very influence which these fables exercise upon our minds; and those who have sacrificed whole fortunes to the delusive promises of some pretended alchemist, or juggling astrologer, have not been beguiled more by the tempting lure of the gilded bait, than by the greedy hankerings of a morbid appetite, which would seize even the unbaited hook. It is a fact, which speaks, perhaps, something in favour of the goodness as well as the weakness of the human heart, that in all cases of gross and general deception, the deceived, themselves, so far from being passive, contribute more than the deceiver to their own delusion.

The good people of the old colony have from time immemorial been more or less influenced by the predictions and warnings of some old sybil, who pretended to peep into fate through the bottom of a tea-cup, and discern the movements of the heavens by the settling of her coffee grounds.

One of these beldames had for many years inhabited a hovel, which had before been distinguished in the more dignified use of a fish-house, seated near the extremity of a small promontory, which overhung the centre of Plymouth bay. The ease with which she could derive subsistence from the shores, and in the season, from the neighbouring fish lakes, had probably induced the Pythoness to establish herself in so dreary a domicile, and the profit she derived from predicting fair winds and favourable weather, did much towards conciliating the affection of the owner for her otherwise unpromising habitation.

So long and so successfully had Rachel foretold to the inquiring seamen, the weather of the coming day, (an art which those who live upon the seaboard know to be easily acquired,) that they almost felt that she had an influence in the fulfilment of her own predictions, and not one was ever known to calculate a voyage into the outer bay without consulting "*Aunt Rachel*" upon the morrow's weather, nor on their return did any neglect to leave a portion of their *takings*, for a reward to her who had predicted or perhaps secured their success.

There were, indeed, a few in the village who affected to deride the talents of Rachel, and sneer at those who were influenced by her predictions, but it is said that even these, the minister, the schoolmaster, and physician, were always able to find an excuse for delaying an

expedition, the event of which she might have pronounced against. And I myself recollect, when a certain ordination lacked one of its counsel by the officious boldness of this propheticess of the storm.

The pleasure which Rachel found in the solitude of night, in watching the flux of the sea as it cast its intrusive wave farther and farther upon the sand, served, if indeed any thing was necessary, to add to the awe with which her neighbours contemplated her character.

She was met in one of her midnight rambles by a party preparing for an early departure for the outer bay fishing, who anxiously inquired the probability of the morrow's weather.—"Fair," said she, "fair—to-morrow sees neither rain nor wind; the minister must have less corn in his own field to make his prayers available."—"But, aunt Rachel (they always put the last syllable to her name when they spoke to her at night,) do you see yon cloud in the west?"—"What have I to do with west or south," said she: "I have promised fair, though you might have chosen a better day than *Friday*, considering you make but one voyage in a year." Just then a large vessel hove in sight. By the pale light of the moon, it was impossible to distinguish the class to which she belonged. "She will come in," said Rachel, "and for no good—we do not hear the sound of church bells at midnight for nothing."—"But, that was Plymouth clock striking twelve," said one of the company.—"Do we hear clocks," said she, "four miles against the wind? and Plymouth clock too, a wooden rattle, with scarcely more work on it than the windlass of yonder chebacco boat?"

Before the party had prepared for their departure, the vessel, a large brig, had come to, and anchored near the shore. This vessel, owned in that place, and loaded with sugar by a Boston merchant, had put into the harbour to effect some trifling repairs to her spars. One only of her crew was a native of the village, and he on the following day conducted his messmates to Rachel's hovel, to inquire into the prospects of their voyage.

"John Burgis," said the augurress to her townsmen, as the party crossed the threshold, "have you done well in entering the Betsy? The poor man's curse is on her. Think you, the vessel paid for in exchange notes will make a voyage?"—"But, aunt Rachel," interrupted the sailor, evidently wishing a better reception for his comrades, "we did not build her."—"If you would not have her fortune, flee her company. And is it for this, John, (continued the old woman,) is it for this, your father, the deacon, has prayed, that your mother has wept, that the blessing of the minister was given to your departure, to be found with wretches like these, land sharks, moon

cursera!"—"Avast there, old gramma," said one of the strangers; "give us none of your slack, or we will put a stopper upon your gab." A beam of fire seemed to flash from the old woman's eyes as she rose from her bench, and threw down the coarse table on which she had been leaning. "You are known," said she; "there's not a mother's son of you that was not swaddled in the ruins of a wreck."—"Damned hag!" said the oldest—but interruption was vain; the worst feelings of Rachel were roused, and her most painful recollection excited; the volubility of her tongue expressed the intensity of her feelings. "There's not a moon curser of you all that has not braved the north-easter to fix a light upon a pole to mislead the pilot, and wreck his ship for depredation, when you would not wet a foot to save a seaman's life. And who, you children of devils incarnate, who, but your fathers and mothers fastened the lantern to a horse's head, and thus in a storm wrecked the brig upon your cursed sands that left me childless and a widow? May he who rides upon the pale horse be your guide, and you be of the number 'who follow with him.'"

The last imprecation scarcely reached the object of her curse. They went to their vessel and meditated a revenge every way worthy of the conduct that Rachel had charged them with.

The next night about 10 o'clock, the village was alarmed by a strong light, at or near the wharf. In less than twenty minutes, every inhabitant but the infant and the decrepid was at the place, and Rachel, half wrapped in the remains of an old sail, which had served as a bed-curtain, was seen rushing from the burning hovel. No language could do justice to the looks and gestures of this infuriated wretch. She ran round the scene of conflagration with the actions of a fury, howling her imprecations upon the cause of her new calamity. Her gray hair was flying in the winds, and as she stood between the strong light of the blaze and the spectators, its upturned points seemed tipt with living flame.

The next morning the brig prepared for sailing, and many of the inhabitants, either to see the ruins of Rachel's hut, or to watch the vessel's departure, flocked to the wharf, although it was Sunday.

The brig got under weigh, with a fine wind against the tide, and as she made her way smoothly down the channel, the attention of the spectators was invited to Rachel. She had seated herself upon a rock, which elevated its top considerably above the waves, although it was entirely surrounded by the tide.

The hollow moan which she had uttered was lost in the rushing of the waves upon the pebbly shore, and indeed she had scarcely been noticed in the bustle of preparing the vessel. When she was observed, the owner of the vessel attempted to offer her some consolation for the loss of her house—she replied, without once withdrawing her eyes from the receding vessel—"You need not comfort me—every barn could give me shelter if I should need it; but in three days I shall

be tenanted in the narrow house which yonder wretches cannot burn. But you! who shall console you for the loss of your brig? Think you that she can swim loaded with the curses of the poor? with my curses, which have never yet been vain."—"She has passed *Brown's Island*," said the owner, evidently affected by the vehemence of her manner, "and that is the worst shoal in the bay." Rachel grew more furious as the brig passed in safety any point or shoal which was considered peculiarly dangerous—and as the breeze freshened, her matted hair floated out like streamers upon the wind; her long bony arms were extended with imprecating gestures, and she appeared as she poured out her maledictions upon the authors of her calamities, like the evil spirit of the ocean chiding forth the storms as ministers of her vengeance.

When the vessel had passed *Beach Point*, the last obstruction to navigation in the harbour, and forming the extreme southern cape, which protected the whole bay, the owner, relieved from the anxiety which the difficulty of the navigation naturally inspired, and which, perhaps, the ravings of Rachel increased, turned to the old woman, and again offered to console her for the loss of her house, and even tendered the use of another habitation, but she was raving in all the impotence of disappointed madness; her voice was inarticulate, she foamed at the mouth, and howled in most demoniac accents. Her face, and swollen eyes that seemed almost starting from their sockets, were bent upon the single object of her curses, when suddenly her voice ceased, and she leaned forward in the very ecstasy of expectation. The eyes of the company following the bent of hers, were fixed upon the brig; her sails were shivering in the wind, and all seemed hurry and confusion upon her deck.

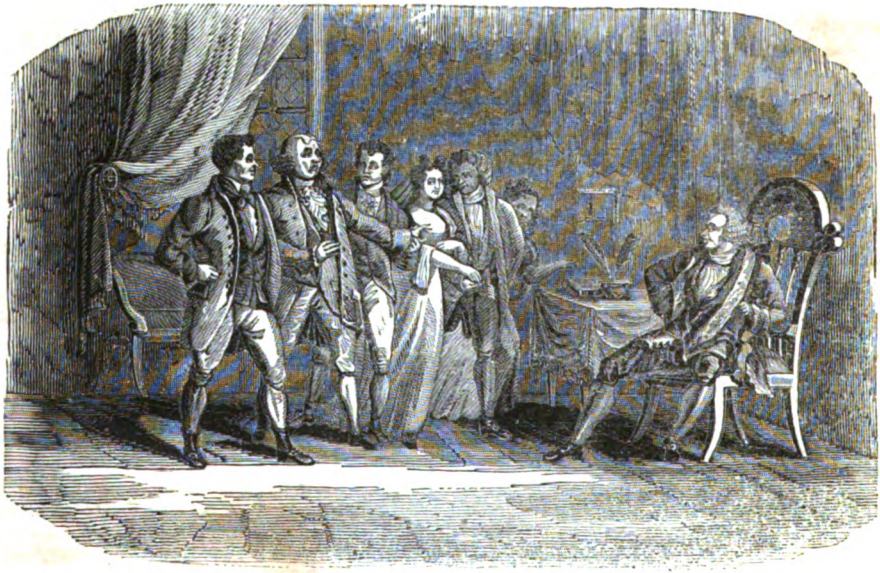
In a few moments she slowly sunk from the view of the spectators, and nothing of her was to be seen but a part of her topgallant mast standing above the waves.

Rachel pitched forward into the water as she saw the vessel sink, and as the people were engaged in preparing boats to go to the vessel, she died unnoticed.

The brig, which had struck upon a sunken and unknown rock, was afterwards raised with the loss of nearly her whole cargo and one man, the very one it is said, who had put fire to the house.

The body of Rachel was found and buried on the spot where her house had stood. The rock on which the vessel struck is now called *Rachel's Curse*—and the grave on the promontory serves to this day as a land-mark for the channel.

Two years after the American Revolution, (1785) the military establishment of the United States was reduced to and fixed at eight hundred men: one regiment of infantry, and two companies of artillery, so jealous were the people of the military power, although that power was in their own hands, that is, the Continental Congress.



THE MAID'S STRATAGEM;
OR, THE CAPTIVE LOVER.

THE MAID'S STRATAGEM, OR THE CAPTIVE LOVER.

"**THERE** be more fools than farthingales, and more braggarts than beards, in this good land of ours. A bald-faced impertinent! it should cost the grand inquisitor a month's hard study to invent a punishment for him. This pretty morsel! Hark thee, wench; I'll render his love-billet to thine ear. Listen and be discreet.

"**If** my sighs could waft the soft cargo of their love to thy bosom, I would freight the vessel with my tears, and her sails should be zephyrs' wings, and her oars love's fiercest darts. If I could tell but the lightest part of mine agony, your heart, though it were adamant, would melt in the furnace of my speech, and your torture should not abate till one kind glance had irradiated the bosom of your most unhappy, and most wretched of lovers,

ANTONIO.'

"Now for the *post scriptum*. If thy sighs be as long as thine ears, — help the furnace they are blown through. Again,

"**If** one ray of compassion lurks in your bosom, lady, let those radiant fingers illuminate your pen, touching one little word by way of answer to this love-billet, though it were but as a rope thrown out in this overwhelming ocean of love, to keep from sinking your unhappy slave. These from my dwelling at —."

"**O** my troth, answer thou shalt have, and that quickly, on thy fool's pate. Dost' think, Marian, it were not a deed worth trying, to quell this noisome brute with a tough cudgel?"

"It were too good for him," replied the maid; "but if you will trust the rather to my conceits, lady, we will make this buzzard spin. He shall dance so rare a coarnto for our pastime; beshrew me, but I would not miss the sport for my best holiday favours."

But we leave the beauteous Kate and her mischief-loving maiden, to plot and machinate against the unsuspecting lover.

Master Anthony Hardcastle was the only son of a substantial yeoman of good repute long resident in —. Dying, he left him, when scarcely at man's estate, the benefit of a good name, besides a rich store of substance, in the shape of broad pieces, together with lands and livings. — Fond of dress and a gaudy outside, he aimed at ladies' hearts through the medium of silken cloaks, and ponderous shoe-buckles; — designing to conquer not a few of the fair dames with whom he associated. But, alas! the perversity of woman had hitherto rendered his efforts unavailing; still an overweening opinion of his own pretensions to their favour, prevented him from giving up the pursuit, every succeeding mishap in no wise hindering him from following the allurements of the next fair object that fluttered across his path. He had heard of the wit and beauty of Kate Anderton, only daughter to Justice Anderton of Lostock Hall, a bluff and honest

squire, who spent his mornings in the chase, and his evenings in the revel incident thereto.

Master Anthony, after secretly beholding her, moved to the exploit of winning, and wearing in his bosom so precious a gem, which many a high-flown gallant had essayed to appropriate. He began the siege by consulting the most approved oracles and authorities of the time, for the construction of love-billets. The cut and fashion of the paper, too, were matters of deep and anxious consideration. Folded and perfumed, the missile was despatched, and the result was such as we have just seen.

Upon this memorable day, it then drawing on towards eventide, Anthony, full of solicitude, and musing on the fate of his billet, was spreading himself out, like a newly feathered peacock, in the trim garden behind his dwelling. A richly embroidered Genoa silk waistcoat, and amber-coloured velvet coat, glittered in the declining sun, like the church weathercock, perched just above him at a short distance from the house.

The mansion of Squire Anderton lay a few miles off; yet there had been sufficient time for the return of his trusty valet, who was the bearer of this love-billet. Several times had he paced the long straight gravel walk stretching from the terrace to the Chinese temple, and as often had he mounted the terrace itself, to look out for the well-known figure of Hodge, ere the hind was descried, through a cloud of hot dust, urging on his steed to the extremity of a short but laborious trot. Needless were it to dwell upon the anxiety and foreboding with which he awaited the nearer approach of this leaden-heeled Mercury. To lovers the detail would be unnecessary, and to others description would fail to convey our meaning.

"I ha't measter."

"What hast thou brought, Hodge?"

"A letter!"

"Quick—quick, fellow. Canst not give it me?"

"Ay, i' fackens; but where is it?"

Great was the consternation depicted in the flat and rapid face of the boor, as he fumbled in his pocket, turned out the lining, and groped down, incontinently, "five fathom deep" into his nether appendages; but still no letter was forthcoming.

"She gi'ed me one, though; an' where is it — Ise sure it waur here, an' — Bodikins if those de'ilments hanna twitched it out o' my — Those gigglin' wenches i' th' buttery took it, when I waur but putting my nose to the mug the last time, for a lift i' the stirrup."

Terrible was the wrath and disapprobation evinced by Master Anthony at this disaster. He had nigh despoiled the curls of his new wig, which were become twisted and awry with choler.

Patiently to endure was the business of Hodge; and, his master's fury having "sweeled" down into the socket, a few hasty flashes just glimmered cut from the ignited mass, ere it was extinguished.

"But thou hadst a letter—dolt—!"

"Ay, master, as sure as I am virtuous and well-favoured."

"Then is the lady kindly affected towards my suit? But oh, thou gill—thou dunderpate—thou losel knave, to lose one line moved by her sweet fingers. Get in;—I'll not defile my rapier with beating of thee. Thanks to the lady thou hast just left! her condescension so affecteth my softer nature, that I could not speak an angry word without weeping. March, rascal, and come not into my presence until thou art bidden, lest I make a thrust at thee with my weapon. Oh! Katherine, my life—my love;—my polar star, my axle; where all desire, all thought, all passions turn, and have their consequence."

Anthony had picked up this scrap from the players, with whom he had smoked, and committed the usual delinquencies, not peculiar to that age of folly and licentiousness.

"I'll go dream of thee, where there be a bank of flowers. Here let me lose myself in a delirium of sweets."

Choosing a fair position, he squatted down upon a ripe strawberry bed, and great was the disney with which he beheld the entire ruin of his best puce-coloured breeches. So sudden was the dissipation of his complacency, that he determined to beat Hodge forthwith; to which thrifty employment we commend him, whilst we address ourselves to the further development of our story.

Near to the lower extremity of the village, dwelt a maiden, whose bloom had been wasted, and whose matchless hopes were always frustrated ere their accomplishment. Many a simpering look had she cast towards the g odly raiment of Master Anthony, and some incipient notion was entertained, that the indweller at the big house was not averse to a peep, now and then more tender than usual, at the window of Mrs. Bridget Allport.

Distantly related to the family, she sometimes visited Lostock Hall; and, at the period when our narrative begins, she was located therein.

Kate had long been aware of her likings and mishaps, and was no stranger to her predilection for Master Anthony Hardcastle.

The first overt act of mischief resulting from the plots of Kate and her maid, was a smart tap at the door of Mistress Bridget's bedchamber, where she was indulging in reverie and romance; but the day being hot, she had fallen asleep, and was dreaming of "hearts, darts, and love's fires." She started from this mockery of bliss at the summons.

"Prithce, Marian, what is it?"

"A billet from—I don't care to tell who!"

"A billet, sayest thou?—eh!—who can it be? What! It is—Go away, my good Marian; I cannot—Oh! when will my poor heart—"

'Waft a cargo of love to thy bosom.' *'Melt in the furnace.'* Dear delightful passion! How pure! Just like mine own, I declare. *'Harder than adamant.'* Nay, thou wrongest me. Prithce, Marian, who—where is he?"

"A trusty messenger is below." She dropped a handsome courtesy.

"Give me my tablets and my writing stool. Oh, Marian, little did I think of this yesterday. When I was telling thee of—of—Oh, I am distraught."

She commenced a score of times, ere something in the shape of a communication could be despatched.

"There—there; let it be conveyed quick. Nay, I will see him myself. Lead me to him, girl, I will say how—and yet, this may look too bold and unmaidenly. Take it good girl, and say—what thou thinkest best."

Lightly did the laughing maiden trip through the great hall into the buttery, where Hodge was ambushed, along with a huge pye, fast lessening under his inspection. Her intention was not to have given him the billet, but she was suddenly alarmed at the approach of Mistress Bridget. Fearful lest the deception might be discovered, she hastily gave Hodge the precious deposit, trusting to some favourable opportunity when she might extract the letter from his pouch. An occasion shortly occurred, and Hodge was despatched, as we have seen, billetless, and unconscious of his loss.

The lover was sore puzzled how to proceed. It was possible, nay more than probable, that the message might have appointed a meeting; or twenty other matters, which he was utterly unable to conjecture, woman's brain being so fertile in expedients; and if he obeyed not her injunctions it might be construed amiss, and unavoidably prove detrimental to his suit. Should he send back the messenger? She would perhaps laugh at him for his pains; and he was too much afraid of her caprice, to peril his adventure on the issue. A happy thought crossed his brain; he capered about his little chamber, and could hardly govern himself as the brilliant conception blazed forth on his imagination. This bright phantasy was to be embodied in the shape of a serenade. It would be more in the romantic way of making love.

"To-morrow night," said he, rubbing his hands, and stroking his soft round chin, for be it understood, gentle reader, the youth was of a tender and fair complexion, with little beard, save a slight blush on his upper lip. He was not ill-favoured, but there was, altogether, something boyish and effeminate throughout his appearance, which seemed not of the hue to win a lady's love. He could twang the guitar, and had at times made scraps of verse, which he trolled to many a damsel's ear, but, to little purpose hitherto.

On the morrow, he watched the sun creep lazily up the sky, and more lazily down again. The old dial seemed equally dilatory and unwilling to move. He had sorted out his best and most ardent love sonnet, and strumped as many

jangling tunes as would have served a company of morris-dancers and pipers for a May festival. Twilight came on apace. The moon was fast mounting to her zenith. No chance of its being dark; so much the better, it would enable the lovers to distinguish each other more easily.

Hodge had long been ready, and the steeds duly caparisoned. At length, reckoning that his arrival would take place about the time the lady had retired to her chamber, he set forth, accompanied by his trusty esquire.

Their journey was accomplished in comparative silence, until a short ascent brought them to a steep ridge, down which the road wound into the valley. It was a scene of rich and varied beauty, now lighted by a bright summer moon. A narrow thread of light might be seen, twining through the ground below them, broken at short intervals, then abruptly gliding into the mist which hung upon the horizon. Lights were yet twinkling about, where toil or festivity held on their career unmitigated. A mile or two beyond the hill they were preparing to descend, lay a dark wood extending to the shallow margin of the adjacent brook; above this rose the square low tower of Lostock Hall: clusters of long chimneys, irregularly marked out in the broad moonlight, showed one curl of smoke only, just perceptible above the dark trees, intimating that some of the indwellers were yet awake. Ere long, a by-path brought them round to a fence of low brushwood, where a little wicket communicated with the gardens and offices behind.

"Here stay with the beasts, until I return," said Anthony, deliberately untying the cover wherein reposed his musical accompaniment.

"And how long may we kick our heels, and snuff the hungry wind for supper, master?"

"Until my business be accomplished," was the reply.

Master Anthony commenced tuning, which aroused the enquiries of several well-ordered and decently disposed rooks, who were not given to disturb their neighbours at untimely hours, and were just at the soundest part of their night's nap.

"These villanous bipeds do fearfully exorbitate mine ear," said the agonised musician.—"Tis not in the power of aught human to harmonise the strings."

The clamour increased with every effort, until the whole community were in an uproar, driving the incensed wooer fairly off the field. Trusting that he should be able to eke out the tune, in spite of these interruptions, he hastened immediately to his destination. He crossed a narrow bridge, and passed through a gap into the garden, taking his station on one side of the house, where he commenced a low prelude, by way of ascertaining if the lady were within hearing, and likewise the situation of her chamber. To his inexpressible delight, a window, nearly opposite the tree under which he stood, was gently opened, and he could distinguish a figure in white moving gently behind the drapery. He now determined to try the full power of his instrument; and war-

bled, with no inconsiderable share of skill and pathos, the following ditty:—

"Fair as the moon beam,
Bright as the running stream
Sparkling, yet cold;
In Love's tiny fingers
A shaft yet there lingers,
And he creeps to thy bosom, and smiles, lady.
Soon his soft wings will cherish
A flame round thine heart
And ere it may perish,
Thy peace shall depart.
O listen, listen, lady gay;
Love doth not always sue;
The brightest flame will oft decay.
The fondest lover rue, lady!
The fondest lover rue, lady!"

At the conclusion he saw a hand, presently an arm, stretched out through the casement. Something fell from it, which glistened with a snowy whiteness in the clear moonlight. He ran to seize the treasure—a scrap of paper neatly folded—which, after a thankful and comely obeisance towards the window, he deposited in his bosom. The casement was suddenly closed. The lover, eager to read his billet, made all imaginable haste to regain the road, where mounting his steed, he arrived in a brief space, almost breathless with anticipation and impatience, at his own door. The contents of the despatch were quickly revealed, in manner following:—

"I know thine impatience; but faith must have its test. Send a message to my father; win his consent to thy suit; but as thou holdest my favour in thine esteem, come not near the house thyself ere one month have elapsed. Ask not why; 'tis sufficient that I have willed it. Shouldst thou not obey, I renounce thee for ever.

"This shall be the test of thy fidelity.

"KATHERINE."

He kissed the writing again and again: he skipped round the chamber like unto one demoted; and when the old housekeeper, who was in a sore ill temper at being deprived of her accustomed allowance of rest, came in, to know his intentions about supper, he bade her go dream of love, and give supper to the hogs.

The morning found Anthony early at his studies. A letter, painfully elaborated, was despatched in due form "To Master Roger Anderton, these;" and the lover began to ruminate on his good fortune. The terms were hard to be sure, and the time was long; but women, and other like superior intelligences, will not bear to be thwarted.

The same day an answer was received, briefly as follows:—

"Though thy person and qualifications be unknown to me, yet have I not been ignorant of the respect and esteem which thy father enjoyed. Shouldst thou win my daughter's favour, thou shalt not lack my consent, if thou art as deserving as he whose substance thou hast inherited."

Leaving to Anthony the irksome task of minuting down the roll of time for one unlucky month, turn we to another personage, with whom

it is high time the reader should be acquainted. At Turton Tower, a few miles distant, dwelt a cavalier of high birth, whose pedigree was somewhat longer than his rent-roll. To this proud patrician Kate's father had long borne a bitter grudge, arising out of some sporting quarrel, and omitted no opportunity by which to manifest his resentment. Dying recently, he had left an only son, then upon his travels, heir to the inheritance, and the feud with Anderton.

Shortly after his return, Kate, being on a visit in the neighbourhood, saw him; and as nothing is more likely to excite love than the beholding of some forbidden object, unwittingly, in the first instance, she began to sigh, and with each sigh came such a warm gush of feeling from the heart, as did not fail to create a crowd of sensations altogether new and unaccountable. On his part, the feeling was not less ardent, though less inexplicable, at least to himself, and a few more glances fixed them desperately and unalterably in love. Hopeless though it might be, yet did the lovers find a sad and mournful solace in their regrets, the only sentiment they could indulge. They had met, and in vows of secrecy had often pledged unintermitting attachment.

Love at times had prompted some stratagem to accomplish their union, for which the capricious and unforgiving disposition of the old gentleman seemed to afford a fair excuse. It is a most ingenious and subtle equivocator that same idle boy, and hath ever at hand palliatives, and even justifications, in respect to all crimes done and committed for the aiding and comforting of his sworn lieges. And thus it fell out, Kate's wits were now at work to make Anthony's suit in some way or another subservient to this object.

The month was nigh spent, when Hodge, one morning, entered the chamber of his master, who sat there dribbling away the time over a treatise on archery.

"How now, sirrah?"

"Please ye, master, Mistress Kate is to be wed on the feast of St. Crispin; an' I'm a thinking I've no body-gear fitting for my occupation."

"Married, sayest thou?—to whom?"

"Nay, master, an' ye know not, more's the pity if it be not to your honour."

"To me, sayest thou?"

"They ha' so settled it, belike; and I thought, if it would please ye, to order me new boots and a coat for the wedding."

"Peace!—where gattest thou the news?"

"At the smithy. I was but just getting the mare shod, and a tooth hammered into the garden rake."

"It is wondrous strange!" replied Anthony, musing; "but women are of a subtle and unsearchable temper. She did appoint me a month's abstinence. Sure enough, the feast thou hast named happeneth on the very day of my release. She hath devised this plot for my surprise! Excellent! and so the rumour hath gotten abroad? Now, o' my troth, but I like her the better for't. Go to; a new suit, with yellow trimmings, and

hose of the like colour, shall be thine: thou shalt be chief servitor, too, at my wedding."

Anthony seemed raving wild with delight. He resolved that the jade should know of his intelligence, and he would attack the citadel by a counterplot of a most rare and excellent device. To this end he resolved on going to the hall the night preceding his appointment.

With the evening of an unusually long and tedious day, whose minutes had been spun to hours, and these hours into ages, did Master Anthony Hardecastle, accompanied by his servant, set forth on this perilous exploit. Upon a rich and comely suit, consisting of a light blue embroidered vest, and a rich coat of peach-coloured velvet, with bag-wig and ruffles, was thrown a dark cloak, partly intended as a disguise, and partly to screen his gay habiliments from dust and pollution.

They passed slowly on for an hour or two, dropping down to the little wicket as aforetime, above which the crows were again ready with the usual enquiries. The squire being left with the steeds, Master Anthony once more scrambled over the garden hedge, and sustained his person in a becoming attitude against the pear-tree, whence he had so successfully attacked and carried the citadel on his former visit. He now beheld, with wonder, lights dancing about in the house, frisking and frolicking through the long casements, like so many Jack-o'-lanterns. Indeed, the greater part of the mansion seemed all a blaze, and of an appalling and suspicious brightness. Sounds, moreover, of mirth and revelry approached his ear. He would instantly have proceeded to ascertain the cause of this inauspicious merry-making, had not Kate's injunction kept him aloof. The noise of minstrelsy was now heard—symptoms of the marriage-feast and the banquet. More than once he suspected some witchery, some delusion of the enemy to beguile him by enchantments. However, he resolved to be quiet; and, for the purpose of a more extended vision, he climbed or rather stepped into the low huge fork of the tree.

A white cur now came snarling about the bushes; then, cautiously smelling his way to the tree, suddenly set up a yell, so deafening and continuous, that he roused some of the revellers within. Two men staggered from the house, evidently a little the worse in their articulation by reason of the potations they had taken.

"Quiet, Vick!—Hang thy neck, what's a matter? Eh! the pear-tree?—It's the thief again—and before the fruit's ripe.—Bodikins! but we'll catch thee now, 'r lady. We'll have a thong out of his hide."

The men approached as cautiously as their condition would permit; while Anthony overhearing the latter part of their dialogue, sat somewhat insecurely on his perch.

"Dan, get th' big cudgel out o' t' barn. I see a some'at black like, an' fearsome, i' th' tree."

Probably they had imbibed courage with their liquor, otherwise the black "somewhat" in the

tree might have indisposed them for this daring attack.

"I'll have a blow at it, be't mon or devil, hang me."

Anthony pulled his cloak tightly about him; and while the weapon was providing, he entertained serious thoughts of surrendering at discretion; but the effect which this premature disclosure might have on his mistress's determination towards him, retarded the discovery; and he was not without hope of eluding the drunken valour of the brutes.

"Now gie't me, Dan.—Tol de rol.—

"An' back an' sides go bare, go bare."

Approaching to the attack, Barnaby brandished his cudgel to the time and tune of this celebrated alchouse ditty. The concluding flourish brought the weapon waving within a very concise distance of the goodly person of Master Anthony Hardcastle.

"Murder!—Villains!" cried the terrified lover, unable to endure the menacing aspect of this fearful invader; "I'm Master Anthony, ye sots, ye unthrifths—your master, is to be; and I—I'll have ye i' the stocks for this."

"Bodikins and blunderkins! hear'st him, Dan? Why, thou lying lackpenny, I'll soon whack the corruption out o' thee. Master Anthony, indeed! he be another guess sort o' thing to thee, I trow. Thee be'st hankering after the good things here-about; but I'll spoil thy liquorish tooth for tasting. Come, unkennel, vermin!"

"I'm Master Anthony, friend. If thou lackest knowledge, go ask flogge with the horses at the back gate."

"Then what be'st thou for i' the pear-tree?—Na, na! Master Anthony is gone home a great while back. He's to marry young mistress i' the morn, an' we're getting drunk by participation.—There's for thee; I talks like o'ud Daniel the schoolmaster."

Sorely discomposed with the infliction of this vile contumely, Anthony was forced to descend. Nothing, however, would convince the clowns of their mistake. He showed them his glossy raiment; but their intellects were too confused for so nice a discrimination; they consequently resolved to hold him in durance until the morrow, when their master would bring him to account for this invasion of his territory. But who shall depict the horror and consternation of the unhappy lover, on finding them seriously bent on his incarceration in a filthy den, used heretofore as a receptacle for scraps and lumber, near the stables. Remonstrance, entreaty, threats, solicitations, were equally unavailing. He demanded an audience with the justice.

"Thee'll get it soon enough, I warrant thee. And thee may think well o' the stocks; but th' pillory is no more than I'll be bound for. The last we caughted, Jem Sludge, we belaboured in such fashion, as I verily think he waur more like a middin' nor a man when he got his neck out o' th' collar.—Come along—it's not to th' gallows, this bout, my pretty bird.—Lend him a whack behind, Dan, if he do not mend his pace."

A rude blow was here administered to the unfortunate captive. He cried out lustily for help; but the enquirers from the hall made merry at his captivity, rejoicing that the thief was now safely in the trap.

On the following morning, the eventful day of his daughter's bridal, the justice rose earlier than he was wont. His features wore a tinge of anxiety, as he paced the room with sharp and irregular footsteps. Suddenly he was disturbed by approaching voices, and a sort of suppressed bustle along the passage. On opening the door, he saw Daniel and his doughty companion, Barnaby, whose red eyes and hollow cheeks betokened their too familiar indulgence in past festivities.

"We've caughted him at last, master."

"Who?—What dost stand agape, for?"

"Why—a rogue 'at was robbing the gardens."

"A murrain light on both of ye!—I cannot be chafed with such like matters now."

"But, your worship," cautiously spake Dan, "he be the most comical thing you ever clapped eyes on. He says he be Master Anthony, your worship's new son that is to be to-day."

"How sayest thou?—I think thy wits are the worse for bibbing o' yesternight."

"Nay, your worship's grace, but we'll e'en fetch him. He's pranked out gaily; and a gay bird he be for your honour's cage."

Two or three domestics now entered, leading in their prisoner. His woe-begone looks were angrily bent on his conductors. He shook off their grasp, approaching the owner of the mansion where he had been so evil-entreated. His hair, released from its bonds, dangled in primeval disorder above his shoulders. His goodly raiment, no longer hidden, was rumpled and soiled, like the finery of a stage wardrobe.

"How now, braggart?—What evil occupation brings thee about my house?—What unlucky hankering, sirrah, brings thee, I say, a robbing of my grounds and poultry-yards? Methinks thou hast but a sorry employment for thy ginger-bread coat."

"I came, sir, to wed your daughter," replied Anthony, smirking, and with great modesty.

"My daughter," cried Anderton, in a voice of thunder; "and pray may I enquire to whom I am beholden for this favour?"

"To Master Anthony Hardcastle," said the lover, drawing himself up proudly, and casting a glance of triumph and defiance at his tormentors.

"Whew!" cried the other; "why, Master Anthony is no more like thee, thou tod-pato, than thou to St. George, or the dragon of Wantley.—A rare device, truly—a cunning plot—a stage-trick to set the mob agape!—Why, thou puny-legged Tamburlane—thou ghost of an Alexander!—how darest thou confront me thus?—Now, i' lady, but I've a month's mind to belabour the truth out o' thee with a weapon something tough and crabbed i' the tasting."

Anthony's face lengthened inordinately at this unexpected rebuke, and a latent whimper quivered on his lips.

vered about the corners of his pale and pearly mouth. Sobs and protestations were useless; there seemed a base conspiracy to rob him even of his name and identity. He vowed, that the period of his proscription being past, Kate was hourly expecting him, and his appearance over-night was but to execute a little stratagem for her surprise. This explanation but served to aggravate; and in vain did he solicit an interview with the lady, promising to abide by her decision.

"Why, look thee," said the justice; "Anthony Hardcastle, whom thy lying tongue and figure most wofully defame, hath been our guest oftentimes during the past month, and truly his gallant bearing and disposition have well won my consent. No marvel at my daughter's love!—But thou!—had she stooped from her high bearing to such carrion, I'd have wrung your necks round with less compunction than those of two base-bred kestrils."

Anthony was dumb with astonishment. The whole transaction had the aspect of some indistinct and troubled dream, or rather some delusion of the arch enemy, to entangle and perplex him. At this moment tripped in the pert maiden, whose share in the machinations we before intimated. She looked on the bewildered lover with a sly glance. Craving permission to speak, she said—

"'Tis even so, your worship; this interloper is none other than the very person he represents; and here come those who will give the riddle its proper answer."

Immediately came in the blushing Kate, led by a tall and comely gentleman, whom her father recognised as the real Anthony.

"We come but to crave your blessing," said this personage, bending gracefully on his knee, whilst Kate seized the hand of her parent.

"Forgive this deceit!" she looked imploringly at the old man, who seemed too astonished to reply. "It was but to win my father's knowledge and esteem for the man to whom my vows are for ever plighted."

"Nay, start not," said the bridegroom; "I but borrowed this ill-used gentleman's name, as I knew none other mode of access to your presence than the disguise that his *suit* afforded; and from him I now crave forgiveness."

"And I knew," said Kate glancing round towards the real Anthony, "that the man of my choice would be yours, could I but contrive you should hold a fair judgment between them, as you now do this day."

A reconciliation was the result; but, ere a "little month was old," were seen at the same altar, and with the same object, Master Anthony Hardcastle and Mistress Bridget Allport.

THE OAKS.

BY KORNER.

'Tis evening; all is hush'd and still;
The sun sets bright in ruddy sheen,
As here I sit, to muse at will,
Beneath these oaks' umbrageous screen;
While wand'ring thought's my fancy fill
With dreams of life when fresh and green,
And visions of the olden time
Revive in all their pomp sublime.

While time hath call'd the brave away,
And swept the lovely to the tomb;
As yonder bright but fading ray
Is quench'd amid the twilight gloom:
Yet ye are kept from all decay,
For still unhurt and fresh ye bloom,
And seem to tell in whispering breath,
That greatness still survives in death!

And ye survive!—'till change severe,
Each aged stem but stronger grows,
And not a pillar passes here,
But seeks beneath your shade repose.
And if your leaves, when dry and ere,
Fall fast at Autumn's wintry close,
Yet every falling leaf shall bring
Its vernal tribute to the spring.

Thou native oak, thou German tree,
Fit emblem too of German worth!
Type of a nation brave and free,
And worthy of their native earth!
Ah! what avails to think on thee,
Or on the times when thou had'st birth?
Thou German race, the noblest eye of all,
Thine oaks still stand, while the *Alles* must fall.

SHALL I, LIKE A HERMIT.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like a hermit, dwell
On a rock or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it, where I may
Meet a rival every day?
If she undervalues me,
What care I how fair she be.

Were her tresses angel gold;
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a braid,
And with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be.

Were her hands as rich a prize
As her hairs or precious eyes;
If she lay them out to take
Kisses for good manners' sake;
And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be.

No, she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow balls do,
Not like fire by burning too;
But when she by chance hath got
To her heart a second lot,
Then, if others sin'e with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be.

THE POLE.

It was in the early part of the month of February, of the year 1831, near the close of day, that a travelling caleche, coming from Rome, was seen approaching, at full gallop, towards Mola di Gaeta. The road leading to the inn is rocky and narrow; on one side is an orange grove, extending to the sea; on the other an old Roman wall, overgrown by blossoming shrubs, enormous aloes, floating tangles of vines, and a thousand species of parasite plants peculiar to the South. Scarcely had the caleche entered this defile, when the careless postilion drove one of the wheels over a protruding ledge of rock, and overturned it; and in the next moment a crowd of people came running to the spot. Not one of them, however, thought of relieving the traveller within the fallen vehicle; but, with violent gestures, and loud outcries, began to examine what damage the caleche had sustained, and what profit they might derive from it. The wheelwright declared every wheel was shattered; the carpenter that the shafts were splintered; whilst the blacksmith passing and repassing under the carriage, tugged at every clamp and screw and nail, with all the violence necessary to ensure himself a handsome job. The traveller it contained having quietly disengaged himself from various cloaks, books, and maps, now slowly descended, and for a moment the busy crowd forgot their restlessness, to gaze with admiration upon the noble figure of the stranger. He seemed to be scarcely two-and-twenty. In stature he was sufficiently tall to give an idea of superiority to his fellow mortals; and his form was moulded in such perfect proportions, that it presented a rare combination of youthful lightness and manly strength. His countenance, had you taken from it its deep thoughtfulness, and its expression of calm, intrepid bravery, might have belonged to the most lovely woman, so transparently blooming was his complexion, so regular his features, so blond and luxuriant his hair. Of all those present, he seemed the least concerned at the accident; he neither looked at the caleche, nor paid any attention to the offers of service that were screamed from a dozen mouths; but, drawing out his watch, asked his servant if the carriage was broken.

"Pann,* the shafts are snap, two of the springs are injured, and the linch pin has flown."

"How long will it take to repair them?"

"Twenty-four hours."

"It is now four o'clock. See that every thing be in order again by to-morrow's day-break."

"Pann, with these lazy Italians, I fear it will be impossible * * *."

"Ya paswalam,"† replied the traveller, coldly, but decidedly. "Pay double—triple—what you will, but let all be ready for the hour I have mentioned."

Without another word, he walked towards the inn, followed by the crowd, teasing for alms. A few seconds ago, they had all been active and healthy beings, so full of employment they could not afford to mend his caleche, unless tempted by some extraordinary reward: now the men declared themselves cripples and invalids, the children were orphans, the women helpless widows, and they would all die of hunger if his Eccellenza did not bestow a few *grani*. "What a tedious race!" exclaimed the traveller, casting a handful of coins upon the ground, which caused a general scramble, and enabled him to proceed unmolested. At the inn new torments awaited him; a fresh crowd, composed of the landlord, the landlady, and their waiters and hostlers, gathered round, and assailed him with innumerable questions. The landlord hoped none of his limbs were broken, and begged him to consider himself master of the house; the waiters desired to know at what hour he would sup, what fare he chose, how long he intended to stay, where he came from, whither he was going; and the landlady led him, ostentatiously, through all the rooms of the inn, expatiating endlessly upon the peculiar and indescribable advantages of each. Ineffably weary of their officiousness, the traveller at last traversed a long and spacious hall, and took refuge in a balcony that looked upon the bay of Gaeta.

The inn is built upon the site of Cicero's Villa. Beneath the balcony, and on each side, along the whole curve of the bay, stretched a thick grove of orange-trees, which sloped down to the very verge of the Mediterranean. Balls of golden fruit, and blossoms faint with odour, and fair as stars, studded this amphitheatre of dark foliage; and at its extremity the liquid light of the waves pierced the glossy leaves, mingling their blue splendour with earth's green paradise. Every rock and mountain glowed with a purple hue, so intense and soft, they resembled violet vapours dissolving into the pale radiance of the evening sky. Far away in the deep broad flood of the ocean, rose the two mountain islands of Ischia and Procida, between which Vesuvius thrust in his jagged form, and his floating banner of snow-white smoke. The solitary heaven was without sun or moon, without a star or cloud, but smiled in that tender vestal light, which speaks of eternal, immutable peace.

It would be difficult to define the feelings of the traveller as he gazed on this scene: his countenance, uplifted to heaven, was animated with a profound and impassioned melancholy, with an expression of an earnest and fervid pleading against some vast and inevitable wrong. He was thinking probably of his country; and whilst he contrasted its ruined villages and devastated fields with the splendour and glow of the fair land before him, was breathing inwardly a passionate appeal against that blind and cruel

* My Lord, in Polish.

† I will, in Polish.

destiny which had consigned Poland to the desolating influence of Russian despotism. His reverie was interrupted by the sound of a female voice singing in Polish among the orange trees at his feet. The singer was invisible; but the sweetness of her voice, and the singular reference of the words (the following prose translation conveys their meaning) to the thoughts of his own mind, filled the traveller with surprise:

"When thou gazest upon the azure heaven, so mighty in its calm, do not say, O bright enchantment, hast thou no pity that thou dawnest thus in unattainable loveliness upon my world-weary eyes.

"When the southern wind softly breathes, do not say reproachfully, thy cradle is the ether of the morning sun, thou drinkest the odorous essence of myrtle and lemon blossoms; thou should'st bear upon thy wings all sweet emotions, all soft desires; why bringest thou then no healing to the anguish I endure?

"Neither in the dark hour, when thou thinkest upon thy country and thy friends, say not with grief, They are lost! They are not! Say rather with joy, They were illustrious, and it is bliss to know that they have been!"

It were wise in me to obey thy lesson, sweet songstress, thought the traveller; and, revolving in his mind the singularity of the serenade, he continued to gaze upon the trees below: there was no rustling amid their branches, no sound which told a human being was concealed beneath their foliage; nothing was heard beyond the almost imperceptible breathings of the evening air. Did such things exist any where but in the imagination of the poet? He could almost have believed that the spirit of that divine scene had assumed a human voice and human words, to soothe his melancholy, so floating and airy had been the strain, so deep the silence that succeeded it. One moment more, and there arose from the same spot cries for help, uttered in Italian, and shrieks of distress, so piercing, they made the traveller fly with the speed of lightning through the great hall, down the staircase into the garden. The first object that met his eyes was the figure of a girl about sixteen, her one arm tightly embracing the stem of a tree, her other angrily repelling a young man who was endeavouring to drag her away. "I will not go with you—I love you no longer, Giorgio—and go with you, I will not," shrieked the girl, in tones of mingled violence and fear. "You must—you shall," retorted her aggressor, in a voice of thunder. "I have found you again, and I won't be duped by your fooleries, Marietta * * * * * And who are you, and who begged you to interfere?" added he, turning fiercely upon the traveller, whose strong grasp had torn him from Marietta. "An officer, as it should seem by your dress;—he pleased to know that I am also an officer, and risk my displeasure no further."

"No officer would ill-treat a defenceless girl," the Pole replied, with quiet contempt.

At this taunt Giorgio quivered with rage. His

features, handsome and regular as those of Italians generally are, became quite distorted. His hands, with convulsive movements, sought about his breast for the dagger that was concealed there, his dark flashing eyes fixed intently at the same time upon his adversary, as if he hoped the fiendish spirit that burned within them might previously annihilate him.

"Be on your guard—he is a perfect wretch," cried Marietta, rushing towards her protector.

The arrival of several servants from the inn dispelled all idea of present danger: they dragged off Giorgio, telling him that, although the girl was his sister, he had no right to separate her from the *corps d'opera*, with whom she was travelling through Gacta.

"*E vero, e verissimo*," cried Marietta with joyful triumph. "What is it to him if I like my liberty, and prefer wandering about, singing here and there, to being his unhappy par—"

"Marietta! beware! dare not to speak ill of me!" screamed the retiring Giorgio, looking back over his shoulder, and accompanying his words with a look of such frightful menace, as completely subdued his sister.

She watched in anxious silence till he had disappeared, and then, with affectionate humility and a graceful quickness that allowed not of its prevention, knelt lightly down, and pressed the stranger's hand to her lips. "You have more than repaid me for the song I sang to you," she said, rising and leading the way to the inn, "and, if you like it, I will sing others to you, whilst you sup."

"Are you a Pole?" enquired the traveller. "A fine demand! how can I be a Pole? Did you not say yourself there was no longer any such country as Poland?"

"I? not that I recollect."

"If you did not say it, confess, at least, that you thought it. The Poles are all become Russians, and for nothing in the world, Signor, would I be a Russian. Why, in all their language they have no word that expresses *honour*.* No, rather than be a Russian, much as I hate it, I would go with Giorgio."

"Are you an Italian?"

"No—not exactly."

"What are you, then?"

"Um! I am what I am, who can be more? But, Signor, one thing I must beg of you, do not ask me any questions about myself, nor any about Giorgio. I will sing to you, talk to you, wait upon you—any thing of that kind you please, but I will not answer questions on those subjects."

Seating herself upon a stool, in a dark corner of the traveller's apartment, as far removed as possible from him, and all other interruptions, Marietta passed the evening in playing on her guitar and singing. She was a most accomplished singer, possessing and managing all the intricacies of the art, with perfect ease, but this scarcely excited admiration in comparison with the natu-

*This is true. The Russian language is without that word.

ral beauty of her voice. There was a profound melancholy in its intense sweetness, that dissolved the soul of the traveller in grief. All that was dear to him in the memory of the past, the joys of home and childhood, the tenderness and truth of his first friendships, the glow of patriotism; every cherished hour, every endeared spot, all that he had loved, and all that he had lost upon earth, seemed again to live and again to fade, as he listened to her strains. Without paying any attention to him, and apparently without any effort to herself, she breathed forth melody after melody for her own pleasure, like some lone nightingale, that, in a home of green leaves, sings to cheer its solitude with sweet sounds. Her countenance and figure would have been beautiful, had they been more fully developed. They resembled those sketches of a great artist, in which there are only a few lightly-traced lines, but those are so full of spirit and meaning, that you easily imagine what a masterpiece it would have been when finished.

The first visit of our traveller, on arriving, next day, at Naples, was to the Princess Dashkoff. She was a Russian lady, whose high birth, immense wealth, and talents for intrigue, had procured for her the intimacy of half the crowned heads of Europe, and had made her all powerful at the Court of St. Petersburg. Detesting the cold barbarism of her native country, she had established herself at Naples, in a splendid mansion, near the Strada Nuova; and affecting an extravagant admiration for Italy, by her munificent patronage of the arts and artists, and by perpetual exhibitions of her own skill, in drawing and singing, dancing and acting, had obtained the name of the Corinna of the North. Her *salon* was the evening resort of the wise, the idle, the witty and the dissipated. Not to know Corinna, was to be yourself unknown; and not to frequent her *conversazioni* was, as far as society was concerned, to be banished from all that was fashionable or delightful in Naples.

It was the hour of evening reception. The Pole burned with impatience to speak to the Princess, for on her influence at Petersburg, depended the fate of a brother, the only being in existence he now cared for. A splendid suite of apartments, blazing with lights, crowded with company, and furnished with the munificence of an Eastern harem, lay open before him; without allowing himself to be announced, he entered them. When an highly imaginative mind is absorbed by some master feeling, all opposing contrasts, all glowing extremes, serve but to add depth and intensity to that feeling. The festal scene of marble columns, garlanded by roses, the walls of Venetian mirror, reflecting the light of innumerable tapers, and the forms of lovely women and gay youths floating in the mazy dance, seemed to him deceitful shows that veiled some frightful sorrow; and with eager, rapid steps, as if borne along by the impulse of his own thoughts, he hurried past them. Scarcely knowing how he had arrived there, he at length found himself standing beside the Princess, in a

marble colonnade, open above to the moonlight and the stars of heaven, and admitting at its sides the odorous air and blossoming almond-trees of the adjacent garden.

"Ladislas!" exclaimed the lady, starting, "is it possible—to see you here almost exceeds belief."

After remaining some moments in deep silence, collecting and arranging his thoughts, the Pole replied. A conversation ensued, in so low a voice as to be only audible to themselves; from their attitudes and gestures it might be inferred that Ladislas was relating some tale of deep anguish, mixed with solemn and impressive adjurations to which the Princess listened with a consenting tranquilizing sympathy.

They issued from the recess, walked up the colonnade, and entered a small temple that terminated it. From the centre of its airy dome hung a lighted alabaster lamp of a boat-like shape, beneath which a youthful female was seated alone sketching a range of moonlight hills that appeared between the columns.

"Idalie," said the Princess, "I have brought you a new subject for your pencil—and such a subject, my love—one whose fame has already made him dear to your imagination; no less a person than the hero of Ostralenka,* the Vistula, and the Belvedere.† So call up one of those brightest happiest moods of your genius, in which all succeeds to you, and enrich my album with his likeness," spreading it before her.

It is difficult to refuse any request to a person who has just granted us an important favour. Ladislas suffered himself to be seated, and as soon as the Princess had quitted them, the gloom which had shadowed his brow at the names of Ostralenka, the Vistula and the Belvedere, vanished. The surpassing beauty of the young artist would have changed the heaviest penance into a pleasure. She was lovely as one of Raphael's Madonnas; and, like them, there was a silent beauty in her presence that struck the most superficial beholder with astonishment and satisfaction. Her hair, of a golden and burnished brown, (the colour of the autumnal foliage, illuminated by the setting sun,) fell in gauzy waveings round her face, throat, and shoulders. Her small clear forehead, gleaming with gentle thought;

*At Ostralenka, the Russian and Polish armies were in sight of one another. The destruction of the Poles seemed inevitable; not expecting the attack, their lines were not formed, and the Russians were triple in number, and advancing in the most perfect order. In this emergency, three hundred students from the University of Warsaw drew hastily up in a body, and, devoting themselves willingly to death, marched forward to meet the onset of the enemy. They were headed by a young man who distinguished himself by the most exalted courage, and was the only one of their numbers who escaped. He stationed his band in a small wood that lay directly in the path of the Russians, and checked their progress for the space of three hours. Every tree of that wood now waves above a patriot's grave. In the meantime the Polish army formed, bore down, and gained a most brilliant victory.

†The palace at Warsaw, in which the attempt to assassinate the Grand Duke Constantine was made by a party of young men.

her curved, soft, and rosy lips; the delicate moulding of the lower part of the face, expressing purity and integrity of nature, were all perfectly Grecian. Her hazel eyes, with their arched lids and dark arrowy lashes, pierced the soul with their full and thrilling softness. She was clad in long and graceful drapery, white as snow; but, pure as this garment was, it seemed a rude disguise to the resplendent softness of the limbs it enfolded. The delicate light that gleamed from the alabaster lamp above them, was a faint simile of the ineffable spirit of love that burned within Idalie's fair transparent frame; and the one trembling, shining star of evening that palpitates responsively to happy lovers, never seemed more divine or more beloved than she did to Ladislas, as she sat there, now fixing a timid but attentive gaze upon his countenance, and then dropping it upon the paper before her. And not alone for Ladislas, was this hour the dawn of passionate love. The same spell was felt in the heart of Idalie, veiling the world and lifting her spirit into vast and immeasurable regions of unexplored delight. One moment their eyes met and glanced upon each other, the look of exalted, of eternal love, mute, blessed, and inexpressible. Their lids fell and were raised no more. Rapture thrilled their breasts and swelled their full hearts, a rapture felt but not seen; for motionless, and in deep silence, as if every outward faculty were absorbed in reverence, they continued, each inwardly knowing, hearing, seeing nothing but the divine influence and attraction of the other.

I know not if the portrait was finished. I believe it was not. Noiselessly Idalie arose and departed to seek the Princess, and Ladislas followed. "Who is that lovely being?" enquired an English traveller sometime afterward, pointing out Idalie from a group of ladies. "A Polish girl—a protegee of mine," was the reply of the Princess; "a daughter of one of Kosciusko's unfortunate followers, who died here poor and unknown. She has a great genius for drawing and painting, but she is so different in her nature from the generality of people, that I am afraid she will never get on in the world. All the family are wild and strange. There is a brother, who they say is a complete ruffian; brave as a Pole, and unprincipled as an Italian; a villain quite varnished in picturesque, like one of your Lord Byron's corsairs and gaiours. Then there is a younger sister; the most uncontrollable little creature, who chose to pretend my house was insupportable, and ran away into Calabria or Campagna, and set up as a *prima donna*. But these, to be sure, are the children of a second wife, an Italian; and Idalie, I must confess, has none of their lawlessness, but is remarkably gentle and steady."

Disgusted with this heartless conversation, which disturbed his mood of ecstasy, Ladislas hastily quitted the Dashkoff palace, and entered the Villa Reale, whose embowering trees promised solitude. Not one straggler of the many gay crowds that frequent this luxurious garden from morning till midnight was now to be seen.

With its straight walks buried in gloom and shadow; its stone fountains of sleeping water; its marble statues, its heaven-pointing obelisks, and the tingling silence of its midnight air, it was holy and calm as a deserted oratory, when the last strain of the vesper hymn has died away, the last taper has ceased to burn, the last censer has been flung, and both priests and worshippers have departed. Ladislas cast himself upon a stone seat, in the ilex-grove that skirts the margin of the bay. "I dreamt not of love," he exclaimed, "I sought her not! I had renounced life and all its train of raptures, hopes, and joys. Cold, and void of every wish, the shadow of death lay upon my heart; suddenly she stood before me, lovely as an angel that heralds departed spirits to the kingdom of eternal bliss. Fearless, but mild, she poured the magic of her gaze upon my soul. I speak the word of the hour. She shall be mine—or I will die!"

Reclining in the ilex-grove, Ladislas passed the remaining hours of that too-short night, entranced in bliss as if the bright form of his beloved were still shining beside him. Gradually, every beauty of the wondrous and far-famed bay of Naples impressed itself upon his attention. The broad and beamless moon sinking behind the tall elms of Posyllippo—the broken star-light on the surface of the waves—their rippling sound as they broke at his feet—Sorrento's purple promontory, and the gentle wind that blew from it—the solitary grandeur of Capri's mountain-island, rising out of the middle of the bay, a colossal sphinx guarding two baths of azure light—Vesuvius, breathing its smoke, and flame, and sparks, into the cloudless ether—all became mingled in inexplicable harmony with his new born passion, and were indelibly associated with his recollection of that night.

The next morning Idalie was sketching in the Villa Reale. She had seated herself on the outside of a shady alley. Two persons passed behind her, and the childish, petulant voice of one of them drew her attention. That voice, so sweet, even in its impatience, certainly belonged to her fugitive sister. "It is she!" exclaimed Idalie, gliding swift as thought between the trees, and folding the speaker to her bosom. "Marietta—my dear little Marietta! at last you are come back again. *Catticella!* now promise to stay with me. You know not how miserable I have been about you."

"No! I cannot promise any thing of the kind," replied Marietta, playing with the ribbons of her guitar. "I choose to have my liberty."

Idalie's arms sunk, and her eyes were cast upon the ground, when she heard the cold and decided tone in which this refusal was pronounced. On raising the latter, they glanced upon the companion of her sister, and were filled with unconquerable emotion at discovering Ladislas, the elected of her heart.

"I met your sister here a few minutes ago," explained he, partaking her feelings; "and having been so fortunate the other day as to render her a slight service——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Marietta; "I sung for him a whole evening at Gaeta. It was a curious adventure. His carriage was overturned close to the inn. I had arrived there half an hour before, and was walking in an orange-grove near the spot, and saw the accident happen, and heard him speak in Polish to his servant. My heart beat with joy to behold one belonging to that heroic nation. He looked wondrous melancholy: I thought it must be about his country, so I crept as softly as a mouse among the trees under his balcony, and sung him a salve-song in Polish. I *improvised* it on the spur of the moment. I do not very well recollect it, but it was about azure heavens, southern winds, myrtle and lemon blossoms, and the illustrious unfortunate; and it ought to have pleased him. Just as I had finished, out starts our blessed brother, Giorgio, from the inn, and began one of his most terrific bothers. Imagine how frightened I was, for I thought he was gone to Sicily with his regiment. However, they got him away, and I followed this stranger into his room, and sang to him the rest of the evening. All my best songs, the *Mio ben quando verra*, *Vina pazza per amore*, the *All' armi di Generali*, the *Dolce cara patria*, from Tancredi, the *Deh calma* from Otello—all my whole stock, I assure you." Thus rattled on Marietta; and then, as if her quick eye had already discovered the secret of their attachment, she added, with an arch smile, "but don't be frightened, Idalie, though his eyes filled with tears whilst I sung, as your's often do, not a word of praise did the Sarmatian bestow on me."

"Then return and live with me, dear Marietta, and I will praise you as much, and more than you desire."

"*Santa Maria del Pie di Grotta!* What a tiresome person you are, Idalie. When you have got an idea into your head, an earthquake would not get it out again. Have I not told you that I will not. If you knew the motive, you would approve my resolution.—I said I liked my liberty, and so forth, but that was not the reason of my flight. I do not choose to have any thing to do with Giorgio and the Princess; for, believe me, dearest Idalie, disgraceful as my present mode of life seems to you, it is innocence itself, compared with the crimes they were leading me into."

"Some suspicion of this did once cross my mind," her sister replied, with a sigh, "but I rejected it as too horrible. Dear child, think no more about them. Do you not know that I have left the Princess' house, and am living by myself in a little pavilion, far up on the Strada Nuova. There you need not fear their molestations."

"Is not Giorgio, then, with you?"

"No, I have not seen him for some time. I doubt if he be in Naples."

"So, Messer Giorgio, you have deceived me again. But I might have known that, for he never speaks a word of truth. Be assured, however, he is in Naples, for I caught a glimpse of him this morning, mounting the hill that leads to the barracks at Pizzofalcone, and he is as in-

timate with the Princess as ever, though she pretends to disown him. As for me, I am engaged at San Carlos; the writing is signed and sealed, and cannot be broken, without forfeiting a heavy sum of money; otherwise I should be happy to live peacefully with you; for you know not. Idalie, all I have had to suffer; how sad and ill-treated I have been! how often pinched with want and hunger; and worse than that, when Giorgio takes it into his head to pursue me, and plants himself in the pit, fixing his horrible looks upon me as I sing! how many times I have rushed out of the theatre, and spent the nights in the great wide Maremma, beset by robbers, buffaloes, and wild boars, till I was almost mad with fear and bewilderment. There is a curse upon our family, I think. Did not our father once live in a splendid castle of his own, with an hundred retainers to wait upon him; and do you remember the miserable garret in which he died? But I cannot stay any longer. I am wanted at the rehearsal: so, farewell, dearest Idalie. Be you at least happy, and leave me to fulfil the evil destiny that hangs over our race."

"No! no!" exclaimed Ladislas, "that must not be—the writing must be cancelled,"—and then, with the affection and unreserve of a brother, he entered into their sentiments; with sweet and persuasive arguments overcame their scruples of receiving a pecuniary obligation from him, and finally, taking Marietta by the hand, led her away to San Carlos, in order to cancel her engagement.

And in another hour it was cancelled. Marietta was once more free and joyful; and, affectionate as old friends, the three met again in the little pavilion, which was Idalie's home. It stood alone in a myrtle wood, on the last of the green promontories, which form the Strada Nuova, and separate the Bay of Naples from the Bay of Baia—a lonely hermitage, secluded from the noise and turmoil of the city, whose only visitors were the faint winds of morning and evening, the smiles of the fair Italian heaven, its wandering clouds, and perchance, a solitary bird. From every part of the building you could see the Baian Ocean, sparkling breathlessly beneath the sun; through the windows and the columns of the portico you beheld the mountains of the distant coast shining on, hour after hour, like amethysts in a thrilling vapour of purple transparent light, so ardent, yet halcyon, so bright and unreal, a poet would have chosen it to emblem the radiant atmosphere that glows around Elysium isles of eternal peace and joy. Marietta soon left the building to join some fisher boys who were dancing the tarentalla upon the beach below. Idalie took her drawing, which was her daily employment, and furnished her the means of subsistence, and Ladislas sat by her side. There was no sound of rolling carriages, no tramp of men and horse, no distant singing, no one speaking near; the wind awoke no rustling amid the leaves of the myrtle wood, and the wave died without a murmur on the shore. Ladislas' deep but melodious voice alone broke the crystal silence of the noon-day air.

Italy was around him, robed in two splendours of blue and green; but he was an exile, and the recollections of his native land thronged into his memory, and oppressed him with their numbers and their life. During the three months it had taken him to effect his escape from Warsaw to Naples, his lips had been closed in silence, whilst his mind had been wrapt in the gloom of the dreadful images that haunted it. In Idalie's countenance there was that expression of innocence and sublimity of soul, of purity and strength, that excited the warmest admiration, and inspired sudden and deep confidence. She looked like some supernatural being that walks through the world, untouched by its corruptions; like one that unconsciously, yet with delight, confers pleasure and peace; and Ladislas felt that, in speaking to her of the dark sorrows of his country, they would lose their mortal weight and be resolved into beauty, by her sympathy. In glowing terms he described the heroic struggle of Poland for liberty; the triumph and exultation that had filled every bosom during the few months they were free; the hardships and privations they had endured, the deeds of daring bravery of the men, the heroism it had awakened in the women; and then its fall—the return of the Russians; the horrible character of Russian despotism, its sternness and deceit, its pride and selfish ignorance: the loss of public and private integrity, the disbelief of good, the blighted, hopeless, joyless life, endured by those whom it crushes beneath its servitude.

Thus passed the hours of the forenoon. Then Ladislas fixing his eyes upon the coast of Baia, and expressing, at the same time, his impatience to visit that ancient resort of heroes and of emperors, Idalie led the way by a small path down the hill to the beach. There they found a skiff dancing idly to and fro upon the waves, and, unmooring it from its rocky haven, embarked in it. It had been sweet to mark the passage of that light bark freighted with these happy lovers, when borne by its sails it swept through the little ocean-channel that lies between the beaked promontories of the mainland and the closing cliffs of the island of Nisida; and when, with gentler motion it glided into the open expanse of the bay of Baia, and cut its way through the translucent water, above the ruins of temples and palaces overgrown by sea-weed, on which the rays of the sun were playing, creating a thousand rainbow hues, that varied with every wave that flowed over them. In all that plain of blue light it was the only moving thing; and, as if it had been the child of the ocean that bore it, and the sun that looked down on it, it sped gaily along in their smiles past the fortress where Brutus and Cassius sought shelter after the death of Cæsar; past the temples of Jupiter and Neptune; by the ruins of that castle in which three Romans once portioned out the world between them, to the Cumean hill that enshadows the beloved Linturnum of Scipio Africanus, and in which he died. The whole of this coast is a paradise of natural beauty, investing with its own levelness the time-eaten wrecks

with which it is strewn; the mouldering past is mingled with the vivid present; ruin and grey annihilation are decked in eternal spring. The woody windings of the shore reveal, in their deep recesses, the gleaming marble fragments of the abodes of ancient heroes: the vendurous hues of the promontories mingle with the upright columns of shattered temples, or clothe, with nature's voluptuous bloom, the pale funereal urns of departed gods; whilst the foliage, and the inland fountains, and the breaking waves upon the shore, were murmuring around their woven minstrelsy of love and joy. Earth, sea, and sky, blazed like three gods, with tranquil but animated loveliness; with a splendour that did not dazzle—with a richness that could not satiate. The air on that beautiful warm coast was as a field of fragrance; the refreshing sea-breeze seemed to blow from Paradise, quickening their senses, and bringing to them the odour of a thousand unknown blossoms. "What world is this?" exclaimed Ladislas in a tone of rapture that nearly answered its own question. "I could imagine I had entered an enchanted garden; four heavens surround me: the one above; the pure element beneath me, with its waves that shine and tremble as stars: the adorned earth that hangs over it; and the heaven of delight they create within my breast. 'Morning is here a rose, day a tulip, night a lily; evening is, like morning, again a rose, and life seems a choral-hymn of beautiful and glowing sentiments, that I go singing to myself as I wander along this perpetual path of flowers.'"

It was night ere they again reached the pavilion. It stood dark and deserted in the clear moonshine; the door was locked; the windows and their outer shutters had been closed from within, so securely as to deny all admittance, unless by breaking them open, which the solid nature of the shutters rendered almost impossible. After calling and knocking repeatedly, without obtaining any answer, it became evident that Marietta had quitted the dwelling. In the first moment of surprise which this occurrence occasioned, they had not observed a written sheet of paper, of a large size, which lay unfolded and placed directly before the door, as if to attract attention. Idalie took it up and read the following lines, traced by Marietta:

"Oh, Idalie! what a fiendish thing is life. But a few hours ago, how calm and secure we were in happiness—now danger, and, perhaps, destruction is our portion. One chance yet remains, the moment you get this, persuade—not only persuade—but compel—that adorable stranger to fly instantly from Naples. He is not safe here an instant longer. Do not doubt what I say, or his life may be the forfeit. How can I impress this on your mind. I would not willingly betray any one, but how else can I save him? Giorgio has been here. Oh! the frightful violence of that man. He raved like an insane person, and let fall such dark and bloody hints as opened worlds of horror to me. I am gone to discover what I can. I know his haunts, and his associates,

and shall soon find out if there be any truth in what he threatens. I could not await your return, neither dare I leave the pavilion open. Who knows if, in the interval between my departure and your return, an assassin might not conceal himself within; and your first welcome be to see the stranger fall lifeless at your feet. His every step is watched by spies armed for his destruction. I know not what to do—and yet it seems to me that my going may possibly avert the catastrophe.

MARIETTA."

Ladislas listened to these lines unmoved; but the effect they produced on Idalie was dreadful. She gave implicit credence to them, and every word sounded as a knell. She lost all presence of mind; every reflection that might have taught her to avert the stroke she so much dreaded, was swallowed up in anguish, as if the deed that was to be consummated were already done. What task can be more difficult than to describe the overwhelming agony which heavy and unexpected misery produces. To have lived the day that Idalie had just lived—a day in which all the beauty of existence had been unveiled to its very depths; to have dreamt as she had done, a dream of love that steeped her soul in divine, and almost uncommunicable joy; and now, to sink from this pinnacle of happiness into a black and lampless cavern, the habitation of death, whose spectral form and chilling spirit was felt through all the air! This is but a feeble metaphor of the sudden transition from rapture to misery, which Idalie experienced. She looked upon Ladislas, and beheld him bright and full of life; the roseate hues of health upon his cheek, his eyes beaming with peaceful joy, his noble countenance varying not in the least from that imperturbable and godlike self-possession which was its habitual expression. And as her imagination made present to her the fatal moment, when beneath the dagger of the assassin this adored being should sink bleeding, wounded, and then be ever lost in death, her blood rushed to her heart, a deadly pause ensued, from which she awoke in a bewildering mist of horror. The still air and quiet moonshine to her seemed brooding mischief; a thousand shadows that proceeded from no one, but were the creatures of her distressed brain, flitted around, and filled the empty space of the portico. Poor Idalie! an eternity of bliss would have been dearly bought at the price of that moment's overwhelming anguish! Ladislas beheld her excess of emotion with pain, in which, however, all was not pain, for it was blended with that triumphant exultation, that a lover ever feels when he for the first time becomes assured that he is beloved by the object of his love with an affection tender and intense as his own.

As soon as Idalie recovered some presence of mind, with passionate supplications she entreated Ladislas to leave her, to fly this solitary spot, and to seek safety amid the crowded streets of Naples. He would not hear of this; he gently remonstrated with her upon the unreasonableness of her terrors, urging how little probable it was that his passing *rencontre* with Giorgio at

Gaeta could have awakened in him such a deadly spirit of revenge as Marietta represented. He viewed the whole thing lightly, attributing it either to the vivacity of Marietta's imagination, which had made her attach a monstrous import to some angry expressions of her brother, or looking upon it as some merry device which she had contrived, in order to frighten them; and tranquillized Idalie, by assurances that they would shortly see her wild sister return laughing, and full of glee at the success of her plot. In this expectation two hours passed away, but still no Marietta appeared, and it had grown too late to seek another shelter, without exposing Idalie to the slander of evil-minded people. They passed the rest of the night, therefore, in the portico, Idalie sometimes pale and breathless, with recurring fears, and sometimes calm and happy, as Ladislas poured forth his tale of passionate love. His feelings, on the contrary, were pure and unalloyed. Where Idalie was, there was the whole universe to him; where she was not, there was only a formless void. He had an insatiable thirst for her presence, which only grew intenser with the enjoyment of its own desire; and he blessed the fortunate occurrence that prolonged his bliss during hours which otherwise would have been spent pining in absence from her. No other considerations intruded. Blessings kindled within his eyes as he gazed upon that lovely countenance and faultless form, and angels might have envied the happiness he felt.

Morning came, bright and serene; the sun arose, the ocean and the mountains again resumed their magic splendour; the myrtle-woods and every minuter bloom of the garden shone out beneath the sun, and the whole earth was a happy form, made perfect by the power of light. They recollected that they had promised to join the Princess Dashkoff, and a large party of her friends, at eight o'clock, in an excursion to Pæstum. The point of meeting was the shore of the Villa Reale, where the numerous guests were to embark in a steamer which had been engaged for the occasion. In Idalie's present homeless and uncertain condition, this plan offered some advantages. It would enable them to pass the day in each other's society, under the auspices of the Princess, and it was to be hoped that, on their return, the mystery of Marietta's disappearance would be unravelled, and Idalie find her home once more open to her. They had scarcely settled to go, ere one of those horse calessini which ply in the streets of Naples, was seen coming towards them. Its driver, a ragged boy, sat on the shaft, singing as he drove; another urchin, all in tatters, stood as lacquey behind, and between them sat Marietta; the paleness of fear was on her cheeks, and her eyes had the staggered, affrighted look of one who has gazed upon some appalling horror. She hastily descended, and bade the calessino retire to some distance, and await further orders. "Why is he yet here?" said she, to her sister. "You foolish, blind Idalie, why did you not mind my letter—too proud, I suppose, to obey any but

yourself; but mark, you would not hear my warnings—we shall lose him, and you will feel them in your heart's core." She then, with all the violent gesticulation of an Italian, threw herself at the feet of Ladislás, and, with a countenance that expressed her own full conviction in what she said, besought him to fly instantly, not only from Naples, but from Italy, for his life would never be safe in that land of assassins and traitors. With entreaties almost as violent as her own, Ladislás and Idalie urged her to explain, but this only threw her into a new frenzy; she wept and tore her hair; she declared the peril was too urgent to admit of explanation—every moment was precious—another hour's stay in Naples would be his death.

The situation of Ladislás was a curious one. He had served in the Russian campaigns against Persia and Turkey, and had been there daily exposed to the chances of destruction; in the late struggle between Poland and Russia, he had performed actions of such determined and daring bravery, as had made his name a glory to his countrymen, and a terror to their enemies. In all these exploits he had devoted himself so unreservedly to death, that his escape was considered as a miraculous interposition of heaven. It was not to be expected that this Mars in a human form, this Achilles who had braved death in a thousand shapes, should now consent to fly before the uplifted finger and visionary warnings of a dream-sick girl, for such Marietta appeared to him to be. He pitied her sufferings, endeavoured to soothe her, but asserted he had seen no reason that could induce him to quit Naples.

A full quarter of an hour elapsed before an explanation could be wrung from Marietta. The chaos that reigned in her mind may easily be imagined. She had become possessed of a secret which involved the life of two persons. Ladislás refused to save himself, unless she revealed what might place her brother's life in jeopardy. Whichever way she looked, destruction closed the view. Nature had bestowed on her a heart exquisitely alive to the sufferings of others; a mind quick in perceiving the nicest lines of moral rectitude, and strenuous in endeavouring to act up to its perceptions. Any deviations in her conduct from these principles had been the work of a fate that, strong and fierce as a tempest, had bent down her weak youth like a reed beneath its force. She had once loved Giorgio; he had played with and caressed her in infancy—with the fond patronage of an elder brother had procured her the only indulgences her orphaned childhood had ever known. Fraternal love called loudly on her not to endanger his life; gratitude as loudly called on her not to allow her benefactor to become his victim. This last idea was too horrible to be endured. The present moment is ever all-powerful with the young, and Marietta related what she knew.

Well might the poor child be wild and disordered. She had passed the night in the catacombs of San Gennaro, under Capo di Monte. In these subterranean galleries were held the

nightly meetings of the band of desperate *bravi* of whom Giorgio was in secret the chief. The entrance to the catacombs is in a deserted vineyard, and is overgrown by huge aloes: rooted in stones and sharp rocks, they lift their thorny leaves above the opening, and conceal it effectually. A solitary fig-tree, that grows near, renders the spot easily recognisable by those already acquainted with the secret. The catacombs themselves are wide winding caves, the burial-place of the dead of past ages. Piles of human bones, white and bleached by time, are heaped along the rocky sides of these caverns. In one of these walks, whilst they were friends, Giorgio had shown the place to Marietta. In these days he feared not to entrust his mysterious way of life to her; for although in all common concerns she was wild and untractable, yet in all that touched the interests of those few whom she loved, Marietta was silent and reserved as Epicharis herself. The menaces Giorgio let fall in his visit on the preceding forenoon had excited her highest alarm, and she determined, at any risk, to learn the extent of the danger that hung over the stranger. After waiting in vain for Idalie's return till the close of evening, she had hastened to Capo di Monte, entered the catacombs alone, and, concealed behind a pile of bones, had awaited the arrival of the confederates. They assembled at midnight. Their first subject of consultation was the stranger. Giorgio acquainted them with his history, which he told them had been communicated to him that very morning, by a Russian lady of high consequence, who had likewise charged him with the business he had to unfold to them. He described Ladislás as a fugitive, unprotected by any government; he bore about his person certain papers which had been found in the palace of Warsaw, and were the confidential communications of the Russian Autocrat to his brother, the Viceroy of Poland, and were of such a nature as to rouse all Europe in arms against their writer. These papers had been entrusted to Ladislás, whose intention was to proceed to Paris, and publish them there. Private business, however, of the greatest importance, had forced him to visit Naples before going to Paris. The Russian government had traced him to Naples, and had empowered a certain Russian lady to take any step, or go any lengths, in order to obtain these papers from Ladislás. This lady had made Giorgio her emissary; her name he carefully concealed, but Marietta averred, from his description, that it could be no other than the Princess Dashkoff. After much consulting among the band, the assassination of the Pole had been decided upon. This seemed to be the only sure method, for he carried the papers ever about his person, was distinguished for his bravery, and, if openly attacked, would resist to the last. Giorgio was no stickler in the means he employed, and told his companions he had the less reason to be so in this case, as he had received assurances from the highest quarter, that his crime should go unpunished, and the reward be enormous. Ladislás was almost un-

known in Naples; the government would not interest itself for a fugitive, without passport, country, or name; and what friends had he here, to inquire into the circumstances of his destruction, or to interest themselves to avenge it?

Such was Marietta's tale, and Ladislas instantly acknowledged the necessity of flight. He was too well acquainted with the perfidy and barbarism of the Russians, to doubt that even a lady of a rank so distinguished as the Princess Dashkoff, might be induced to undertake so foul a task as that attributed to her by Marietta. The worldly and artificial manners of this lady, in an Italian or a French woman, would only have resulted from habits of intrigue; but a Russian, unaccustomed to look on human life as sacred, taught by the government of her own country that cruelty and treachery are venial offences, wholly destitute of a sense of honour, concealed, under such an exterior, vices the most odious, and a callousness to guilt unknown in more civilised lands. Ladislas knew this; and he knew that the badness of the Neapolitan government afforded scope for crime, which could not exist elsewhere; and he felt that, on every account, it were better to withdraw himself immediately from the scene of danger.

While musing on these things, Idalie's beseeching eyes were eloquent in imploring him to fly. He consented; but a condition was annexed to his consent, that Idalie should share his flight. He urged his suit with fervour. It were easy for them, on a very brief notice, to seek the young lady's confessor, induce him to bestow on them the nuptial benediction, and thus to sanctify their departure together. Marietta seconded the young lover's entreaties, and Idalie, blushing and confused, could only reply—"My accompanying you could only increase your danger, and facilitate the bravo's means of tracing you. How could I get a passport? How leave this place?" "I have a plan for all," replied Ladislas; and he then related that the Sully steam-packet lay in the harbour of Naples, ready to sail on the shortest notice; he would engage that for their conveyance, and so speedily bid adieu to the shores of Naples, and all its perils. "But that boat," exclaimed Idalie, "that steam-packet is the very one engaged by the Princess for our excursion to Pœstum, this morning."

This, for a time, seemed to disarrange their schemes, but they considered that no danger could happen to Ladislas, while one of a party of pleasure with the Princess, who from this act of his would be quite unsuspecting of his intended departure. At night, upon their return from Pœstum, when the rest of the party should have disembarked at Naples, Ladislas and Idalie would remain on board, and the vessel immediately commence its voyage for France. This plan thus assumed a very feasible appearance, while Ladislas, in accents of fond reproach asked Idalie wherefore she refused to share his fortunes, and accompany him in his journey; and Marietta, clapping her hands, exclaimed, "She consents! she consents! Do not ask any more, she has

already yielded. We will all return to Naples. Ladislas shall proceed immediately to seek out the captain of the Sully, and arrange all with him; while, without loss of time, we will proceed to the convent of Father Basil, and get every thing ready by the time Ladislas shall join us, which must be with as much speed as he can contrive." Idalie silently acquiesced in this arrangement, and Ladislas kissed her hand with warm and overflowing gratitude. They now contrived to stow themselves in the little calessino, and as they proceeded on their way, Ladislas said: "We seem to have forgotten the future destiny of our dear Marietta, all this time. The friendless condition in which we shall leave her fills me with anxiety. She is the preserver of my life, and we are both under the deepest obligations to her. What shall you do, Marietta, when we are gone?" "Fear not for me," exclaimed the wild girl, "it is necessary I should remain behind to arrange those things which Idalie's sudden departure will leave in sad disorder: but you will see me soon in Paris, for how can I exist apart from my sister?"

When near to Naples, Ladislas alighted from the calessino, and directed his steps towards the port, while the fair girls proceeded on their way to the convent. What the bashful conscious Idalie would have done without her sister's help, it is difficult to guess. Marietta busied herself about all; won over the priest to the sudden marriage, contrived to put up articles of dress for the fair bride's journey, and thinking of every thing, with far more watchfulness and care than if her own fate had depended on the passing hour, seemed the guardian angel of the lovers. Ladislas arrived at the convent; he had been successful with the master of the steam-packet, and all was prepared. Marietta heard this from his own lips, and carried the happy news to Idalie. He did not see her till they met at the altar, where, kneeling before the venerable priest, they were united for ever. And now time, as it sped on, gave them no moment to indulge their various and overpowering feelings. Idalie embraced her sister again and again, and entreating her to join them speedily in Paris, made her promise to write, and then, escorted by her husband, proceeded to the Sully, on board of which most of the party were already assembled.

The smoke lifted its stream of dishevelled tresses to the wind, which was right aft; the engine began to work, and the wheels to run their round. The blue wave was disturbed in its tranquil water, and cast back again in sheeted spray on its brother wave. Farewell to Naples! That Elysian city, as the poet justly calls it; that favourite of sea, and land, and sky. The hills that surround it smooth their rugged summits, and descend into gentle slopes, and opening defiles, to receive its buildings and habitations. Temples, domes, and marble palaces, are ranged round the crescent form of the bay, and above them arise dark masses, and wooded clefts, and fair gardens, whose trees are ever vernal. Before it the mighty sea binds its wild streams, and

smoothes them into gentlest waves, as they kiss the silver, pebbly shore, and linger, with dulcet murmur around the deep-based promontories. The heaven—who has not heard of an Italian heaven?—one intense diffusion, one serene omnipresence, for ever smiling in inextinguishable beauty above the boundless sea, and for ever bending in azure mirth over the flowing outlines of the distant mountains.

The steam-boat proceeded on its equal and swift course along the shores, each varying in beauty, and redolent with sweets. They first passed Castel-a-Mare, and then the abrupt promontories on which Sorrento and ancient Amalfi are situated. The sublimity and intense loveliness of the scene wrapt in delight each bosom, not inaccessible to pure and lofty emotions. The hills, covered with ilex, dark laurel, and bright-leaved myrtle, were mirrored in the pellucid waves, which the lower branches caressed and kissed as the winds waved them. Behind arose other hills, also covered with wood; and, more distant, forming the grand back-ground, was sketched the huge ridge of lofty Appennines, which extends even to the foot of Italy. Still proceeding on their way to Pæstum, they exchanged the rocky beach for a low and dreary shore. The dusky mountains retired inland, and leaving a waste, the abode of malarial, and the haunt of robbers, the landscape assumed a gloomy magnificence, in place of the romantic and picturesque loveliness which had before charmed their eyes. Ladislas leaned from the side of the vessel, and gazed upon the beauty of nature with sentiments too disturbed for happiness. He was annoyed by the unpropitious presence of the idle and the gay. He saw Idalie in the midst of them, and did not even wish to join her while thus situated. He shrank into himself, and tried, forgetting the immediate discomforts of his position, to think only of that paradise into which love had led him, to compensate for his patriotic sorrows. He strove patiently to endure the tedious hours of this never-ending day, during which he must play a false part, and see his bride engaged by others. While his attention was thus occupied, the voice of the Princess Dashkoff startled him, and, looking up, he wondered how a face that seemed so bland, and a voice that spoke so fair, could hide so much wickedness and deceit. As the hours passed on, his situation became irksome in the extreme. Once or twice, he drew near Idalie, and tried to disengage her from the crowd; but each time he saw the Princess watching him stealthily, while his young bride, with feminine prudence, avoided every opportunity of conversing apart with him. Ladislas could ill endure this. He began to fancy that he had a thousand things to say, and that their mutual safety depended on his being able to communicate them to her. He wrote a few lines hastily on the back of a letter, with a pencil, conjuring her to find some means of affording him a few minutes' conversation, and telling her that if this could not be done before, he should take occasion, while the rest of the company

were otherwise occupied, to steal from them that evening to the larger temple, and there to await her joining him, for that every thing depended on his being able to speak to her. He scarcely knew what he meant as he wrote this; but driven by contradiction and impatience, and desirous of learning exactly how she meant to conduct herself on the Princess's disembarking at Naples, it seemed to him of the last importance that his request should be complied with. He was folding the paper, when the Princess was at his side, and addressed him. "A sonnet, Count Ladislas; surely a poetic imagination inspires you; may I not see it?" And she held out her hand. Taken unawares, Ladislas darted at her a look of indignation and horror, which made her step back trembling and in surprise. Was she discovered? The idea was fraught with terror. His revenge would surely be as fierce as the wrongs he suffered might well inspire. But Ladislas, perceiving the indiscretion of his conduct, masked his sensations with a smile, and replied—"They are words of a Polish song, which I wish Idalie to translate for the amusement of your friends;" and, stepping forward, he gave Idalie the paper, and made his request. All pressed to know what the song was. Idalie glanced at the writing, and changing colour, was scarcely able to command her voice to make such an excuse as the imprudence of her husband rendered necessary. She said that it required time and thought, and that she could not at the moment comply; then crushing the paper between her trembling fingers, began confusedly to talk of something else. The company interchanged smiles, but even the Princess only suspected some loverlike compliment to her protégée. "Nay," she said, "we must at least know the subject of these verses: what is it? tell us, I entreat you." "Treachery," said Ladislas, unable to control his feelings. The Princess became ashy-pale; all her self-possession fled, and she turned from the searching glance of the Pole, with a sickness of heart which almost punished her for her crimes.

They were now drawing near their destination. Idalie, grasping the paper, longed to read it before they should reach the shore. She tried to recede from the party, and Ladislas, watching her movements, in order to facilitate her designs, entered into conversation with the Princess. He had effectually roused her fears and her curiosity, and she eagerly seized the opportunity which he offered her of conversing with him, endeavouring to find out whether he indeed suspected any thing, or whether her own guilty conscience suggested the alarm with which his strange expression had filled her. Ladislas thus contrived to engross her entire attention, and led her insensibly towards the stern of the vessel; and as they leant over its side, and gazed on the waters beneath, Idalie was effectually relieved from all observation. She now disengaged herself from the rest of the party, and walking forward, read the lines pencilled by Ladislas. Then, terrified by the secret they contained, and unaccustomed to bear the weight of concealment—she tore the

paper, as if fearful that its contents might be guessed and was about to throw the fragments into the sea, when gazing cautiously round, she perceived the position of the Princess and Ladislus, and was aware that the lady's quick eye would soon discern the floating scraps, as the boat passed on. Idalie feared the least shadow of danger, so she retreated from the vessel's side, but still anxious to get rid of the perilous papers, she determined to throw them into the hold. She approached it, and looked down. Had the form of a serpent met her eye, she had not been more horror-struck; a shrick hovered on her lips, but with a strong effort she repressed it, and, staggering on, leant against the mast, trembling and agast. She could not be deceived; it was Giorgio's dark and scowling eye that she had encountered; his sinister countenance, upturned, could not be mistaken. Was danger, then, so near, so pressing, or so inevitable? How could she convey the fatal intelligence to her husband, and put him on his guard? She remembered his written request, with which she had previously determined in prudence not to comply. But it would now afford her an opportunity, should no other offer, of informing him of the unexpected messmate which the crew had on board.

Thus perfidy, dark hate, and trembling fear, possessed the hearts of these human beings, who, had a cursory observer seen them as they glided over that sea of beauty, beneath the azure heaven, along that enchanted shore, attended by every luxury, waited on by every obvious blessing of life—he would have imagined that they had been selected from the world for the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But sunny sky and laughing ocean appeared to Idalie only as the haunt and resort of tigers and serpents; a dark mist seemed to blot the splendour of the sky, as the guilty souls of her fellow-creatures cast their deforming shadows over its brightness.

They had now arrived close on the low shore, and horses and two or three light open carriages were at the water's edge to convey them to the temples. They landed. Ladislus presented himself to hand Idalie across the plank, from the vessel to the beach. "Yes?"—he asked her in a voice of entreaty, as he pressed her hand. She softly returned the pressure, and the word "Beware," trembled on her lips, when the young Englishman who had before admired her, and had endeavoured to engross her attention the whole day, was again at her side, to tell her that the Princess was waiting for her in her carriage, and entreated her not to delay.

The party proceeded to where those glorious relics stand, between the mountains and the sea, rising like exhalations from the waste and barren soil, alone on the wide and dusky shore. A few sheep grazed at the base of the columns, and two or three wild-eyed men, clothed in garments of undressed sheep-skin, loitered about. Exclamations of wonder and delight burst from all, while Ladislus, stealing away to the more distant one, gladly escaped from the impertinent intrusion of the crowd, to indulge in lonely reverie among

these ruins. "What is man in his highest glory?" he thought. "Had we burst the bonds of Poland: and had she, in her freedom, emulated the magical achievements of Greece; nevertheless, when time, with insidious serpent windings, had dragged its length through a few more centuries, the monuments we had erected would have fallen like these, and our monuments, a new Pæstum, have existed merely to excite the idiot wonder and frivolous curiosity of fools!"

Ladislus was certainly in no good humour while he thus vented his spleen; but was annoyed by two circumstances, sufficient to irritate a young philosopher: he beheld a scene, whose majestic beauty filled his soul with sensibility and awe, in the midst of a crowd of pretenders, more intent on the prospect of their pic-nic dinner, than on regarding the glories of art; and he saw his bride, surrounded by strangers, engrossed by their conversation and flattery, and unable to interchange one word or look of confidence with him. He sighed for the hours passed under the portico of Idalie's solitary pavilion, and the near prospect of their voyage did not reconcile him to the present; for his soul was disturbed by the necessity of interchanging courtesies with his enemy, and haunted by images of treacherous attempts, from which his valour could not protect him.

It had been arranged that the party should dine at the archbishop's palace, and not embark again until ten o'clock, when the moon would rise. After a couple of hours spent among the ruins, the servants informed them that their repast was ready; it was now nearly six o'clock, and, after they had dined, more than two hours must elapse before they could depart. Night had gathered round the landscape, and its darkness did not invite even the most romantic to wander again among the ruins: the Princess, eager to provide for the amusement of her guests, contrived to discover a violin, a flute, and a pipe, and with the assistance of this music, which, in the hands of Italian rustics, was as true to time and expression as if Weipert himself had presided, they commenced dancing. Idalie's hand was sought by the Englishman; she looked round the room, Ladislus was not there; he had doubtless repaired to the temples to wait for her, and, ignorant of the presence of Giorgio, wholly unsuspecting, and off his guard, to what dangers might he not be exposed? Her blood ran cold at the thought; she decidedly refused to dance, and, perceiving the Princess whirling round in a waltz, at a distant part of the room, she despatched her officious admirer on some feigned errand for refreshment, and hastily quitting the house, hurried along over the grass towards the temples. When she had first emerged into the night, the scene seemed wrapped in impenetrable darkness, but the stars shed their faint rays, and in a few moments she began to distinguish objects, and as she drew near the temple, she saw a man's form moving slowly among the columns: she did not doubt that it was her husband, wrapped in his cloak, awaiting her. She was hurrying towards him,

when, leaning against one of the pillars, she saw Ladislás himself, and the other, at the same moment, exchanging his stealthy pace for a tiger-like spring. She saw a dagger flashing in his hand; she darted forward to arrest his arm, and the blow descended on her; with a faint shriek she fell on the earth, when Ladislás turned and closed with the assassin; a mortal struggle ensued; already had Ladislás wrested the poignard from his grasp, when the villain drew another knife. Ladislás warded off the unexpected blow aimed at him with his arm, and plunged his own stiletto in the bravo's breast; he fell to the earth with a heavy groan, and then the silence of the tomb rested on the scene; the white robe of Idalie, who lay fainting on the ground, directed Ladislás to her side. He raised her up in speechless agony—as he beheld the blood which stained her dress; but by this time she had recovered from her swoon; she assured him her wound was slight, that it was nothing; but again sank into his arms insensible. In a moment his plan was formed; ever eager and impetuous, he executed it ere any second thought could change it. He had before resolved not to rejoin the party in the archbishop's palace, but after his interview with Idalie, to hasten on board the steam-boat; he had therefore ordered his horse to be saddled, had led it to the temple, and fastened it to one of the columns. He lifted the senseless Idalie carefully in his arms, mounted his horse, and turning his steps from the lighted and noisy palace, wound his way to the lonely shore, where he found the captain and his crew already preparing for their homeward voyage. With their help Idalie was taken on board, and Ladislás gave orders for the instant heaving of the anchor, and their immediate departure. The captain asked for the rest of the company. "They return by land," said Ladislás. As he spoke the words he felt a slight sensation of remorse, remembering the difficulty they would have to get there; and how, during the darkness of night, they might fear to proceed on their journey on a tract of country haunted by banditti: but the senseless and pale form of Idalie dissipated these thoughts: to arrive at Naples, to procure assistance for her, and then if, as he hoped, her wound was slight, to continue their voyage before the Princess Dashkoff's return, were motives too paramount to allow him to hesitate. The captain of the Sully asked no more questions; the anchor was weighed, the wheels set in motion, and a silver light in the east announced the rising of the moon, as they stood off from the shore, and made their swift way back to Naples. They had not gone far, before the care of Ladislás revived his fair bride. Her wound was in her arm, and had merely grazed the skin. Terror for her husband, horror for the mortal strife which had endangered his life, had caused her to faint more than pain or loss of blood. She bound up her own arm, and then, as there appeared no necessity for medical aid, Ladislás revoked his orders for returning to Naples, but stretching out at once to sea, they began their voyage to Marseilles.

Meanwhile, during a pause in the dance, the absence of Ladislás and Idalie was observed by the feasters in the archbishop's palace. It excited some few sarcasms, which, as it continued, grew more bitter. The Princess Dashkoff joined in these, and yet she could not repress the disquietude of her heart. Had Ladislás, alone, been absent, her knowledge of the presence of Giorgio and his designs, had sufficiently explained its cause, and its duration, to her; but that Idalie, also, should not be found, might bring a witness to the crime committed, and discover her own guilty share in the deed of blood perpetrated at her instigation. At length the rising of the moon announced the hour when they were to repair to the shore. The horses and carriages were brought to the door, and then it was found that the steed of Ladislás was missing. "But the Signora Idalie, has she not provided herself with a palfrey?" asked the Englishman, sneering. They were now about to mount, when it was proposed to take a last look of the temples by moonlight. The Princess opposed this, but vainly; her conscience made her voice faint, and took from her the usual decision of her manner; so she walked on silently, half fearful that her foot might strike against some object of terror, and, at every word spoken by the party, anticipating an exclamation of horror; the fitful moonbeams seemed to disclose here and there ghastly countenances and mangled limbs, and the dew of night appeared to her excited imagination as the slippery moisture of the life-blood of her victim.

They had scarcely entered the temple, when a peasant rushed in with the news that the steam-boat was gone:—he brought back Ladislás' horse, who had put the bridle into the man's hands on embarking; and the fellow declared that the fainting Idalie was his companion. Terror at the prospect of their dark ride, indignation at the selfish proceeding of the lovers, raised every voice against them; and the Princess, whom conscience had before made the most silent, hearing that the Pole was alive and safe, was now loudest and most bitter in her remarks. As they were thus all gathered together in dismay, debating what was to be done, and the Princess Dashkoff, in no gentle terms, railing at the impropriety and ingratitude of Idalie's behaviour, and declaring that Poles alone could conduct themselves with such mingled deceit and baseness, a figure all bloody arose from the ground at her feet, and, as the moon cast its pale rays on his yet paler countenance, she recognised Giorgio: the ladies shrieked, the men rushed towards him, while the Princess, desiring the earth to open and swallow her, stood transfixed as by a spell, gazing on the dying man in terror and despair. "He has escaped, lady," said Giorgio, "Ladislás has escaped your plots, and I am become their victim:" he fell as he spoke these words, and when the Englishman drew near to raise, and, if possible, assist him, he found that life had entirely flown.

Thus ended the adventures of the Pole at Naples. The Countess returned in her caleche

alone, for none would bear her company; the next day she left Naples, and was on her way to Russia, where her crime was unknown, except to those who had been accomplices in it. Marietta spread the intelligence of her sister's marriage, and thus entirely cleared Idalie's fair fame; and quitting Italy soon after, joined the happy Ladislas and his bride at Paris.

CHINESE DANDYISM, &c.

MANY persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit maître* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with chulan flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan-chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and undergarments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate.

Women in China are not even taught to read and write; needle-work, and music (if it deserves the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly.

Men and women of the better classes never mix in society; it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives; they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives. Polygamy has certainly done a great deal of mischief in the way of morals. Some men, even at an advanced age, continue to increase their stock of wives when they have already sons grown to manhood. I

have been confidently informed that intrigues between those sons and the younger wives, or concubines of the father, are not uncommon.

SPRING FLOWERS.

"The wise

Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry."

I LOVE the fair and beautiful blossoms, that are scattered so abundantly in the spring season over the field, and by the quiet edges of the wood, or when their sunny petals tremble to the pleasant murmuring of the streams, that go by like merchantmen trafficking their melody for gales of odour. I would not gather the first flowers that lift up their delicate heads to meet me in my spring path;—it seems to me almost as if they were gifted with a feeling, and a perception of the loveliness of nature, and I cannot carelessly pluck them from their frail stems and throw them aside to their early withering—'tis like defacing the pages of a favourite book of poetry, round which the spirit of the bard seems hovering still in a preserving watchfulness.

Beautiful flowers! they are the "jewelry" of spring, and bravely do they decorate her laughing brow, gladdening all hearts with her exceeding loveliness. But no! there are some hearts for whom her voice has no cadences of joy, her beauty no power to hasten the lagging pulses. How can the glorious spring speak rejoicingly to those over whose degraded brows the free gales seem to breathe revilings, instead of peacefulness and high thoughts, and for whose ears the gush of melody seems only to syllable one reproachful name? Gladness and beauty are not for the sympathies of the wretched, and far better than the brightness of the vernal sunshine does the dreariness of winter harmonize with the desolate spirit of the slave.

Oh, that the warm breathings of universal love might drive out from the bosoms of men, the cold unfeeling winter of indifference, with which they have so long regarded the sufferings of their oppressed brethren! that the beautiful blossoms of christian compassion and holy benevolence, springing up in their hearts, might shed over them the fragrance of the memory of good deeds! Then should the benediction of those that were ready to perish, come upon them like the blessing of "the early and the latter rain," and the grateful tears of the forlorn ones rest on them as a fertilizing dew, clothing them with happiness like a thick mantle of summer verdure.

ZIMMERMAN, who was physician to the king of Prussia, and lived at court, has written a vast deal of nonsense about solitude. The wish to be always alone shows the disposition of a ferocious beast of prey, and carries with it the melancholy darkness of the tomb. The effect is described in the ancient phrase, "*Cor suum edens*," eating his own heart. Man is too feeble, too dependant a being to subsist by himself.

BETTER DAYS.

STRANGER, thrice twenty years have fled,
 Since first these eyes beheld the light;
 Friends, parents, kindred, all are dead!
 Day seems but like a second night.
 Yet ah! not always hath the morn
 Thus cold and shadowy met my gaze;
 I knew a time when joys were born,
 But that was in my better days.

A cot stands by the village brook,
 Half-shadowed by an alder-tree,
 Where roses through the casement look,
 And lingers near the summer bee;
 And from the vale—how pleasantly!—
 The flowers shine like a thousand rays:
 Once such a home remain'd for me,
 But that was in my better days.

Some spell relumes my aged sight;
 A mirror of the past I view,
 An inward vision of delight,
 As beautiful as true!
 A girl steps from that cottage door,
 A world of brightness she surveys;
 Ah! such a world was mine, before
 I lost the charm of better days.

I hear sweet bells upon the air—
 I see a glad and youthful band,
 A village bride and bridegroom there
 Before the holy altar stand!
 When, when shall Time's bereaving wave
 The memory of that morn erase?
 Within the shadow of my grave,
 I muse upon those better days.

It was no passion frail and fleet;
 No idle fancy of the heart;
 We knew but one delight—to meet!
 We felt but one regret—to part!
 He was the heaven of my soul,
 The light which love alone conveys;
 My heart could scarce contain the whole
 Deep earnest bliss of better days.

He spoke not, though his spirit fell
 Beneath the darkness of decline;
 He would not, could not bear to tell
 Aught that might grieve one thought of mine;
 But ah! a wife's fond glance too soon
 Will mark the startling hue which preys
 Upon the grace of manhood's noon,
 And darkens all life's better days.

I heard his voice, the rich and deep!
 Die in so sadly sweet a lay,
 As though the tones were tears to weep
 The passing soul away!
 'Then I had given worlds for one—
 For one, but one of all Hope's rays:
 But Death stood by my side alone,
 And buried low my better days.

A widow with two orphans pale,
 Sits mourning near a new-raised mound;
 The wintry winds around her wail,
 She hears, but 'tis a wilder sound:
 The hollow murmur of the tomb—
 The "dust to dust" her ear delays;
 She turns, but, wrecked amidst the gloom,
 Where may she seek for better days?

Like buds which open to the eve,
 And flourish 'midst the sunless dew;
 As willows that must bend and grieve,
 Rise lovelier and stronger too;

So beautiful the orphans grew!
 A sweetness youth alone displays;
 And oh! their father's eyes of blue
 Recalled the dreams of better days.

It was a sinful act to pine,
 When God had left my children still;
 But little could I then divine
 The coming dawn of deeper ill.
 My boy from infancy had loved
 The ocean's stern and stormy ways:
 Alas! that early passion proved
 Another bane to better days.

'Twas pain to see his cheek grow pale,
 And know the cause was love for me;
 And I—I gave him leave to sail
 Across the wide unpeopled sea!
 And long I paced the lonely shore,
 And prayed to Him whose mandate sways
 The mighty deep for evermore—
 To Him who gave my better days!

Once more I sought my home in tears,
 And deemed the worst of woe begun;
 Ah! Stranger, it is sixteen years,
 Long years, since I beheld my son!
 But now my soul with prayer is meek,
 And humbly God's behest obeys;
 Yet 'tis my love, my joy to speak
 Of other times, of better days!

I had a dream, but dreams are frail,
 Too frail for hope, however light;
 'Twas of a small and homeward sail,
 That seemed to linger in my sight—
 One of those bright and pictured leaves
 Which slumber to the old displays;
 A vision which the heart receives
 As harbinger of better days.

But never more my hope, my pride
 Will here return to bless my gaze!
 "He is returned," the stranger cried—
 "Returned, to bring thee better days!
 Thy soul shall lose its sad alarms—
 A haven for thine age is won!"
 She caught the stranger in her arms—
 She clasped her loved, her long-lost son!

TO HIM I LOVE.

If ever the dew-drop was loved by the flower,
 When panting it droop'd in its hot summer bower;
 If e'er to the peasant soft evening was dear,
 When his calm cottage home in the valley was near:
 If ever the heather was sweet to the bee,
 Beloved! thy affection is dearer to me!

If ever the eagle was proud of his might,
 As his eye met the sun in his heavenward flight;
 If ever old ocean was proud of his waves,
 As foaming they roll'd over brave seamen's graves;
 If captive e'er triumph'd when ransom'd and free,
 I am proud of thy truth—thy devotion to me!

If ever the exile on far foreign shore
 Sigh'd for friendship's kind smile, he might never see more;
 If e'er the sweet nightingale wail'd in the grove,
 When she miss'd the soft call of her answering love,
 I pine for thy presence so blessed to me,
 And waste my young spirit in weeping for thee!

But still in my sorrow one ray pours its light,
 Like the moon when it bursts on the darkness of night;
 If ever the bow spann'd in glory the heaven,
 If ever the bark through the blue deep was driven,
 If ever the summer brought calm to the sky,
 Our souls are unchanged in their faith till we die!



PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

TALLEYRAND.

CHARLES-AURICE-TALLEYRAND DE PERIGORD, the present representative of the King of the French at the Court of St. James, was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754. This highly talented man, whose political career is, perhaps, unequalled in the annals of history, is descended from one of the most ancient families in France. He is the eldest son of a younger branch of the Counts of Perigord, who, three centuries ago, were sovereigns of a country in the south-western part of France, still called Perigord; while the celebrated Princess des Ursins, who, during the war of the Succession, played so prominent a part at the court of Philip V., was among his ancestors on the maternal side.

Being what is commonly called club-footed from his birth, he became an object of dislike, and a sort of outcast. He was never suffered to enjoy the comforts of living in his father's family. It is said he *never* slept under the paternal roof. He was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice at the same time with the Abbe Sieyes, and was there remarked only as a silent and haughty youth, who passed all his time among his books. At the proper age he was compelled to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, in opposition to all his own wishes. These early facts are the more necessary to be noticed, seeing that such irreparable injustice cannot fail to have given a powerful bias to a naturally strong character.

At the usual age, however, he took orders; and his splendid talents, backed by the interest of his family, procured him rapid advancement. The Abbe de Perigord was only in his twenty-sixth year when he was nominated agent-general of the clergy; but in this important post he displayed as much aptitude in practice as he had before evinced ability in theory. It was in this distinguished situation that he addressed to the clergy his famous "Discours sur les Loteries," which first announced his talents to the world, and opened to him the highest dignities of the church. In surveying the moral and political horizon, he clearly perceived that a mighty change was at hand; and whether that change was to be effected by a violent convulsion, or by the slower influence of opinion, he resolved to direct it to his own purposes. Adapted for any part in the great drama, he watched the progress of events with a calmness inspired by the confidence which he felt in his own powers. His future eminence was predicted by those who could best read human nature. Even at this early period, his friend and companion Mirabeau designated him, in his correspondence with Berlin, as "one of the most subtle and powerful intellects of the age."

The laxity of his opinions on certain tenets of the Roman Catholic religion, which the Abbe did not at all affect to disavow, might have been expected to impede, if not destroy, his hopes of advancement in the church. Such, however, was not the case. He belonged to a political party

which, at the time, was very powerful at court, and clamorous for his promotion. Louis XVI. objected to his consecration as a prelate; but in spite of royal opposition, the Abbe de Perigord found himself, at the age of thirty-four, Bishop of Autun.

After a lapse of nearly two hundred years, the States-General met at Versailles, in May, 1789, and M. de Talleyrand was returned thereto by the clergy of his diocese. The superiority of his genius, and the uncommon dexterity with which he handled the most momentous subjects, greatly extended his popularity among all who wished well to the revolutionary cause. The youthful bishop was not satisfied with foreseeing; he was anxious to hasten what he considered to be inevitable.

In July of the same year he voted that the clergy should be united with the communes, which had just been formed into a National Assembly; and in August he proposed that every citizen, without distinction or exception, should be admissible to public employments. As a member of the committee of government he also proposed the abolition of tithes, and, with a zeal not exceeded by the most violent of his coadjutors, he would have the vote pass unanimously. In November he brought forward in the National Assembly his memorable project for the confiscation and sale of the property of the French clergy, which, after a debate of ten hours, was carried by a large majority. In vain did that body, and especially the priests of his own diocese, petition and remonstrate. He saw that the measure must eventually be passed, and he was determined to turn the credit of introducing it.

He now turned a deaf ear to complaints of every kind and from every quarter, and pursued his own path unmoved amid the storm which surrounded him. The numerous reforms which he projected, the many reports which he delivered on the state of the finances, and the system of organization which he recommended in that and in other departments, prove the astonishing versatility of his talents. In December he was appointed by the assembly one of its commissioners to examine into the situation of the *Caisse d'Escompte*, or discount bank, established by M. Necker during the American war. In January, 1790, he became a member of the committee of imposts, in which capacity, Madame de Stael says, he was "decidedly averse to lotteries as the means of raising a supply for the service of the state, from its being a mere game of chance;" and in February he was called to the chair of the presidency, and drew up the famous address to the French nation, which the assembly ordered to be published, to remind the people of what its patriotic labours had already effected for them, and the grand achievements it was still preparing. This address is extremely curious and instructive, whether considered with regard to the subsequent career of its distinguished author, or the

very brief duration of all those "eternal institutions" which he then held out as so many "invaluable" blessings to the nation.

In June, M. de Talleyrand gave in to the assembly the project of a decree for establishing a uniform system of weights and measures, and a second relative to the mode of celebrating the federation of the 14th of July, at which religious ceremony he was deputed by the municipality of Paris to officiate pontifically. The assemblage of the national militia was to take place in the Champ de Mars; and it being necessary to erect around this extensive space eminences of green turf to contain the spectators, "such," says Madame de Stael, "was the patriotic enthusiasm, that women of the first rank were seen joining the crowds of voluntary labourers who came to bear a part in the preparations for the fete."

On the appointed day all Paris moved in a mass to the federation, just as it had moved the year before to the destruction of the Bastille. In a line from the Military School steps had been raised, with a tent to accommodate the king, queen, and court: at the other extremity was seen an altar prepared for mass, where M. de Talleyrand appeared at the head of two hundred priests, dressed in white linen, and decorated with tri-coloured ribands. When about to officiate, a storm of wind took place, followed by a deluge of rain; but, heedless of its peltings, the Bishop of Autun proceeded in the celebration of the mass, and afterward pronounced a benediction on the royal standard of France, and on the eighty-three banners of the departments which waved around it before the altar.

Among the other ceremonies of the day of federation, M. de Talleyrand administered to the representatives of the people a new oath—the fourth within the twelvemonth—of fidelity to the nation, the king, and the law. He also consecrated, shortly after, in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, the constitutional bishops—a step which brought forth a monition from the pope, complaining loudly against him as "an impious wretch who had imposed his sacrilegious hands on intruding clergymen," and declaring him excommunicated, unless he recanted his errors within forty days. Upon this he resigned his bishopric, and directed his whole attention to secular affairs.

In March, 1791, M. de Talleyrand was chosen a member of the departmental directory of Paris, in which situation he proved himself the warm friend of religious toleration, and drew up an address on the subject, which was greatly admired for its eloquence and reasoning. In April he was called to the sick bed of his friend Mirabeau, and received nearly the last words of that extraordinary man. "The National Assembly," said the dying orator, "is occupied in discussing a law concerning wills. I have for some time been employed in composing a speech on testamentary devises, and I bequeath to your friendship the trouble of reading it at the tribune." M. de Talleyrand lost no time in complying with this injunction. In September he made, in the

name of the Constitutional Committee, his celebrated reports on the subject of public instruction, which were afterward printed in pursuance of a decree of the assembly. It was about this time, also, that he projected a National Institute, for the promotion of arts and sciences, and, five years after he had the satisfaction of seeing most of his suggestions carried into effect by the Directory.

In May, 1792, Louis XVI. appointed M. Chauvelin minister at the British court, and united M. de Talleyrand in the mission. Upon this occasion the monarch addressed a confidential letter to the King of England, in which, after thanking him for not becoming a party to the plans concerted against France, he solicits the mediation of his majesty, and proposes an alliance between two sovereigns who had distinguished their reigns by a constant desire to promote the happiness of their subjects. "I have every reason," he adds, "to be satisfied with your majesty's ambassador at my court. If I do not give the same rank to the minister whom I have sent to yours, you will nevertheless perceive, that, by associating with him M. de Talleyrand, who by the letter of the constitution can sustain no public character, I consider the success of the alliance, in which I wish you to concur with zeal equal to my own, as of the highest importance.

M. de Talleyrand assisted M. Chauvelin in drawing up his official notes, and was admitted to several interviews with Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville: but his situation at this time was not enviable; for, while the emigrants on this side the channel represented him as a jacobin, the republican party in France denounced him as a royalist. He was even charged in the convention, by a deputy named Rulhié, with belonging to the Orleans faction, and being in the pay of that prince; in consequence of which an act of accusation was passed against him in December, and his name was inscribed on the list of emigrants.

M. de Talleyrand remained in England till April, 1794, when, with many others, he was ordered to leave the country within twenty-four hours. He saw the blackening of the thunder-cloud in France, and he dared not return. He therefore embarked for the United States, and thus escaped the fury of Robespierre and his accomplices.

In 1795, when the reign of terror was at an end, he petitioned to be allowed to re-enter his native country. His friends, and more especially Madame de Stael, exerted themselves with the new government to procure his recall; and, at the request of the lady, the poet Chenier made a motion to that effect in the convention. To the objections urged by the republicans against the exile, Chenier opposed his great talents, his numerous services to the cause of liberty, and the further and still more important benefits which he might hereafter render it. The convention consented to annul the decree of accusation, and his name was struck off the list of emigrants. No sooner was he made acquainted with the fa-

yourable result of his friends' application on his behalf than he hastened to embark, and landed at Hamburgh, where he remained for some months, and formed a connexion with Madame Grandt, the lady whom he afterward married.

Shortly after his arrival at Paris, M. de Talleyrand was chosen first a member, and afterward secretary of the National Institute, to which he presented an essay, written with great ability, entitled "*Des Travaux de la Classe des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques,*" in which he endeavoured to show the advantages of the sciences and of liberty, and recommended the continuance of a republican government, with an elective executive and legislature. His next production was an essay "*Sur les Colonies,*" containing a deduction of the advantages which would accrue to France, from a careful attention to the colonial system, and pointing out the principles which should guide her in the formation of new settlements. He also read at the Institute, about the same time, a memoir "*Sur les Relations Commerciales des Etats Unis avec l'Angleterre,*" written with the view of recommending, by a practical exemplification, the genuine principles of colonization. He asserts, as a truth beyond dispute, that, "sooner or later, the emancipation of the negroes must overthrow the cultivation of the sugar colonies." The result of the inquiry is an inference in favour of agricultural settlements, in which the natives of the soil shall be able to cultivate it, and a warning against all such schemes as those to which the negro system owes its origin. He evidently points to Egypt as the proper spot where these plantations should be settled; and it is worthy of remark, that the French expedition to that country was undertaken a few months after this memoir had been read before an assembly at which the great captain of the enterprise assisted, and that the author of the piece was actively engaged in the government which planned the conquest.

Though M. de Talleyrand had now been a twelvemonth returned from America, so powerful were his enemies that he remained unemployed. At length, the well-disposed part of the nation becoming desirous of peace with Europe, it was thought that the author of memorials at once distinguished for the force and eloquence of their style, and for their more substantial merits as sound and ingenious speculations on subjects of difficulty and importance, could not but be an able negotiator. M. de Talleyrand seemed, then, the best possible choice for the department of foreign affairs; and the daughter of Necker served him effectually in this respect, by procuring for him an interview with Barras, to whom she had strongly recommended him. "He wanted aid," says the lady, "to arrive at power, but, being once there, he required not the assistance of others to maintain him in it."

In 1797 he was accordingly appointed to the important situation; and shortly after, as we are instructed by the journals of the day, a ludicrous scene occurred in the hall of the Directory, when the ex-bishop of Autun, habited in the blue Na-

tional uniform, with a sword by his side, presented to his masters, on one and the same morning, the nuncio of the Pope and the ambassador of the Grand Seigneur. It fell also to his lot to introduce Bonaparte himself to them, on his return from dictating peace at Campo Formio. In his address upon the occasion he termed him "the liberator of Italy and the pacificator of the Continent; and he assured them that the general detested luxury and splendour, the miserable ambition of vulgar souls, and loved the poems of Ossian, *because they detach us from the earth!*"

M. de Talleyrand had not been long in office before an outcry was raised against the appointment, by those who dreaded his power; and, so strong did he find the opposition, that in July, 1799, he gave in his resignation, but not before he had published a tract, entitled "*Eclaircissements donnés par le Citoyen Talleyrand a ses Concitoyens,*" in which he laid down his political creed, and repelled, by arguments and facts, the charges adduced against him.

On his return from Egypt, Bonaparte, finding this dexterous politician at variance with the Directory, readily passed over some personal grounds of ill humour against him, and replaced him in his former situation, where he soon became the soul of the consular government. He perceived that the country had need of peace, and he obtained it with Austria at Luneville, and with England at Amiens.

He was not, however, so absorbed in public business as to be entirely unmindful of his own domestic concerns. At the time of the concordat, Napoleon wished to make him a cardinal, and to place him at the head of ecclesiastical affairs; but his aversion to the profession was unconquerable. Having, however, signified to Pius VII. his desire to be readmitted into the bosom of the Catholic church, his holiness, in June, 1802, sent forth a brief directed to "our very dear son in Christ, Charles Maurice Talleyrand," annulling the excommunication, but enjoining him, as the price of reconciliation, to give certain alms to the poor of the diocese of Autun. Being thus restored to secular life, the first use which the ex-prelate made of his liberty was to enter into the matrimonial bond with Madame Grandt, the beautiful lady with whom he had been so long connected.

About this time the treachery of one of his secretaries had nearly proved fatal to the minister. A treaty had been concluded between the First Consul and Paul of Russia, the conditions of which were to be carefully concealed from England. The ratifications were, of course, deposited in the foreign office; but what was Bonaparte's surprise upon Fouché's presenting him with an exact copy of the treaty, which he said he had received from one of his agents in London! His first impulse was to arrest M. de Talleyrand; but an investigation being set on foot, it was discovered that one of his clerks had copied the document, and sold the secret for thirty thousand francs. It is, however, generally believed, that the whole was a contrivance of the artful police

minister, to remove the man of whose genius and influence he stood in constant dread.

M. de Talleyrand's ascendancy with the First Consul, which had gone on increasing since the peace of Amiens, was become so powerful that it decided the disgrace of Fouché and the suppression of the odious ministry of police. When, in 1804, the nation conferred on Napoleon the imperial title, he was made grand chamberlain of the empire, and, in 1806, he was raised to the dignity of sovereign Prince of Benevento, but still retaining the portfolio of foreign relations.

Napoleon, in the spring of 1806, having evinced a disposition to make peace with England, M. de Talleyrand neglected nothing for the attainment of that object. Knowing that Lord Yarmouth* was in Paris, he sounded the inclination of the noble earl to become the bearer of pacific overtures. For some time hopes of a satisfactory result were entertained; but on the death of Mr. Fox the conferences were broken off. The bitterest enemies of M. de Talleyrand acknowledge, however, that he "urged things forward with the utmost activity, and assured all who would listen to him, that, without peace, there was no security for the emperor."†

Soon after this, his credit with Napoleon declined; until, in August, 1807, he was unexpectedly deprived of his situation, but raised to the dignity of vice-grand-elect, a post which gave him the entree of the council. By his friends his disgrace was attributed to his opposition to the meditated Spanish usurpation; while his enemies asserted, that, so far from being opposed to it, he dictated all the preliminary steps; and it was charged against him, that, at the very conjuncture when Napoleon had most occasion for the resources of his great mind, he had voluntarily retired from public affairs.

From this moment a sort of warfare commenced between the emperor and the ex-minister, of which *salons* were the theatre, and raillery and epigram the artillery, and in which the conqueror of Europe had generally the mortification to see himself vanquished. He took pleasure in insulting him before the whole court, and would say the most galling things to him; but the wary diplomatist watched his opportunity, and when he had found out the flaw in the armour, took ample revenge on his assailant by a few flashes of wit which stung the mighty emperor to the quick. On hearing that M. de Talleyrand continued to speak of the war with Spain in terms of disapprobation, Napoleon, "from a kind of spite,"‡ sent the Spanish princes to reside at his chateau of Valençay, and made its owner their jailor.

The Prince of Benevento, now subjected to the surveillance of the police, no longer appeared at court, except when the duties of his high office required his presence; but such was the opinion entertained of his high talents, that he was frequently consulted on matters of difficulty, and many were anxious for his return to the foreign

department. Early in 1813, after the disastrous campaign in Russia, the situation was again offered him, on the condition that he should resign his office of vice-grand-elect; but he alleged, that to diminish his consideration, on giving him a place to which he was recalled at a moment when it was more difficult than ever to discharge its duties, was to deprive him of the means of usefulness. He therefore hesitated, and the emperor came to no conclusion. At the interview which took place upon this occasion, he told Napoleon some home truths. "Here," said he, "is all your work destroyed! You have no alternative but to treat without loss of time. A bad peace cannot be so fatal as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful." On Bonaparte's return from Leipsic, in the November following, M. de Talleyrand again implored him to make peace. "I must," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "do him that justice. He uniformly maintained, that I deceived myself with respect to the energy of the nation, and that it was requisite for me to arrange my affairs by every possible sacrifice."§

Finding his imperial master thus resolutely bent on his own overthrow, M. de Talleyrand gave up all for lost, and began to speak out. "Scarcely a day passed," says the police minister, "without some guilty expression reaching the emperor's ears." An officer, in alluding to the confusion which then reigned in every branch of the government, having observed that he could not comprehend what was going on, Talleyrand replied, "C'est le commencement du fin." On other occasions he would exclaim, "Well! it is not to be expected that one should remain in a house that is on fire." "It must be owned we are losing the game with fine cards in our hands!" "The emperor would have done much better to have spared me his insults." The following is a characteristic instance of his tact. Being, at this time, desirous of sounding the opinion of M. Decres, he one day drew that minister towards the chimney, and, opening a volume of Montesquieu, said, in the tone of ordinary conversation, "I found a passage here this morning which struck me in a remarkable manner; here it is: 'When a prince has raised himself above all laws, when his tyranny becomes insupportable, there remains nothing to the oppressed subject except'"— "Quite enough!" said Decres, "I will hear no more: shut the book." And M. de Talleyrand closed the book, as if nothing had happened.||

"In short," says the Duke of Rovigo, "I now began to watch him narrowly; for he spoke a language adapted to the sentiments of every one, and was, besides, the focus of attraction for men disposed to create a convulsion"¶ On one occasion, a short time before the emperor's departure for the army, in January, 1814, addressing M. de Talleyrand, in the presence of several of the ministers, he said, "I think, for my own se-

* The present Marquis of Hertford.

† Duke of Rovigo, vol. i. p. 171.

‡ Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 33.

§ Las Cases, vol. iii. p. 189.

|| Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 357.

¶ Memoires, vol. iii. p. 333.

curity, I ought to send you to Vincennes, for your conduct is very equivocal." Nevertheless, on leaving Paris, Napoleon thought it better to affect a confidence which he did not feel, and appointed the prince a member of the council of regency.

That M. de Talleyrand was deeply instrumental in the restoration of the Bourbons, is undoubted. A note from him was delivered to the Emperor Alexander, just before the final rush on Paris: "You venture nothing," said this laconic billet, "when you may safely venture every thing; venture once more." One of the czar's first questions, on reaching the capital, was, where, M. de Talleyrand was, and how he was disposed to act? and he sent a message to say, that he would take up his quarters at his hotel.

When the allies entered Paris, this accomplished politician was nominated president of the provisional government; and, in this elevated station, he succeeded in drawing all who had any influence to the new order of things. He laboured incessantly to convince the royalists, that the king must purchase the recovery of his authority by consenting to place the monarchy on a constitutional footing; and to persuade another class, that the restoration of the Bourbons was the most favourable chance for the settlement of a free system of government. In the language of Sir Walter Scott, "to the bold, he offered an enterprise requiring courage; to the timid, he showed the road to safety; to the ambitious, the prospect of gaining power; to the guilty, the assurance of indemnity and safety." Upon this occasion "he even obtained," says Madame de Stael, "the cry of *Vive le roi!* from men who had voted the death of Louis XVI." When the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., made his public entry into Paris, it was M. de Talleyrand who harangued him in the name of the provisional government; and it was in answer to this address that the count uttered the memorable words, considered at the time as of such good augury, and since so often referred to, and so severely commented upon—"Nothing will be changed: there is only one more Frenchman among you!"

On handing over the supreme authority to Louis XVIII., M. de Talleyrand was restored to his old situation at the foreign office. In June he was created a peer, by the title of Prince de Talleyrand; and, towards the close of the year, he was sent as ambassador to the congress assembled at Vienna. He was there in 1815, when Napoleon so unexpectedly landed at Cannes, and drew up the declaration of the allies against the usurper.

On the second restoration of Louis, he was again intrusted with the foreign portfolio; but he did not long remain in office. As he considered it his duty to withhold his signature from the treaty of 1815, he sent in his resignation, and was made king's chamberlain. He did not, however, retire until, after a severe struggle, he had succeeded in procuring the ordinance of the 24th of July, by which the list of proscribed individuals was reduced from two thousand to thirty-eight.

He would often say of the Bourbons, that, during their five-and-twenty years' exile, "ils n'avoient rien appris, comme ils n'avoient rien oublié." He never advocated the cause of any ultra party, but uniformly supported the charter as it stood.

During the reign of Charles X. he wholly abstained from interfering in public affairs. He disapproved of the system of rule adopted by that monarch, and, not being sufficiently powerful to reform it, was contented to retire into the privacy of a quiet life. At court, he was always looked up to as a sort of controlling satirist, and we are told that he sometimes indulged in that good-natured, yet poignant irony, "which, while it stung, did not poison, and while it pricked, did not wound."* He ridiculed the idea of returning to the ancient regime, and laughed when they talked to him of *coups d'état*, and of a system of ordinances. Upon the abdication of Charles, he lost no time in giving in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe. On taking the necessary oath, he is said to have exclaimed, "This is the *thirteenth*: pray God it may be the last!"

Much, at different periods, has been written concerning this distinguished individual, but on very questionable authority: indeed, several publications, professing to be memoirs of him, are now known to be scandalous fabrications. The truth is, that Prince Talleyrand's career has been remarkably free from violence; and that he has swayed the destinies of France not by terror, but by the sheer strength and promptitude of his talents. It has been his constant aim to direct, not to oppose, public opinion. In a remarkable speech which he made in the Chamber of Deputies, he expressed, in a single phrase, the whole spirit of his policy—"I know," he said, "where there is more wisdom than is to be found in Napoleon, or Voltaire, or any minister, past or present—in public opinion."

While others have waded through blood to attain the object of their ambition, the career of M. de Talleyrand has been unstained by such excesses. It has, indeed, been charged against him, that the Duke d'Enghien penned a letter to Bonaparte, which letter, though it would have procured his pardon, was detained by the minister until the writer was no more; but De Bourrienne pronounces the charge "an atrocious absurdity," and asserts, on the authority of the unfortunate duke's aid-de-camp, who never quitted him till the last moment, that no such letter was ever written. "Every one," he adds, "who has had any connexion with Napoleon, knows how he was served; and I dare affirm, that no one would have ventured to delay the presentation of a letter on which the fate of so august a victim depended."

Bonaparte often complained of certain persons

* "He, with a sly, insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,
And tickle, while he gently probed the wound."

about him, that they were gifted with such a mischievous zeal, that they allowed him not a moment for reflection; so that when he would have recalled his orders in the calmer moment of reflection, it was too late. The conduct of M. de Talleyrand was very different. When Napoleon gave direction, "Write so and so, and send it off instantly by an extraordinary courier," he would, where duty required it, take his time. His secretary says, he has a hundred times heard the emperor exclaim, "Talleyrand understands me: it is thus I should be served; others leave me no time for reflection; they are too prompt." The same authority states, that of all Bonaparte's ministers, whether as consul or emperor, Talleyrand was nearly the only one who never flattered him.*

The countenance of the prince has been described as so immovable, that nothing can be read in it. Murat used jocularly to say of him, that if, while he was speaking to you, some one should come behind him, and give him a kick, his visage would betray no indication of the affront.

In his domestic habits he is said to be mild and amiable. The individuals in his employ are devotedly attached to him. Among his intimate friends he good-humouredly talks of his ecclesiastic profession. He one day expressed his dislike of a tune which was played in his hearing, as it recalled to his recollection the time when he was obliged to practice church music, and to sing at the desk. On another occasion, one of his intimate friends was telling a story during supper, while M. de Talleyrand was engaged in thought. In the course of it, the speaker happened to say, in a lively manner, of some one whom he had named, "that fellow is a comical rogue; he is a married priest." Talleyrand, roused by these words, seizing a spoon, with a threatening aspect, called out to him, "Mr. Such-a-one, will you have some spinnage?" The person who was telling the story was confounded, and all the company burst into a fit of laughter, M. de Talleyrand as heartily as the rest.

The reports of his great wealth, there is reason to believe, are wholly erroneous. By the failure of his banker he lost about 60,000*l.* sterling, and his revenue was scarcely sufficient to pay the interest of the money owing to his creditors. According to Savary, who diligently watched over his motions, he was so poor, after his retirement from the ministry, as to be compelled to dispose of his residence, formerly the hotel Valentinois.

Prince Talleyrand has for some time been occupied in the composition of his political memoirs; but they are not to be given to the world until after his decease. Those of his contemporaries to whom portions of the manuscript have been read, report them to be as amusing as Gil Blas, and that the ex-bishop has drawn a most admirable picture of the court of Louis XVI., from 1775 to 1789, and of the state of society

during that period. They already extend to many volumes; and the recent appointment of the distinguished subject of them to the high situation of ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of William IV. will doubtless furnish materials for a new, and perhaps not the least important, chapter. The following is the speech made by the prince at his audience of presentation to the King of England:—

"Sire—His majesty the King of the French has made choice of me as the interpreter of the sentiments with which he is animated towards your majesty. I have accepted with joy a mission which formed so noble a termination to the last steps of my long career. Sire, of all the vicissitudes which my great age has gone through—of all the various fortunes which forty years, so fertile in events, have given to my life—nothing, perhaps, so completely satisfied my desires as the choice which brings me back to this happy country. But what a difference between the periods! The jealousies, the prejudices which for so long a time divided France and England have given place to sentiments of an enlightened and affectionate esteem. A similarity of principles now draws still closer the relations of the two countries. England, in her foreign policy, repudiates with France the principle of intervention in the internal affairs of her neighbours, and the ambassador of a royalty, voted unanimously by a great people, feels himself at ease in a land of liberty, and near a descendant of the illustrious house of Brunswick. I solicit with confidence, sire, your kindness in the relations which I am charged to maintain with your majesty, and I entreat you to accept the homage of my profound respect."

WOOD ENGRAVING.

THE first engraving on wood, of which there is any record in Europe, is that of "the Actions of Alexander," by the two Cunio's, executed in 1285 or 1286. The engravings are eight in number, and in size about nine inches by six. In a frontispiece decorated with fanciful ornaments, there is an inscription which states the engravings to have been by "Alesandro Alberico Cunio Cavaliere, and Isabella Cunio, twin brother and sister, first reduced, imagined, and attempted to be executed in relief, with a small knife on blocks of wood, made even and polished by this learned and dear sister; continued and finished by us together at Ravenna, from the eight pictures of our invention, painted six times larger than here represented; engraved, explained by verses, and thus marked upon the paper to perpetuate the number of them, and to enable us to present them to our relations and friends in testimony of gratitude, friendship, and affection.—All this was done and finished by us when only sixteen years of age." This account, which was given by Papillon, who saw the engravings, has been much disputed; but Mr. Otley, in his late valuable work, deems it authentic.

* De Bourrienne, tom. v. p. 123.

THOMAS WESTON—A TALE.

FROM SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

THE enemies of our holy religion sometimes imagine that they derive an argument against it, from the effect it has been known to work upon weak or uncultivated minds.—They watch with care the movements of a professing Christian, that they may seize upon some discrepancy as a loop to hang a scorn upon. The infidel lays in wait for some eccentricity in the new disciple that he may impeach the motives of his actions: and, above all, the effects which strong doubts or highly inspired hopes, have wrought upon the convert, have furnished forth ample cause for the scoffs and sneers of the sceptic or infidel, who is ever too ignorant of the heart to know, that when the human mind is neutralized by a purer and a purifying influence, there must necessarily be a powerful effervescence. That zeal, however, which is not according to knowledge, has ever been productive of deleterious effects, wherever exercised. Fleeing, as did the settlers of Plymouth Colony, from what they denominated the lukewarmness of Erastian Christians, as well as from the scourge of intolerance, it is not strange that they should endeavour to transmit to their successors the principles for which they had suffered the persecution of man, and braved the war of the elements. They therefore impressed it upon the minds of their offspring, that they should serve the God of their fathers; and, withal, they were not unmindful of the *mode*. And this zealous adherence to their own forms, even to the persecution of other sects, has purchased for them the censure of those who wish to be considered impartial historians. And the present generation affect to contemplate with horror the rigour which the *forefathers* exercised towards their brethren of different denominations. For them, however, let it be said, in extenuation, that they had suffered the scourge and banishment, that they had buffeted the storm, and repelled the savage, to establish in a wilderness the *form* of worship, and enjoy the *peculiarities* of a faith which *they* believed once delivered to the saints; and when strangers intruded themselves unbidden guests, it was natural for them to enquire for the “wedding garment.” It was to be expected that they would guard with eager jealousy the entrenchments of their orthodoxy; and suffering, as they had, from those who sat in high places, they justly dreaded the influx of an heresy; and prudently, if not wisely, determined to crush the embryo of that opposition, which they had so severely felt. They therefore, while they cultivated in their offspring all the stern dictates of Calvinism in doctrine, took care to purge the lands of opposing forms by something more than words.

The old colonists in the immediate vicinity of the place of landing of the pilgrims, have ever retained a strong predilection in favour of the

doctrines and habits of their pious ancestors, and occasionally furnish conclusive evidence that the opinions and zeal which inspired their fathers, are not entirely adapted to the present state of society.

The following narration will serve to illustrate one of the peculiarities which strongly characterized the opinions of the pilgrims and their descendants:—

The town of Kingston, situated upon Plymouth bay, was visited by what is termed a revival in religion;—the influence of this new incentive was not confined to those who had been long professors, and who now felt awakened to a *new* exercise of feelings and duties; but men and women who had, hitherto, been careless of the “one thing needful,” now sought to possess themselves of “the pearl of great price.” Among those who had evinced the clearest evidence of a renewed heart, was a young man named Thomas Weston. The various exercises of his vigorous and enthusiastic mind, were peculiarly pleasing to those whose delight it was to watch the upshootings of grace in the heart, to see the being made in the image of his Maker

“Turn from the grovelling cares of earth,
And heavenward wend his way.”

After some months had been spent in a constant exercise of those feelings, which appeared to form his new existence, and in a preparation for a matrimonial connexion, which promised, from the congeniality of disposition, feelings, and professions of the object, to afford every happiness that he could ask on earth, it was observed that Weston did not exhibit those lively tokens of spiritual felicity which had distinguished his early professions. The prayer which had so often ascended in holy confidence, and which had awakened the slumbering piety of age, by its glowing fervency, was now checked and cold, and scarcely audible. At length he ceased to participate in the service of those social meetings, which are thought to promote, in an eminent degree, the “life of piety in the soul.” He was, indeed, seen occasionally in some retired corner, shrinking from observation, and almost from himself. And, as a neglect of his ordinary occupation was equally visible, it was thought prudent to inquire into the cause of this falling off in spiritual and temporal duties. It was evening when the persons delegated to this important and delicate trust, entered the house of his anxious mother. “Thomas,” said the matron, “the deacon, and our worthy neighbour, the schoolmaster.” Weston raised himself from habitual respect, and turned his heavy black eye upon them, in token of recognition, then sunk again into his chair. When the prayer—the Alpha and Omega of all Old Colony meetings—was finished the elders entered upon the especial part

of their errand. Weston shrunk, at first, from the close intimacy which they sought with his soul. He felt that feelings like his should be secret, because he knew them undefined and undefinable. They, however, succeeded in learning that he had sunk—an almost necessary consequence of too highly wrought feelings—into a state of wretched despondency. That he not only had lost his "first love," but he was also tortured by the fear that he was under the curse of that sin which cannot be repented of.

The teacher endeavoured to soothe his mind, and awaken him to the comforts of the gospel, by directing him to the experience and examples of others; but in vain, for the mind that finds no balm for its wounds in the scriptures, *dares* not seek it from an earthly source. Finding that the soothings which were offered by the school-master were unavailing, the other visitor deemed it just to resort to different means—He warned the wretch of the danger of such a state of mind. "The enemy of mankind," said he, "seeks the gloomy, the doubtful, and the wavering, as fittest instruments for his designs. The mind that refuses to rest upon 'the rock of ages,' will, when the storm shall come, find its resting place the unstable sands of the shore: Where will be *your* hopes in such an hour?"

"The storm has come," said Weston, without moving his eye from the object on which it rested, "the storm has come, and the winds have beat vehemently upon the slender roof of my hopes, and great and ruinous has been its fall."

"These ideas," said the deacon, "are not to be indulged—Satan, who is unwearied in his search for souls, may form with yours, a league, which shall be its eternal perdition."

"Do you believe," asked Weston, with energy, and raising his eyes for the first time, "do you believe that the 'evil one' can form a compact with the soul, without a mutual and conscious agreement?"

"In a state in which the mind appears much alienated from its ordinary habits of exercise, and consequently, not able to judge of the power or resources of an assailant, there may be wrested from it certain concessions of which it will remain unconscious until it experiences its effects."

"But I have understood," replied Weston, with increasing interest, "that when any being has covenanted with the devil, he is possessed of some peculiar powers, and allowed the exercise of certain privileges, otherwise unattainable. I remember poor Charles Jones, whose death is yet unaccounted for, it was said of him that he could command the wind and tides. Certain it was, that space and distance formed no obstacles to his journey. Was he not in Duxbury at eight o'clock, and was he not seen in Plymouth at nine, the same evening? and surely merely mortal power does not perform that task. And I myself have thought that I possessed some unusual influence, for I have seen the children of late suspend their amusements as I approached them, and gaze upon me as if they did not know my person, or were jealous or fearful of my power!"

His mother groaned audibly, and the school master shed tears over the misery of the unhappy youth. The deacon, however, believed it proper to continue the advantage which he supposed he had gained, by exciting the fears of Weston.

"Young man," said he, "the enemy of souls is wary of his bargains, and the privileges which he grants are in proportion to the resistance made to his influence; and remember, Weston, that the league once made, the compact once formed, tears, and prayers, and repentance, will avail you nothing. Even the blood that was shed for the remission of sins, will not absolve *that* contract." Weston groaned aloud, and the deacon auguring favourably from the excitement of his feelings, pursued his lacerating harangue.

"No being who has formed the soul condemning contract, can hope for relief. The miserable advantage which his superior powers imparts, is lost in the horrid remembrance of its immense price; and in no instance has the deluded wretch dared to exercise the extent of his abilities; and, disgusted with a life in which he appeared to stand alone, every unhappy victim of Satan's league has been known to finish with his own hands an existence, the imaginary advantages of which he had purchased at the expense of eternal salvation."

"At least," groaned Weston, "I will not commit murder."

The deacon shrunk from him at this unexpected application of the character to himself—and the horrid conviction, for the first time, flashed upon the agonized mother, that her darling, her only son, had sold himself for naught.

"Let us pray," said the master—the auditors stood erect, while the good man man invoked upon the house of affliction the *comforter's* return. "May the decaying cruise of the widow," said he, "be renewed, and may the oil of comfort abound. And, though lover and friends be put far from her, and her acquaintance into darkness, may she carry her confidence to 'the rock of ages, and lean on Him who is mighty to save.'"

However delicate may have been his feelings for Weston, he could not dissemble in the immediate presence of Omnipotence: he therefore prayed that he might not be of the number of those of whom the Saviour had said, "I pray not for them." The elders departed with a blessing, and the family retired to rest.

The next morning Weston was missing. The family gave the alarm to the neighbours, who immediately went in search of him. He was found perched upon the summit of a rock, that projected over the bay; and, when first discovered, it was thought that he was in company with some other person, but as none was found with him, and as none could escape unobserved, it was supposed by some that it was only a wreath of fog which the rising sun was dispelling. There were, however, some who had never seen the fog assume so palpable a form, and who did not fail to remark, at the same time, that the rock on which he was found, had been the favourite resort of one Standish, who had been more than

suspected of intercourse with the "evil one," and who had ultimately precipitated himself from the summit, and been dashed to pieces upon the half sunken rocks below.

Weston returned to the house with his companions, but he "returned not as at other times." The gloom of melancholy which had marked his features, was exchanged for the vividness of despair; the eye which had been bent in sorrow, in doubt, and humility, now flashed with the intensity of intellectual certainty—but a certainty of pain, and anguish, and remorse. His feelings, affections, and habits seemed abstracted from the usual objects, and he no longer appeared to notice the awe which his presence inspired among the younger part of the community. He conversed with no person, though he was frequently heard in low and urgent conversation with himself, in which it appeared as if he replied to certain arguments of his own suggestion. There are those who could name a companion for these solitary hours, who even delight, at this day, in describing certain wonderful movements of the smitten subject of my tale. They believed to see in his abstracted manner a distaste for the lower acquirements and trifling amusements and vocations of those around him, who possessed merely earthly knowledge and earthly feelings. But none, not one, even while they believed that he could control the elements, while they felt that space and time yielded to his wish—not one of them could envy him his power. The sunken eye, the sallow cheek, and the blanched locks of his once raven hair, told too plainly of the source and result of his fatal acquirement.

The rock, which I before mentioned, was his favourite retreat. Indeed, it was a place calculated to awaken feelings and desires more pure and holy than he was supposed to possess.—The capacious bay lay before him, of which the smooth expanse was as tranquil as the clear sky above, whose ethereal blue was reflected from its peaceful bosom. Far to the right was the high lands of the pine covered Monumet hills. Nearer, in the same direction, Plymouth beach presented its front as a defence for the landing place of the pilgrims. At the left, but nearly in front, rose the noted height of Duxbury, whose pointed summit was ornamented with the telegraph of Mr. Grout, the gaze and admiration of the surrounding inhabitants, which, perhaps, like its inventor, conveyed its information from such a distance and in such a questionable form, that it was left to thankless and unmerited neglect.

This scene, however soothing to the mind of another, appeared to have left no effect on that of Weston, and it was supposed that he sought the spot only for solitude—or for one other and almost unspeakable purpose.—The curling mists of morning, as they reflected back the rays of the rising sun, had other and strange offices in the minds of the fearful and superstitious; and the sounds which were occasionally wafted from the top of this imagined sanctuary of unhallowed and unearthly revels, were thought too mingled and various for a single voice.

Weston's form gradually wasted, and he appeared daily to participate less in the feeling and sympathy of life; he followed his heart-broken mother to the grave, without a single tear or groan. It was said, however, by some, that grief had long since dried up the fountain of his eyes, and that groans and sighs were too feeble for one who lived a life of pain, and deprivation, and woe. And, indeed, scathed as he had been by the sweeping tempest of an undefined passion, it may be supposed that the source of all tears was as dry as the desert, when the blasting simoom had passed over it, prostrating all of animal or vegetable life which it might contain, leaving all a scorching waste, where no herbage can obtain a root, nor a flower lift its head to bless the surrounding desolation.

After one or two days, which it was thought Weston had spent upon the rock, it was proposed by some of the sympathizing inhabitants of the place, to ascend this fearful retreat; they waited until noon for the mists to dissipate, and made the dreaded ascent; but the object of their solicitude was not there; they dragged the channel in vain for his body. A handkerchief, known to have been his, was sometime afterwards found upon the shore, and this was the only memorial of the unfortunate Weston.

There is another, who was connected with the subject of this story, the female whom Weston was to have married, whose patient suffering asks the sympathy of every feeling heart. Let her grief, as she yet lives, be as sacred as it is unobtrusive. The comforts of religion have supported this constant mourner in a life of celibacy, dedicated to God by the exercise of every religious duty; though her broken spirit and bended form show that she yet suffers from

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak illis alike o'er her joys and her woes;
Than which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm, nor affliction a sting."

FRENCH SERVANT MAIDS.

Look at the mode in which the French treat their servants! If a French maid-servant has a love affair, she consults her mistress about it, and debates all the pro's and con's with her; the natural emotions of the heart are not stifled; the mistress feels interested in the welfare of her dependent; she advises her, and promotes her happiness, because she feels that she is part of her own family, and the gratitude of the servant for the sympathy of her superior is mostly unbounded. Owing to the want of sympathy in the treatment they experience from their masters and mistresses, English servants care for nothing except their own pecuniary and sensual interest. Like the rats from a falling house, they slink away the moment a family begins to show signs of poverty. Not so in France and Spain. Many instances might be adduced of kindly attachment from servants, when their protectors are no longer able to protect them, which would draw tears from the eyes of the feeling.—*Tatler*.

COME DWELL WITH ME.

A BALLAD.

The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq.—Music by Alexander Lee.

ANDANTE.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of six systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction. The second system includes the first line of the vocal melody. The third system includes the second line of the vocal melody. The fourth system includes the third line of the vocal melody. The fifth system includes the fourth line of the vocal melody. The sixth system includes the fifth line of the vocal melody. The piano accompaniment is written in the bass clef and provides harmonic support for the vocal line. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte). The tempo is marked *ANDANTE*.

Come dwell, come dwell with me And our home shall be, our home shall be A
pleasant cot, In a tranquil spot, With a distant view of the changing sea, My cottage is a magic
scene, The sheltering boughs seem ever green, The streamlet as it flows a - long, Is

murmuring a fairy song, The streamlet as it flows a - long, Is murmuring a fairy

song, Come dwell with me, Come dwell with me, Come, come, come, come,

cres. dim.

Dwell with me, Come dwell with me, Come dwell, dwell with me.

SECOND VERSE.

The tendrils of a purple vine, A - round the rustic porch shall twine, The woodbine and the wild rose

flow'r, Will make each casement seem a bow'r, I will not let thee once regret The gay saloons where first we

met, 'Twill be my pride to hear thee say, Love makes this valley far more gay, 'Twill be my pride to hear thee

say, Love makes this valley far more gay, Then dwell with me, Come dwell with me,

Come, come, come, come, Dwell with me, Dwell with me, Come dwell, dwell with me.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the sources of those innumerable calamities, which from age to age have overwhelmed mankind, may be reckoned as one of the principal, the abuse of words.

Nothing does more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise ones.

Man has 246 bones: the head and face 63, the trunk 39, the arms 64, and the lower extremities 60. There are in man 201 muscles or pairs of muscles.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

An accomplished man will shine more than a man of mere knowledge, as brass polished has more lustre than unpolished gold, although the latter is intrinsically so much the more valuable.

What is called the law of nature is made up simply of two things—self-interest and reason.

He who has had the experience of a great and violent love, neglects friendship; and he who has consumed all his passion upon friendship, is nothing advanced towards love.

Be children in malice, but in understanding be men.

Courts can give nothing, to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude;
High stations tumult, but not bliss create,
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd;
On every thorn, delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill, a sweet instruction flows.

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in every thing.

The beauty of a religious life is one of its greatest recommendations.—What does it profess?—Peace to all mankind—it teaches us those arts which will render us beloved and respected, which will contribute to our present comfort as well as our future happiness. Its greatest ornament is charity—it inculcates nothing but love and simplicity of affection; it breathes nothing but the purest spirit of delight—in short, it is a system perfectly calculated to benefit the heart, improve the mind, and enlighten the understanding.

Hypocrisy, of course, delights in the most sublime speculations; for never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.

The general principles of urbanity, politeness, or civility, have been the same in all nations; but the mode in which they are dressed is continually varying. The general idea of showing respect is by making yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of your dress, or taking away the lower, is a matter of custom.

No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

There is nothing so ridiculous, that has not at some time been said by some philosopher. The writers of books in Europe, seem to themselves authorised to say what they please: and an ingenious philosopher among them (Fontenelle) has openly asserted that he would undertake to persuade the whole republic of letters to believe, that the sun was neither the cause of light nor heat, if he could only get six philosophers on his side.

Grief shortens life. Joy also shortens life by whirling away the hours with a rapidity that surprises the traveller on the road of existence.

The cost of Anchors for the British Navy is immense; to supply it once only, requires a sum above £500,000. Each first rate anchor employs twenty men forty days; forty per cent. of metal is wasted in the forging, and the cost of such an anchor is £400.

When we think of Bacon, who, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, indicated to the human mind the plan to be pursued in order to re-construct the edifice of the sciences, we can hardly feel admiration for those great men who have succeeded him; such as Boyle, Locke, &c. He lays out the ground for them, or marks the spots that are to be cultivated or taken possession of, like Caesar, who, being master of the world after the battle of Pharsalia, gave away kingdoms and provinces to his partisans or to his favourites.

Just as the hinder of two chariot wheels
Still presses closely on its fellow's heels,
So flies to-morrow, while you fly as fast,
Forever following and forever last.

R. says he has been acquainted with women from every country in Europe: the Italian thinks she is beloved only when her lover is capable of committing a crime for her; the English woman she is ready to perform a rash act; the French woman a silly one.

Persons are often misled in regard to their choice of dress, by attending to the beauty of colours, rather than selecting such colours as may increase their own beauty.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1866.

LATEST FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.—Dress of Chaly, printed *a colonnes*, high body, with crossed plaits, plain back, laced; large full sleeves, tight to the elbow. Apron of black gros de Naples, embroidered with a wreath of *sweet peas*; epaulettes on the shoulders embroidered also; cap of Brussels lace, trimmed with *mais* gauze riband.

WALKING DRESS.—Dress of blue *saphire* satin, plain body; tippet of black velvet *a godets*, and long ends; blonde ruff, with a bow of *mais* gauze riband; capote of *mais* terry velvet, lined with black velvet, and plait of velvet to mix in the curls; trimmed with a *mais* and black *cerbere* feather and *mais* gauze riband.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of white Cachemire *a colonnes*, alternately high *corsage drape*, with borders to correspond with the pattern of the dress; short sleeves of white gros de Naples under long *crapelisse* sleeves; hat of *grenat* velvet trimmed with *torades* of velvet and a green bird of Paradise.—See *Engraving*.

Original.

THE CHEST OF BONES.

BY MRS. TOWNSHEND STITH.

What power delights to torture us? I know
That to myself I do not wholly owe
What now I suffer, though in part I may.—SHELLEY.

THE circumstances by which I became acquainted with the particulars of the following story, were somewhat singular. They are still fresh in my memory, as a thing of yesterday—though years have rolled by since their occurrence, and many more had elapsed since the events transpired to which I am about to refer:

In Italy, near the richly wooded and winding banks of one of her beautiful and classical streams, stands the castle of the Lady Montoni. The gloomy and ascetic life which this lady rigidly pursued—her cold and abstracted manner, the fixed melancholy that ever reposed upon her countenance—seemed to denote the victim of some painful superstition, or withering disappointment; or it might be, the memory of some untold crime. She sought no society—scarcely permitted any, save that of her confessor (the Prior of a neighbouring convent,) and even her dependants, or those whom accident, her station, or the duties of hospitality, brought into collision with her, saw little to induce a desire that the interview might be repeated. She might be the slave of some solemn penance, or one whom delicacy should leave to the sacredness of grief. Yet ascetic as she was, her character was unstained with cruelty or oppression. Far from it—the sufferer never went unrelieved from her door; the boon was seldom denied, and the tale of woe was hushed as soon as heard.

It was in the summer of —, that, in pursuit of health for one whose health to me was precious as the breath of life, I sought the breezes

of this delightful climate. Alas! they but fanned the flowers which bereaved affection had planted on his grave, and bore away the sighs of a desolate mourner.

It was evening—it had rained violently—the path was slippery and dangerous—the sun, which looked out in crimson light for a moment, from the ridges of the western hills, now sunk behind them; while the upper heaven, dark with the fragments of the recent thunderstorm, portended the speedy close of a dreary and starless night. My companion's health became worse: he called me to his side, and in a faint voice said, "Julia—I cannot proceed—we must seek some shelter.—You observe a light glimmering through yonder opening. It seems to proceed from a chateau: let us seek it, and try the hospitality of its inmates." My anxiety was greatly increased, and I readily consented. A few minutes brought us in full view of the building. It was spacious, gloomy, and solemn; yet wearing an air of departed grandeur—the pomp and majesty of days gone by.—Suddenly our guide turned to us and exclaimed—"It is the castle of the Lady Montoni—now I know the way—the path lies to the left—your Excellency had better proceed—"

"No: we must seek admittance here."—"Indeed your Excellency had better go on—'tis only this turn—"

Upon being ordered peremptorily to lead to the castle, the man resumed his station, sullen and muttering.

After a few moments' reflection, as we pur-

sued our way, the evident unwillingness of the guide to seek the shelter before us, struck me as singular, and riding up, I accosted him, "But Guiseppe, why do you dislike stopping at this mansion? One would think you might rejoice at this opportunity of rest and refreshment; for surely we shall be well received in this noble building."—"I am both weary and hungry, Signora; but there are strange tales about this castle and the Lady Montoni—all is not right; and none like to stop here who can avoid it."

His words made some impression on me; but by this time, we had arrived at the outer gate. Our ring was promptly answered; on demanding to see the lady of the mansion, we were conducted, with few words, by an old domestic, into the court-yard fronting the castle, and our horses being committed to the care of Guiseppe and a younger servant who appeared, we were ushered into the drawing room, to await, for a few moments, the appearance of the lady.

She entered: it was the Lady Montoni. We were both much struck with her appearance, ere yet we had time to observe her countenance—her step and manner were imposing—even to majesty. She was enveloped in a long dark robe, which concealed the outlines of a form unusually tall and commanding. We arose on her entrance, and briefly made known our situation and our wants: She welcomed us with an air of that distinguished politeness, which is the inimitable prerogative of noble birth and breeding—but at the same time, with the coldness of one long unused to be interested in the minor courtesies of society. Yet there was something almost of benevolence in her aspect as she turned to the suffering invalid, and kindly offered such inquiries as his situation evidently demanded. A small bell which stood on a table of black marble, in the centre of the apartment, summoned a female domestic, whom I imagined to be the housekeeper, and whom she addressed by the name of Agatha, to her presence. The necessary instructions were given with dignity and precision; refreshment was ordered; and seating herself beside the table, she led the way to such general conversation as politeness required.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of studying her countenance, as she rested with her arm on the marble slab beside her. To describe it would be a task better suited to the pencil than the pen.

The features were regular and eminently noble, and though attenuated by penance or suffering, still bore the traces of that fine chiselling with which nature marks her nobler children. There was still an expression of determination about the mouth, which indicated a character that had once possessed both energy and passion; nor was this contradicted by the dark and searching eye. A fixed melancholy seemed to repose upon the lofty brow, and the impression conveyed by the whole aspect, to an attentive observer, was that of a powerful mind habitually subduing intense grief.

After the lapse of a short time, we were usher-

ed into an adjoining room, where an elegant repast was provided. We partook sparingly and returned to the drawing-room. After an absence of about an hour, our hostess entered, and presently observed, that possibly my companion's situation might require repose, and that all the necessary arrangements had been made. The offer was readily accepted; an attendant ushered him to his apartment, and I was committed to the care of the good Agatha. My adieux for the night were politely returned, though I fancied I saw an expression of melancholy pass over the face of the Lady Montoni, as I retired.

Agatha was, in character, the reverse of her mistress. She was a woman in the decline of life. Reserve was no part of her disposition, and as she led the way, she used the privilege of an old domestic, and prattled incessantly. She expressed her delight at seeing a stranger, complained of the solitude of the castle, spoke of the length of time she had been in the service of the family, &c.

She conducted me along a passage of considerable length, and we ascended a flight of marble steps. On the landing, she paused, and turning to me said—"I hope your ladyship will find your chamber comfortable. I have done what I could, and had the room well aired. But no one sleeps in this part of the castle. My lady has never visited it since the death of my young mistress. The servants come here as seldom as possible. They have some foolish stories, about lights and noises in the picture gallery. Simple creatures! but I don't believe a word of it." As we proceeded a few steps, the passage opened into a sort of gallery, or rather hall, floored, as I observed, with black marble, and hung round with portraits. The effect of these, as the light flashed suddenly upon them, was striking; and where the rays of the lamp were lost in the distance of the further extremity, the darkness seemed peopled with faces of sad and solemn aspect. Along the circuit of the gallery, to our left, were several doors, perfectly similar in appearance, nor easily distinguished, and apparently opening into chambers.

"This then, is the picture gallery," I said, as I paused, wishing to contemplate the silent assembly by which we were surrounded: "and these are the ancestors of the family."—"Yes, your ladyship," said Agatha, yet hurrying forward with the light—"but you can see them by daylight—it is a dreary place by night—and yonder is your chamber."

I followed her and we entered. It was a spacious and convenient apartment, furnished for comfort, and with little ornament. The window seemed to look out into a sort of court, and drawing aside the curtain, I gazed for an instant on the moon, now high in the heavens, struggling through the flying masses of dark clouds which were borne onward—though as if their heavy volumes moved reluctantly—by the impetuous night-blast. Closing the curtain, I expressed my thanks to our hostess, and my gratitude to heaven, at having been so fortun-

nately provided with such a shelter from the gloomy and threatening night without.

As Agatha was offering her services to assist me in undressing, my attention was attracted by a veiled picture which hung in the centre of the wall, opposite to me. "And what picture is this, Agatha?" said I, advancing towards it.—"Ah! my lady, 'tis the portrait of my dear young mistress. It is long—many years since I have seen it. I have never had courage to raise the veil." And turning to her, I perceived that the good creature's eyes were filled with tears.

"But I may look at it—may I not, Agatha?" She expressed no dissent, and, as I attempted to draw aside the veil, the fastenings, which were slight and perhaps loosened by time, gave way; the veil fell, and exposed to my view a face and form of such surpassing loveliness, that I was rivetted for a moment, in wonder and delight.

As a work of art, it was evidently from the pencil of one of the first masters: but every shade and lineament was animate with the truth of nature. It was evidently the picture of a very young girl—taken at that happiest period of life, when existence is a fairy dream. The features were of exquisite regularity; the complexion rich and transparent; and the thick auburn ringlets fell, after the fashion of girlhood, around a neck of pure and unadorned whiteness. But the charm of the face lay in its full and perfect expression of intense and almost infantine joyousness. The large dark eye—so like, so very like the life—seemed brimful of delighted sensibility—and the small, delicate mouth—the coral lips parted by rich smiles, made the beholder happy as he gazed.

"And this then," said I, turning reluctantly from the lovely portrait, "is your young mistress. Is it possible so exquisite a creature is now but a tenant of the tomb? tell me of her, Agatha—tell me her fate."

"Alas! lady," she replied, while the tears streamed faster and faster down her cheeks—"it is a long and dreadful story. My mistress does not like me to speak of the affairs of the family; but I could tell you such —" At this moment a bell rang loudly.—"It is my mistress's bell—she summons me. I must leave you now. Pray, say nothing of this to the Lady Montoni."—And she abruptly left me.

I continued gazing alone for some time, on the beautiful portrait, and then wearied in spirits, and anxious in mind, I threw myself on the bed. My anxieties had made me feverish, and a crowd of gloomy reflections and "thick-coming fancies" conspired to forbid repose; or, if I forgot myself for a moment, from the effects of bodily fatigue, it was in that imperfect and distressing slumber which harasses rather than relieves. On one occasion, after awakening from one of those intervals of distempered sleep, I thought I heard a step, light and stealthy, traversing the gallery without. I arose, and approaching the door, listened intently, but not the smallest noise answered my attention; and I was almost in-

stantly convinced it was but fancy. Still I felt even less disposition to sleep than before; the fever of my mind increased; and I traversed the apartment uneasily, panting for some means of employment, to beguile the tedious hours. There were neither books nor writing materials in the room, and I dreaded the company of my own thoughts. At last an idea struck me: I bethought me of the picture gallery, and recollecting the housekeeper's observation that this part of the building was untenanted by the family, (and therefore I should be likely to disturb no one,) I determined to venture forth and seek a transient diversion of mind, in contemplating these memorials of the departed. Taking the lamp, I did so, timidly at first, but more boldly as I proceeded. I studied the portraits one by one, and indulged in the reflections to which they gave rise. They all bore certain traits of resemblance; the features were peculiar and aristocratic; I thought I recognised certain expressions of the Lady Montoni in the countenances of her haughty ancestors. When I had been thus employed for some time, and made a considerable circuit of the gallery, my attention was attracted by a portrait which hung apart from the rest, and which bore little resemblance to those which I had been contemplating. It was indeed a dark and striking countenance. Beneath it was inscribed the word *Rospiglia*. While I stood absorbed in contemplating this remarkable face, till the full dark eye seemed with actual life to answer my fixed gaze, the bell of the castle, pealing out suddenly as it seemed from above me, told the hour of one. Abstracted as I was, the sound, of dreadful loudness in that lonely place, struck me as with a sudden shock. I started convulsively—the glass lamp, which I held but loosely, fell from my hand, and was extinguished and dashed to pieces on the marble floor. The crash vibrated, and was echoed with fearful distinctness from the deserted hall: and seemed prolonged, while I stood for a moment, in utter terror and helplessness, amid the total darkness. As soon as I recovered from the first moment of dismay, I endeavoured to collect myself, to laugh at my own fears, and return to my chamber. But this was no easy task. I was bewildered, and knew not the direction of the door. I determined to grope my way around the walls, till I arrived at the door I sought. I made the attempt: but unsuccessfully. It seemed to me that I had already compassed the whole circuit of the hall more than once; till at last in despair and an agony of terror, I leaned, almost fainting, against the wall. After remaining in this painful state for some time, it appeared to me that my cheek was fanned by a breath of air, which must proceed from some opening or entrance close by.

I moved in the direction from which it seemed to proceed: it became more sensible, and my hand was presently arrested by a half open door. I entered a narrow passage, which I followed, in the hope that it might conduct me to some outlet, or some portion of the building

inhabited by the family, where I might call assistance. After groping my way cautiously, for a few paces, I came to a flight of steps. I descended; they were about ten in number. At the foot, I entered upon another passage, equally narrow. Proceeding along this a greater distance than before, I arrived at another flight. This seemed to be a winding stair. I descended for a long time; the passage into which it opened was still narrower than that I had left. This I followed with rapid steps. As I went on, the walls seemed to become more damp and clammy, the air more confined, and finally the passage widened, and I continued to grope along the wall to my right. At once the thought occurred to me that I might have found my way into the vaults of the castle. Half frantic, and unable to retrace my steps, I flew onward, not knowing whither. In the distance before me, I beheld the glimmering of a light. I increased my speed; it became distinct, and seemed the light of a torch or candle. Again it was hidden, by some obstacle jutting out from the wall. I rushed forward—turned the projection—the light came full in view, within a few yards of me, and the objects which I beheld fixed me breathless to the spot, in terror and amazement. It was evidently a vault—a funeral vault: I was in one of those subterranean chambers of the dead. The object which had obstructed the light, and against which I now leaned was a coffin, but I heeded it not—the scene before me absorbed my faculties. In a niche or recess opposite me was a sort of altar, covered entirely with black. It had no ornament but a large wooden crucifix, beside which the dim lamp burned. On a step facing the altar was an object covered also with a black pall, resembling a chest. Before this knelt a tall female figure, enveloped in coarse white drapery. It was the form of the Lady Montoni. Her face was buried in her hands—she was motionless, and seemed fixed in some intense abstraction, of prayer or passion. Still I heard her heavy and half-smothered sighs break forth. As I gazed, she removed her hands, and arose; by a slight movement, her face came in view, and I recognized the well-remembered features I had contemplated the evening before. She displaced the dark covering of the chest, raised the lid, and drew forth something which I could not distinguish for her intervening form; but which, I observed, she pressed to her lips. It was replaced; she drew forth another, and this time I remarked, as the light fell upon it, that it had the resemblance of a human bone! My suspicion was confirmed, as the third object which she drew forth and kissed in like manner, bore the distinct resemblance of a skull. I was congealed with horror; yet withal agitated by an undefinable interest. She then closed the lid, and kneeling again, placed her right hand upon some article beside her, while with the left, she seemed to loosen the fastenings of the robe which covered the shoulders. I perceived that she held a scourge! I could contain myself no longer. Believing that she was about to inflict upon her-

self one of those dreadful penances, with which, as I had heard, the votaries of wild enthusiasm are wont to torture themselves, I made an effort to spring forward and arrest her arm. At that moment, I felt my wrist grasped, and by an iron hand. I turned, and a figure of uncommon height, presented itself to my reeling senses. I uttered a shriek, and fell senseless to the ground.

* * * * *

When I recovered my reason, I found myself in bed—in the self same chamber I had left. I seemed to awake from a long, deep sleep. It was day: but the curtains of my window were crimsoned with the rich light of sunset, and the sweet birds carolled their evening song from the ivy by which it was embosomed. Their music, after the terror and agony I had endured, went to my soul like an angel's voice, and affected me to tears. By the window sat the good Agatha, watching my countenance. She arose and approached the bed-side. I attempted to speak. "Hush, my dear lady," said she; "you have been very ill: the physician says you must be kept perfectly still—he will be here presently—and my Lady Montoni will see you this evening."—At that name, memory seemed to act again. I closed my eyes to recollect myself. The whole scene I have described seemed a dark and terrible dream. I believed it such; and I had a dim reminiscence of other imperfect visions, still more recent, which perplexed and bewildered me. I again opened my eyes and attempted to ask an explanation: but Agatha enjoined silence. I felt the debility consequent upon a fever, and the confusion that succeeds a strong opiate: and sinking back I resigned myself to my thoughts, which vainly sought to solve the mystery that perplexed me. At length the physician entered. He smiled benignantly, as he felt my pulse, and remarked the favourable change, and after a few directions to Agatha, and enjoining that I should be kept from agitation, departed. I silently took the cup which was offered me, and after swallowing its contents, relapsed into a gentle slumber. When I awoke the candles were burning in the chamber, and Agatha was still at my side. I was sensibly better and less confused. She remarked it, in the few questions I put, but told me that her mistress would soon see me, and explain all. "Indeed, my lady," she added, "I know nothing, but that you have been very ill and delirious all day, and that I was called to attend you very early this morning."

"But my —"

"He is better, but very anxious on your account. He wishes to see you: but the physician will not permit it. You shall see him to-morrow."

After a short time the Lady Montoni entered. She approached the bed-side, with evident anxiety. Her face was calm and sorrowful; but it seemed to have lost all its haughty expression in one of kindness and pity. She took my hand, and with something almost of tenderness, inquired how I was. I answered: and my eyes, rather than my lips, besought her to explain to

me the mystery of my situation, and the fearful scene which had preceded it.

"Compose yourself, my dear," she said kindly but sorrowfully, "when you are restored you shall know all: Do not now distress yourself with these dark thoughts. Your companion is urgent to see you, and will not be denied. You may see him, but only for ten minutes."

The interview which was permitted, did much to restore my spirits. I became more composed, and from that hour I recovered rapidly.

It was on the morning of the third day following, when I was permitted to leave my bed, but not my apartment, that the Lady Montoni had promised to reveal to me the subject of my earnest curiosity.

Seating herself with a forced composure beside me, as I leaned upon my pillow, she commenced:—

"The extraordinary scene which you witnessed in the vault, has naturally shocked and agitated you. It is as natural that you should desire to have it explained. But I must begin by imparting to you my sad history. It is long since I have sought sympathy, by speaking with a human being of my sorrows, or the errors which caused them: but accident has introduced you to my confidence, and I feel that it will not be misplaced. My heart, too, is humbled now."

After a pause, she resumed, turning to the unveiled picture, which still hung opposite the bed, and seemed smiling, in its loveliness, upon us—"That was my daughter: that was (with convulsive emphasis upon the word) my dear Ginevra."

Here she was utterly subdued. She made a strong effort to command herself: but all-powerful nature triumphed; the haughty and governed features of the Lady Montoni relaxed—became convulsed—quivered—and she burst into a passion of tears.

The agony of the calm and powerful is positively dreadful. I seized her hand; I kissed it; and while the hot gushing tears chased each other down my cheeks, I besought her, by every tender epithet which my excited feelings supplied, to tell me all her grief—to unburthen her heart to me, and I would answer it with a sister's love. She wept on my bosom like a beaten child. I hailed the sign with hope—for the grief that is unexpressed, alone is fatal. I permitted her passion to have full way, and at length succeeded in soothing her into more tranquillity.

"It is long—very long," she observed, "since I have shed such tears as these. They have relieved this bursting heart"—and she commenced her narrative with something like composure.

Without pretending to repeat the language, I present the substance of what I gathered from this conversation, and others subsequent; together with those I afterwards had with Agatha, as well as from other sources.

Ginevra was an only daughter of the Count and Lady Montoni. Her father was a man of gentle and affectionate disposition; but she had the misfortune to lose him, almost in her infancy.

With his dying breath he resigned her to the care of her mother—at the same time that he besought her kindness and protection for his young charge Albert—then quite a boy, and but a few years the senior of his child. Albert was the only son of a near relative, whom he had tenderly loved, and who being a younger son and a soldier, had left his child no inheritance but the friendship of Montoni.

The children grew up together. They were companions in childhood, and all its innocent sports; and their early years were passed, in rapid happiness, under the sole guardianship of the Lady Montoni. But she was, in character, unhappily the reverse of her lost husband: although she had ever evinced to him the duties and affection of a wife. Of powerful and lofty intellect, her engrossing fault was pride—her one passion was ambition. Yet she wanted not a mother's feelings; she doted on her daughter with an excess of affection that ever distinguishes the attachments of strong characters—intense as they are rare. To Albert, too, she was not deficient in kindness. He was indeed a noble boy—full of the promise of manly strength and manly virtues; and with one of a nature less concentrated, or of more diffusive affections, might have won an almost equal share of love. She marked the evident attachment of the children for each other, with indulgence and without suspicion. Their age precluded the idea of serious passion: and in this, she probably shared the common ignorance, or rather forgetfulness, of persons in mature life, of how early the heart becomes sensible—how deep—and difficult to break—and vital are the affections, like the prejudices of our very childhood; paving the way to more lasting and passionate feelings of after life.

It was indeed a beautiful sight, to mark the innocent and complete affection of these lovely children—to see them walking in the garden hand in hand—sporting among the flowers of the meadow, or climbing the green hills together. They had no differences: their spirits were one.

In all the little rambles of Ginevra, through the adjacent country, Albert was her constant companion and protector. He would always walk between her and the river's bank or the precipice's edge, and where there was danger or alarm, he was in an instant at her side. He would have stood between her, and a famished wolf.

But years rolled on. The children had arrived at an age when it became prudent to separate them, and necessary that Albert should be removed for the purpose of education. The Lady Montoni, in suffering the intimacy of these children, had not been deficient in foresight. But the period during which she judged it harmless had almost past: she had high views for her daughter; and it was her purpose that Albert residing abroad for some years, should not be furnished with the temptation or the opportunity of having it renewed. Accordingly, Albert departed for a seminary in Spain; it being understood that he was to return at the expiration of

the year, and that the annual vacations were to be past in a visit to the castle. His parting with Ginevra was like that of other children, accompanied with tears, and succeeded by some weeks of depression; but soon forgotten in the buoyancy of heart, which is the distinction of that happy age. Yet the impression left on the mind of Albert by his young and lovely companion, was deeper than might have been expected from his years; and though seemingly obliterated for the present, amid change of scene and the occupations of the college, was destined to bring out its evidences in mature age.

Meanwhile the young Ginevra advanced rapidly in every accomplishment, under the judicious superintendence and able tuition of her really fond mother: and as years passed by, and her form developed itself from childish grace into the loveliness of girlhood, each day seemed to add to it some new charm. Her mother had high hopes of her: she marked her increasing beauty with delight, and her ambitious and scheming mind had already anticipated for her a connexion as splendid as her noble birth and distinguished personal attractions promised to entitle her to. She was yet but a child, and there was time enough to deliberate. Yet on whom should she bestow this, her heart's darling, its only treasure?—Chance (that wild governor of our human fates and earthly fortunes,) seemed to determine what her mind had, as yet, scarcely begun seriously to consider—to present a hope that promised the fulfilment of her most sanguine wishes—and which she was not backward to encourage.

Among the most powerful and wealthy of the nobles of the adjoining country, was the Count Rospiglia. Of him she had hitherto seen but little, as his visits to the castle had been those of mere courtesy; (though she courted his acquaintance as that of a powerful neighbour,) and most of his time had been spent abroad. He was said to be still in the prime of life; though his countenance was marked by the lines which belong more properly to maturer age.

The Count Rospiglia was one of those men whom Nature seemed to have endowed with every gift calculated to command the admiration of mankind, and yet, whom Destiny has marked to live apart from sympathy. It may be, that the peculiarities, or the faults of character, which debarred him from the love of others, and the sacred wish of winning and requiting love, were the results of a peculiar and solitary education.

The last branch of a rich and powerful family, his boyhood and early youth had been spent on his broad patrimonial estates, in comparative solitude, under the sole guardianship of a widowed mother. She was a woman of accomplished mind, but a poetic and rather melancholy temperament; who had been early sated with the world, and disappointed in some of her choicest hopes; and who imbued the earlier years of her son with that contempt for the gayer pursuits of social life, and that passion for nature, in her

more solitary aspects, which were the distinguishing features of her own mind. Her death, which had occurred some years before his opening manhood, though it severely shocked his feelings, and perhaps permanently affected his disposition, made no material alteration in his condition. He continued to reside in the country, and the devotion which he had early acquired for books and meditation, now furnished him employment and a refuge. According to the reports of his instructors, he was an enthusiast of knowledge—and his mind, accustomed to severest exercise, and a proud and utter reliance on itself, was rapidly expanded. Thus he had passed some years. Still, little was known of the nature of his studies, or the extent of his attainments; for, being too proud to be vain, the natural reserve of his disposition prevented the exhibition of them. Yet the few, of kindred powers, who afterwards encountered him, by chance, upon the pathway of life, were impressed by the transient evidences of a mind, at once affluent and powerful; and with wonder that such energies should be aimless.

It seemed that his mere intellect—with its large resources of native and treasured knowledge—would have qualified him for a place in that quiet list of the honoured votaries of science, who live apart from human cares that their names may be immortalized by human gratitude—but that even that intellect was the creature of his passions. So prepared, knowing much of books, and practically nothing of men, he had left his retirement at the age of twenty-three, and spent some years in the active world, and the study of mankind. The effects upon a feeble and over-sensitive character might have been easily foreseen: it would have ended in a plaintive misanthropy. But his was none such. He was not formed to be the victim of morbid sensibility. Of the results of his experience he spoke little, and as nearly the whole of his time had been spent from home, with the exception of brief and distant visits to his estate, none were acquainted with the manner in which it had been purchased. Still, the *effects* might be traced. The calmness of aspect and of eye, which now distinguished him, required some other explanation than the natural change wrought by these few years—and his lofty brow, though ever marked by the characters of solemn thought, now bore the impress of something more than time.

There were whispers of a wild tale of passion, in which he had been an actor while abroad—of bitter wrong, fearfully avenged: but as he prated not of his affairs, and with cold dignity suppressed inquiry, the rumor—brought by chance or a traveller—soon passed away. For the rest—he was a man of solitary and studious habits; neither shunning nor seeking society: but when, the duties of his station called him forth, he exhibited the self-possession and dignity—if not all the unreserve—of the practised gentleman.

It was during his last residence on his estate, that the Count Rospiglia had paid a visit to the

Lady Montoni. Ginevra was absent. He had frequently seen her, but with slight notice, as a child; and their conversation had been such as we are accustomed to hold with children. He had accepted the invitation to repeat his visit on the following day, and was now returning (as it was a lovely evening in the month of June,) on foot, towards the chateau. The path which he followed led along the banks of a beautiful streamlet, which now skirted the green slope, rich with the freshest verdure of the young summer, and now, approaching the bank, was lost in the luxuriant copse; the various and beautiful hues of leaf, and twig, and flower, being mirrored from the still and glassy surface. There was a solemn and divine repose upon the face of nature, bathed in the last golden beams of the retiring sun; who, pavilioned in the glories of the west, smiled his farewell upon her.

The Count walked slowly on, frequently pausing to contemplate a scene which sent to his heart its solemn influences; and then would turn away, in bitter thought of his earlier and happier days. But, as he leaned musing against the trunk of a decaying oak, his attention was attracted by an object of nearer interest. His eye had wandered towards the margin of the river. Within a few feet of its pebbly shore, in a sort of natural arbour, formed and screened by the thick interwoven branches and underbrush, and carpeted by nature's richest velvet, strewn with wild flowers, reclined the delicate and elegant form of a very young girl. A glance assured him it was the young Ginevra Montoni. At that time, she could scarcely have entered upon her fourteenth year. She had just closed a small volume, which she placed beside her, and the fresh tears upon her cheek, whether of joy or sorrow, seemed to denote that it was some tale of passion; and that the heart from whose impulses they flowed, was still warm with its first girlish sympathies. However, the tear, like the tear of childhood, was soon dried, and the innocent girl plucked a flower, and leaning on her hand, smiled in ecstasy, as she moved upon the tranquil and lovely scene before her. She seemed absorbed in that intense and exquisite communion with nature, which is the blessed, and irrecoverable privilege of the young and sensitive soul, before its precious sensibilities are lost or defiled in the world. She at length half uttered an exclamation of delight, then raised her eyes to heaven, with that expression of silent gratitude, which is the holiest form of prayer.

It is said that none are all evil—that stern, proud natures have their hours of perfect gentleness; and that the man of sorrow or of crime, not always self-subdued, has moments visited by a gush of holier, happier thoughts. Thus it was even with the stern Count Rospiglia. Touched by this unstudied picture of loveliness and innocence, he advanced, with something more of emotion than he had ever evinced towards the child. She started up at his footstep, recognised him immediately, and though her cheek was slightly tinged with blushes, she welcomed him

with the artless freedom of a girl. He took her hand tenderly, saying “I am indeed pleased to see you, my sweet and innocent child—pleased to see you thus. You love this solitude then?—and you are happy?”

“Who would not be happy in this most lovely place?” she replied, and turning, she pointed to the glories of the west; “or with that magnificent scene before them?” and she spoke of those beauties of nature, in which her spirit was rapt; with an enthusiasm that interested, and in language that surprised him from one so young.

Indulging in the feeling of the hour, and the luxury which men of severe habits of thought frequently experience from the artless conversation of innocent and happy children; he added, “Come, I will escort you back to the castle, and to your mother. She permits you then to ramble thus alone? But have you never a companion?”—“None, since the departure of Albert. It is now four years since he left us, and we see him only once a-year, and that for a very short time. Indeed, the last two visits, I scarcely saw him at all.”—“And who is Albert?”—“He was my playmate and companion, when we were both children;” and while reciting his history, she spoke of him with that fearless praise and sisterly affection, which, while they were the promptings of a warm and tender heart, indicated not even the germ of that more dangerous and powerful feeling, to which our young affections often lead, but which, unlike them, is, from its very birth, an adept in disguise.

During the walk, the Count was much struck with her remarks; the intelligence of a mind precocious in every thing but the knowledge of evil; nor was he less impressed by the beautiful and various expressions of her almost perfect face; and when, on arriving at the castle, he presented her to her mother, it was with a smile and a compliment altogether unusual with him.

The Lady Montoni was both surprised and delighted by this act of courtesy: and her quick and active mind already saw in it that on which she might found a hope of realizing one of her most sanguine wishes.

The invitation for the morrow was warmly repeated—the parting salutation kindly given—and Count Rospiglia again turned him to depart. He proceeded musing on the innocence and beauty of the child he had left. “How perfectly beautiful!—how sincere and artless—how utterly undefiled—is this young creature!” thought he, “and yet,” he continued, while his brow darkened, “how soon to be perverted—to become as others are. Have we then no hope?—not one, in the wide earth, to realize the dreams of our boyhood? Suppose this young creature were taken, guarded from contagion, educated to better ends than are understood by her frivolous sex—what if I took her, now in her undisputed purity, made a last throw for earthly happiness, tried the capabilities of her mind, and reared it to companionship with mine?” Rospiglia paused upon the thought: his resolves, even of most important character, were speedy and unwavering.

and however suddenly taken, were executed with the tenacious energy of an iron will, directing a mind of rare power and resources. The next day was passed at the castle of the Lady Montoni, whom he treated with studied courtesy. Nor was she backward to meet his advances. His polished manners and assumed gentleness soon won the perfect confidence of Ginevra: she listened with wonder and delight to his rich and various conversation, exhibiting at once an extent and accuracy of information, and clothed in an eloquence and power of language, which to her young mind, appeared almost miraculous.

She was spell-bound with curiosity and admiration; and when he departed, she sighed as she bade him adieu, and felt as children feel, when the curtain drops (dispelling a scene of enchantment,) upon the first theatrical spectacle which they have witnessed; and they are called to return to the dull realities of familiar life.

"Yes," said Rospiglia, when he was alone again on his solitary path, "this child is innocent, pure, capable: she has as yet listened to no tale of love, nor dreamed of the follies and vices of the world. Her family is noble; her beauty will be unmatched; her mother evidently courts my alliance. I may take this unpolluted girl—form and fashion her mind to sympathy with mine—rear her for myself:—and she will be *mine*—mine wholly. I may find faith and fellowship from a creature of my own forming. My head may yet be pillowed on *one* fond, devoted bosom—I may at length find peace and hope. I *have* acted, in the energy of passion, and my harvest has been misery. I *will* act, from the mind, from reason and calculation, and with better fruits. For the past, let it rest: it shall not disturb even my dreams."

From that time, during several succeeding months, Count Rospiglia was a frequent visitor at the castle. In his society, the mind of Ginevra was rapidly developed. Each new day brought some accession of knowledge, and she went to her pillow, enriched by some valuable thought. The Lady Montoni noticed his partiality for the child, with approbation and hope; and he was not long in revealing to her his wishes; and, soliciting the promise of her hand, when the suitable period arrived, the request was readily and joyfully assented to.

"As yet," added Rospiglia, at the close of their conversation, "I have not profaned her ear with the name of Love. She feels for me, I believe, a sincere affection. It is gratitude. I would not have her mind distracted with other thoughts. But I would have her educated, as becomes my companion. You will guard her from the frivolities to which her age and sex are so easily inclined, and her pursuits will be of a more ennobling nature. Secluded as her life has been, she does not now need society. I am now, as you know, about to take my departure, and shall remain abroad, it may be, two years. I shall write to you frequently; and to her, on the subjects of her studies. I shall return, to claim her at your hands, and to find her, I doubt not, all that we anti-

pate. Trust to me, *then*, for winning her fullest love. Meanwhile, you will teach her to consider herself my betrothed—and as the period is distant—her heart disengaged—and I am not disagreeable to her, this will excite neither uneasiness nor alarm."

Rospiglia soon after departed. The Lady Montoni communicated to Ginevra her promise to the Count: and engagements of this kind were so common, and held so sacred, by the custom of the country; (and she had, moreover, been so completely trained to consider herself at her mother's disposal)—her admiration of the talents and elevated character of the Count, was so sincere—that the intelligence, as had been foreseen, produced no uneasiness or concern. Accustomed to obedience, and as yet unacquainted with her own heart, she resigned herself with composure, to her mother's will; deeming all was for the best.

But before the pledge was to be redeemed, events were destined to transpire, which completely defeated the Lady Montoni's ambitious calculations, and alter the current of her own fate.

More than a year had elapsed in the quiet pursuit of her appointed studies, when Albert, having now finished his education, returned to the castle. He was destined for a military life; but as some time must elapse before a suitable arrangement for his establishment could be made, the residence of the Lady Montoni was to be his home.

She, very soon after his arrival, acquainted him with the betrothal of Ginevra; and, advertising to the sacredness of the pledge, while she imagined that whatever romantic hopes he might by chance have entertained, he would now consider irrecoverably lost—she trusted to his discretion, and his sense of duty to one to whom he owed every thing—not to seek an intimacy other than such as may exist between relatives and friends. Ginevra received him with cheerfulness, and almost tenderness; but, in all their interviews, there was, on the part of Albert, an evident restraint, mixed with a studied politeness, which contrasted strongly with their former unreserved and affectionate intercourse. The young man, too, had become more serious, and even gloomy: he was subject to fits of abstraction—fond of solitude, and daily his health and spirits seemed wasting under some unknown grief. He rather shunned than sought the society of his former playmate; (who remarked with some pain this change in his demeanour,) and spent much of his time, under the pretence of hunting, in long and solitary walks; frequently along the sea-board, about six miles distant from the castle.

It happened one day, that Ginevra, in one of her frequent rambles through the country, had wandered to an unusual distance from home: and as the weather was fine, she was tempted to proceed, and endeavour to gain the summit of a hill before her, which commanded a distant view of the sea. This hill was comparatively barren

and deserted; its sides being covered with loose stones, and its summit crowned with irregular fragments of rock, interspersed with the long grass which flourishes in the sea-breeze. She had gained the top with some difficulty, and, as she rested from her fatigue, stood for a few moments, admiring the blue waters of the Mediterranean, that stretched in the clear distance before her. As she stood, she thought she distinguished the sound of voices, within a short distance. Curiosity impelled her to advance, and she presently beheld, reclining, among the long grass, under the shadow of an insulated rock, crowned with dwarf bushes, the figure of Albert. His gun lay beside him; he leaned, resting on his hand, against a large fragment of stone; his face was turned towards the distant waters. He appeared soliloquizing; and presently she heard him say—"Yes:—whither will I fly? I will abandon the home of my happy boyhood—what now are its scenes to me? I am friendless—companionless—utterly *alone*. Ah! 'tis the curse of few to know the dreadful import of that single word! Yes—I will go: I care not to what fortunes. What has a heart-broken man to fear from fortune? Yet, why should I wonder or repine? My blind, presumptuous hope—so madly, yet so deeply cherished—is blasted. But 'twas my *only* one. Oh! Ginevra! thou too!—thou, whom I have loved so long and so utterly!—whose image I have cherished, in my secret heart, with such a blind idolatry—thou too hast forgotten me!" Here he covered his face with his hands, and almost sobbed aloud.

Ginevra could endure no more. She approached and laid her hand gently on his shoulder. He started to his feet, and gazed upon her for a moment, with the amazement and bewildered eye of one whose imagination has conjured up an actual vision to his sight. She kindly extended her hand to him, and said, while the tears swam in her beautiful eyes. "No—Albert—no: Ginevra has *not* forgotten you. Indeed—indeed she loves you, as ever, with a sister's love. But," she added, half turning from him, while he covered the small white hand with his burning kisses—"You know my situation—my mother's solemn pledge—I may not be to you as formerly. But dismiss these dark thoughts, and think of me as would become a brother, and and I will requite your love with the sincerest affection."

"I know it—I know all," replied Albert, entirely subdued; "and I must reconcile myself to my destiny. But with only this precious assurance, that you are not wholly indifferent to me—that I am not wholly worthless in your eyes, and my fate wholly unvalued—I shall bear with me through the world, and amid the worst of my uncertain fortunes, a charm against despair—a treasure that I would not part with for a prince's ransom."

Albert escorted her back to the castle. A load seemed taken from his heart: in the enchantment of her presence he forgot every thing—even his misfortune—and their conversation

again approached to what it had been, in former and happier times.

There is nothing more dangerous to a young heart, unpractised in the unfeeling varieties of coquetry, than the consciousness of being deeply beloved. The heart, too, is an adept in deceiving itself; and how often, with the young and guileless is the incipient power, *Love*, cherished in disguise, under the sisterly name, *Affection*, till it has increased into the energy which unmasks itself.

Albert almost recovered his spirits; and this circumstance, which should have alarmed the fears of the Lady Montoni, lulled her suspicions. She imagined he had triumphed over a boyish and imaginary passion; and trusted the rest to gratitude and duty.

With Ginevra, in her more frequent and familiar conversations with Albert, the associations of her childhood were awakened, with peculiar force. There were ten thousand points of sympathy between them, which predisposed her mind to a serious attachment. And indeed, this might have found a sufficient apology, for almost any maiden, in the noble and generous nature of Albert—in the manliness and beauty of a form and features, rich with the grace of earliest manhood. Ginevra could not but observe his watchful and unwearied tenderness—the ten thousand little kindnesses which he contrived for her, as if by accident, which none other would have thought of, and few might have observed. The study of *his* life seemed to be to strew flowers in the path of her's. She found herself contrasting, in her solitary hours, the open, unreserved, and gentle disposition of Albert, with the dark, severe, unsympathising character of the Count—the mystery which enwrapped his whole being—and she sighed, as she made the comparison. In this she was not aware that she was untrue to her duty to the Count, and her faith to her mother; nor was Albert sensible of dishonour. What are abstract principles in the tide of feeling? or, though the intentions be most honest, in such cases, the mind is but the casuist to the passions.

Thus, months flew by, in this dangerous but delightful dream: and though the words of *Love* were never spoken between them—though, if presented undisguised, it might have been rejected as hopeless and even culpable: they were silently imbibing the elements of a passion, destined to be fervent and invincible—and which needed perhaps only some striving accident, to be openly avowed.

More than a year had thus elapsed, when one evening, as Albert sought Ginevra in the arbour at the extremity of the garden, (which was the accustomed place of meeting,) he found her seated, with a letter in her hand, and in tears. He anxiously inquired the cause of her sorrow. "This," she replied, "is from the Count Rospiglia: it informs me that he may be expected in less than two months."—"Then," said Albert gloomily, "my destiny is fixed. But I will depart. My long delayed commission, I hear, is

prepared; and, ere that time, I shall be gone: for I cannot stay to see you—" "Oh! no, Albert, you will not—you cannot leave me—you cannot desert me now."—"Ginevra," said he, with bitter earnestness—"you are the bride of Rospiglia!"—"Oh Albert!" she exclaimed, starting up and covering her face with her hands—"now I see the whole extent of my wretchedness—all my folly. Would that I had been a peasant girl, in humble obscurity to have followed the feelings of my heart I, who court not rank or splendour—to be sold to titled misery!"

"Noble—lovely girl!" exclaimed Albert, throwing himself at her feet; "how can the gratitude of my soul ever repay you!" And, as she wept on his neck, he forgot every thing, but the delicious sense of being beloved by his heart's idol.

Yet the dream of passion has its close. The near and dreadful prospect before them could not be long shut out: and, recurring to this, Albert again adverted to the stern necessity of his departure.

"For my own feelings, Ginevra, I will o'er-master them as I may. But you are very young—surrounded by power and splendour—the envy of others, you will learn to forget me."

"Never!—no, Albert: you shall *not* go! I will throw myself on the generosity of the Count—I will reveal all—he will not desire to take to his bosom an unconsenting bride. His nature appears noble, and I have seen instances of generous feeling, in his cold way, which prove him not wholly callous to the better emotions."

"Pride, Ginevra, *pride*:—not generosity. 'Tis but the price which his haughty nature pays for the privilege of despising mankind. They say that in his boyhood, he was generous. But the world has hardened his heart. Build no hope upon such romantic disinterestedness in that dark man! Think not, after all his hopes, he will relinquish such a precious treasure, while within his grasp."

"Yet, 'tis my only chance. From my mother I have nothing to hope. In this she will be inexorable. I have deceived her—Alas! I have deceived myself! But," she added, with a solemn energy that was almost startling, in one of her gentle and timid character; "if the worst come, they can but drag me to the altar, and thence to my bier! Stay, Albert, and abide the worst!"

"At your command, then, I will! 'Tis but a little while, and my fate will be determined."

We pass over the sad and anxious interval that preceded the arrival of the Count. At length he did arrive. Time had wrought little change in him, save, perhaps, leaving a darker shade upon his brow: but he found the girl he had left, matured into the perfection of her loveliness. He could not but observe her constraint and embarrassment in his presence, but this he at first attributed to maiden bashfulness; yet the evident and ill-concealed melancholy, of one who had once been the picture of innocent joyousness, perplexed him. Still, in contemplating her extreme beauty, his feelings, which had

hitherto worn the hue of calculation, assumed the character of intense passion. Thus, it is not unusual to find men, hacknied in the world, and practised even in its gallantries, ultimately attaching themselves, with fervour and in mature life, to a mere child, distinguished only by the innocence and simplicity of nature.

A fortnight had already elapsed: the Count, while he produced his powerful talents, with studious anxiety to please, had not adverted to the subject of the nuptials; and Ginevra had not yet been able to muster courage for the dreadful effort of making the disclosure.

At length, with a sort of desperation, the dreaded interview was requested, and with trembling lips and agitated frame, she revealed her secret and besought his mercy. Rospiglia listened, with a stern and terrible composure: no violent change passed over his set and iron features; and when she had finished, he paced the room before her some minutes, seemingly in an effort to command himself. At length he spoke, in a low and measured voice. "Is it even thus? *She* too! but I half suspected this. For you, child, lovely even in your falsehood—I will not upbraid you. But for *him*—" And he set his teeth and smiled.

"Oh, wreak not your vengeance on him!—he is innocent, and the soul of honour. I alone am to blame. I told you we were companions in childhood—it was natural—" Here tears choked her utterance.

"Strange!" muttered the Count, after a pause of thought; and turning to the weeping girl, he added, "And in what does this boy surpass me? what charm—what strong superiority excuses this treachery?"

"Oh! in nothing!" she cried. "In every thing I believe you almost matchless. I know how to admire, but I *fear* you. I, weak and humble as I am, am not fit for you—choose, among the ambitious and high-born dames of our land, a character like your own. I aspire not to the high companionship; my heart would wither in the union. Suffer the unaspiring Ginevra to be happy in an humble choice—and with her dying breath, she will bless you?"

The Count continued to pace the apartment for some time, in deep thought. At last he spoke: "We will not prolong this scene. You ask of me indeed a romantic sacrifice—to resign the cherished—the almost *only* hope of years, for a girlish fancy; and for one whom I must consider as the shepherd does the wolf who has invaded his choicest fold—to suffer my last and best calculation for earthly happiness to be baffled by a treacherous boy! No! Ginevra: it is not natural—it is not *possible*. But I will not force your feelings by any sudden haste. You shall have some months to recover from this, which I must consider as only a child's whim. You shall have time to reason, to compare, to judge between us: and I trust to my own exertions, to your own sense, for opening your eyes to this unworthy preference." He left her.

The indignation of the Lady Montoni, on dis-

covering her daughter's attachment, was without bounds. But she suffered herself to be controlled by the master-mind of Rospiglia. He observed, "That love, like fanaticism, is kindled by persecution, but dies by neglect"—requesting her to trust Ginevra entirely to him—"And for this boy," he added, "he soon departs: but leave him also to me."

The evening following the interview we have described, Albert was waiting the approach of Ginevra, in the garden, in an agony of suspense.

She communicated the result, and her language conveyed something almost of hope.

"Ah! trust him not, Ginevra! Beneath this seeming indulgence, he covers some deep guile. But why do I delay? What have I to expect? Against this powerful and wealthy noble, what is there of hope for the poor and friendless Albert?" And he rushed from her presence.

* * * * *

Yet Albert was not utterly friendless. Even now, as with rapid steps, he swept by field, and copse, and meadow, in his bewildered flight towards the sea-board, he sought a friend. And who was that friend? A man of whose history even Albert knew nothing; and whom conjecture seemed to denote as a lawless rover of the seas.

This singular acquaintance had been formed, some years before, by Albert's life being preserved, when his skiff was capsized in one of his solitary excursions on the sea-shore, by a stranger, who witnessed the accident from the sands; and who, plunging into the waves, by a wonderful display of courage and strength, succeeded in rescuing him. An intimacy with his preserver was thus commenced; but under a solemn promise, extorted by the stranger, that it should never be revealed. He seemed a man who had seen better days, and showed the traces of a superior education: but now of rude and almost ruffian appearance—with the garb of a sailor, and suited to his occupation. Yet, (as will sometimes happen with these rude natures,) he had formed an attachment to the gentle boy whom he had saved. During his visits to that part of the coast, they met, on the spot of their first remarkable meeting—they had even corresponded, through a devious and secret channel. He declined acquainting Albert with his name or family, but instructed him to call him *Roberto*.

It was to one of these appointed interviews that Albert was now hastening. Night had enveloped him before he reached the strand. The weather was hazy, and the south-east wind rolled the breakers heavily upon the shore. The spot on which he stood was a narrow strip of sand, facing the water, and bounded, at either extremity, by a rude bluff of rocks, which sent back, through the stillness of the night, the solemn voice of the breaking waters. Albert thought he could descry, in the misty distance of the offing, a sail; but nothing else of life met his view, before him or around him. He approached the water's edge, gave a shrill whistle, and waved his handkerchief. Presently a skiff, pro-

pelled by a strong and skilful arm, appeared, turning an angle of the rock; it darted across the little bay to where he stood: a form erected itself, threw forth a light anchor, and a man of athletic and active frame, bounded upon the sand beside him.

"Welcome, Roberto!"—"Well met, Albert!" I wished to see you: but our conversation must be brief to-night. I know what you would tell me of your love. I fear it is hopeless." After a moment he added, with impressive earnestness: "Albert! I come to caution you. Beware of that Count Rospiglia! I *know* him. Great God!" he continued, convulsively closing his hand, and fixing his eyes, as he paced back and forward upon the sea-sand, all heedless of the rough waves that dashed angrily over his very feet—"have I not cause to know him?"

"What do you know of him?" eagerly demanded Albert; "for heaven's sake speak, and quickly—tell me all!"

"Nothing—nothing that it concerns you to know," sternly returned the pirate. "My secret is my own: so will be my revenge," he muttered, "When the day comes."

"But *this* it imports you to hear. Beware, I say again, of that Count Rospiglia! Few men would I not rather choose for a foe; and where he hates—it is without remorse. I believe he hates you. It is natural—he *must* hate you. Even in bodily gifts, of arm and nerve, not many may cope with him; and even in my hatred, I will say, he knows not fear. Nothing is too desperate for his revenge; and, if a villain, he is a remorseless, but a manly one. Beware of him. Calm, penetrating, and ever self-possessed, none can fathom his designs. His mind ministers to his passions, and his acts come upon his victims by surprise."

"But how—"

"I know not. But do not think you are ever absent from his mind. He will ensnare you to your destruction, or force you, by some intolerable outrage, to a personal encounter."

"Would it might be," exclaimed Albert; "I shrink not from him."

"Well," said his companion, musing, "it may be; yet my heart misgives me of the result. But should you come to harm, I have another title—and yet another motive to my sure revenge."

"Go you to this ball to-morrow night?"

"Yes—Ginevra is to be there—and—"

"I would not go," interrupted his companion, slowly, pacing before him with folded arms. "Is Rospiglia to be there?"

"No: he is called away, I learn, on sudden business, and will not return in time. He left the chateau this evening, for —. But why?"

"Still I would not go. Mischief will come of it. I cannot say—a superstition of my boyhood. Were I you, I should not go."

"But I *must*, I have given my word to Ginevra. Besides, these fears are childish."

"It may be so. Heaven grant there be no harm!"

Albert was endeavouring to reason away his

friend's superstition, when the report of a distant gun came booming over the water. The pirate seized his hand, sprang into the skiff, unfurled its light sail, and was presently lost in the distance. Albert returned homeward, with a heavy heart, and a foreboding of evil, which recurred, despite his reason.

* * * * *

The evening came. The fete given by the Marchioness de — was one of unusual brilliancy. The noble guests had already assembled: brilliant gems glittered beneath the splendid chandeliers, while the bright eyes of some of Italy's choicest daughters, sparkled with the promise of delight, as the music, with its spirit-stirring call, swept along the dazzling saloon.

"The beautiful looked lovelier in the light
Of love, and admiration, and delight."

In a little group, at one end of the apartment, stood the Lady Montoni and her daughter. Even in that chosen circle, were none of more distinguished aspect. Yet strikingly were they contrasted. The Lady Montoni, tall, stately, of lofty brow, and features wearing the calmness of deep pride, was a very pattern of the high-born lady. Still to one who, unobserved, made study of her face, as she lent a polite but really inattentive ear to the casual remarks of the bystanders, there might be noticed traces of some angry or anxious feeling. But this was dissipated whenever her glance fell upon the lovely girl at her side; and the admiring circle of which she was the cynosure. Then, even her proud bosom might be seen to heave with a mother's pride, and an expression of deep tenderness lighted up her features for a moment.

A movement among the guests, at the other extremity of the room, announced the entrance of a visitor of distinction: and the faces of both mother and daughter exhibited an expression of surprise, as they recognized the Count Rospiglia. Ginevra's was suddenly clouded; while that of the Lady Montoni was brightened by a smile of satisfaction.

"Count Rospiglia, this is an unexpected pleasure," she observed, when he approached them: you led us to fear that we should not see you to-night."

"True, Madam. And indeed I am myself surprised that I am here. The business which called me away was suddenly despatched: I have rode hard to-day, but I am more than compensated by this meeting. But," turning to Ginevra, "how does our little princess? I see," he added, after a moment's pause, during which his dark eye scanned her face and person, while a slight paleness crossed his governed features; "I see she has not honoured our taste by wearing our chaplet."

"No," replied the mother, with something like mortification in her tone—"the wilful girl! The beautiful present was received last evening, in despite of my entreaties, my remonstrances.—Yet, she is but a child, my dear Count, and—"

"Indeed, indeed," interrupted Ginevra, with downcast eyes and crimson cheek, "I thank you.

It is very, very pretty: but I am too light for the weight of jewels. I fancy they become me not—and besides—"

"O, trouble not yourself with an apology, my child. 'Tis nothing. The trifling gift would have found more favour, had you felt more regard for the giver." And, changing the conversation, he seemed to forget the subject.

Ginevra's heart beat lighter as he turned away: the dance began, and she was led through its mazes by one of the most elegant of the Italian youth. But where was Albert? He had gone to bring her the wreath which she *would wear*—a delicate chaplet of shells, which he had woven for her on the mountain tops. Her eye sought him in vain: but he had entered unperceived, and stood retired amid the crowd, awaiting her leisure to present it.

Ginevra was becoming uneasy: her step was languid, and she partook little of the gaiety around her; for what society is better than vacancy to the woman who truly loves, where the loved one is not? Her eye wandered restlessly upon the crowd. At length, it encountered the object of its search, as he stood, thinking himself unnoticed, among the spectators in the background. Their eyes met. A look of intelligence was interchanged; and the crimson flush of joy that mantled over her face, and the sudden sparkle of her eye, showed how like a spell she felt again the presence of her lover. Her partner was surprised by the sudden change in her manner, and the happy animation with which, from that moment, she passed through the graceful movements of the dance; winning the admiration of all eyes. But that single glance, brief as it was, had not been unmarked; and by one with whom it was a warrant for something fatal. The searching eye of Rospiglia had soon discovered the form of Albert; and from that moment, its falcon gaze had never left his face, save, for an instant, to wander to that of Ginevra, and interpret any sign between them. He had marked that look of recognition; and the sudden frown of concentrated fury which darkened his brow, and was succeeded by a smile of dreadful meaning—startled even the Lady Montoni, who chanced, at the instant, to be studying his countenance.

The dance concluded; and the impatient girl was led to her seat, amid the compliments of word and look, of a group of admirers. But she regarded them not: her heart beat only for the approach of one whose praise was all she courted. Presently the company retired from around her: the Count Rospiglia approached and stood in conversation with her mother within a few paces. At this time, Albert modestly advanced from his retirement, towards her. In his hand was the wreath—of simple, but tasteful workmanship—woven of a multitude of delicate shells, in the semblance of the rose, and flowers of bright hue. It had pleased her girlish fancy; he had promised it; and though modesty had prevented his producing it, for this occasion—with the innocent caprice of girlish authority—she had des-

patched him to bring it. They had not anticipated the presence of the Count, to turn this trifle to such severe account.

Albert approached, and modestly, but with a smile, offered the little gift. She arose to meet him, with pleasure in her eyes, and with girlish curiosity, exclaimed; "O, give it me: it is beautiful—better than gems: I know it will become me!"—and her eye said for *thy* sake!

Alas! that careless instant was to seal her destiny. That was the one dark moment of life, when her guardian angel had deserted her.

The Lady Montoni had rapidly marked these proceedings; and, for the moment she lost all self-command. The smothered anger which had been so long, so deeply cherished, burst forth at once; and advancing, with a few quick steps, she seized the fatal chaplet, as the playful girl was raising it to her head; and dashing it to the floor, trampled it to powder under her foot.—Poor Ginevra fell back aghast; and Albert retired a few paces, covered with shame and indignation.

There was a pause of wonder among the few bystanders: when the Count Rospiglia (who, after the neglect of his own costly present, had felt this as a studied insult,) advanced to Albert, and, in a voice distinct with gathered rage, exclaiming—"Presuming boy!" dashed his glove into his face.

The blood rushed to Albert's temples: in an instant his sword flew from the scabbard, and was at the breast of his foe. "Tyrant and ruffian! thy blood or mine shall wipe away this shame, and on the instant! Take back blow for blow!" and with the broad side of the rapier, he struck him violently.

The incident we have related passed with the rapidity of thought. But now there was sudden confusion throughout the assembly. Several of the nobles pressed forward to interfere. Rospiglia turned fiercely upon them; and while his hand rang upon the hilt of his sword, with a violence that, in the deep and breathing pause, was heard from one end of the hall to the other, exclaimed, in a voice of thunder—"Back, gentlemen, back! this quarrel is mine; and by the infernal gods! his blood, who interferes, shall stain this floor!"

The words were scarcely spoken, when the rapid blades were crossing each other, in mortal combat. However strange the scene—however unsuited the place—such was the state of society at the time—the deadly shame attached to a blow—such the determined attitude of the men—that none dared to interpose. Besides, the whole was the work of a moment.

Brief and unequal was the combat. In less than a minute, the sword of Rospiglia had passed twice through the body of Albert. Ginevra, who had fainted in her mother's arms, recovered sense only to see her lover fall bleeding at her feet. She made an effort to advance one step—gazing wildly an instant on the Count—her eye seeming to curse him—uttered a low shriek, and fell upon the body. The spectators crowded

around. Rospiglia cast but one glance upon her, as she lay; a slight convulsion, instantly repressed, was seen to pass over his face; and sheathing his weapon, he turned to depart. The nobles involuntarily fell back for his passage, and with firm, slow step, he proceeded towards the door. Ere he had reached it, however, a masked figure was observed to cross the saloon, and stand full in his path. It confronted him, "Count Rospiglia! thou shalt answer this," uttered in a low solemn voice, were the only words heard by those near.—"To whom?"—The mask was partially withdrawn: the Count started slightly. None other saw the face—none knew the daring intruder. The figure was lost to the eye, and the Count pursued his way uninterrupted.

The assembly broke up in dismay—Ginevra was borne home senseless. The following morning she was in a brain fever: the third day, her innocent soul, smitten from its abode by her first and only pang, had flown to Heaven.

* * * * *

The Count Rospiglia, after this fatal night, returned not to the castle. He shut himself up in his chateau, in utter seclusion; and was never known to smile more.

Several months had elapsed, when, after a day's absence, he had not returned. The next morning, his body was discovered by a peasant, in an adjoining forest, pierced with a hundred wounds. His hand still grasped a sword, broken and blood-stained; around him was the print of struggling feet; and the ground in several places was marked with blood.

Though the strictest search was instituted, the manner of his death remained for many years unknown. At length, a pirate, who had been taken prisoner and carried into Malta, mortally wounded, confessed himself the murderer, and desired that a paper, in his possession, might be transmitted to the Lady Montoni.

His statements were confirmed by his comrades. This paper (which was retained,) contained many particulars of the pirate's life—his family—and the circumstances which had driven him to his present lawless courses. These we pass over; making an abstract only of the part which related to the mode of Rospiglia's death.

At the close of a gloomy day, in autumn, the Count was returning on foot towards his residence. Several miles yet lay before him: and he had now arrived at the skirts of the forest, through which he was to pass. The heavens were darkened completely by thick thunder-clouds, and the shades of night were prematurely gathering, broken, however, and rent, as it were, by frequent flashes of lightning, which portended the speedy descent of the storm. Rospiglia paused, cast a glance upward, folded his mantle around him, and entered the skirt of the wood. He was crossing a sort of interval, or open space, between this and the main forest, when the figure of an armed man stood suddenly before him. They paused gazing on each other for a moment in silence, when a vivid flash of lightning disco-

vered to him distinctly, the features of the masked figure at the ball.

"*Thou, Roberto? what seek'st thou with me?*"

"*Thy life, Count Rospiglia!*"

"*Hast thou then turned assassin? was it for this I spared thy worthless life, as thou layest bleeding beneath my sword?*"

"*No, Rospiglia: I am no assassin. This whole day have I been on thy footsteps; and could have cut thee down unwarned. Even now, my call could summon numbers to oppress thee. I meet thee here at last, as man to man, and fairly. Thy boast is true. But, if thou did'st prevail over my unskilled youth, and gav'st a boon for which I lived to curse thee—thy later injuries have blotted out the gift—and now I am thy equal. I stand here for vengeance.*"

"*Perjured fool! what right hast thou to vengeance?*"

"*No!*" said the pirate, stamping on the ground, "*not for my lost sister—*"

"*She met a wanton's and a traitor's fate.*"

"*Not for my murdered brother—*"

"*The meddling fool rushed upon his death. He fell in open combat.*"

"*Not for my own deep wrongs: sent with a branded name and blasted fortunes, to herd with robbers in a foreign land! Even with all these, the oath, which thou didst make the condition of my life, had kept thee sacred. But I stand here now, the avenger of my friend—the last of thy victims—the murdered Albert.*"

"*We waste time. I parley not with thee—fool!*" fiercely interrupted Rospiglia. "*Win then the life thou seekest!*"

Hand to hand—foot to foot—they fought.—Nearly matched, in strength, skill, and courage—the combat was long and desperate. They heeded not the thunder-peal that burst over their very heads; and, for the blinding lightning that flashed between them, and glared, and was mirrored from their bright weapons, they paused not.

At length the cool valour of Rospiglia triumphed. His foe was stretched by a deep wound along the ground. His eye lowered upon his victim, as the tiger's on his prey: the weapon was uplifted to complete its work—when, a quick flash from the low cloud—a rattling crash, like musketry, and Rospiglia reeled, and fell upon his knee.

"*Cannot even the lightning kill thee!*" half groaned the bleeding pirate, making an effort to raise himself, and he fainted.

The steel, which had attracted, perhaps served to conduct harmlessly, the shock of the mysterious element.

There is a long, deep pause in the storm.—Then the sound of rushing feet; and the pirate's band pour from the forest. They find their leader seemingly dead; his destroyer bending over him. "*Strike him down!*" is the cry from twenty voices. Rospiglia sprang to his feet, with recovered sense, folded his cloak around his left arm, and met their weapons. They rush upon him—the foremost is cloven to the earth.

At the second desperate blow, the blade shivers in his hand; and twenty daggers, at once are buried in his bosom. He fell; and that dark and haughty spirit, true to itself to the very last, departed without a groan.

They left him, even as he lay: bearing off their dead comrade and wounded captain, who recovered to tell the tale. Thus died Rospiglia.

We return to the Lady Montoni. Her anguish, upon the untimely death of her lovely daughter, did not express itself in any violence or outbreking. It was almost without a witness. For months she lived immured in her apartments: years rolled by, and she never left the castle. She saw no one, save Agatha and a few domestics; her spirit seemed completely broken; it was thought her reason had suffered by the blow: her only hope was in the tomb. The tale of pure woe is monotonous, and affords no variety. At length, her grief (as it is not unusual with persons of superstitious education and solitary habits,) assumed a character of fanaticism. Regarding her lost child as the victim of her evil pride and ambition, she imagined herself called upon to atone to Heaven, by one of those self-inflictions, common among the enthusiasts of her faith. At this time, she determined to visit the vault, wherein the remains of her child were deposited. Her only attendant was her confessor, an ascetic and a bigot; who rather encouraged than repressed her gloomy superstition. They found the once beautiful Ginevra a heap of bones and ashes.

The hour chosen for this fearful and frequent penance, was midnight; the place, the vaults of the castle. To these there was a secret entrance, or descent from the picture gallery, through which she passed, (probably constructed, in dangerous times, for purposes of safety or concealment,) and, as her secret was known to none but her confessor, the lights and voices, at that solemn hour, gave some authority to the superstitions of the domestics, which she took no pains to discourage. My ear had not deceived me: it was *her* step I had heard crossing the gallery.

"*And,*" said I, as the Lady Montoni concluded her narrative; "*the dark figure which grasped my arm?*"

"*Was Father Anselmo!*"

"*And the chest—*"

"*That is Ginevra!*"

I looked at the portrait, and shuddered at the awful lesson presented by the contrast.

During the remainder of my stay at the castle, I used every argument which reason could supply, or affection could enforce, to prevail on the Lady Montoni to relinquish this dreadful observance. I tried to persuade her that she was far less culpable than she imagined. I represented to her, that if a moral could be drawn from her sad tale, it was, that the tyrant CIRCUMSTANCE may, without any previous depravity in ourselves, produce crime and misery; where otherwise, would have been happiness.

and virtue. And that, therefore, the wisdom of morality consists, not in the unfeeling censure of others' errors, or impotent remorse for our own; but in the steady temper of benevolence, and prescient fortitude of a mind habitually armed against the accidents of life, (by which the strong had frequently fallen, and without which the weak may continue blameless;) to anticipate their evil, or turn even *them* to the great account of happiness. My efforts at last partially succeeded. The dreadful penance was discontinued; and when we departed, I had the satisfaction of leaving her, if not contented, at least tranquil.

ANIMAL LIFE.

OF the natural duration of animal life, it is, from many circumstances, difficult to form an accurate statement, the wild creatures being in great measure removed from observation, and those in a condition of domestication being seldom permitted to live as long as their bodily strength will allow. Herbivorous animals probably live longer than carnivorous ones, vegetable food being most easily obtainable at all seasons in a regular and requisite supply; whereas animals that subsist on flesh, or by the capture of prey, are necessitated at one period to pine without food, and at another, are gorged with superfluity: and when the bodily powers of rapacious creatures become impaired, existence is difficult to support, and gradually ceases; but with herbivorous animals in the same condition, supply is not equally precarious, or wholly denied. Yet it is probable that few animals in a perfectly wild state live to a natural extinction of life. In a state of domestication, the small number of carnivorous creatures about us are sheltered, and fed with care, seldom are in want of proper food, and at times are permitted to await a gradual decay, continuing as long as nature permits; and by such attentions, many have attained to a great age; but this is rather an artificial than a natural existence. Our herbivorous animals, being kept mostly for profit, are seldom allowed to remain beyond approaching age; and when its advances trench upon our emoluments by diminishing the supply of utility, we remove them. The uses of the horse, though time may reduce them, are often protracted; and our gratitude for past services, or interest in what remains, prompts us to support his life by prepared food, of easy digestion, or requiring little mastication, and he certainly by such means attains to a longevity probably beyond the contingencies of nature. I have still a favourite pony—for she has been a faithful and able performer of all the duties required of her in my service for upwards of two-and-twenty years—and, though now above five-and-twenty years of age, retains all her powers perfectly, without any diminution or symptom of decrepitude; the fineness of limb, brilliancy of eye, and ardour of spirit, are those of the colt, and though treated with no remarkable care, she has never been disabled by the

illness of a day, or sickened by the drench of the farrier. With birds, it is probably the same as with other creatures; and the eagle, the raven, the parrot, &c. in a domestic state, attain great longevity; and though we suppose them naturally tenacious of life, yet, in a really wild state, they would probably expire before the period which they attain when under our attention and care. And this is much the case with man, who probably outlives most other creatures; for though excess may often shorten, and disease or misfortune terminate his days, yet, naturally, he is a long-lived animal. His "threescore years and ten" are often prolonged by constitutional strength, and by the cares, the loves, the charities of human nature. As the decay of his powers awakens solicitude, duty and affection increase their attentions, and the spark of life only expires when the material is exhausted.

EMINENT SELF-TAUGHT AMERICANS.

OUR whole vast continent was added to the geography of the world, by the persevering efforts of an humble Genoese mariner, the great *Columbus*, who by the steady pursuit of the enlightened conception which he had formed of the figure of the earth, before any navigator had acted upon the belief that the earth was round, discovered the American continent. He was the son of a Genoese pilot and seaman himself; and at one period of his melancholy career, was reduced to beg his bread at the doors of the convents in Spain. But he carried within himself and beneath an humble exterior, a spirit for which there was not room in Spain, in Europe, nor in the then known world—and which led him on to a height of usefulness and fame beyond that of all the monarchs that ever reigned.

The story of our *Franklin* cannot be repeated too often; the poor Boston boy; the son of an humble tradesman, brought up a mechanic himself;—a stranger to college, till they showered their degrees upon him; who rendered his country essential service in establishing her independence; enlarged the bounds of philosophy by a new department of science; and lived to be pronounced by Lord Chatham, in the British House of Peers, an honour to Europe, and the age in which he lived.

West, the famous painter, was the son of a Quaker in Philadelphia, he was too poor at the beginning of his career, to purchase canvas and colours; and he rose eventually to be the first artist in Europe, and the President of the Royal Academy at London.

Count *Rumford* was the son of a farmer, at Woburn. He never had the advantage of a college education, but used to walk down to Cambridge to hear the lectures on natural philosophy. He became one of the most eminent philosophers in Europe; founded the Royal Institution in London, and he had the merit of bringing forward Sir Humphrey Davy, as the lecturer on chemistry in that establishment.

THE FAIRY MORGANA'S WEDDING.

By fair Palermo's bay,
Before the close of day,
I saw a band of cheerful peasants throng;
And sounds of dancing feet
Mingled with music sweet,
While thus they joined in gay and joyous song:

"Come to the golden shore,
And labour ye no more,
Whom daily toil hath held in iron sway:
The eve should set you free,
And earth, and sky, and sea,
Shine out to hail our Fairy's bridal day.

"Awake the glad guitar,
And let the song afar
Flies softly o'er the purple waves away,
That so our lady dear,
The melodies may hear,
That give her greeting on her bridal day.

See how the pageant grows,
'Till all the ocean glows!
How poor the pomps of earth compared with these!
Nor monarch's proudest dome
May match thy pillar'd home,
Reared for our Empress of the southern seas!

"There many a taper spire
Points, as a dart of fire,
Upwards to heaven, amid its long arcades;
And gilded galleries wait,
Before its jewelled gate,
And fountains glitter in its garden shades.

"Come to the golden shore,
The hours of toil are o'er;
Come to the many dance and cheerful lay;
The eve should set you free,
And earth, and sky, and sea,
Shine out to hail Morgana's bridal day.

"By fair Palermo's bay*
That music died away;
And when the echoes of the song grew still,
I saw that splendid show
More faint and fleeting grow,
Parting like morning vapour round a hill.

"And soon the deep blue sky
Unbroken slept on high,
And thousand gems upon its bosom shone;
While as the vision broke,
A voice within me spoke,
As in a solemn and prophetic tone.

"Sawest thou that pageant bright
Dissolve before thy sight?
Even so, the pleasant hopes of youth must fade;
Some by the winds of care
Dispersed in empty air,
Some by the touch of wary time decayed.

"And thou hast golden dreams!
Ah! little fancy deems,
How all the glorious images she weaves,
So cherished in their birth,
Shall shrink and fall to earth,
A shapeless mass of withered autumn leaves.

"The friends, upon whose truth
The eager heart of youth
In boundless trust for life's best comfort clings,
Shall drop away and die,
And leave thee lone, to sigh
And mourn that lazy time has lost his wings.

"And thou shalt pray in vain
For death to break thy chain,
And from thy gloomy prison set thee free;
And pine in vain regret,
Unable to forget
Bright hours departed, thou no more wilt see.

"Then answer made my heart,
Foreboding voice! depart!
Nor bid my soul in youth's bright prime despond:
What though advancing years,
May trace their flight in tears,
I know that these *shall* pass, and Heaven is light beyond!"

THE DYING MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

They tell me, love, that I must die—
That soon this faint and quivering breath
Must fall e'en thy dear name to sigh,
And pause in death.

Oh! joy, to think a spirit crush'd
And bruise'd like mine, shall pass to peace;
Then let thy sorrows all be hush'd,
Thy murmurs cease.

The ball which strikes the wounded bird,
The storm which fells the blighted tree,
Are blows dealt forth by Mercy's word,
So! Death to me.

Heed not the idle tongues, which tell
'Twas thou who formed my early tomb;
'Twas I—I lov'd, for life, too well,
And wrought my doom.

Be gay—forget—task pleasure's pow'r
To furnish days of sunny glee;
I would not shade one passing hour,
With thoughts of me.

And yet to be forgotten quite I—
No, no—thy poor, fond girl would fain
Be sometimes summon'd to thy sight,
And love again.

Let memory's glass give back my form,
Such as when first I pledg'd my truth,
With health and joy and feeling warm,
And fresh with youth.

I would not that thou now should'st see
My hollow eye, and faded cheek:—
Nay chide not woman's vanity,
Nor call me weak.

Your picture, and the ring you gave,
Close 'gainst my heart are firmly clasp'd;
The miser yields but to the grave
The gold he grasp'd.

Because I wildly o'er them wept,
They hid my treasures from my eyes;
But I had mark'd the spot, and crept,
And found my prize.

I bore my idols quick away—
They since have slept upon my breast,
And never from that home shall stray,
Till all's at rest.

Remember that my dying kiss
Upon thy pictur'd semblance fell;
My sight grows dim, my all of bliss
Farewell!—farewell!

* On the Bay of Palermo, at certain periods, are seen strange mimeries of palaces, fountains, trees, and living creatures, which gradually disappear from the surface of the water, as the sun travels higher in the heavens. They are supposed to be the creations of the fairy Morgana. It is scarcely necessary to state that it is an optical delusion, caused by the action of the sun on the atmosphere.



THE RING AND THE CLIFF

THE RING AND THE CLIFF.

On the sea coast, where a wild bare promontory stretches out amidst the waves of the Irish Channel, is a small hamlet or fishing station. Its site is in the cleft of a deep ravine, through which a small stream lazily trickles, amid sand and sea slime, to the little estuary formed by the sea at its mouth. Between almost perpendicular cliffs, the village lies like a solitary enclosure, where the inhabitants are separate and alone—aloof from the busy world—their horizon confined to a mere segment of vision. The same ever-rolling sea hath swung to and fro for ages, in the same narrow creek; at the sides of which, rise a cluster of huts, dignified with the appellation of village; some of these ornamented, about and upon the roofs, with round patches of the yellow stone crop, and house leek, that never failing protection against lightning and tempest.

The strong marine odour, so well known to all lovers of sea-side enjoyments, may here be sensibly appreciated; for the pent up effluvia from the curing of fish, marine algæ, and other products of the coast, abundantly strengthen the reminiscences connected with this solitary and secluded spot.

It was on a cold, grey morning in October, that two individuals were loitering up a narrow path from the hamlet, which led to the high main road, passing from village to village along the coast; branches from which, at irregular intervals, penetrated the cliffs to the different fishing stations along the beach. The road, on rising from the village, runs along the summit, a considerable height above the sea; terrific bursts through some rocky cleft reveal the wide ocean, rolling on from the dim horizon to the shore. Here and there may be seen the white sail, or the hull of some distant bark, gliding on so smooth and silently as to suggest the idea of volition obeyed without any visible effort. Rising from the ravine, the road passes diagonally up the steep. At the period of which we speak, ere it reached the main line of communication through the country, a reef, or chasm, in the steep wall towards the sea—a nearly perpendicular rent, left the mountain path without protection, save by a slender paling for the space of a few yards only. Nothing could be more dreary and terrific. Through this dizzy cleft—the sides bare and abrupt, without ledge or projection—the walls like gigantic buttresses, presenting their inaccessible barriers to the deep—the distant horizon, raised to an unusual height by the point of sight and position of the spectator, seemed to mingle so softly and imperceptibly with the sky, that it appeared one wide sea of cloud, stretching to the foot of the cliff. From that fearful summit the billows were but as the waving of a summer cloud, undulating on the quiet atmosphere. The fishing bark, with its dun, squat, picturesque sail, looked as though floating in the sky—a fairy boat poised on the calm ether.

As we before noticed, two persons were loitering up this path. They paused at the brink of the chasm. It might be for the purpose of gazing on the scene we have just described: but the lover's gaze was on his mistress, and the maiden's eye was bent on the ground.

"'Tis even so, Adeline. We must part. And yet the time may come, when — But thou art chill, Adeline. The words freeze ere they pass my lips, even as thine own; for I never yet could melt the frost-work from thy soul. Still silent?—Well—I know thy heart is not another's; and yet thou dost hesitate, and linger, and turn away thy cold grey eyes, when I would fain kindle them from mine. Nay, Adeline; I know thou lovest me. Ay! draw back so proudly, and offer up thine and thy true lover's happiness for ever on the altar of thy pride."

"Since thou knowest this heart so well," retorted the haughty maiden, "methinks it were a bootless wish to wear it on thy sleeve, save for the purpose of admiring thine own skill and bravery in the achievement."

"Thou wrongest me, Adeline; 'tis not my wish. Say thou art mine; we are then safe. No earthly power shall part us. But I warn thee, maiden, that long years of misery and anguish will be our portion, should we separate while our troth is yet unlighted. This ring," said he, "is indifferently well set. The bauble was made by a skilful and cunning workman. The pearls have the true orient tinge, and this opal hath an eye like the hue of morning, changeable as—woman's favour. How bright at times!—warm and radiant with gladness, now dull, cold, hazy, and —" unfeeling, he would have said, but he leaned on the slender barrier as he spoke, and his eye wandered away over the dim and distant wave, across which he was about to depart.—Whether he saw it, or his eye was too intently fixed on the dark and appalling future, we presume not to determine.

"A woman's favour, like thy similes, Mortimer, hath its colour by reflection. Thou seest but thine own beam in't; the hue and temper of thy spirit. We have no form nor feeling of our own, forsooth; we but give back the irradiation we receive."

"Thou canst jest, Adeline. Thy chillness comes upon my spirit like the keen ice-wind; it freezes while it withers."

The maiden turned aside her head; perhaps to hide a gleam of tenderness that belied her speech.

"Adeline, dark hours of sorrow are before thee! Think not to escape."

He seized her hand.

"Should'st thou wed another, a doom is thine—a doom from which even thought recoils."

He looked steadfastly upon her, but the maiden spoke not; a tear quivered through her drooping eye-lashes, and her lip grew pale.

"But I must away," continued Mortimer. "Yonder bark awaits me," and he drew her gently towards the brink. It will part us—perhaps for ever! No, no, not for ever. Thou wilt wed—it may be—and when I return—Horror!"

He started back, as from a spectre which his imagination had created.

"That ring—take it. Let it be thy monitor; and should another seek thy love, look on it; for it shall warn thee. It shall be a silent witness of thy thoughts—one that will watch over thee in my stead; for the genii of that ring," said he, playfully, "are my slaves."

But she returned the pledge.

"I cannot. Do not wind the links around me thus, lest they gall my spirit; lest I feel the fetters and wish them broken!"

"Then I swear," said Mortimer vehemently, "no hand but thine shall wear it!"

He raised his arm, and the next moment the ring would have been hurled into the gulf, but, ere it fell, he cast another glance at his mistress. Her heart was full. The emotion she sought to quell, quivered convulsively on her lip. He seized her hand; but, when he looked again upon the ring, it was broken!

By what a strange and mysterious link, are the finest and most subtle feelings connected with external forms and appearances! By what unseen process are they wrought out and developed; their hidden sources, the secret avenues of thought and emotion, discovered—called forth by circumstances the most trivial and unimportant. Adeline turned pale; and Mortimer himself shuddered as he beheld the omen. But another train of feelings had taken possession of her bosom; or rather her thoughts had acquired a new tendency by this apparently casual circumstance; and true to the bent and disposition of our nature, now that the slighted good was in danger of being withdrawn, she became anxious for its possession. She received the token. A slight crack upon its rim was visible, but this fracture did not prevent its being retained on the hand.

After this brief development, their walk was concluded. They breathed no vows. Mortimer would not again urge her. A lock of hair only was exchanged; and, shortly, the last adieu was on their lips, and the broad deck of the vessel beneath his feet, whence he saw the tall cliff sink down into the ocean, and with it his hopes, that seemed to sink for ever in the same gulf!

Some few years afterwards, on a still evening, about the same time of the year, a boat was lowered from a distant vessel in the offing. Three men pulled ashore, as the broad full moon rose up, red and dim, from the mist that hung upon the sea. The roll of the ocean alone betokened its approach. Its melancholy murmur alone broke the universal stillness. The lights came out one by one, from the village casements. The cattle were housed, and the curs had crept to the hearth, save some of the younger sort, who, at intervals, worried themselves, fidgetting about,

and making a mighty show of activity and watchfulness.

One of the passengers stepped hastily on shore. He spoke a few words to the rowers, who threw their oars into the boat, fastening her to the rocks. Afterwards they betook themselves to a tavern newly trimmed, where, swinging from a rude pole, hung the "*sign*" of a ship—for *sign* it could only be called—painted long ago, by some self-initiated, and village-immortalized artist, whose production had once been the wonder of the whole neighbourhood.

A roaring blaze revealed the whole interior, where pewter cups and well-scoured trenchers threw their bright glances upon all who wooed these dangerous allurements at "The Ship."

But the individual whom the rowers had put ashore withstood these tempting devices. He strode rapidly up the path, and paused not, until he approached the cliff, where the agony of one short hour had left its deep furrows for ever on his memory.

The incidents of that memorable day were then renewed with such vividness, that, on a sudden, writhing and dismayed, he hurried forward in the vain hope, it might seem, of flying from the anguish he could not controul.

A dark, plain, stone-house stood at no great distance, and hither his footsteps were now directed. A little gate opened into a gravel walk, sweeping round an oval grass plat before the door. He leaned upon the wicket, as though hesitating to enter. By this time the moon rode high and clear above the mist which was yet slumbering on the ocean. She came forth gloriously, without a shadow or a cloud. The wide hemisphere was unveiled, but its bright orbs were softened by her gaze. The shadows, broad and distinct, lay projected on a slight hoar-frost, where a thousand splendours and a thousand crystals hung in the cold and dewy beam. Bright, tranquil, and unruddled was the world around him—but the world within was dark and turbulent—tossed, agitated, and overwhelmed by the deep untold anguish of the spirit.

The tyrant sway of the passions, like some desolating invader, can make a paradise into a desert, and the fruitful places into a wilderness. How different to Mortimer would have been the scene, viewed through another medium! His soul was ardent, devoted, full of high and glorious imaginings; but a blight was on them all, and they became chill and decayed—an uninformed mass, without aim or vitality.

He was afraid to proceed, lest his worst suspicions might be confirmed. He had heard—but we will not anticipate the sequel.

A loud barking announced the presence of an intruder, but the sagacious animal, when he had carefully snuffed out a recognition, fawned and whined upon him, running round and round towards the house, with gambols frolicsome and extravagant enough to have excited the smiles of any human being but Mortimer.

As he approached, he heard a soft, faint melody from within. It was her voice;—he could

not be mistaken, though years had passed by;—though the dull tide of oblivion had effaced many an intervening record from the tablet of his memory, those tones yet vibrated to his soul. His heart thrilled to their impression like two finely modulated strings, which produce a corresponding sympathy upon each other. He listened, almost breathless. The recollection came like a track of fire across his brain. Memory! how glorious, how terrible art thou! With the wand of the enchanter thou canst change every current of feeling into joy or woe. The same agency, nay, the same object, shall awaken the most opposite emotions. The simplest forms, and the subtlest agents, are alike to thee. Nature seems fashioned at thy will, and her attributes are but the instruments of thy power.

The melody that he heard was a wild and mournful ballad, which he had once given to Adeline, when the hours flew on, sparkling with delight, and—she had not forgotten him!

The thought was too thrilling to endure. His brain throbbed with ecstasy. Unable to restrain his impatience, he applied hastily to the door. Such was the excitement under which he laboured, that the very sound made him start back: it struck so chill on his heart. Then came an interval of harrowing suspense. He shuddered when he heard the approaching footsteps, and could with difficulty address the servant who stood inquiring his errand.

"Is—*is* Adeline within?"

The menial silently surveyed the inquirer, as though doubtful in what manner to reply, ere he answered:—

"My mistress is at home, sir."

Mortimer stepped into the hall. The servant threw open the door, announcing his name, and Mortimer was in the presence of Adeline.

The meeting was too sudden for preliminary forms and courtesies. There was no time for preparation. The blow was struck, and a thousand idle inquiries were, perhaps, saved; but Adeline, after one short gaze of astonishment and dismay, covered her face; a low groan escaped her, and she threw herself convulsively on the chair.

Mortimer hastened to her relief, but she shrunk from his touch. She spoke not; her anguish was beyond utterance.

"Adeline!"

She shuddered, as though the sound once more awakened the slumbered echoes of memory.

"Leave me—Mortimer," she cried. "I must not —"

"Leave thee!" It was repeated in a tone that no words can describe. Inquiry, apprehension, were depicted in his look, as if existence hung on a word; while a pause followed, compared with which, the rack were a bed of roses. The silence was too harrowing to sustain.

"And why? I know it all now," cried the unhappy Mortimer; and the broad impress of despair was upon his brow, legibly, indelibly written.

"I am here to redeem my pledge; and thou!

Oh, Adeline! Why—why? Say—how is my trust required? Were long years—too, too long to await my return? I have not had a thought thou hast not shared. And yet thou dost withhold thy truth!"

"It is plighted!"

"To whom?"

"To my husband!"

Though anticipating the reply, the words went like an arrow to his heart. We will not describe the separation. With unusual speed, he descended the path towards the village. He rushed past the cleft with averted looks, fearful that he might be tempted to leap the gulf. He entered the tavern; but so changed in manner and appearance, that his companions, fearful that his senses were disordered, earnestly besought him to take some rest and refreshment.

In the end he was persuaded to retire to bed. But, ere long, fever and delirium had seized him; and, in the morning, he was pronounced, by a medical attendant, to be in extreme danger, requiring the interposition of rest and skill to effect his cure.

* * * * *

It was in the cold and heavy mist of a December evening, that a female was seated upon the tall cliff above the chasm we have described. As the solitary gull came wheeling around her, she spoke to it with great eagerness and gesticulation.

"Leave me—leave me!" she cried. "I must not now. Poor wanderer! art thou gone?"—With an expression of the deepest bitterness and disappointment, she continued, "Why—oh, why didst thou take back thy pledge? Nay, it is here still; but—alas! 'tis broken. Broken!" and a scream so wild and pitiful escaped her, it was like the last agony of the spirit when riven from its shrine. Her hair, wet with the drizzly atmosphere, hung about her face. She suddenly threw it aside, as if listening.

"'Tis he! Again he comes. My—no, no! he *was* my lover! I have none now. I have a husband;—but he is unkind. Alas! why am I thus? I feel it! Oh, merciful Heaven! my brain leaps; but I am not—indeed I am not mad!"

Saying this, she bounded down the cliff, into the path she had left, with surprising swiftness. Returning, she was met by her husband, with two servants, who were in search. He chid her harshly—brutally. He threatened—ay, he threatened restraint. She heard this; but he saw not the deep and inflexible purpose she had formed. Horror at the apprehension of confinement, which, in calmer intervals, she dreaded worse than death, prompted her to use every artifice to aid her escape. She was now calm and obedient; murmuring not at the temporary attendance to which she was subjected. She sought not the cliff and the deep chasm; but would sit for hours upon the shore, looking over the calm sea, with a look as calm and as deceitful.

Vigilance became relaxed; apprehension was

lulled; she was again left to herself, and again she stole towards the cliff. Like to some guilty thing, she crept onward, often looking back lest she should be observed. Having attired herself with more than ordinary care, before leaving her chamber, she unlocked an ivory casket, with great caution, taking thence a ring, which she carefully disposed on her fore-finger. She looked with so intense a gaze upon this pledge—for it was the pledge of Mortimer—that she seemed to be watching its capricious glance, like the eye of destiny, as if her fate were revealed in its beautiful and mystic light.

Sunset was near, as she approached the cliff. She paused where the chasm opened out its deep vista upon the waters. They were now sparkling in the crimson flush from a sky more than usually brilliant. Both sky and ocean were blent in one; the purple beam ran out so pure along the waves, that every billow might now be seen, every path and furrow of the deep.

Adeline climbed over the rail. She stood on that extreme verge, so fearful and abrupt that it might have rendered dizzy a stouter head than her own.

"This night are we married, Mortimer. The ring and the cliff!"

The ring, at this moment, shot forth a tremulous brightness; probably from participation with the glowing hues by which it was surrounded.

"The genii of that ring—said he not so?—they will bear me to him. Our couch is decked, and the bridal hymn—Hark!"

It was only the sound from some passing skiff that crept along the waters, but Adeline thought she heard the voice of her lover.

"He calls me; when will he return?"

She looked anxiously on the ring, as though expecting a reply; but she saw its bright hues diminish, and gradually grow dim in the dull grey light which displaced the gaudy sunset.

"Oh, why art thou gone so soon?" Her heart seemed full, as though in the very agony of separation.

"I must away. His bark is on the deep; and he will not return."

She buried her head in her lap, and wept. But suddenly she started up; she looked on the distant wave as though she beheld some object approaching. She again climbed upon the rail, and gazed eagerly through the twilight, on the billows now foaming back in triumph with the returning tide. Her features were yet beautiful, though wasted by disease; and, as she gazed, a smile, rapturous and bright, passed over, like a sunbeam on the dark billows. She waved her hand.

"I have waited for thee. Bear me hence. Haste! Oh, haste! they are here."

She listened. Her countenance grew more pale and agitated. Voices were heard, and footsteps, evidently approaching. She recognized the hated sound of her pursuers. Agony and despair were thy last ministers, unhappy victim! She wrapped her cloak closer to her

form, and, with one wild and appalling shriek, leaped that dizzy height; by the foot of which her mangled remains were shortly discovered.

In the family of — is a ring, taken from the finger of a female ancestor of the house, who leaped from "*The Lady's Cliff*,"—for such it continues to be called; and it is still said to be haunted by her spirit. The ring was found uninjured, save by a crack through the rim, where it seems bent by a sudden stroke. Superstition attaches strange stories to this relic. True enough, at times it appears almost gifted with intelligence; though, perhaps, the answer intimated by the brilliancy or dimness of the stone, may often be construed according to the thoughts or wishes of the inquirer. It is kept in a little ivory box, and preserved with great care. It is said, there never was a question propounded to this oracle—if done with a proper spirit, with a due and devout reverence, and a reliance on its wondrous efficacy—but the ring, by its brightness or its gloom, shadowed forth the good or evil destiny of the querent.

Mortimer recovered. In this village, many years afterwards, lived an old man, whose daily walk was to the cliff. From that height he would gaze, until the last hue of evening died upon the waves. He then returned, with a vacant and downcast look, sad and solitary, to his dwelling. He was buried there in the churchyard; and a plain-looking stone, with the initials C. M. still mark the spot called the STRANGER'S GRAVE.

RANZ DES VACHES.

THE favourite Swiss air, called the *Ranz des Vaches*, is distinguished in the original for its simplicity and tenderness. It is said to have operated so powerfully on the Swiss soldiers in France, that it drew from many tears, or exclamations of *despair*. Some were even excited by it to commit suicide. Such is the natural predilection of man for his native soil!

The following translation of this beautiful ballad, we cut from an old paper. It is the best we have seen—but it is necessarily far inferior to the original in simplicity of language, and pathos:

Sweet, regretted, native shore!

Shall I e'er behold thee more,

And all the objects of my love?

Thy streams so clear,

Thy hills so dear,

The mountain's brow,

And cots below,

Where once my feet were wont to rove.

There, with Isabella fair,

Light of foot, and free from care,

Shall I to the tabor bound?

Or at eve, beneath the dale,

Whisper soft my artless tale,

And blissful tread on airy ground?

Oh! when shall I behold again,

My lowly cot, and native plain,

And every object dear?

My father, and my mother,

My sister, and my brother,

And calm their anxious fear?

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

BY MRS. HEHANA.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home,
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear,
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."

WOUNDSWORTH.

Rise like an altar fire!
In solemn joy aspire,
Deepening thy passion still, O Choral strain!
On thy strong-rushing wind
Bear up from Human kind
Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain!
Father, which art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of Harp or Song to reach Thine awful ear;
Unless the heart be there,
Wringing the words of Prayer
With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.
Let then thy Spirit brood
Over the multitude—
Be Thou amidst them through that Heavenly Guest!
So shall their cry have power
To win from Thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.
What Griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but Thine,
Father of Mercies! here before Thee swell!
As to the open sky,
All their dark waters lie
To Thee revealed, in each close bosom cell.
The sorrow of the Dead,
Mantling its lowly head
From the world's glare, is in Thy sight set free;
And the fond, aching Love,
Thy Minister to move
All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.
And doth not Thy dread eye
Behold the agony
In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
Where darkly sits Remorse,
Beside the secret source
Of fearful Visions, keeping watch apart?
Yes!—here before Thy throne
Many—yet each alone—
To Thee that terrible unveiling make;
And still, small whispers clear,
And startling many an ear,
As if a trumpet bade the Dead awake.
How dreadful in this place!
The glory of thy face
Fills it too searching for mortal sight:
Where shall the guilty flee?
Over what far off Sea?
What Hills, what Woods, may shroud him from that light?
Not to the Cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made;
Nor the old mountains, nor the Desert Sea;
What, but the Cross, can yield
The Hope—the Stay—the Shield?
Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee!
Be Thou, be Thou his Aid!
Oh! let thy Love pervade
The haunted Caves of self-accusing Thought!
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of Fountains from the silence brought!
So shall thy breath once more
Within the soul renew
Thy own first image—holiest and most High!
As a clear Lake is filled
With hues of Heaven, instilled,
Down to the depths of its calm Furry.

And if, amidst the throng
Linked by the ascending song,
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture sear;
Thanks, Father! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower
Thus, even midst tears, can fervently adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!
Eternal Praise be Thine,
Blessing and Love, O Thou that hearest Prayer!
Let the Hymn pierce the sky,
And let the Tombs reply!
For seed, that awaits Thy Harvest time, is there.

A MODERN SERENADE.

Come to the casement, my fairy,
Come to the window my dove;
The night is remarkably airy,
And very propitious to love;
Fling round your shoulders a shawl,
For fear of the dew and the damp!
While we walk in your father's old hall,
By the light of your eyes—and a lamp.

Above—all is brightness and bloom;
Below—all is perfume and light;
There is not a shadow of gloom,
To mar your soft beauty to-night;
Stars in their splendour are shining,
O'er mountain, tree, tower, and rill;
The moonlight is gently declining,
In grandeur behind the far hill.

I've dwelt 'mid the beauties of Spain,
And sighed 'neath the bloom of their bowers;
With the sky for a shelter have lain,
And stole the soft breath of their flowers;
I've roved o'er the cities of France;
I've studied Italian at Rome;
I've laughed at their eyes' brightest glance,
From the fairest of women at home.

What was glory and brightness to me?
What was beauty, when you were not by?
The flower, the blossom, the bee,
Were naught to the breath of your sigh!
Visions of beauty! ye throng
O'er my spirit in forms of delight!
I have written you many a song,
I have played to you many a night:

I have sought for you many a duet;
I once wore my arm in a sling;
I'm sure that you cannot be cruel,
When you think of myself and my ring;
Oh! come to the window, my syren,
Or, if you won't—come to the door;
And I'll sing you a lay out of Byron,
Or would you prefer it from Moore?

The moon, like a crescent of gold,
Is shining o'er mountain and flower;
And I am exceedingly cold,
With waiting best part of an hour;
Slumber lie soft on thine eye:—
In thy dreams wilt thou think of my suit?
And light be the sound of thy sigh,
While I play thee a tune on my flute.

But, come to the window, my fairy,
Come to the casement, my dove;
The night is remarkably airy,
And very propitious to love;
Put on your boa and shawl,
For fear of the dews and the damp;
And we'll walk in your father's old hall,
By the light of your eyes—and the lamp!

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

NO. 3.

WHETHER I delight in awakening the earlier impressions of my youth, for the hope of eliciting a pleasure from what were then subjects of alarm, or whether there is a latent pride in believing that the forms which peopled the imagination of my infancy, and served to give a tone to my subsequent actions, are connected with the higher and more impressive superstitions of the ancients, certain it is that I derive a pleasure from a remembrance of the many scenes to which the superstitions of my native village gave origin, although many of them were kept alive by the fatal consequences to which they had led.

Every peculiarity of belief which my former numbers have attempted to elucidate, may be found in the history of refined and classical people, as well as among the unlettered and simple inhabitants of the shores of Plymouth Bay; and, though they may have assumed more imposing forms as they obtained more extensive circulation, it is to be doubted whether they ever acquired more implicit confidence, or led to more visible and certain effects.

In sketching these remarks upon the history of my country's superstitions, it has occurred, as a very natural, though unexpected consequence, that the long slumbering belief of other sections of the Union are revived in the recollection of some demi-antiquary, like myself; and my unassuming numbers, like the mis-directed shot of an unpractised sportsman, has not only started my own game, but raised every owl and rook that has been perched for years in quiet, in the obscurity of their own uselessness.

I am not likely to meet with any especial marks of my former townsmen's favour for these discoveries of "the nakedness of their land;" and it has been strongly hinted to me that a younger branch of my own family is about undertaking a refutation of what he is pleased to call my *libel* on the mind and manners of the descendants of the pilgrims; and, as this gentleman was sent to college upon the good old Massachusetts rule of teaching the dullest Latin and Greek, to make him equal to the brightest of the family, the "fancy may look for some rare bouts, and the eventual loss of a goodly quantity of literary claret," *videlicet* ink.

I know I am performing an unprofitable office to myself, in opening stores from which successive novelists will draw, without thanks to the humble author. And the future Waverlys of my country will profit by my humble gleanings—while I and my great predecessor and fellow labourer, Jedidiah Cleisbotham, shall be no more remembered.

The soil, gentle reader, which first received the pilgrims, which was the *arena* of their painful exertions, and which was dyed with blood in the wars of King Philip and his favourite chiefs,

must be productive in *events*; not *superstition* alone will make it interesting. The mantle which time is spreading upon the events of the early history of the fathers, is already tinged with gray; and the Antiquarian is beginning to draw from the sacred pile, treasures to which nothing but the rust of years can impart a consequence.

The sword with which Church cut off the head of the mighty sachem Philip, after he had been shot, is now claimed as a trophy of wondrous valour by philosophical societies. And what does the reader suppose has become of the musket which brought down the dreaded warrior? why, the deadly tube which poured forth its extirpating fire upon the flower of Narragansett chivalry, is now quietly resting behind a writing desk in Kingston, painted to preserve it from rust, and it narrowly escaped a voyage to Philadelphia a few summers since, which would have been an everlasting scandal to those who regard it as a link between the present and the past generation.

"This old gun barrel, which killed King Philip," said its venerable owner to me, as he forced it into its present occupation, "is a little like mankind, endeavouring to be of some interest to society, after the power of doing injury is entirely gone."

The inhabitants of the place in which I have laid the scenes of my former numbers, were, some years ago, and are, perhaps, now, impressed with a firm belief that certain parts of their village are inhabited by a race of beings, of whose nature and properties they are but little informed, of their origin they never thought it necessary to inquire—or reasonable to doubt their existence. One place, in particular, from the frequency and distinctness of the appearance of these superhuman visitors, or residents, has obtained the emphatic appellation of SPIRIT PASTURE. It was an extensive ground of some twenty or thirty acres, partly covered with impenetrable bushes, and well studded with mossy rocks and unwieldy stones—a production, by the way, in which the Old colony may be considered pre-eminently prolific—where, indeed, the hand of nature and the breath of heaven have not lifted and puffed the surface into swelling protuberances of arid sands.

This pasture extended from the main road to the shore of the bay, and thus, by being frequently passed at night, both by land and water, lost none of its proper fame from a want of having its wonderful inhabitants duly observed.

Strange things, indeed, have been seen in that fearful place, if the concurrent testimony of almost every one of the oldest and some of the younger inhabitants of Rocky Nook (so that part of the town was called) might be believed.

There were not wanted those who had watched the undefinable tenants of this pasture, in full

groups, who had seen them engaged in solemn and fearful offices—who had observed them in scenes which the narrators represented as horrid and unspeakable. Whatever might have been the especial visions of those who by daring courage or untoward accident, were brought near the precincts of this fearful abode, there was scarcely an inhabitant of the Nook who had not seen some indistinct figure fading from his sight as he gazed from a distance by moonlight upon the residence of spirits.

And I have noted in the morning and evening twilight, an assemblage of forms so distinctly marked, and so oppositely employed, that reason, even at this distant period, almost refuses to identify them with the mists and exhalations of the humid soil. Strangers, too, in passing the pasture by the main road, which wound round its western side, have observed with astonishment the phenomenon which a moonlight evening presented below them.

Whatever distaste the inhabitants of Rocky Nook might have possessed for the proximity of their aerial neighbours, it was well understood that no danger was to be apprehended from them, unless their privacy was disturbed; but a tradition had long been current, that any infringement upon this rule of early observance would be punished with awful visitations, and particularly a second encroachment, which, it was thought, would place the offender completely in the power of the spirits, and would be followed by instant death.

With such a well-digested system of superstition, it may be thought that the young people of the Nook avoided this place at night much more than they did any conversation respecting it.

It was a pleasant evening in May, when a company of young persons of both sexes had assembled at a house in the vicinity of the *Spirit Pasture*. The conversation, as might have been expected, was chiefly made up of anecdotes, details of what each had seen and heard. The wonderful, which is ever an ingredient in agreeable stories, soon led to the more marvellous, till at length nothing would please their high raised palates, but repetitions of the *Spirit Pasture* stories. There were a few, who, considering that no strangers were present, upon whom their own doubts might injure the long established belief, ventured to make light of these airy tenants of their neighbours' land, and even boasted of having crossed the upper corner of the pasture after dark. The courage of the company seemed to increase, for not only did several boast of what they had performed, but even expressed a determination to cross the pasture at any time, rather than take the more circuitous route of the road. While this spirit was at its zenith, and males and females were almost forgetting the fears and belief which they had cherished from their infancy, one of the party, either to test their sincerity, or revenge himself for what he deemed a disrespect for the assertion of sights he had himself beheld, offered to give any one of the company two dol-

lars who would stick a knife in the spirit tree at ten o'clock at night.

The daring of the company suddenly abated. A female, young, handsome, and remarkable for vivacity of disposition, accepted the challenge, and, notwithstanding the urgent dissuasions of her immediate friends, determined to perform the undertaking that very evening.

Having furnished herself with the instrument, Mary and the anxious party hastened to the wall which separated the abode of spirits from the road: again Mary was urged to quit her daring visitation, and reminded of the danger of intruding upon the spirits. One youth, I remember, was particularly solicitous for her to avoid the danger. But it was in vain—her pride was engaged—and as she passed the barrier she took with trembling hand the knife, and proceeded with rapid steps towards the dreaded tree. The white scarf was occasionally seen among the high alders, as it floated out from her rapid progress, and the noise of the brush, which she displaced, alone disturbed the silence of the place. Suddenly the dense vapours which had been hovering over the centre of the land, were seen rolling in massy forms towards the tree, which at that time was violently agitated, a piercing, but short shriek from Mary was heard, and all was at rest. The vapours passed away; not a leaf upon the tree moved; the moon shone out with unusual clearness—but Mary did not return.

Hours passed, and the anxiety of the party was at the highest pitch. The youth who had endeavoured to hinder Mary's rash enterprise was detained by force from searching for her. Just at the dawn of day, the object of solicitude was seen slowly returning by the same path by which she had entered. Her friends pressed forward with eager solicitude to welcome her return, and hear her recital, but, on viewing her, their curiosity was lost in amazement; that night had done the work of years for her—her ghastly face and distended eye seemed to express no knowledge of those who were around her—and weeks elapsed before she was heard to speak on any subject, and no entreaties could prevail on her to utter a word of the events of that awful night—nor was she ever known to pass the *Spirit Pasture* again. From what could be gathered from the broken sentences which she uttered in her disturbed sleep, she seemed to be in dread of being compelled by some person to visit the pasture a second time; and, from the known legend of the time, no one doubted that a repetition of the visit by night, even to touch the soil, would be instant death—or, perhaps, worse.

One morning, early in the August following the event we have mentioned, a large company persuaded Mary to join them in an excursion to the Gurnet, a long and high point of land, forming the outer barrier of Plymouth harbour, on which the light houses are situated—about seven miles from the shore of Rocky Nook. The day was passed in rational mirth, and it was not until hurried to their boat by the appearance of a black cloud at the eastward, that they disce-

vered that in their eagerness to get on shore in the morning they had left the boat so high on land that they must wait until late in the evening before the tide would take her off. It was after nine o'clock in the evening when they embarked, the clouds had overspread the horizon, and the wind was blowing almost a gale from the eastward. They, however, still cherished the hope, as the wind was directly astern, that they should reach home without any serious accident, but the gale increased rapidly, and they were compelled to haul down every sail, and, to use a sea phrase, "scud under bare poles."

One young man was stationed in the bow of the boat to look out for objects which the darkness of the night must have prevented his seeing, while another was stationed at the helm to keep her before the wind. "Keep her dead for yonder light," said the man in the bows, "and let Plymouth steeple open on the cripples"—"How," said the helmsman, "am I to see the steeple." The pilot then hit on another method for directing the bark.—"If she will bear to luff at all, bring both lights of the Gurnet into one, and let her go at that."

She accordingly ran a few minutes before the wind at a terrible rate, when the helmsman hailed the pilot in the bows to know what that light was occasionally hidden. "It is the light in the Captain's house," said the pilot, "and the top of the salt works is every minute brought between that and us." "We are further to the south than that," said the helmsman, "and yonder, to the right, is the salt work windmills, just shewn by a flash of lightning."

The pilot waited a few minutes, when he suddenly started up and exclaimed, "Good God! yonder light is in Robbins' kitchen, and the object that obstructs it is the Spirit Tree—we are among the breakers already, and two minutes will throw us upon the rocks at the bottom of *Spirit Pasture*."

Every being on board seemed to cling to each other with horror, except Mary; she started from her seat, at the bottom of the boat, and, before any resistance could be made, she threw herself into the waves—in two minutes the boat had, almost by a miracle, passed the breakers, and was thrown upon a sandy shore, upon which, although somewhat bruised, the passengers easily saved themselves. They immediately discovered that they had landed about ten yards west of the Spirit Pasture shore—and were sensible that Mary, whether alive or dead, must have been swept farther south-east. Absorbed in anxiety for her fate, they determined to enter the *Spirit ground*, trusting in the integrity of their intentions for a safety against any attacks. They had not proceeded far when, by a flash of lightning, they discovered the body of Mary, many yards from the water, with her limbs decently disposed, lying upon a bunch of sea grass. The breath had left her body—but no marks of violence was found upon her. The women were, at first, shocked at discovering that her clothes were not wet, but a remembrance of Mary's dread of a

second approach to that forbidden ground, soon silenced all expression of surprise. Mary was buried in the public burying ground, and her story is now told as a caution to those who treat lightly the inhabitants of the *Spirit Pasture*.

THE BUTCHER-BIRD.

THE great shrike, or butcher-bird, breeds annually near my dwelling. It is one of our late birds of passage, but its arrival is soon made known to us by its croaking, unmusical voice, from the summit of some tree. Its nest is large, and ill-concealed; and during the season of incubation the male bird is particularly vigilant and uneasy at any approach towards his sitting mate, though often, by his clamouring anxiety, he betrays it and her to every bird-nesting boy. The female, when the eggs are hatched, unites her vociferations with those of the male, and facilitates the detection of the brood. Both parents are very assiduous in their attentions to their offspring, feeding them long after they have left the nest; for the young appear to be heavy, inactive birds, and little able to capture the winged insects, that constitute their principal food. I could never observe that this bird destroyed others smaller than itself, or even fed upon flesh. I have hung up dead young birds, and even parts of them, near their nests; but never found that they were touched by the shrike. Yet it appears that it must be a butcher too; and that the name "*lanius*," bestowed on it by Gesner two hundred and fifty years ago, was not lightly given. My neighbour's gamekeeper kills it as a bird of prey; and tells me he has known it draw the weak young pheasants through the bars of the breeding-coops; and others have assured me that they have killed them when banquetting on the carcass of some little bird they had captured. All small birds have an antipathy to the shrike, betray anger, and utter the moan of danger, when it approaches their nest. I have often heard this signal of distress, and, cautiously approaching to learn the cause, have frequently found that this butcher-bird occasioned it. They will mob, attack, and drive it away, as they do the owl, as if fully acquainted with its plundering propensities. Linnaeus attached to it the trivial epithet "*excubitor*," a sentinel; a very apposite appellation, as this bird seldom conceals itself in a bush, but sits perched upon some upper spray, or in an open situation, heedful of danger, or watching for its prey. This shrike must be most mischievously inclined, if not a predatory bird. May twenty-third—A pair of robins have young ones in a bank near my dwelling: the anxiety and vociferation of the poor things have three times this day called my attention to the cause of their distress, and each time have I seen this bird watching near the place, or stealing away upon my approach; and then the tumult of the parents subsided; but had they not experienced injury, or been aware that it was meditated, all this terror and outcry would not have been excited.—*An English Ornithologist*.

From Bulwer's Magazine.

JEANIE STEVENSON.

A TALE OF THE DOMINIE.

To have been a born gentleman, and carefully educated in the ambitions of genteelity, never did me any good that I can see; for my wanderings through life have generally been on foot, like a pedlar; my taste has always inclined to grovel towards nature and simplicity; and so, whatever circumstances I have met with that interested my heart, have generally happened among the poorer and the less fortunate sort of people. In these circumstances, humble as I have ever demeaned myself, I have sometimes been called in to assist in many grave and solemn deliberations; and, though the fate of empires certainly did not depend on the result, these consultations often had much to do with the fortunes and feelings of interesting beings, whose happiness in their own lowly circle was as dear to them as that of kings on their thrones; and whose simple sorrows, from whatever they might arise, had certainly much less chance of the sympathy of the world.

It was when I was gone forth on one of my summer-day travellings that I bethought me, as I plodded along, concerning the likely fate of one in whom I had always taken a special interest. She was a lassie-bairn when I knew her first; for I remembered her from an infant, and a bonnie baby she was, and now she was a grown woman; and the last time I was in this part of the country I had an inkling of something concerning her sent in at the corner of my ear, that now, as I thought on it, stirred up the prophesyings of my mind. Why a wandering old fool as I was should thus concern myself, as I journeyed by the wayside, about a pretty blossom, like Jeanie Stevenson, was certainly most unaccountable: but human nature is a mystery; and thus it hath always happened to me, that, whilst the flowers of womankind have for many years bloomed and faded around me, and various joys and griefs of others have interested me to witness, to me these have ever been matters of exterior contemplation, circumstances having still interposed between me and this branch of experimental philosophy. When, therefore, I got into the little sea-port which now lay before me, and drew near to the house where Jeanie's parents dwelt, all the beauty of the Firth, which the town overlooked, could not abstract me from my own uneasy thoughts, or prevent an involuntary train of sombre anticipation, regarding the fate of one who was worthy to occupy the benevolent musings of an old man.

When I came to the door, which I knew it was expected I should seek as soon as I arrived, I saw, by the very dimness of the brass knocker, that things within did not wear their usual brightness; and yet, inside, every thing appeared as formerly, and I was received with even more than the usual cordiality. Still I thought an air

of solemnity appeared in the countenances of my host and his wife: it seemed strange that I should find them thus seated in conclave at that hour of the day;—in short, I seemed to have disturbed them in the midst of some serious discussion; and when Jeanie re-entered, for she had retired on first hearing me, I saw by her face that she had been crying.

"What's this that's among you, sirs," said I, as they all remained silent; "I hope no evil dispensation has been sent to disturb the comfort of this happy house?"

"Every house that ever I kenned," said the old man, "has at times a waft of unhappiness passing through it, as every heart that lives has its occasional pang. But take a seat, and speak to us, sir—Jeanie, there, is our subject; she was aye a great favourite of yours, and you are well come to give her and us a word of counsel."

"What can this be now?" I thought, as Jeanie again rose, and was about to retire. Her father, however, commanded her to tarry; and, as I looked in the sad countenance of the pretty young thing, and the knit brows and stern thoughtfulness evinced by her mother, the whole matter flashed at once on me; for I had heard of the crosses and troubles that her father had encountered; I knew that he had no excellence in worldly craft; and I saw that the two parents, in the dread and desperation of approaching poverty, had made up their minds to make merchandise of their only daughter.

Postponing, however, any reply as long as I could, I only said, "Ye'll excuse me, Mr. Stevenson, but its higher wisdom than mine that you would need to apply to, if ye speak of counsel on family affairs."

"It's needless to be modest about it, Mr. Balgownie," said the old man; "for there's the lassie's eye fixed upon your face already, as if she expected you to take her part against her own flesh and blood, in favour of the wilful fancies and wayward inclinations of youth. It's a solemn concern for my daughter there, sir; no less than a maidenly liking to be disposed, and a sober marriage to be composed; and whether the old and experienced, or the young and the romantic, are likely to form the wisest judgment upon such matters, I leave you this moment to pronounce."

"They are likely to judge very differently, at least," I replied quietly; and I had no sooner spoken the words, than, happening to glance on the instant in Jeanie's face, the gleam of hope that shot through the tears from her eye, almost took me by the heart to witness it. "It's not for me to speak," I continued, "upon so delicate a matter as this sweet lassie's happiness; but if you will have my opinion, ye'll be pleased to be more circumstantial anent the whole business."

"I'll tell you it all in three words," said Jeanie.

nie's mother, now striking in, "and it can be no new tale to a man of observation like you. Since the weary sea became the grave of our first-born, and Willie, my next, was laid, in his eighteenth year, in a drier and a nearer bed, and so the black door of death closed upon much of all that was dear to us in life, it was not to be expected but that our thoughts and our hopes should be deeply set upon this bonnie lassie bairn; and that, how she should come to be mated and matched, and protected from the vicissitudes of a cold hearted world, gave us, as you may think, no little concern. It was not to be supposed, either, that a face like her's—although I say it, that's her own mother—could be often seen in Brideport kirk, without lads and lovers to covet such as Jeanie. To young William Ptolomy, the bravest and bravest of all that came about her, it could not be said that for a time her father and I had any particular objection; although we knew that the poor lad had more hopes than havings, and more spunk and spice and pleasant manners, than any real present convertible substance. But, as the proverb says, 'every stick has its nick, and every hank has its reel,' and so Willie was dependant on his father, and the seams and stitches of the old man's affairs have begun to be o'er-clearly seen, it's feared that he'll soon have to come to his hunkers, which will send the young lad to try further what his wits can do for him, which ye know, Dominie, is but a lean reversion for the keeping of a puir man's wife; and so, times having changed to the unfortunate youth, as well as to ourselves, it behoves us to be mindfu' of our daughter's hap; for it never does for twa misfortunates to cleek their wants together, or if they do, nill they will they, the progeny may come one day to the string and the wallet, and that would ill go down wi' the genly feelings of my daughter.

"Now, there might be no occasion for haste in my Jeanie turning the back o' her hand on puir Willie Ptolomy, but an offer has come to her from another airt, which should in no case be hastily turned from our door. The Laird o' Greendykes is a green and gash man—forty-seven or thereabout will measure the tale of his years, and a thousand pund Scots, or thereabouts, maun be the least sum of the produce o' his rigs. It's no doubt a naturality that a young woman should like a young man to daut her and dandle her to kirk and fair; but it's few lasses that just gets the lad that rins most in their mind—especially in thae uncanny times; and if my daughter Jeanie would just take the proffer of the Laird o' Greendykes, she would aye be sure of meal in the girkel, and cheese in the chissit, a full awmry, and a plenished purse, and that's mair substantial than toom love to a tocherless lass. Noo, take care, Dominie, what ye'll answer to that."

Involuntarily, as I considered what I should say, I turned my eyes again to Jeanie's face, and I declare, as I scanned her anxious look, the very power of speech was for a time taken from me. "Far be it from me to interfere between parent and child, in a case like this," I said at length;

"inasmuch as no man can answer for the effects of the counsel that might be given this day. Your daughter, that sits weeping there, is the real lamb of the sacrifice, that, being caught by the horns of the world's evil, now waiteth to be made an offering to Mammon, the root of much unrighteousness. To plunge the knife of sacrifice into a young heart—to cut asunder the twining tendrils of green affection, and that in the moment of another's misfortune, is doubtless a sore evil; but one," I added, catching the eye of her father, "to which it were, perhaps, wisest for Jeanie patiently to submit, if her parents think it best for their and her happiness, as obedience to them is unquestionably her duty. To herself, however, I would refer the matter, for she alone can answer for the state of her own feelings, and the strength she can bring to meet the occasion. But is it really necessary, Mr. Stevenson, to be so instantaneous and categorical?"

"It is, Mr. Balgownie," he said, "for this is no newly mooted matter; and the Laird o' Greendykes is getting to a peremptory in it, as it is the nature of a wealthy man to be, when he would have his own will; and more than that, I have heard this very afternoon that old Mr. Ptolomy has already gotten into some lawyer's grip, and that Willie, his son, is likely to be off to Heligoland, or some other place abroad, and where would my puir daughter be then, wi' a ruined man and a land-louper? What say ye to that?"

"These are good wordly reasons, no doubt," I said, "for the world is aye ready to punish a man for his misfortunes; but your daughter!"

"Mr. Balgownie," interrupted he, "I expected you to come more to the point. It's far from expedient, sir, for a man of your sense to talk sentimental tropes before a young lassie, on an occasion like this, just to put evil thoughts into her head. It's hurtful, sir!—very hurtful."

"If the happiness of life, Mr. Stevenson," I replied, "consisted only in full girkels of meal, and chissets of cheese, I would at once confess myself in the wrong; but, though I acknowledge the value of these substantial comforts, I have not forgotten that I once was young, and I have seen enough to know that there are some hearts who cannot be satisfied with common husks, be they ever so plenty. Far be it from me, however, to argue against you; but this poor young thing has her own thoughts, though she does not speak, and a maiden's tears are but a weak advocate against a father's will."

The very tone of my reasoning afforded the old man a hint, or rather a key to unlock the breast, and so gain his point with his daughter. Appealing to her feelings by a moving representation of his own declined circumstances, and the obligations he had been under to the Laird of Greendykes; whenever he put her proposed marriage on the footing of a salvation to himself and his wife in their present situation, and a happy prospect for their old age, the colour gradually returned to her cheek, her eyes were dried, and

began to glisten with a noble resolution, and rising and kneeling before her father and mother, she gave her hand to each, in token of her consent to become, on the following week, the wife of Gilmour, widower of Greendykcs.

I witnessed the scene with a sort of painful admiration, and the excitement of it was hardly over when a low and dubious knock at the door again sent a paleness over Jeanie's cheek, and seemed to startle her parents with an uneasy feeling. "This is unlucky," said her father, "but he must be admitted and plainly dealt with," for they all knew the knock to be that of William Ptolomy.

Jeanie attempted not to rise; they all seemed transfixed for the moment; and William, with the freedom of a lover and an old friend of the family, walked in. The moment I cast a look over his handsome, manly figure, and observed the anxious intelligence of his eyes, as he cast them first at his sweetheart, and then towards her parents and me, I wished myself far enough off; for I had always that weakness about me, that I never could bear to be a witness of any sort of cruelty.

The youth took a seat, crossed his long handsome limbs over each other, and cast his eyes again around him, with a look of stern and suddenly-awakened suspicion.

"Surely," said he, with mildness, yet with pride, "ill news must travel fast, when they get first to the doors of our dearest friends; and misfortune must be as bad as it is called, when it so soon turns their looks into shrinking chillness."

Mrs. Stevenson hemmed twice to break the uneasy silence; the old man pursed up his mouth for the utterance of a hard saying; as for Jeanie, I was sitting next her, and I could hear the laboured beating of her heart, plainer than the ticking of my own watch.

"If there's any thing unpleasant to be said, sirs," said the youth again, "let me hear it at once. I can hear any consequence of my father's troubles, if it does not come from Jeanie's own mouth. But she may as well speak me fair as long as I am in Brideport, whatever may happen when I am away; for I have just come to take farewell of her before I go to Heligoland."

"In that case, Mr. Ptolomy," said the old man, "ye'll have many years to spend, maybe, and many plans to work out for the making of your fortune; and seas will be to cross, and things to happen to us all that we cannot now foresee; and if, when you are gone, a change should take place to our daughter Jeanie, it will only be what is naturally to be looked for in the course of things; and I just wish, Mr. Ptolomy, to speak to you candidly on sic a presumption, and to prepare your mind."

The young man made no reply, but he looked as if a candid cutting off of a man's right hand, or plucking out of his right eye, was not so pleasant an operation to the sufferer as the honest operator might imagine. The old lady now struck in, and in the kindest terms appealed to the young man's own considerate good sense, to say whether, in the present state of his prospects,

it would not be much better for him to relinquish any present idea of her daughter; and whether, if an advantageous offer *should* come to Jeanie while he was gone, it would not be much better for her to take it than to be waiting on a far-away uncertainty and a wanworth?

I saw the cold sweat break upon his brow, as the youth gave a civil response to these fair speeches. "And now," said the old man, jocosely, "as the matter is settled so comfortably and with a good understanding, and William Ptolomy will be going over the sea, maybe to make a great fortune, far bigger than our puir Jeanie ought to think of, and no doubt to marry some great lady far abroad some other day; as Jeanie and him hae been auld acquaintances, and lad and lass as I may say, we better leave them for twa minutes to take their farewell. Young folk *will* be young folk, and it'll be all right by-and-bye."

The old lady did not immediately relish this proposal, yet she made no opposition, and we all rose to leave the room. Mechanically I moved on, being the last; but, just as I got to the door, I found my arm tremulously grasped from behind, and Jeanie, shutting the door hastily before me, begged me, as a friend of the family, who had known her from an infant, to return and see her through this hour of trial. What should I do in a scene like this?—yet I could not refuse; and the distressed girl led me back to my seat.

The young man cast his arms round him once or twice, and wiped his face repeatedly as he again sat contemplating Jeanie, like one who was gradually awakening himself from a dream. "This is, indeed, a change," he at length said, bitterly; "but, before I go, I should just like to know, Jeanie, what hand you have had in this affair?"

"I think, William—I think"—she tried to say, but her mouth was parched—"that you might know me better by this time than to ask me such a question. You heard what my father and mother said; but you do not know half, nor you cannot know."

"Your father has a clear and a ready sight into the tendency of the world's mishaps," said the youth, "but it cuts deep—deep, Jeanie, that this should come upon me at no other time but the day of adversity, and that you should be the first to do an unkind act, and the last to say a kind word to me in the hour of misfortune. But I see it is all settled; so farewell, Jeanie, and let us part in kindness."

I led her up to the young man, and she put her hand into his, but seemed unable to speak. I again offered to retire, but she held me firm by the arm.

"Do you mean, then, Jeanie," he said, "that this is to be the end of all our long walks by the Bride's Pass, and all our pleasant purposes for future days, and all the golden and blessed dreams, and the more blessed words that have passed between you and me?"

"They were o'er pleasant for this uncertain world, William; and my heart told me, in strange foreboding, even then, that they were o'er happy

to come to pass. Do not blame me, William, but think of me with pity when you are far away, for I am but a thing in the power of Providence and not in my own—happiness and my own choice in the world is not for me. Oh! Mr. Balgownie," she almost screamed, "will you not speak for me to William, for I can no more;" and, laying her head on my arm, she took the woman's resource, and cried like a bairn.

I explained to the young man, as well as I could, how that Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, with the anxiety of parents, and the foresight of experience, had seen and represented to their daughter, in my hearing, the danger of indulging affections where circumstances did not warrant the looking forward to an union provided for by the usual indispensables of life; except in a contingent way, and such as involved great uncertainty, both as to time and manner, of which no one could or ought to speak, with any predication. That, therefore, hard as it might appear, it was the duty of the young to submit as they might to the judgment of the old, and particularly to the will of considerate parents; for that I had seen in my time that it was the nature of the circumstances of this life often to crush and stifle the desires of the heart. These things I spoke, not without some misgivings as to their just application, when I looked at the distressed young couple before me, and thought of the motives of Jeanie's father and of the Laird of Greendykes, of whom I knew nothing. But I had no sooner concluded, than Mr. Ptolomy took my hand, and pressing it warmly, thanked me for my explanation, and for the manner in which I had strengthened him to resign an interesting being, of whom he had never thought himself really worthy, and to give up one for ever whom he should rather die than ever be the means of bringing into the degrading hardships that might attend his own uncertain fortune.

By this time Jeanie had also recovered strength; and when they again stood up to say their last word, and to take their ultimate farewell, they looked so sadly, yet so proudly resolute, and their resolution seemed to cut so deeply into each of their hearts, that I was unable to stand to look at them, and, tearing myself away, walked to the opposite window. Here, hiding myself behind the curtain, I heard the bitter whisper of parting regret—the half-expressed hope that they would sometimes think of each other when far asunder—the half-admitted embrace, repeated till it alarmed themselves—and the last choking sob of suppressed agony!

I heard him rush towards the door; I heard it close behind him. The father and mother were both again in the room ere I was aware. Jeanie stood where William had left her, like a pale statue; but I saw by her countenance that the cord had been too much tightened. At length she seemed to awaken suddenly, and rushing towards her mother, she buried her head in her lap, and burst into a torrent of tears.

I could not remain longer in the house. The same evening, however, I sought the old man

again, and tried to convince him of the cruelty, if not danger, of his insisting on this match; but he was deaf to my reasoning. Poverty, like riches, often aggravates unnaturally the selfish principle, and hardens the heart. I went and lodged in the inn; and shortly after daylight, on the following morning, I was already on my way from the town of Brideport. * * *

The winter had come and gone after this, and the long days of summer, of the following year, were passed by me in a different part of the country, so that it was full the harvest of the second twelvemonth, before my wanderings led me again to the seaward heights of Brideport. The afternoon was grey and drowsy, a spitting of rain held a threatening parley with my evening resolves, and although I was aware that a drenching was a dispensation that seldom proved mortal, I begun to wish exceedingly that I was safe and dryly seated at John Stevenson's chimney cheek.

I had not got thus far without thinking seriously, and not without sadness of old recollections and former scenes; and as I wended along, I began to wonder exceedingly in what condition I should now find those, if alive, for whom my heart was much interested. My dull cogitations were slightly disturbed by the quick pattering of a pair of bare feet by my side, and, lifting up my eyes upon an old-fashioned country mailing and policy which I found myself passing, I asked the bare-footed urchin who kept running beside me to whom it might belong.

"It'll belang, I'm thinking," said the boy, "to ane Mr. Gilmour. Ye'll maybe have heard of the Laird of Greendykes, that owns the ship ca'd the Bonnie Jeanie. He's an aulder man than my father, yet the tither year he was married to the bonniest young lady in a' Brideport, and she sits in a seat just fornet the minister, in the auld kirk at the town-end."

"And is the lady's father and mother still alive and well?" I inquired of the gabbing boy.

"Oo, gaun about, weel and hearty," said the boy. "Now, here's the laird's gate, made out o' the jaw-bones o' a whaal: odsake, sir, but a whaal maun be a big fish to hae jaws like that."

"True enough, my man," said I, giving a white sixpence to the clattering callant; but that'll buy something to set thy ain chaffs a wagging." The bit boy gave a grin at the sight of the siller, and, taking to his heels with as much gratitude as could be expected of mankind, I proceeded thankfully up the laird's avenue.

I knew Jeanie's neatness by the appearance of the door-step, and still more by the trig comfort of the old-fashioned parlour into which I was ushered. When she came to me, there was more than surprise and cordiality in the look with which I was recognised. She had been little more than two years married, and yet her air was staid and matronly, like a woman of forty, and her pretty countenance wore almost the shade of melancholy.—That melancholy deepened, and became more decided as we proceeded to converse.

"The chief purpose of my marriage was cer-

tainly obtained," said she, "for my father and mother live in comfort and without anxiety. As for myself, as far as the world's goods go, I have every thing I can wish for, and I have a husband whom I also regard as a father, who is to me the kindest of men, and would lay the hair of his head amongst my feet. But in this world something always appears to be wanting, and if I could only have heard that he was happy, and had obtained some measure of prosperity, then I might—but why should I still think of him, when I know it is almost sinful—you know who I mean—?"

I saw her lip beginning to tremble, as she spoke of William Ptolomy, but, after allowing her a few moments repose for her feelings, I said, "Pray go on, Jeanie, I mean Mrs. Gilmour; pray proceed, and let me know what has become of him."

"That is just what I am uncertain of myself," she went on—"and anxious I am to hear concerning him this night, for I expect news from Heligoland; but I had best tell you from the beginning, as far as I know."

"It was a dreadful interval to me from the time you left Brideport till the day fixed for my marriage with Mr. Gilmour. Had William got away immediately after that sad interview, and been out of the town, and beyond the chance of my seeing him for years, I might have been more composed to the change I was fated to undergo. But something happened, in the mean time, to his father's affairs; he was too honourable to allow the old man to bear alone the scath and the scorn of the world, or to desert his parent in the day of calamity; and so the ship had to sail without him, and he was left to linger in Brideport, to witness the last prop of his hopes pulled up by the roots, and to get over as he could the day of sore evil. It was a bitter, bitter draught William Ptolomy had to drink—to see his worthy father a broken man in his old age, himself reduced to the state of a fortuneless adventurer, who could not even be suffered to try the world in a foreign land; and me, the dearest hope of his heart, turning my back on him in the day of trouble, and about to be married to a braw rich laird, and a creditor of his desponding father. On the day of my marriage, as he told a friend from whom I afterwards heard it, he took his solitary seat on a hill overlooking the town, and thought, as he watched, that he saw the green world, and all that it contained for him, buried before his eyes. If his heart did not altogether break that day, it received a rent in its tenderest parts—that it will be happy, happy for my peace, if it does not carry him to an unripe grave."

I allowed Mrs. Gilmour time for the natural sorrow that here broke out, after which she went on, though with a trembling voice.

"My wedding day was a heavy day to me; but Mr. Gilmour, my husband that's now, was kind and considerate, and so were my father and mother, and that helped me better o'er the day of trial. But what vexed me next, was my fear that William would not be supported to take it as one

of the ordinary sacrifices that the heart has often to make to the evil circumstances of this sinful world. He never absented himself from his father's counting-house, but he began to go about Brideport with a heartless and listless look, while at times a strange restless wildness was observed in his eye, and he was seen often to look, with a sad and ominous despondency, towards the sea that tumbled under the rocks where he was wont to walk. To me, all this was unspeakably distressing; for on Sunday in the kirk, from which he never absented himself, while sitting hearing the word beside my husband, I dared not look up towards the minister for fear I should catch his eye, which was sure to be fixed on me; and then, God help me, I often watched him myself—for we then lived in Brideport, and he seemed to take a pleasure in lingering near the house, or in wandering up the burn-side, where, in our happy days, we used to walk in the summer evenings. His friends tried to rouse him, but all was in vain; for his father's affairs would not admit of him engaging to any extent in the pursuits of ambition. Indeed, every thing went wrong with the family; and, to sum up all, his poor father began to take refuge in a drop of drink, and William at length seemed to have become the prey of shame and despair.

"At last he got off to Heligoland, and thence, I believe, to somewhere in Germany; and pleasant accounts came home of his returned activity, and his success in retrieving his father's affairs. But later news from him were more sad and sombre; for with all his activity to do his best, the decline of his health is too evident, and I am unable to repress my inward apprehensions. I dare not think of what I fear, nor do I ever mind dreams; but I have dreamed of him three several times these last three nights, and I cannot get it out of my head all day, that I am to hear some hasty news."

The words were scarcely out of her mouth, when, starting at a sound which did not appear to me to be very loud, she cried—"Bless me, what a heavy knock at the door!"

So much had the apprehension of evil taken hold of her, that she was unable to open the letter that was now put into her hand. I opened it for her. My countenance betrayed the truth—William Ptolomy was no more!—and he was even buried in a foreign land.

Consolation is not easily effected in the first moments of sorrow. In this case, my attempts were more than usually vain; for I could not divest the pretty young wife of the idea, that, whether she had acted right or not, she had been the unhappy instrument of breaking William Ptolomy's heart. Her reflections on the supposed event—had she, instead of doing as she did, united her fate with his, supported his mind in the time of his calamity, and encouraged him, by her love, in the vigour of his days—were as bitterly sorrowful as they were now unavailing.

But time, after all, under the continuance of health, gradually skins over the sorest wounds of the heart. A dozen years passed away, and I

found Mrs. Gilmour afterwards a matronly, a fruitful, and, upon the whole, a contented wife. Her parents were still living, happy in their old age, in the comforts of the world, and the hopeful admiration of her and her family; and, as for herself, conscious of having acted throughout

from a principle of duty, she only reverted to past trying events, as many have to recall in their mature years, occasionally with thoughts of moralizing regret, the unexpected haps of their own fortune, and the painful heart-woundings which they suffered in their youth.

C. R. LESLIE, R. A.

LESLIE stands high in the rank of our painters of domestic scenes, on subjects connected with life and manners. He is all nature, not common, but select—all life, not muscular, but mental. He delights in delineating the social affections, in lending lineament and hue to the graceful duties of the fire-side. No one sees with a truer eye the exact form which a subject should take; and no one surpasses him in the rare art of inspiring it with sentiment and life. He is always easy, elegant, and impressive: he studies all his pictures with great care, and, perhaps, never puts a pencil to the canvas till he has painted the matter mentally, and can see it before him shaped out of air. He is full of quiet vigour: he approaches Wilkie in humour, Stothard in the delicacy of female loveliness, and has a tenderness and pathos altogether his own. His action is easy: there is no straining: his men are strong in mind, without seeming to know it, and his women have sometimes an alluring *naïvete*, and unconscious loveliness of look, such as no other painter rivals.

It is so easy to commit extravagance—to make men and women wave their arms like wind-mill wings, and look with all their might—nay, we see this so frequently done by artists who believe, all the while, that they are marvellously strong in things mental—that we are glad to meet with a painter who lets nature work in a gentler way, and who has the sense to see that violence is not dignity, nor extravagance loftiness of thought. We could instance many of the works of Leslie in confirmation of this: nor are his pictures which reflect the manners and feelings of his native America more natural or original than those which delineate the sentiments of his adopted land. In this he differs from the best American writers: they are strong upon transatlantic earth, but the moment they set their foot upon British ground, their spirit languishes, and much of their original vigour expires. We are inclined, indeed, to look upon some of Leslie's English pictures as superior even to those which the remembrance of his native land has awakened. Roger de Coverly going to Church amid his Parishioners—Uncle Toby looking into the dangerous eye of the pretty Widow Wadman, and sundry others, are all marked with the same nature and truth, and exquisite delicacy of feeling. He touches on the most perilous topics, but always carries them out of the region of vulgarity into the pure air of genius. It is in this

fine sensibility that the strength of Wilkie and Leslie lies: there is a true decorum of nature in all they do; they never pursue an idea into extravagance, nor allow the characters which they introduce to over-act their parts. In this, Leslie differs from Fuseli, who, with true poetic perception of art, seldom or ever made a true poetic picture: Leslie goes the proper length, and not one step farther; but Fuseli, in his poetic race, always ran far past the winning-post, and got into the regions of extravagance and absurdity. When Leslie painted Sancho Panza relating his adventures to the Duchess, he exhibited the sly humour and witty cunning of the Squire in his face, and added no action: when Fuseli painted the Wives of Windsor thrusting Falstaff into the bucking-basket, he represented Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page as half-flying: the wild energy with which they do their mischievous ministering, is quite out of character with nature, with Shakespeare, and with the decorum of the art.

The pictures of Leslie are a proof of the fancy and poetry which lie hidden in ordinary things, till a man of genius finds them out. With much of a Burns-like spirit, he seeks subjects in scenes where they would never be seen by ordinary men. Some of his brethren single out nothing but the most magnificent themes for the pencil, as if their object was to show how low their flight is, compared to the height which the matter requires: but it is the pleasure of Leslie to take such subjects as are fit for mortal skill to delineate—which are out of the common road, because they are common, and to treat them in a way which surprises us with unexpected pleasures, and far exceeds our hope. His judgment is equal to his genius. His colouring is lucid and harmonious; and the character which he impresses is stronger still than his colouring. He tells his story without many figures: there are no mobs in his compositions: he inserts nothing for the sake of effect: all seems as natural to the scene as the leaf is to the tree. His pictures from Washington Irving are excellent: "Ichabod Crane" haunts us; "Dutch Courtship" is ever present to our fancy; "Anthony Van Corlear leaving his Mistresses for the Wars," is both ludicrous and affecting; "The Dutch Fire-side," with the negro telling a ghost story, is capital, and "Philip, the Indian Chief, Deliberating," is a figure worthy of Lysippus.

We wish Leslie would seek more than he does for subjects in the poetry of the country: there

are more of a nature to suit his feelings in the songs of Scotland alone than would form a gallery. The images contained in that splendid minstrelsy are defined and graphic, and are of all characters and kinds: all is limned visibly to the eye: you see men's faces, and hear them speak—nay, the very place where the story is laid is given to the life. An artist would have really less to do in giving shape and colour to these vivid embodiments of the northern muse, than in making pictures where he had to provide all that is to render them beautiful. We are induced to point to the north for another reason than the exquisite lyrics of Caledonia.—Leslie, we are told, is of Scottish extraction, and has a liking to “Albyn’s hills of wind.” But we have no wish to lure his mind wholly from his native America, to which his genius is an honour: there are poets across the Atlantic whose strains abound with pictures according to his spirit. Let him paint what he likes—and what he likes alone: he can do nothing that will be unwelcome. We may look for many paintings from his hand, for he is but a young man.

Original.

MOORS OF GRENADA.

THE refined and elegant gallantry, which made the Moors of Grenada famous through all Europe, forms a singular contrast, when viewed in comparison with the ferocity natural to all those of Africa. Those Moslems who, in battle, esteemed it a glorious proof of their address if they could cut off with dexterity the heads of the slain, which they fastened to their saddles, and exposed bloody upon the battlements of their towns and the gates of their palaces—those turbulent warriors, who scorned to acquire the arts of peace, and were ever ready to revolt against their kings, to depose, and to assassinate them—were, yet, the tenderest, the most submissive, and the most passionate of lovers. Their wives, although little better than slaves, became, when they were beloved, queens and goddesses to those whose hearts they possessed. It was to please them that glory was pursued. To dazzle their eyes, to win their approbation, life and fortune were wasted in emulous efforts to triumph in the lists, or on the field, and to sparkle at the feast. This singular union of mildness with cruelty, of delicacy with barbarism, this passion for the meed of valour and constancy—can the Moors be supposed to have caught it by imitation from the Spaniards? or the Spaniards from the Moors? it is difficult to determine. But, when we consider that the Arabians were distinguished by no such characteristic in their native seats in Asia, and still less in Africa, in which they were naturalized by conquest, and that, since their expulsion from Spain, they have lost every vestige of the romantic and amiable manners of chivalry, one must rather incline to the supposition that they owed this love and delicacy of sentiment towards their women to the Spaniards. However this

may be, the ladies of Grenada were worthy of love; they were, perhaps, the most charming women in the world. An Arabian historian,* who wrote at Grenada, in the year 1376 of our era, in the reign of Mahomet the Old, speaks thus of these lovely females:—

“They are all beautiful. But their beauty, which is, at first, striking, acquires still more effect from their fine and graceful figures. They are above the middle size; and no where is an handsomer shape to be seen. Their long black hair descends to their heels. Their teeth are resplendently white, and their liberal use of the most exquisite perfumes gives their skin a freshness and lustre which none of the other Moslem ladies possess. Their deportment, their dance, and all their motions have in them a graceful softness, a careless gaiety, which heightens their other charms. Their conversation is sprightly, their understanding acute, and the delicacy of their wit is often displayed in happy sallies, and *bon mots*.”

The dress of these women, like that of the ladies of Persia and Turkey, consisted of a long linen tunic, bound with a girdle, a deliman with strait sleeves, large white drawers, and slippers of morocco leather. The stuffs were all extremely fine, and commonly embroidered with gold, silver, and pearls; their hair was bound in tresses, and floated on their shoulders. A small, but very rich bonnet on the head, sat under an embroidered veil which flowed down to the knees.

SWALLOWS.

WE were going to say, that every body is acquainted with the swallow, but in fact, there are few who know, that there are four kinds of swallow, perfectly distinct in plumage and habits. There is the sand-martin, who excavates his nest in a sand-bank; the twittering blue-bodied swallow, who builds in our chimneys; the house-martin, who nestles in the upper angle of a window, or under the jutting roof; and the long-winged, active swifts, known by their dark plumage, and their circling, in calm evenings, at a great height. They all live upon insects. The chimney-swallow is a perfect pattern of maternal affection: from morning to night, during the whole summer, she is continually skimming close to the ground, hunting for flies for her young brood. Bewick gives an amusing account of a swallow that had become quite attached to the children by whom he was reared. They used to go out to the fields together, the bird being permitted to fly wherever he wished; but he kept always circling above them wherever they went. When one of the children caught a fly, he called the swallow with a whistle, when it immediately descended, and perched on the hand of the child, who had the fly prepared for him.

* Abi Abdalla ben-Akhabbi Abenani, Hist. Gran. an Arabic manuscript in the *Escurial*.

THE MARTYRS.

A *lurks* bark was floating down a stream—
 A broad calm stream; the moon was high in heaven
 And kissed the water with her pure cool beam,
 As it lay sleeping, like a child forgiven
 Some little fault, who on its parent's breast
 Pillows its head, and sobs itself to rest.

And in that boat were three—a mild old man
 A lovely maiden, and a gentle boy;
 Nothing they said, and though each cheek was wan,
 Their eyes were gleaming with unearthly joy;
 Their hands were clasped, as if in silent prayer—
 They communed with their heavenly Father there!

The mighty river flowing slowly on—
 The death-like calm—the blue and cloudless sky—
 Nothing bespeak of violence or wrong,
 Nor the soft brightness of the maid's blue eye;
 Yet 'tis their blessed, angel-envied doom
 To win the crown and palm of martyrdom!

For they are followers of Him, who bore
 For them, for *all*, man's bitter curse and pain;
 For this, without a sail, or helm, or oar,
 Must they be drifted onwards to the main,
 Condemned to perish on the far-off wave,
 Without *one* friend to sympathize or save!

Five days have past, and still the victims live—
 Feeble and speechless in the bark they lie,
 Fainish'd and parch'd, and yet they do not grieve,
 Nor feel the throb of thrilling agony!
 Their thoughts are anchor'd on eternal things—
 Their friend and guardian is the King of Kings.

The tempest bursts! upon the murky deep
 That small boat tosses wildly to and fro—
 Now mounting upward on the watery steep,
 Now plunging 'mid the coral rocks below:
 It strikes! the Martyrs' earthly ties are riven,
 And their freed spirits soar away to Heaven!

'Tis early morn—a flood of rosy light
 Is streaming through the portals of the east,
 Chasing away the shadows of the night,
 Rousing the skylark in her lowly nest:
 The wind is hushed: the fearful storm is o'er,
 And the spent billow faintly leaves the shore.

A corpse is lying on the shell-strewn strand,
 Thrown there and left by the retreating tide—
 An ebon cross is in his fast-closed hand,
 Bless'd emblem of the faith for which he died—
 And on his breast is bound a parchment scroll,
 God's gracious message to man's sin-stain'd soul.

And half-clad men and boys are standing by,
 Who mourn the stripling's melancholy fate—
 Their faces beam with holy charity,
 Though rude their speech and all uncouth their gait;
 But much they fear to touch the sacred Book,
 Nor dare on its mysterious signs to look.

A time-worn seer, whose white and scanty hair
 And hoary beard, as by the west wind stirred,
 Play'd with the soft and fragrance-breathing air,
 Their simple talk and exclamations heard;
 Smiling—for he was wiser than the rest—
 He took the roll from off the Martyr's breast.

He reads, he weeps! ah, whence that big round tear?
 The light is gushing o'er his thoughtful soul;
 The patriarch bends his knee in childlike prayer,
 And knows the truth and yields to its control—
 And bids his Pagan brothers seek above
 Another Delty, *who rules by love!*

O God, how wondrous are thy ways! the blood
 Of faithful martyrs is thy church's seed;
 From out of evil thou derivest good—
 The savage tribes receive the Christian's creed;
 The Britons bow their proud wills in the dust:
 O God! the Britons in Thy mercy trust!

THE LOST SHIP.

BY MISS LONDON.

DEEP in the silent waters,
 A thousand fathoms low,
 A gallant ship lies perishing—
 She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea flowers wreathing
 Around her port-holes now,
 And spars and shining coral
 Encrest her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
 White bones unburied shine,
 While in the deep hold hidden
 Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
 Hung on the cabin wall,
 And many a curious dagger;
 But rust has spoiled them all.

And can this be the vessel
 That went so boldly forth,
 With the red flag of Old England,
 To brave the stormy North?

There were blessings poured upon her
 When from her port sailed she,
 And prayers and anxious weeping
 Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters;
 And joyous ones were they,
 Dashed but with fond remembrance
 Of friends so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy
 That evening when they came,
 And many a lip pressed kisses
 On a beloved name!

How little those who read them
 Deemed far below the wave,
 That child, and sire, and lover,
 Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished
 None knew, save Him on high;
 No island heard her cannon,
 No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England
 She sailed far o'er the main—
 We only know to England
 She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,
 That yet refused to weep;
 And years were spent in hoping,
 For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
 Upon their native shore—
 God rest those souls in Heaven
 Who met on earth no more!

Original.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE FANDANGO.

THE scene of my story is laid in a village, or, more properly speaking, a small town in the south of France, in what part precisely I hold it unnecessary to the object I have in view to state, with the geographical accuracy of Neddy Bray, its situation and boundaries, having an idea that such minuteness would not impart the least interest to my subject, nor be very desirable to my readers, for whom it is enough to know, that the place in question was the residence of certain individuals, some circumstances of whose life serve for the illustration of the title of my piece.

Of these, the first I shall introduce to notice is Madame Folignac, an amiable, giddy, rich widow, just turned of twenty.—Grace was in her step, heaven in her eye, and she was perfect in form and feature. A more sprightly mad-cap nature never sent into this breathing world; she might have bestridden the gossamers that idle in the wanton summer air, if tyrant custom did not prohibit ladies from equating in that manner, and not have fallen, so light was the heart encased in her beautiful person; yet she was of a kind and affectionate disposition, and that same tongue, which could say the most cutting things that wit and love of mischief could inspire, would apply so sweet a balsam to the wounds she made, that her victim gladly courted the worst pains she could inflict to enjoy the deliciousness of the cure. Many a time would the lustre of those lovely eyes, that seemed only made to beam with joy, or sparkle with delight and mirth, be dimmed with tears of sympathy; and those cheeks, which appeared only formed for smiles to wanton on, be clouded with apprehension, or moistened with the dews distilled from feelings' fount, at the supplication of distress, or the cry of suffering humanity. She was beloved by all, save by some old maids, who are jealous of every body, and think their sex does not reach its perfection until it arrives beyond the knowing and experienced age of forty; though her best friends wished that she would "allay with some cold drops of moderation her skipping spirit."

At an early age, in accordance with the entreaties of her only remaining parent, her father, she had become the wife of Monsieur Folignac, a rich man of sixty; probably because she had never seriously thought of marriage, and, quite as probable, because she knew any opposition of her's would be unavailing, and that wealth was not without its charms, though bestowed by the trembling hand of age. Madame Folignac was a reasonable woman. Candour obliges me to acknowledge, that during the first year of the nuptials of this personification of May and December, she teased her liege lord in the most unpardonable manner; but Monsieur Folignac was a good, easy creature; and, by making allowances for the disparity of their ages and dispositions, as every sensible person in the same

situation should do, he patiently bore with the punishment he had been fool enough to purchase for himself, and treated her rather with the affection of a father than the authority of a husband. The second year of their marriage, Madame Folignac began to think—for she did sometimes think—she was as happy a wife as nine-tenths of wives in general, and that there was as much felicity in having every wish of her heart gratified with a husband of sixty, as to live in that extolled state of lovers' bliss—in a cottage, with starvation in perspective; and she had just convinced herself of it when Monsieur bade the world good night. Madame Folignac having fulfilled the term of a widow's grief for the loss of a husband, which, as Shakspeare says, is "an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum," and which she might have extended to double that space of time—for she really felt some regret, and cared too little about the opinion of the million to affect what she did not feel—if the fact had not occurred to her, that death, in robbing her of a husband, gave her, at the same time fifteen thousand francs per annum; a reflection that might console one under most circumstances.

The mourning season having elapsed, our lovely widow again appeared in society, of which she was the life and soul, and became the object of general admiration and the fatiguing assiduities of gallantry. So beset with suitors was she, that a disinterested observer would have supposed that the gay widow would have been compelled to sacrifice herself to one of them, for the purpose of being relieved from the importunities of the others, but the real fact was that these apparently impertinent and offensive civilities formed the most delicious aliment of her joyous spirit. Among those who aspired to the possession of her hand was Monsieur Clopineau, who seemed to be the favoured wooer. He was as old as her dead husband was when he married her, and, joined to this recommendation in a handsome young woman's eyes, was the no less strong one of not having equeirural legs, to one of which dame nature had given an inch or more of length than to its fellow, which curtailment of man's fair proportions, it is generally admitted does not beautify the person; and pedestrians do acknowledge, that the hobbling gait that such disproportion produces does not accelerate the body's movement. Monsieur Clopineau argued that, as the widow had had one old husband, it was reasonable to suppose that she would not be averse to another, and, accordingly, appeared in the ranks of her suitors, and soon began to encourage the pleasing hope of winning the fair prize, for Madame Folignac, seeing him a most agreeable foil for humour—his disposition being so irritable and petulant that she could not have found a more desirable object on which to exercise her wit and provoking levity—granted to

him the privilege of familiar intercourse with her.

Monsieur Clopineau was "screwing his courage to the sticking place," for the purpose of preparing himself to "pop the question" to the widow, and, at the same time, resolving that, so soon as the conquered Madame Folignac was bound in vows, to him, as fast as the priest can make them, he would, in exercising his authority, receive some atonement for all he had suffered from her during his courtship, when Don Gavotino appeared in the city, with the intention of instructing its inhabitants in the art and mystery of the FANDANGO. As this *maitre a danser* was what the ladies term a pretty fellow, having that "alluring look 'twixt man and woman" which charms the nicer and fantastic dames, he soon had pupils enough to tire his legs and employ all his time. He was a shoot of the almost decayed root of a noble Spanish family. When the weak Charles, King of Spain, resigned his crown and sceptre, power and throne, to Bounaparte, at Bayonne, Don Gavotino, ashamed of his sovereign, mourning his country's degradation, and wanting means whereby to live, went to Paris, in the hope that he might, by giving instruction in his native tongue, for which, by his education, he was pretty well qualified, procure the means of sustenance. He was not, however, so successful in improving the mind as we are told the present King of the French, Louis Philippe the First, in a similar situation; and, whether it was the gay Parisians did not properly appreciate his abilities, or did not care to acquire a knowledge of the language of a country conquered by their heroes, I know not; but this I know, that Don Gavotino soon felt that he must have recourse to some other mode of procuring sustenance.— Luckily for him, the idea of teaching the French (who, as every one knows, are celebrated for the lightness of their heels) the Fandango, the national dance of his country, crossed his mind. "The art of our necessities is strange, and can make vile things precious," and Don Gavotino, after a severe contest with his pride, resolved to profit by the idea, and make his first essay in the place where my story is laid.

Soon the Fandango became as much the rage as yellow starch was in olden times: it was necessary that every thing which was made, either for the gratification of appetite, the decoration of the person, or to attract vanity, should be dignified with the appellation, *a la Fandango*, to be worthy of attention. It was the general topic of conversation: go where you would, you were sure to hear the Fandango praised. In short, the citizens were beside themselves with the Fandango. Husbands generally cursed its introduction most heartily; but none of them had so much cause for lamentation and imprecation as Monsieur Clopineau. Madame Folignac was more strongly infected with the prevalent mania than any other person in the city: and was completely a proficient in the art. Since the appearance of the Spanish refugee, poor Monsieur Clopineau literally had the door of the engaging widow closed

in his face; and seen enough to convince him her soul and body were wedded to the obnoxious Fandango. One day, as he was returning from Madame Folignac's, filled with jealousy and rage, he encountered two of his most intimate friends, Monsieur Maignet and Monsieur Lamentin, to whom he communicated a design on which he had long been meditating, and which, owing to new acts of incivility and disrespect on the part of the widow to him, he was determined immediately to endeavour to accomplish, and the only means of ridding himself of a dreaded rival in the affections of his mistress. His plan was to bring an action against the poor dancing master as a public nuisance, who, by the introduction of the Fandango, corrupted the morals of the people, favoured the intrigues of coquettes, and disturbed the domestic habits of husbands. His hearers eagerly promised their aid and assistance in the desirable object he had in view.

"I know the dangers I have seen," whispered Monsieur Maignet.

"And I, gentlemen, have been grievously wronged," said Monsieur Lamentin; "you know what has happened to me—how my wife has served the most affectionate husband in the world."

"Yes, we know, we know!" ejaculated Messieurs Clopineau and Maignet, in a sympathizing duett; and they separated, Monsieur Clopineau resolving immediately to return to Madame Folignac's, and if refused admittance to her, not to allow another day to pass without having judgment passed on the offensive Fandango, and the hateful cause of its introduction.

As usual, he was ushered into the drawing-room of Madame Folignac, as usual he met Lesette, the waiting maid, there, and, as usual, was politely told by the soubrette that her mistress was not at home; but, as usual, he did not retire muttering between his teeth, but, throwing himself into a chair, vomited forth a volley of imprecations:

"Morbleu! not at home! ventrebleu! I'm in such a passion, I——"

"With whom?" civilly inquired Lesette.

"With whom! pretty question, truly. Parbleu! with your fantastic mistress, Madame Folignac, to be sure."

"And for what, pray?" asked the fille de chambre.

"For what!—as if you didn't know as well as I. Calling to pay my respects to your mistress, I'm told she is not visible, when I hear her and that capering Jack with the castanets in the very next room."

"But are you very sure, Monsieur, it was they?"

"Am I sure I sit here! am I sure I see you, or any thing else? Didn't I see the cabriolet of this Spanish adventurer at the door as I came in? A pretty pass things have come to, when such a fellow can ride in his carriage, when so many of his betters are obliged to go without."

"He takes care of his feet to dance, I suppose, Monsieur, and not to walk."

"'Tis scandalous to our city to allow it.—And

there's your mistress, who gives the popinjay all the encouragement that——"

"Why, isn't it quite natural for a young, handsome, lively female to love dancing?"

"Yes, a certain kind; but what provokes me worst of all is the attention the cursed stranger pays to her, whom I half suspect of an inclination for his pupil."

"He would be a pitiful fellow, indeed, if he saw the charms of my mistress with indifference."

"Is it not shameful, Mam'selle Lesette, that a person of my consequence should have such a rival?"

"Monsieur loves Madame Folignac, then?"

"Love her, Lesette! I adore her, yes, adore her."

"You have a terrible passion for her, I see; but in love, as in most other affairs, Monsieur Clopineau, it is necessary to have patience.—I see my mistress's door open. Good day, Monsieur."

Dancing gracefully to the tune of an opera air she was humming, Madame Folignac entered the room, and, giving a nod of recognition to Monsieur Clopineau, continued her dancing, until, overcome by fatigue, she sank into a chair.

"What extravagance!" exclaimed Monsieur.

"You're always in a good humour, Monsieur Clopineau."

"And you, Madame Folignac, always in a delirium."

"Delirium! yes, that is the word—'tis, indeed, delirium. Delirium is my element. What can be more delicious, more charming than to experience a sweet, tender delirium; but I beg your pardon, Monsieur, you know nothing of the feeling."

"Like enough, Madame Folignac; but I know what politeness is, in which you have been singularly wanting in denying yourself to me."

"Ha! ha! great cause for uneasiness truly."

"Yes, Ma'am, there is great cause for uneasiness, when coupled with the knowledge that I know the reason why I have been so treated."

"When I am engaged with any one, Monsieur Clopineau, I desire not to be interrupted by lounging visitors."

"Yes, that you may take lessons in dancing more at your ease from Don Gavotino, who, with all my soul, I wish was at the bottom of the Red Sea."

"Pray, now, don't say any ill natured thing of him."

"Happily, before the end of to-morrow an action will be brought that will rid the city of him."

"Ha! ha! ha! an action brought against a professor of dancing! Ridiculous!"

"You'll find it, Madame Folignac, to be no joke. I've made my arrangements."

"And I shall make mine, Monsieur Clopineau, if that is the case. I am a widow, consequently mistress of my actions, and I shall do just as I think fit."

"That is to give me to understand, I presume, Madame Folignac, that the report which gives

your hand to the light-heeled stranger, is not without foundation."

"More strange things have happened, Monsieur Clopineau."

"I'm answered, Ma'am—I'm answered. I had hoped that you once did not regard me with indifference, but a woman that can hesitate between a respectable citizen and an itinerant dancing master, is unworthy the attention of any sensible man. Your servant, Madame—your servant. I wish you joy of your choice. Good day, Madame—good day. Morbleu! I shall choke with rage."

Monsieur Clopineau bounced out of the room, amidst the hearty and uncontrolled laughter of the sprightly widow, determined, if possible, to annihilate the Fandango master.

An action was brought immediately against Don Gavotino; Madame Folignac, as soon as she heard of it, sent for a Monsieur Florville, a young lawyer, esteemed for talents, rapidly rising in his profession, and admired for manly beauty and a noble and generous disposition.

"Florville," said Madame Folignac, when, in compliance with her message, the young lawyer waited upon her, "I've heard you say an hundred times that you loved me."

"And do, by heaven! and would——"

"A truce with heroics," said the widow, interrupting him, "you would repeat what I've heard fifty times from others. Now don't look so dismal, because I prevented you from uttering a quantity of nonsense; I'll have more time, and be in a better mood on some future occasion, let that console you. Sentiment must now give place to business. I sent for you to enlist your talents in my service.—Listen. Monsieur Clopineau, who, I had supposed, was merely a peevish and testy man, but whom, I now perceive, is of a malignant, spiteful, unhappy disposition, has brought an action against Don Gavotino, and the love you say you have for me must be shown by protecting him from the consequences of so ridiculous an attempt to ruin a fellow being. It will be necessary, to defeat the malicious creature, to bring into exercise all your talents.—Monsieur Clopineau is rich and influential, and already numbers many partizans. With the best intention in the world, I sometimes am the cause of much injury. When Don Gavotino came here, learning he was the brother of an artless, lovely girl, who was partly educated in the same convent with myself, my regard for her led me to become a pupil of his, to render his art popular, and I have succeeded; for, from a state of indigence, he is in a fair way of accumulating a sufficient sum to enable him to return to his country, and to pass his days in his native land in comparative ease. But I should never forgive myself if, through my means, he were to become the victim of so foolish and ridiculous an attempt to deprive him of his character as that of Messieurs Clopineau and Company. You see, Florville, it is but an act of justice on my part to protect him from the machinations of those ill-natured people; and I would do it, at the price

of half my fortune. I have engaged you to plead his cause, because the two motives which will actuate you, desire to serve a fellow creature, and to merit the approbation of one whom you profess to love, will enlist all your energies in his service. Go then, Florville, succeed, and your reward shall be ample."

"He must, he shall gain his cause," cried Florville, animated with joy at the confidence of the widow; but, independently of my professional resources, I rely on complete success through a means of defence which has just occurred to me, that I will communicate to Don Gavotino, and in which you must bear a part."

"And that is!"—

"You shall hear from him the stratagem."

"Well, I willingly will do any thing you command to serve him, and with this assurance, Florville, I leave Don Gavotino to you;" and, gracefully bowing, she retired.

The day of the trial of Don Gavotino stands recorded in the annals of the city of our story, as the most remarkable period in its history. Not one of the grand and brilliant achievements of Buonaparte—not even the abdication of the French crown by that magnificent despot, his exile to Elba, his return thence, and assumption of the "golden round" of his ambition, and subsequent Lucifer-like fall produced half the excitement among the inhabitants, as the attempt to deprive them of the privileges for which nature seems to have formed them—of throwing up the heels. Business was suspended, as on some great holiday, and

—"One would have thought the very windows spoke, So many greedy looks of young and old Through casements darted their desiring eyes,"

towards the court house, "quite early in the morning," to watch the approach of the accused and accusers. The court house was soon filled, principally by females, to whom the men, with the characteristic gallantry of their nation, gave place, while around the building, as far as the eye could reach, might be seen an ocean of undulating heads. Monsieur Clopineau pleaded for the plaintiffs, Messieurs Lamentain, Maignet, and some other husbands, similarly situated. "I shall not long," said he, "intrude on the attention of my hearers.—I appear here as the organ of some of the most respectable inhabitants of the city; I plead before judges distinguished for their enlightened minds, their integrity, their impartiality, and their uncorruptibility. I shall, then, speak but briefly, and with entire confidence:—In the first place, I lay it down as a general principle, that any thing which can sully the cheek of offended modesty with a blush, is a vice, an encroachment on the morals of a nation, demanding the intervention of justice, and reprobation of good citizens. I contend that dancing is, in all places, one of the most dangerous arts ever invented by any of Belzebub's agents on earth, to sap the foundations of good order, to weaken the conjugal tie, and to bring discord and disrepute into the domestic circle."

"Shame! shame!" cried the female auditors,

despite the loud vociferation, "Silence!" from the crier of the court.

"However," continued Clopineau, "I admit that there exists a species of dancing tolerable, and even admissible. When a husband is not absolutely of jealous disposition, he may permit his consort to dance the noble and solemn minuet; its stately and grave character inspires no unholy desire, and paints the cheek with no indignant flush; and without alarm, and with pleasure to himself, he sees the beloved of his bosom execute its modest and salubrious figures. But what is the dance on which the vigilant eye of justice should be fixed? *The Fandango—the Fandango!*—a dance which, from its novel, falacious, and insidious figures, attitudes, and personettes, fascinates all eyes, turns all heads, warms all spirits, and fires all hearts—a dance that is so extravagant, monstrous, and immodest, that the husband is constantly menaced with an imminent danger, the consequences of which are incalculable."

"True! true!" exclaimed a dozen voices from the same number of husbands' throats, at the lower end of the hall, which their fair opponents drowned in their laugh, before the intervention of the crier.

"But," concluded Monsieur Clopineau, "why multiply words, I have said enough to convince, I trust, that the *Fandango* ought to be forbidden, and that Don Gavotino, who has introduced the cursed art, should be obliged to return to his country, and rendered forever incapable of abiding in France, under such penalty as shall effectually prevent his reappearance on this soil."

Florville, in his reply for the defendant, directed the shafts of ridicule and sarcasm with such skill that poor Clopineau heartily wished himself any where than where he was; and, to defend himself, recriminated by gross slanders, and offensive personalities, but with such ill success, that his opponent invariably returned his weapons on himself, and rendered his situation still more deplorable.

"Tis asked of you," proceeded Florville, "to denounce dancing as a dangerous and reprehensible amusement. I open history, and I read that the Greeks and Romans, whom, you know, were the most enlightened people of the known world, distinguished for their wisdom and learning, above the rest of mankind, numbered dancing among their earliest and most esteemed arts. I learn that, among the latter, dancing was always introduced in their public or private, religious or profane fetes. What personages do I see assembled at those festivals? Caesar, Heliogabales, Marc Antony, Augustus, and a host of others, equally renowned. Lycurgus, the great law-giver, instituted dancing, in honour of Apollo, and Socrates, whom the Delphic oracle proclaimed the worst of mankind, in his old age, received instruction in dancing from the accomplished Aspasia. Refer to the history of early Rome, and you will see men enrolled among the votaries of dancing, who were remarkable for the gravity and austerity of their manners. My

learned friend on the opposite side would, under certain restrictions, have the sad and unanimiting, and justly discarded minuet allowed us. He should thank him for the indulgence. But it was not the minuet which charmed the illustrious heroes, and immortal sages of Rome—it was not the minuet when, at a distance from Jerico, all Israel was on the march, David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. No, it was the Fandango!"

"I deny the fact," cried Monsieur Clopineau, springing out of his seat with rage in every feature of his face.

"I can prove," replied Florville, smiling, "I can prove it; but what need of historical proofs. Upon other ground than the mere antiquity of the dance so vehemently vilified by my learned opponent, do I defend the accomplished instructor in its fascinating mysteries. To the honour and laudable self-respect of my countrymen do I appeal, to the unsullied purity of the fair audience who grace us by their presence; shall we by this day's decision proclaim to the world that our venerable judges, the stern guardians of public morals and of equal rights, trust so little to the native delicacy, to the high female pride, to the unspotted rectitude of our ladies, as to fear the destruction of those powerful barriers by the mere movements of this exotic dance? Do the married dread the encroachments of this elegant accomplishment? Will they confess that they hold the affections of their beautiful partners by so frail a tenure? Yet still, the learned Clopineau need not fear; "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*," the unmarried may smile at the errors of wives. We have not learned that he has embarked his whole freight of bliss in so insecure a craft. What are the hidden rocks, the fatal whirlpools, the sudden tempests to him! Nor does the hand of a daughter support his unsteady steps. We may, then, admire the disinterested zeal with which he inveighs against the anticipated evil; the admirable philanthropy which feels so keenly those perils in which he can by no possibility participate; that zeal for the public morals which shudders at the mere suspicion of impunity; in short, that refined gallantry which fears for the sex a disgrace which they are too spotless to fear for themselves."

When the tumults of applause which followed this speech would allow, Florville concluded by suggesting the propriety of having a dance, the most innocent that could be contrived, but which

was decried by a small quantity of barren spectators, to be exhibited before them. "Perplexed in the extreme," the judges assented: and the court could not possibly be sufficiently cleared for the purpose, at the suggestion of Florville they agreed to withdraw to the garden of Madame Folignac to witness its execution by the fair owner and the dancing master. The determination was hailed by loud acclamations; and the judges transferred their discriminating persons to the spot indicated by Florville.

On a signal from the young lawyer, Don Gavotino entered Madame Folignac's dwelling, and soon returned, leading the widow, whose charms were heightened by a thousand blushes, and the simple elegance of her attire—which, as that of her companion, was, *a la Espagnol*. To the sound of the castanets, the dance commenced; and never, perhaps, was the Fandango represented with so much beauty and grace. Conscious that all eyes were upon her, the lovely widow, throwing off the timidity that at first augured ill for her success, exerted herself to the utmost to exhibit all the attractive and fascinating graces of the dance, which, as it proceeded, momentarily excited the admiring plaudits and cheers of the crowd and the wonder of the judges, who might be seen attempting, involuntarily, by the awkward heaving of their bodies, and the elevation of their arms and legs, the elegant attitudes and graceful movements of the dance; and who, with one voice, when the dance was finished, dismissed the cause. The enraptured spectators made the welkin ring with their shouts at the decision, and the men, seizing Don Gavotino, bore him triumphantly through the city; and the ladies, the pretty little ladies, almost smothered the charming widow, with testifying their joy.

Monsieur Clopineau, with Messieurs Maignet, Lamentin, and half a score of peevish, discontented, jealous husbands, unable to bear the weight of general ridicule, suddenly and secretly decamped from the city, and, it is supposed, embarked for America, as nothing was ever afterwards heard of them. Florville received his reward: It was the hand and heart of the widow, who had long singled him from out her crowd of suitors as the object of her choice.

Under the title, "*Le Procès du Fandango; ou, la Fandango Manie*," an excellent comedie-vaudeville, is, in France, to this day, represented the TRIUMPH OF THE FANDANGO.



THE POET'S PRISON.

I WALKED abroad upon the laughing earth,
I heard its choristers, I breathed its air,
I saw the golden morning giving birth
To countless shapes of beauty new and rare;
Across the sky a thousand bright clouds swept,
The voices in their sparkling channels leapt,
And I was glad, nor thought of bondage or of care.

I came where stood a castle on the brink
Of a slow river, and its turrets grey
The streaming exhalations seemed to drink
Of that dull leaden stream—unmarked decay
Had crumbled tower and keep, whose walls accursed
No velvet moss, nor waving ivy nursed,
Nor ruin-loving flower, of blossom sweet and gay.

The neighbouring peasants told me they could show
Where in a dungeon under ground, had pined
A captive Bard, by some vindictive foe
In that grim prison even till death confined:
I entered in—and O, the bitter shame
For fellow man—the weight of grief, which came
To dim for after days, the sunshine of the mind!

I looked upon the mouldering walls; the hand
Which might have swept the golden lyre, a prize
For sweetest minstrelsy in some glad land,
Where free-born melodies to heaven arise,
Had traced (its only toll for weary years)
A mournful chronicle of fruitless tears
And meteor gleams of hope, and agonizing sighs.

Yet here and there, as though the spirit of song
Had shown her glory in her votary's cell,
A strain had broken forth, whose current strong
No tyrant could constrain, no dungeon quell:
There was a hymn to freedom!—from their graves
It might have waked to combat coward slaves,
How could a captive sing of liberty so well?

Anon the chain had fallen round the lyre,
Stillling those lofty tones to broken lays
Of cold despair, and passionate desire,
And wasting memories of brighter days:
Dreams of the free fresh air—fond words in token
Of love, by distance, and by bonds unbroken,
Carved where the light streamed in with few uncertain rays.

And there were relics too—I wept to find
Trampled in dust, a braid of golden hair;
Surely a charm in every tress had twined
To soothe the captive in his lone despair;
And on his pallet was a withered flower,
Was that love's gift?—or in relenting hour
Had the stern warden bro't that treasured blossom there?

And then I thought of days in anguish worn,
When the sick spirit bowed beneath its weight,
And gibbering spectres, half of madness born,
Started from darkness round this couch by night.
Of those tumultuous hopes, as oft in vain,
The daring prisoner strove to break his chain—
Ah me!—as often crushed by tyrannous despite.

But then a proud thought awakened, of the hour
When Death's kind angel, from his feverish bed
Bade him arise, and scorn the despot's power,
And broke his bonds, and weaved around his head
The laurel crown, while Heaven's own music near
Rung in rich strains of promise on his ear,
And the scorned captive passed to join the mighty dead!

That despot sleeps accursed—that captive's song
On earth, while earth remains, shall still live on;
And He, who holds the scales of right and wrong,
Hath richly recompensed his gifted son,
With freedom in the land of heavenly rest,
Glad meetings with the purified and blest,
And never ending peace, by patient suffering won!

THE ANNIVERSARY.

A YEAR hath lingered through its round
Since thou wert with the dead,
And yet my bosom's careless wound
Still bleeds as then it bled.
All now without is cold and calm,
Yet o'er my heart its healing balm
Oblivion will not shed;—
If day beguiles my fond regret,
Night comes—and how can I forget?

For mute are then the sounds of mirth
I loathe, yet cannot flee;
And though in solitude have birth
That lead me back to thee.
By day, amidst the busy herd,
My soul is like the captive bird
That struggles to be free;
It longs to leave a world unblest—
To flee away and be at rest.

Rest! how, alas! should mortal dare
Of rest on earth to dream!—
The heritage of ceaseless care
May better far bescem
The child of sin—the heir of woe.
And what if mutual love may throw
A joy-imparting beam
O'er life's wide waste?—'tis quickly gone,
And we must wander on alone.

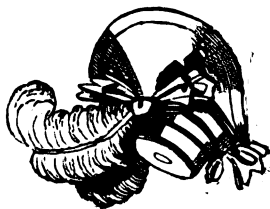
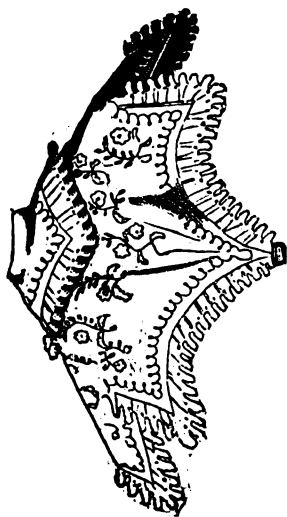
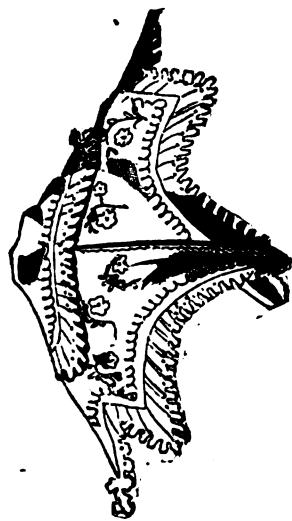
It was no charm of face or mien
That link'd my heart to thee;
For many fairer I have seen,
And fairer yet may see.
It was a strong though nameless spell
Which seemed with thee alone to dwell,
And this remains to me,
And will remain;—thy form is fled,
But this can ev'n recall the dead.

Thine image is before me now,
All angel as thou art;
Thy gentle eye and guileless brow
Are graven on my heart:
And when on living charms I gaze,
Memory the one loved form portrays—
Ah! would it ne'er depart!
And they alone are fair to me
Who wake a livelier thought of thee.

Oft too, the fond familiar sound
Is present to mine ear;
I seem, when all is hush'd around,
Thy thrilling voice to hear:
Oh! I could dream thou still wert nigh,
And turn as if to breathe the reply:
The waking—how severe!
When on the sickening soul must press
The sense of utter loneliness!

A year hath past—another year
Its wonted round may run;
Yet earth will still be dark and drear,
As when its course begun.
I would not murmur or repine—
Yet, though a thousand joys were mine,
I still must sigh for one;
How could I think of her who died,
And taste of joy from aught beside?

Yet, dearest! though that treasured love
Now casts a gloom o'er all,
Thy spirit from its rest above
I would not now recall.
My earthly doom thou canst not share,
And I in solitude must bear
What'er may yet befall;
But I can share thy home, thy heaven,
All griefs forgot, all guilt forgiven!"



LATEST FASHIONS—HEAD DRESSES, BONNETS AND CAPS.

KASCAMBO.

A TALE OF THE CAUCASUS.

KASCAMBO was a Muscovite officer, young, ardent and brave. He had just been appointed to command one of the posts which protect the road to Georgia, cut through the centre of Caucasus, and infested by its barbarous inhabitants. These hordes, though nominally subject to the Czar, form numerous wild clans, subsisting by brigandage. The Tchetchengues, by far the most numerous and savage among them, having received secret intelligence of Kascambo's route, lay in wait for him about twenty versts from the place where he set out, and attacked his small escort with a force of several hundred men. His Cossacs received the shock firmly, and for some time stoutly maintained their ground; but they were, at length, overpowered by numbers, their brave leader fell into the hands of the brigands; and the victors, under the idea that the government would speedily ransom so meritorious an officer, bore him off in triumph to their mountain fastnesses.

The denchik,* who had remained behind with the baggage, just arrived at the place of encounter in time to hear the sad tidings of Kascambo's captivity. The brave fellow instantly resolved to share his fate. Following the track of the enemy's horses, at nightfall he reached their rendezvous; where, though he received the grateful acknowledgments of his master, he was treated only with derision by the barbarians.

After stopping a few hours, the brigands prepared to continue their march, when an alarm was given by one of their party, that the Russians were advancing on the pursuit. It was instantly resolved that the band should separate into small detachments, and take each a different route. Ten men on foot, were appointed to conduct the prisoners. In order that no trace might remain of their flight, Kascambo's iron-studded boots were taken off, and he and Ivan were forced to walk barefooted. Every known path was avoided.—The journey was so arduous that the unhappy prisoners at length, from excessive fatigue, became incapable of proceeding. Their feet were swelled and lacerated. The savages, however, fastening a belt round their waists, half supported, half dragged them to the first village of their settlement. On entering the hamlet, Kascambo was so feeble, that apprehensions for his life induced his ferocious guards to treat him more humanely, as they calculated on a large ransom. He was permitted to take both refreshment and repose, and on the following morning a horse was allowed him to continue the journey. On arriving, however, at their destination, a distant and solitary village, they adopted towards him the most savage severity of treatment. His hands and feet were manacled, and a huge log of wood was suspended from his neck by a thick

iron chain. He had not been long ironed, when one of his guards, who spoke Russian, entered his apartment, and thus accosted him:

"My comrades want money—ten thousand roubles are the price of your ransom. You have your choice betwixt liberty or death—write to your friends and procure the sum demanded, or prepare to encounter the vengeance of those to whose bosoms mercy is a stranger."

Saying this, he quitted the apartment, and did not return for some days. In the meanwhile, the sufferings of the unhappy Kascambo were constantly increased, in order to force him to be the more pressing in his solicitations to the Russian government. He was deprived of rest, and so scantily provided with food, that his spirit began to decline, and he looked forward to death as a welcome release from his misery. The brigand paid him a second visit—took the manacles from his right wrist, and, placing a reed in his hand, commanded him to write a letter to his government, supplicating his ransom, which the barbarian undertook to deliver to the Russian commandant.

The severity of Kascambo's treatment was now somewhat relaxed. He was, however, given over to the charge of an old man of gigantic stature and ferocious aspect, who bore the most implacable hatred to the Russians, by whom two of his sons had been slain in a late predatory encounter. The widow of one of them was the only inhabitant, besides Kascambo, Ivan, and himself, of the old Tchetchengue cottage. Weeks and months elapsed, but no ransom arrived. During this interval Ivan had contrived to secure the good opinion of the old ruffian and his step-daughter. His culinary skill rendered him a very useful member of their establishment. He was, besides, a bit of a buffoon, and astonished the savage mountaineers by his surprising dexterity. The old man delighted to see him dance the Cossac hornpipe; and his extraordinary skill soon became the topic of discourse among the villagers. He was now occasionally allowed to walk in the hamlet, where he danced and sung to the great amusement of the cottagers, by which means he soon acquired a knowledge of their characters and habits.

Frequently did the captives form plans for their escape, but without success: the vigilance of their jailer rendering every attempt abortive. By degrees, however, this vigilance relaxed, and old Ibrahim would remain with them, alone, for hours together: still he always kept the key of their manacles about his person, and whenever overtaken by sleep, invariably started from his slumber at the slightest motion of his prisoners.

Kascambo had received no answer to his repeated applications from the Russian government. The Tchetchengues, at last, losing all patience, threatened him with torture and death,

* A military servant.

and shortly exposed him to the severest privations. His health soon began to give way; but while he was subjected to the most distressing inflictions, he was surprised to find that his servant was entirely released from his fetters. The first time that he was alone with Ivan, he inquired the reason, when, to his amazement, the denchik related to him that he had submitted to the rite of circumcision, and had become a Mus-sulman. "I have submitted to this degradation to gain my own liberty, in order that I may the better secure your's." Ivan was now comparatively free, but the tribe looked upon him with suspicion. They distrusted the sincerity of his conversion. He was master of their secret haunts, and might betray them to the Russians. Besides, at their devotions, either through negligence, or from habit, he was frequently observed to make the sign of the cross.

A few months after his feigned conversion, Ivan was prevailed upon to join a party of the brigands in an expedition to rob a caravan from Mosdok. This was a scheme devised by the Tchetchengues to get rid of him altogether without openly putting him to death, which, as a true believer, they dared not do; they therefore resolved to shoot him during the attack upon the caravan, and report that he had been slain by the enemy. Their plan, was unexpectedly defeated, for when they crossed the river Irek, instead of the merchants, they fell in with a party of Cossacs, and immediately a desperate engagement ensued, which ended in the complete discomfiture of the brigands. In their precipitate retreat, Ivan was forgotten. He joined their flight unnoticed. In re-passing the river, one of the robbers missed his footing, and was borne down the stream. Ivan plunged in after him; and, although the Cossacs reached the bank, and discharged their matchlocks at them, bore him in safety to the opposite shore. Although this act of heroism gained Ivan a friend among the Tchetchengues, it nevertheless only aggravated the general hatred. It was even whispered among them that he had brought the Russian troops upon them at Irek. They induced Ibrahim to entertain the same suspicion; who, therefore, in order to guard against any fresh conspiracy, stopped all further intercourse between Kascambo and Ivan. They, however, managed to communicate their sentiments, in spite of the old jailer's interdiction. For his own gratification, the hoary ruffian had allowed them to sing Russian airs together, and whenever, therefore, the master had any thing to inform his servant of, he sang aloud, accompanying the words with his guitar, and Ivan replied in the same tune.

Some months after the defeat at the Irek, the tribe prepared for an expedition against a neighbouring horde, then under the protection of Russia. All capable of bearing arms quitted the village in the night, and as Ivan was returning to Ibrahim's cottage, he saw a young woman on the roof of a hut, who raised her veil, made signs of danger, and pointed towards Russia; when he immediately recognized the sister of him whose

life he had saved in the river. On entering the cottage it struck him, that now, during the absence of the villagers, was a favourable opportunity for effecting his master's and his own escape. The vigilance of Ibrahim rendered success somewhat doubtful; nevertheless, if he awaited the return of the brigands, it would considerably diminish their chance of escape: he therefore determined to make the best of the present opportunity at all hazards. For some days Kascambo had been continually absorbed in fits of abstraction. In fact, he had quite resigned himself to captivity and to death. Ivan, on this evening, was permitted to prepare his master's supper, and sang various Russian airs, in order to raise his spirits. In one of his songs he acquainted him with his determination. Ibrahim was in the cottage, and, to the great annoyance of Ivan, the wily savage sent his step-daughter, no less wily than himself, into the adjoining apartment, declaring his determination to sit up all night and watch the prisoner.

"Curse on his vigilance," muttered Ivan, who, stretched in a dark corner of the room, watched him attentively. Opposite to him, in an open cupboard hung a large hatchet. Ibrahim began insensibly to doze, but started at the least sound. Ivan thought this a favourable moment, and gently approached the cupboard. The old jailer raised his head and fixed his dark eye sternly upon him, when Ivan undauntedly approached the fire, yawning and stretching himself, as if just arisen from a profound slumber. Ibrahim's eye relaxed into a gentler expression, and he desired an air from the Russian officer to keep him awake. Kascambo expressed assent, and took the guitar. To the great delight of the brigand, Ivan commenced the rapid movement and grotesque attitudes of a Cossac hornpipe. Kascambo shuddered when he saw him approach the cupboard and at one bound seize the hatchet, lay it down in the shade of Ibrahim's person, traverse the chamber, and continue the dance almost in the same instant. He was so agitated that he dropped the guitar. Ivan perceiving his agitation, smiled to reassure him, and as Ibrahim started at the noise, dexterously placed the hatchet against the log on which the Tchetchengue was sitting, and continued the dance. "Play away, master," said he, "all's well," and Kascambo played. The old brigand, suspecting no mischief, and tired at length of the music and dancing, ordered both the musician and dancer to cease. Ivan approached his master, as if to take the guitar, grasped the hatchet, and at one stroke clove the enemy to the chin, who instantly dropped dead upon the hearth, when his beard blazed amid the glowing embers. Ivan dragged the corpse into a dark corner of the apartment, and covered it with a mat. At this moment the door was suddenly opened, and the woman entered from the next room. By this time the fire was nearly extinguished. "What means this smell of burnt feathers?" she asked, in an imperious tone. Ivan raised the hatchet; she drew back her head, and with a loud shriek received

the blow upon her breast. As quick as lightning the stroke was repeated, and she fell lifeless at Kascambo's feet, who rushed forward to save her from that destruction which she so unexpectedly met.

"Now, then, we are free," said Ivan, as he turned towards his master, who stood speechless with agitation. The denchik lit some straw, and examined the dead brigand's pocket for the key of Kascambo's manacles; but it was not there. He searched the corpse of the woman, and the cupboard—in vain: the key was not to be found. He tried to wrench off the manacles with a hatchet, and succeeded in disengaging the ring from Kascambo's hand; but that which bound his feet resisted his utmost efforts.

Morning was fast approaching, and there was, consequently, no time to lose. Ivan fastened the chain round his master's waist as well as he could, filled a scrip with the meat left at supper, and armed himself with the pistol and dagger of the murdered brigand. Kascambo, wrapping himself in a coarse cloak which belonged to his late jailer, they silently quitted the cottage, directing their steps towards Mosdok; but, in order to evade pursuit, avoiding the direct path. At day-break they entered a thick wood near the summit of one of the heights of the Caucasian chain. It was the end of February, and the snow being melted by the sun as it advanced bright and glowing up the Eastern sky, rendered their descent extremely slow and perilous. They resolved, therefore, to continue in the forest until night should renew the frost, and render their journey less difficult and dangerous. A scanty repast from Ivan's scrip, with a handful of snow to quench their thirst, satisfied the cravings of nature, and towards dusk they again pursued their journey. After a long and dreary march, they reached a defile between two mountains. As the sun rose above the hills, its rays sparkling in the eternal snows that wrapped their summits, they attained the extremity of the ravine. Here the immense plains of Russia appeared below the horizon like a distant sea, and Kascambo's heart leaped at the sight. The travellers sat down to repose themselves, and to enjoy the near prospect of their freedom. Their difficulties, however, were not yet terminated. A long and dangerous path still lay before them, and Kascambo's legs were so swelled that he could scarcely proceed. At a little distance off the road, perceiving a cottage, they boldly entered. It was tenantless, and without furniture; but Ivan, knowing that the Tchetchengues were in the habit of concealing their stores from the Russian soldiers, struck the floor in several places with his foot, and removed the earth where it sounded hollow. Some flour and other eatables were discovered, from which, after lighting a fire, the denchik contrived to prepare a tolerable repast. He also succeeded in freeing his master's ankles from the fetters which had so sadly impeded his progress; and when they had enjoyed the refreshment of a night's sleep, they proceeded on their journey. Within a verst of the cottage, a deep

and rapid river crossed their path. The attempt to swim against so impetuous a torrent would have been little short of madness. What was to be done? Happily, in the midst of their perplexity, a horseman was seen advancing. Ivan drew his dagger and cocked his pistol. On a near approach, the stranger turned out to be a young Tchetchengue, whom the denchik immediately unhorsed. The urchin, upon gaining his feet, ran off, and left his steed in the hands of the captor. With this unexpected aid, the travellers reached the opposite side of the river; but whilst dragging the horse up the steep bank, the bridle broke, and the animal perished in the stream.

A vast plain now lay before them, which Ivan knew to be the territory of the Tchetchengues, at peace with Russia. The night set in severer than usual; the cold was intense, and the extreme rigours of a Russian winter threatened destruction to the wanderers. Kascambo was so overcome by cold and fatigue that he sank powerless upon the frozen earth. "Ivan," said he, faintly, "here must soul and body bid farewell. Go to Mosdok, and tell my old comrades that you left me on this spot food for vultures. Remember, you swore that the enemy should never take me alive. Put it at once then, out of their power: you understand me?"

"There is still a resource," said Ivan. "I will secure you immediate shelter or perish. Should I succeed, I will return on the instant; should I fail, you have a pistol and know how to act."

"Ivan, I have a last request. If I die, see my mother."

"Master," interrupted the denchik, "if you die, never shall I see either your mother or mine."

After a short walk, the faithful Ivan perceived a solitary cottage, about four versts from the nearest village. He entered, and found the hardy tenant seated upon the ground, mending a pair of boots.

"My friend," said Ivan, boldly accosting him, "if you will do me a service, two hundred roubles shall be your reward: if you refuse, death shall be your punishment."

The denchik drew his dagger, but the Tchetchengue was not intimidated.

"Young man," he answered, quietly laying down his work, "I also wear a dagger in my belt, and do not fear you. If you have crossed my threshold as a suppliant for my assistance, the laws of hospitality forbid that I should harm you; but I consent to nothing rashly. State your wish."

Ivan now told him that he desired a temporary asylum for his master, who lay perishing at a short distance from his dwelling. "Nurse him," continued the faithful servant, "and protect him from his foes, the mountaineers of your tribe, while I repair to Mosdok: in three days I will return with the stipulated reward."

"I must have four hundred roubles for this service," said the Tchetchengue.

"You may demand four thousand, if you will,"

said Ivan; "but I cannot give one kopek more than the sum I first named."

"Well, well; go your way."

They shook hands in pledge of mutual confidence; and Ivan, shortly afterwards, led Kascambo to the brigand's cottage, almost dead with cold and fatigue. After seeing his master somewhat recovered, the denchik proceeded to the nearest Russian post, where was stationed a large body of Cossacs, among whom were the survivors of that brave band who had fought under the command of Kascambo when he was made captive. They quickly made up the required ransom, with which Ivan departed; but the commanding officer, apprehending treachery, ordered a troop of Cossacs to accompany him. This precaution had nearly proved fatal to the brave Kascambo. His host, perceiving the approach of the Russian troops, thought that he was betrayed, and immediately displayed the ferocious courage of his race. He conducted Kascambo, feeble as he was, to the roof of his cottage, fastened him to a post, and levelled a carbine at his head. "If you advance," he cried to Ivan as he approached within hearing, "I will blow out your master's brains. I have

also a bullet for the villain by whom I am betrayed."

"You are not betrayed," shouted the terrified denchik, who trembled for his master's life, "Here is the ransom."

"Let those Cossacs depart, then, or I fire."

Kascambo entreated the officer to retire with his detachment:—the suspicious brigand, however, would not suffer Ivan to approach nearer. He commanded him to count and place the roubles on the ground, at least a hundred yards from his cabin, and then to depart; he descended—deliberately picked up the money—returned to the roof—threw himself upon his knees, and entreated Kascambo's forgiveness for the severity which apprehensions for his own safety had obliged him to adopt towards him.

"I have nothing to forgive," replied the Russian; "you have kept your word in restoring me to liberty, and I quit you with a blessing."

The Tchetchengue answered not, but, seeing Ivan reappear, leaped from the roof of the cottage, and was out of sight in an instant. That same day, the brave denchik enjoyed the reward of his fidelity, by conducting his master in safety to his noble companions in arms.

BOUDOIR AND RECEPTION ROOM

OF THE QUEEN OF BELGIUM.

HAVING a letter of introduction from an Attaché of the Belgian Embassy, at Paris, to an officer of the household in Brussels, I availed myself of the opportunity it gave me of inspecting the Royal Palace. Leopold and his Queen were at Lacken, and the private apartments were open to my curiosity. The Palace remains in the same condition as when I saw it last, (on the marriage of the Prince of Orange,) dull and heavy in its style: the only difference in the state chambers is, that the cypher of the present monarch is everywhere substituted for that of William; but, as all royal residences are much alike, and the Palace at Brussels presents nothing particular, except its tapestry, I shall proceed at once to the apartments of the Queen.

The reception-room opens from the grand staircase, and was formerly called the gobelin drawing room. Its appearance is as much changed as the name; instead of walls covered with the wonders of the loom, they are now hung with blue silk, fluted from a deep silver cornice, which produces a chaste but elegant effect: the couches and chairs are of embossed velvet, of the same colour, framed in silver and blue, *en suite*. Between the windows are three rich mosaic tables: the centre one a fac-simile of the celebrated "Victory in her car," executed for Napoleon, and now in the Louvre. In recesses, on each side of the entrance to the apartment, are two magnificent cabinets—one of ivory, the other of tortoise-shell—richly inlaid, and evidently antiques; the first bears, in several parts of the workmanship, the arms of the elder Bour-

bons. Both cabinets are surmounted by a bust—one of Louis Philippe, the other of Leopold. Under glasses are several models; two of them—the Hotel de Ville in Brussels and the Tuileries—are in dead silver. The effect is most exquisite. They were presents, the attendant informed me, from her Majesty's brothers, on their first visit to Belgium after her marriage. One object in this splendid apartment I certainly did covet: a chess-table, the squares composed of alternate pieces of lapez lazuli and white cornelain, set in a massive frame of carved ebony;—the men, ready drawn for battle, were upon the table; they were Indian, and enriched with gold and small diamonds, but defended from the vulgar touch by a case of glass. There are many other articles of vertu throughout the apartment. There were four pictures in the room:—one a Virgin in glory, painted on marble by Parmegiano; two exquisite landscapes, by Claude; and an imperial triumph, by Le Brun, much in the style of his entry of Alexander, in the gallery at the Louvre.

The Boudoir adjoins the Reception Room, and is in the most perfect French mode—light, elegant, and worthy of a Queen. The walls were covered with draperies of white silk, and mirrors, placed alternately; the tables of parian marble were ornamented with vases of sevre, filled with flowers. The richness of this apartment did not in the slightest degree detract from its simplicity: the effect was chaste and beautiful. In the centre of the room was a large musnud, richly embroidered in the oriental style; near it stood a

harp. Leopold, I was told, frequently accompanied his Queen on the flute; from having heard him, some years since, at Raby Castle, I can myself bear witness that he is no mean amateur. The toilette requires a female pen to do it justice: the variety of glass-cases, in pearl and filagree, its magnificent stands for scents, in gold and crystal would, I doubt not, have excited the admiration of the beau sexe; I only wondered. This costly appendage of female beauty was placed between two windows, the draperies and curtains of which were composed of Brussels lace; the basons and utensils for lavatory purposes were all of silver gilt, and bore the Belgian crown and lion. Upon a couch lay a gold chain and etui case, which my fair countrywomen may remember, perhaps, as an ornament once worn by their grandmothers; it is now extremely fashionable in the north of Europe. The bath, which adjoins the boudoir, is of marble and plate glass; the ceiling represents Diana and her Nymphs; in the centre of the room is a sarcophagus of marble, supported by four lions couchant. The various pipes are conveyed through them; when used, a rose-coloured silk curtain draws round, and forms a complete tent. I peeped into the state bed-chamber, *en passant*, and observed that the canopy and curtains were of purple velvet, relieved with gold; the coverlid of point lace, over satin.

JEAN BAPTISTE SAY.

THIS eminent writer, whose death took place at Paris on the 14th of November, was born in Lyons, in the year 1767, and descended from a family of no mean celebrity in the commercial world. They were of the same extraction as the Says and Sele family: the common ancestor of both being *William de Say*, who passed over from Normandy under the banners of William the Conqueror. Say was destined by his family to be a merchant, and the knowledge thus acquired proved of no little avail to him in after life, when he devoted himself to the study of Political Economy. Being introduced to the celebrated Mirabeau, the latter quickly discovered the abilities of his young friend, and employed him in editing the *Courrier de Provence*, and continuing his *Lettres a ses Commettans*. After this he was appointed Secretary to Claviere, the French Minister of Finance. We next find him connected with Champfort and Guingene in the *Decade Philosophique, Litteraire, et Politique*; which made its first appearance in 1794, and was the parent of the present *Revue Encyclopedique*. Champfort was unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the Committee of Public Safety, and weak enough to destroy himself in prison; Guingene, too, one of the most elegant French scholars, was likewise confined with his fellow-labourers, Roucher and Andrew Chenier. Say, though thus left single-handed, was too firm to abandon the good work which he had undertaken; and he therefore enlisted Andrieux, Amaury, Duval, and others in his cause. Upon

the departure of Buonaparte for Egypt, Say was deputed to select the publications intended for the use of the *savans* who accompanied that memorable expedition; and, when the hero of the Pyramids found his way back, and invested himself with the dignity of First Consul, he conferred the appointment of Tribune on Say, whose qualifications, as it subsequently appeared, were not peculiarly adapted for such an office. He had a strong aversion for the selfish and arbitrary principles which the government of that day began to unfold, and it has been said that he could ill brook the growing despotism of its chiefs. In this state of his feelings, Say avoided taking much part in public business, but, happily for science, commenced that study, which forms the basis of his admirable *Traite d'Economie*; a work which not only improved under his hand with every successive edition, but has been translated into most of the European languages. He was now called upon to vote in favour of Napoleon's assumption to the imperial crown; this he resolutely declined, and was, in consequence, deprived of the Tribuneship, for which some compensation was made to him by the tender of Receiver-Generalship in the department of the Allier. He could not, however, be prevailed on to enter upon this new office, and nobly excused himself from "combining with the rest to plunder his native land." Thus closing the scene of his official career, he once more embarked in mercantile life, as a manufacturer, but not to the neglect of his favourite pursuit, which he enriched, from time to time, with a variety of minor publications, all tending to throw light, and accumulate facts, on the great and difficult science of Political Economy. He was Professor of the School of Mechanics at Paris, where he delivered probably the most useful and perspicuous lectures on the economy of labour and manufactures, which have ever been given; and with these he closed his estimable length of days.

PARENT AND CHILD.

"It is thus," replied her father, "she pays me back for all I have endured. It is a sweet consciousness to know that we make even one creature happy. When I feel this little heart beat tranquilly against mine, when I see her lay her contented head thus upon my bosom, I feel I do not live in vain. She is a precious legacy bequeathed to me by an angel, that in life shed sunshine upon my path, and even in death did not desert me, since she left me the memory of her love; and this little flower, to be watered by my tears and pay me with its smiles." There were some drops upon the yellow hair of Alice: they had fallen from her father's eye. She looked up on feeling them: and went caressing to his face; and then the mouth, pure as yet the unopened bud was raised with her violet eyes, as if she brought a balm to sorrow, and thought he wanted but her kiss to make him happy.—*Woman's Love.*

THERE WAS A TIME.

A SONG.

Music composed and arranged for the Piano Forte,

BY TAU DELTA.

Words from Lady's Book.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by J. Edgar, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a treble and bass staff for the piano accompaniment and a single staff for the vocal line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems, each with two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The music is in a simple, sentimental style typical of early 19th-century popular songs.

There was a bright and

sun - ny time when ev' - ry hope was gay; But the vi - sion's gone, and each

fa - ry dream Has floated far a - way! There was a time when I be - lieved She whom I

lov'd was true: I twin'd her ro - ses— flowers she gave, But



II.

There was a time, when I was glad,
And joined the festive scene;
Now all is gone, and naught remains
To trace where joy has been.
I am forgotten—though her form
In Fashion's hall still dwells;
No one is there to name my name,
And none my anguish tells.

III.

She may seem happy—may seem gay,
But who knows what she feels?
Can hearts be read?—There is a grief
No balsam ever heals.
What though I pass, as all things must,
And join the silent dead;
Her faithless heart no joy can know,
Its peace for e'er is fled.

NIGHT.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

NIGHT! on thy face of beauty I have gazed;
But 'tis not always thus—would that it were!
Thou hast thy terrors also. When thine eyes
Of starry light are closed, and from thy throne,
On the black womb of space, thou frownest grim—
No beam upon thy forehead—then thou art
An awful deity. The very calm
In which thy darkness floats is terrible.
Rocks, temples, mountains, whose huge outlines stood
In bold relief against the azure sky,
Are hidden in thy gulf, and cast no shade.
Columns and towers, like guilty angels, stand
Amid the gloom. The palaces of kings
Dissolve from sight, as if they never were.
Earth's ruins are more ruinous—and Heaven
With all her lights seems to have fled away,
Affrighted, from the universal chaos.

* * * * *

Such art thou, O Night!
A changeful spirit, veering in thy course
From sad to beautiful. When thou puttest on,
King-like, thy bridal garments spangled o'er
With stars for jewels, and upon thy crest
Weardest the silvery moon—'tis then thou art
Adored of Nature, and thy placid reign
Gladdens the sons of men. But when with wrath
Thy front is clouded, and thy lustrous gems
Are laid aside—a fearful monarch thou!
Day is but thy creation! from thy womb
He rises up, to scatter o'er the world
His gaudy beams. His empire is but short.
Like all things beautiful, he will decay;
While thou wilt last forever! The last trump
Is his and Nature's dirge—when into naught
All things, save thy dark kingdom, shall dissolve!

THE SEPARATION.

"Is there on earth a thing we can agree on?
Yes—to part!"

FARQUHAR.

PARTING for ever!—Is your home
So sad, so cheerless grown,
That you are each prepared to roam
Through this false world alone;
Recall the words, though love be fled,
Though hope's bright visions cease,
Still, still together you may tread
The tranquil path of peace.

Think on the season dear and fleet,
Of young and fond romance,
When you in ecstasy would meet
Each other's smile and glance;
Think on the joyous bridal day,
And on its sacred vow,
Then glad and flowery seemed the way—
Why is it clouded now?

O! by the real ills of life
How little are you tried;
Your mutual taunts, your daily strife
Spring from one feeling—pride!
Bear and forbear—no longer blame
Thy partner's faults alone,
Conscience may urge a ready claim
To tell thee of thy own.

But part—the chosen one forsake,
To whom thy troth was given;
Reflect, nor dare a tie to break,
Approved by earth and Heaven:
Man cannot, must not rend the band
Of holy marriage love,
'Tis ruled by an unerring hand,
The hand of Him above.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

LITTLE evil is said of a man who has few or no pretensions to be praised: the reason is, that revenge is scarce ever levelled but against superiority of merit.

Virtue is of no particular form or station; the finest outlines of the human frame are frequently filled up, with the dullest wits. A little diamond well polished, is always of greater value than a rocky mountain, whatever may be its size and extent.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice;
And, when we move not forward, we go backward.

Dogmas have driven more people mad, than the hydrophobia. Skull-cap cannot cure them; nor all the poppy and mandragora in the world restore them to the sweet sleep of calm philosophy.

The ideal of Ethical Perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the Highest Strength—the most intense vital energy—which has been called (rightly enough with reference to the fundamental meaning of the term, but very falsely as regards that which we now attach to it), the Ideal of Æsthetic Greatness. It is the Maximum of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this Ideal, becomes an animal spirit—a combination, whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.

The path that leads to Virtue's Court is narrow,
Thorny, and up-hill—a bitter journey.

In all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business and soften the harshness of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the time may rob thee of other due reward.

The game of Chess was invented 608 before Christ.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty, vanity, to thee they owe
Their zeal of pleasure, and their balm of woe:
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying like rays of light, or drops of rain:
For ev'ry fool finds reason to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd.

A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building

was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken: for it is a point to be silent, when occasion requires; and better than to speak, though never so well.

"Thou want'st

One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance
Seest thou no differing shadows, which divide
The rose and poppy? 'Tis the same with sounds.
There's not a minute in the round of time
But 's tinged with different music, in that small span
Between the thought and its swift utterance,
Ere silence buds to sound."

● If you see a person get offended at the publication of an article that was not intended for him, it is a sure sign that he has been guilty of a like crime.

Socrates is said to have been the only inhabitant of Athens, who, during the prevalence of the plague in that city, escaped infection: this circumstance the historians unanimously attributed to the strict temperance which he constantly observed—in conjunction, it may be added, with his well known equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is, to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

China was first made in England, by Mr. Wedgewood, in 1762.

What consequences often hang upon the proof sheet? How much of good and evil depends upon this last award of the author! If Rousseau had thrown the proof sheets of the "Contrat Social" into the fire, instead of returning them by the printer's devil to the press, the French revolution might never have unhinged Europe. If Lord Byron had nipped in the bud the proof of his "Poems of a Minor," the world would never have been delighted with the best of modern satires, and the most beautiful of modern poetry.



THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1888.

THE TEMPLE OF EGINA.

BY JAMES M'HENRY.

When at the mellow eve of summer day,
We watch, o'er western hills, the fading ray,
Touch'd with the influence of the soften'd scene,
Beside some murmuring rill or flowery green,
To fairy realms the fancy takes it flight,
And lifts the soul to visions of delight;
A sweet oblivion to each sense is given,
We breathe in bliss, and earth is changed to heaven!

So warm'd with glories of the classic page,
The heart delights in Græcia's golden age,
When she display'd those matchless powers of mind
That shed unfading lustre o'er mankind.
Backward we look on that illustrious time,
When genius wooed each muse in beauty's clime,
In glory's fields when patriot heroes fought,
In wisdom's halls when reverend sages taught,
When arts triumphant charm'd th' admiring throng,
And bards made vocal every grove with song.

Come, sober eve, thy magic wand apply,
And wrap my soul in blissful reverie;
O let me visit those bright scenes I love,
The Delphic fountain and the Attic grove!
O let me listen to the Pythian strain,
Or seek for wisdom at Minerva's fane,
Or see, in Tempe's bright and verdant glow,
The bloom of Eden still preserved below;
While the pure loves that bless Arcadian plains,
Swell in my bosom, and inspire my strains!

Spirit of serious thought, I know 'tis thou
That bring'st the past before my vision now!
Bright in my view a glorious temple stands;
Raised by the peerless skill of Grecian hands,
When art and genius, in their youthful prime,
Put forth their powers to adorn their native clime.
Sacred to Jove the beauteous fabric rose,
Whose awful power the obedient thunder knows.
Hail, holy shrine! pride of Egina's shore!
Where come her sons to worship and adore;
Thy lofty columns art's perfection show,
Thy spacious courts with sacred radiance glow,
Thy altars shine with costly sacrifice,
And prayers and praise from suppliant hearts arise.
Sincere the worship and the fervour high,
Though wrong the mode, and false the deity;
Yet is it pleasing in th' indulgent view
Of Him who knows and loves the heart that's true.

And thou, Arantha, whom the bards declare
Brightest and noblest of Egina's fair,
Thine was the true devotion of a maid,
By pride and coyness into grief betray'd.
Evander loved thee, and thy heart return'd
The faithful flame that in his bosom burn'd;
But secret still thy fond desires were kept,
E'en when, for pity, at thy feet he wept:
Proud of thy power, long didst thou mock his pain,
Exulting in thy beauty's tyrant reign,
Till, in despair, he fled thy cruel scorn,
And left thee, in repentant tears, to mourn.

Impell'd by the restless power of love,
To worship Venus at the shrine of Jove,
To yonder altar now thou dost repair,
And rich the sacrifice thou offer'st there:
To love's bright goddess warm thy prayers arise,
And starting tears bedew thy radiant eyes.

"Forgive, O Venus," thus thy bosom pray'd,
"That to Diana long my vows were paid;
Forgive that I suppress'd the flame divine
Which Cupid kindled in this breast of mine:
Though, goddess, I denied, I felt thy sway,
And loved the youth I rashly drove away!
O hear me, while with anguish I implore,
If yet he lives, thou wilt that youth restore;
Then shall no rites of thine unpaid remain,
Nor rival power usurp thy place again!"

She scarce had ceased, when moved the altar's screen,
And full in view Evander's self is seen;
Close to his heart the blushing maid is press'd,
And thus he pours the transports of his breast:

"Here, where love's goddess now my wishes crowns,
I sought a holy refuge from thy frowns;
A constant suppliant at her shrine, I bent,
In prayers that she would teach thee to relent:
My prayers are heard; I strain thee to my breast;
Then let us kneel to Hymen, and be blest!"

She gave assent: the priest of Hymen there
Performed the rites, and blest the enamour'd pair:
Indulgent smil'd the power of love divine,
And crown'd their joys at bright Egina's shrine.

THE SEA.

The Sea—the Sea—the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round:
It plays with the clouds—it mocks the skies—
Or, like a cradled creature lies!

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go—
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter—I still shall ride and sleep.

I love—Oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

Original.

ALICE LYNN;

A TALE OF THE PILGRIMS OF NEW ENGLAND.

THERE is something of tender sadness in the emotions with which we recall the days that are past. The hand of time seems to have mellowed the tints which shadow forth the pictures of departed scenes, and those incidents which, when present, we deemed to be trifling, assume a hallowed character, when beheld through the vista of by-gone years. It is this feeling which leads us to view every circumstance in the history of our forefathers with interest, and, when we shall have past away, another generation will arise to tread in our footsteps, and look with a curious eye on the deeds which shall have occupied and brightened our little span of existence. It is this desire of being immortalized in the memory of succeeding ages, which raised upon the classic shores of Greece those lovely temples and those groups of sculptured life which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles had wrought: and it is that same feeling of reverential awe for the past which leads the lonely traveller to tread with silent veneration those deserted plains, and to look with admiration on the ruins of departed greatness. The annals of *our* beloved country excite in us far different emotions. We look abroad upon smiling fields, and lovely vallies, and silver streams, and delight ourselves in their abundance. But let us remember that it was not always thus. A lonely wilderness once covered those very spots where our beautiful cities now stand in their strength; those waters which are now swept by the gallant ships of the proudest fleet in the universe, were then seldom rippled, even by an Indian canoe, and that little lonely pilgrim band, who left their country and the graves of their fathers, that they might worship in peace their father's God, was the only seed of that vast population which has sprung up to bless one of the most favoured portions of our land.

The summer of the year 1620 beheld these devoted wanderers, as they left, forever, the shores of their beloved country: but the changing hues of autumn, that had tinged with many colours the leafy honours of the wilderness, was fast yielding to the storms and desolation of winter, when they anchored their little vessel in the beautiful bay of their adopted home. Yet it was a calm and delightful evening of a lovelier day than is usually afforded, even in its mildest approaches, by that inclement season. The pure, deep blue of the skies was painted in the western horizon by all the glorious dyes of sunset—a gentle breeze swept over the bosom of the waters, and murmured through the long, undulating ocean of wilderness, that stretched itself almost unbroken as far as the eye could reach. Not a sound seemed to disturb the slumbering stillness of the scene, save where the shrill cry of the catbird, or the squirrel rustling in the thick branches,

gave to the attentive ear some token that the Almighty Creator had not left such a lovely spot untenanted.

While this boundless prospect lay full in view of the little group, who had gathered on the deck of their vessel to explore with eager gaze the wild yet peaceful beauties of their chosen home, a dark form was seen, drawn in strong outline, upon the western skies, as it appeared upon the summit of a lofty range of hills that rose abruptly from the midst of the valley. After remaining stationary for a short time, the figure seemed gradually to descend to the level of the plain, and in a few moments the noble form of one of the native sons of the forest was seen advancing with steady footsteps to the shore. Almost startling as was this apparition of a human being in the midst of that solitary scene, yet the lofty bearing of the Indian could not be regarded without admiration. He appeared to be past the prime of life; but his large, and still athletic frame, and stalwart arm, seemed to indicate a right to stand the monarch of the soil: and the deep rich hue of his complexion was in strong contrast with the white and coloured ornaments that adorned his throat and wrists. A mantle, formed of the skin of the deer, curiously wrought with quills of various dyes, was thrown in graceful folds about his person, and coverings of the same material defended his legs. The deep indentures upon his breast and neck, and the plume of feathers that was confined in a fillet upon his brows, betokened the rank of the wearer, and, as he passed on with proud, unvaried step, through the heaps of withered leaves, a careless observer would have thought that there existed no object to demand his notice. But the glance of wild meaning in the quick and unsettled motions of his dark eyes, belied the calm and cold character of his features; and when they rested on the little vessel, as it lay in the pictured stillness of the waters, it seemed to become an object of lively and uncommon interest. In his turn, the figure of the Indian appeared to be a no less subject of curiosity to those on board: and, after some hurried deliberation, a little boat was seen to leave the side of the vessel, and a few active strokes of the oar brought it to the foot of the bold and precipitous ledge of rocks which skirted that lonely shore. The dress and demeanour of the persons who now entered upon the scene were in strict accordance with the simplicity and even meanness, which characterized the Puritans of those days.—The sad-coloured, ungraceful cloak—the doublet, cut in the plainest fashion—and, above all, the even conscientious scrupulousness with which the hair had been cropped close to the head, gave tokens of that extreme and affected austerity of manners and apparel, which, like other excesses, is apt to lead to the ridiculous.

But, if the quaintness of their dress might have caused a smile, had they been standing in the presence of the great and the mighty of earth, the calm and noble expression of their features would have dispelled every other feeling, save that of unqualified admiration. The clear, blue, lustrous eye—the bare, expressive forehead—the lip that told its meaning to the glance, revealed the men whose hands were laid to an heavenly inheritance, and whose feet were set in its paths. The greater part of this little number were still in the flower of youth, but when, on gaining the level beach, they had turned to offer their assistance to one who still remained in the boat, it appeared that the old and the venerated were not wanting to add sanctity to their enterprise.

The aged man, who now stood foremost of the little group that had gathered on the shore, might have afforded a fine model for the chisel of the sculptor. The bending form, the deeply furrowed cheek, and the long, flowing locks of silver, which, untutored by the rigid discipline of the times, lay in strong, clustering curls upon his forehead, might have been a fit representation of the apostle of the world; but now they only told that the path of the pilgrim had been traced through many sorrows, and that his life lingered upon the grave. The old man was named Peter Lynn. After a short pause, the little party were advancing to the spot where the Indian still stood in all the cold and lofty pride which characterized his race, when, to their amazement, he suddenly left his stationary position, and, with something of a graceful gesture, mingled with the stateliness of his demeanour, uttered, in their own language, that word which is most dear to the stranger, "Welcome." Ignorant of the fact that the Indian chief had been a frequent visitant of the coast, when the arrival of fishing boats made these interviews profitable, the old man, whom the little band had chosen for their leader, remained silent, and it was not until the Indian had repeated again, in his deep, guttural tones, "Welcome—the white men are welcome," that he found words to frame an answer to the hospitable speech. When he spoke, he made use of the concise and poetical form of their language, which he had acquired in preceding interviews with the children of the forest.

"Is it well," he said, "the white men have come to eat their corn with their red brothers? Is the pipe of peace ready to smoke in their cabins? The white men are hungry and tired; is there a place where they may lay themselves down and sleep?"

The Indian seemed to look with an intensity in his gaze upon the old man, as if he would have read his heart, but, when he had ceased to speak, he rejoined:—

"The ear of the wise man is open—the tongue of my brother is truth. The great prophet of my people listened, and he heard the streams of the west running into the salt waters. He looked, and he saw a race of men whose faces had not been turned to the sun. The Great Spirit told it to my nation—they have come."

"They have come, indeed," repeated the old man, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself, and, looking round about upon the lonely scene, he seemed, for a few moments, to have forgotten his extraordinary companion. But, recovering himself, he turned again to the Indian; "Will my red brother be glad, when he sees the cabins of the white men? will he sit by their council-fires, and eat of their venison?"

"He will say, it is good. The tongue of the red man is but one. He has been upon the track of the wolf, but he saw no fox in his paths."

There was a haughtiness in the brevity of this speech that seemed to startle the wary old man, for he rejoined hastily, as if to soothe the spirit he had aroused,

"The red men are my brethren. They dwell upon the same soil.—The Spirit that made them is one."

"Have the pale faces looked upon the sun?" proudly resumed the Indian, stretching forth his arms to the west, as the last faint crimson dyes still lingered upon the horizon. "Go—my people are of many days."

"But why is the hand of my brother alone?" returned the old man, "have his young men left the hunting paths? Is the fire gone out upon his hearth?"

The Indian approached nearer to the aged speaker. A shade of deep melancholy seemed to pass over his rigid features. "Listen," he at last said, in the softest tones of his musical voice, "listen—the Sagamore has seen the snows of many winters. He has looked upon the leaf as it faded, but it became green again. When the stream had fallen asleep, it awoke—but the days of his years shall end. Once he saw a mighty nation upon his footsteps, but they have gone to the pleasant hunting grounds. Once they dwelt where my white brothers stand. But the great Manitto was angry with his children, and they passed away. The hand of the Sagamore is joined with that of his brethren, and his pipe is smoked in their cabins."

As the chief spoke, he indicated, with a quick motion of his hand, a slight opening among the trees at a short distance, which had evidently been an attempt at clearing, but was now almost lost again in wilderness. The whole party turned to look at the spot, which seemed to have been, at some remote period, the abode of man. A few decayed huts, rudely formed of logs and the bark of trees, were now scattered in ruined fragments on the ground, and a slight rising of the soil in many places showed that the dwellers of it, whoever they had been, were slumbering beneath it. The narrative of the Indian appeared to hint at some calamity which had overtaken a whole people: but when they turned again, to satisfy their curiosity by further inquiry, they found that he had abruptly quitted his place, and was rapidly disappearing in the winding recesses of the forest, whose loneliness became still more desolate, as the little party hastened to gain their boat, and the deep shadows of evening were drawn over the scene.

But it was to be lonely no longer. The bright, clear beams of the meridian sun looked down through the leafless branches of the trees upon a picture at once cheerful and beautiful. The pilgrims had left their vessel with the early dawn, and were actively engaged in making preparations for the erection of cabins, and the clearing of some portion of their ground. Upon every side were to be heard the sound of many voices echoed through those pathless wilds, and the strokes, which fell from the exertions of many busy hands. Here might be seen a group whose efforts were united to fell the towering form of one of the proudest trees of the forest; and there the collected strength of many was employed in removing its gigantic branches, and fashioning with them the rude and naked cabins, which were destined to become the habitations of these devoted men. A little farther on, a few of the females of the colony were engaged in preparing the noon-day meal. A horizontal pole, laid in the forks of two perpendicular branches, and supporting an enormous kettle, formed the simple economy of their culinary arrangements. But the coarse food was to be seasoned with the sweets of industry, and partaken of by those whose hearts were raised in humble thankfulness to Him who spreadeth the table of the wilderness. Near one of these little groups, but seemingly abstracted from its cares, stood the venerable form of Peter Lynn. Himself the only inactive figure in the scene, his joined hands were pressed forcibly on his bosom, and his eyes bent to the ground. But the shadows of thought darkened his pensive features, and the restless mind within appeared to have taken an excursive flight, and in imagination to be retracing each step of that eventful pilgrimage, which had brought him, in the evening of life, to brave the perils of a foreign shore. With the rapid pinions of fancy, he seemed to overleap the bound of years, and to become again the guileless simple boy on the hills of his native home. He stood once more in the halls of his fathers—he heard the gentle voice of his mother, and the musical laugh of his young sister as she joined him in his gambols by the sunny brook, or in the lovely vallies. Again—and he seemed to live over the days of his proud, aspiring manhood: in his heart were the loving tones of the wife of his bosom, and around him the bright looks of his playful children. Then there seemed to come a shadow upon his day-dream of happiness, and within a few, rapid moments was centred the anguish of many long and bitter years of suffering. One by one, the friends that loved him and were beloved departed from amidst his paths, as the frost wreathes melt from the window pane in a sunny morn, and he stood as the scathed and blasted oak of the forest, whose leaf is withered, and whose verdure has departed for ever. Then a sense of keener anguish seemed to darken upon his spirit. The deep and loathsome dungeon—the sad and silent hours of suffering that had wasted his noble strength—and, still more, the intensity of that bitter moment, when lips which had been wont

to bless uttered the deep, unaltered curse, upon his devoted head, as a traitor to his king and country—all arose in vivid colours upon his soul, and the lips of the old man had just parted to give vent to some impassioned strain of feeling, when a soft, low, and childish voice, and the pressure of a fair, small hand upon his own, aroused him to the recollection that he was now a lonely pilgrim in the wild and lonely solitudes of an American forest. But the fairy form that stood at his knee, and the gentle eyes that were raised inquiringly to his, were all his own, and the old man felt a thrill of tenderness at his heart when he remembered that the little beloved one was to be as a flower springing up in the wilderness, blooming but for him. "My sweet Alice," he said, and, bending forward, he took her in his arms, and folded her to his bosom, with all the fondness which loving age feels for the innocence and beauty of childhood.

Little Alice was his grand-daughter—the last and loveliest of the many fair ones, that had solutely enriched his path with blessing. Seven balmy summers had breathed upon her youthful cheek a warmer glow than that of their own crimson sunsets; but there was something in the slender elegance of her frame, and the pure transparency of her complexion, that gave an idea of fragility to her appearance, and tended, like all precious things, to endear her still more to the beholder. Such was the sweet and innocent being, whose hand was clasped in his, when at even-tide, or in the early noon, he traced the wild-wood haunts of his adopted home. At these seasons, when the features of the old man were darkened with the remembrance of former griefs, the spirit of the child seemed to partake of his pensiveness, and she would sit for hours by his side, gazing up into the deep, unfathomable blue of the heavens, or listening to the sound of dropping nuts, and the rustling of leaves, as they stirred in the gentle breeze, until her long and dreamy thoughts became embued with something of that sublime feeling which kindles up the soul when it finds itself alone in the midst of a world of beauty. Yet often the aged sire would take the sweet babe to his bosom, and, parting from her polished forehead its profusion of bright and clustering ringlets, he would rehearse to her the deeds of former years, charming her youthful fancy with many a wild and artless tale: and still oftener, walking with her in the pleasant vallies, he would point her view to the everlasting hills, and tell her of that blessed One, whose love surpasses the heavens. But the pure stream of little Alice's existence was not destined to pursue its gentle course unruffled, nor the cup of the old man's afflictions to remain unbrimmed. As time passed on, the Indian chief, who had first greeted their arrival to his native shores, stood again in their midst—but the scene was changed. The vast, unmeasured surface of wilderness still spread in boundless extent to the horizon, but it was solitary no longer. The sound of many voices awoke echoes that had slumbered for ages, and the tread of many feet was upon its soil. In the

place of a silent desert had sprung up the habitations of men, and wreaths of blue smoke arose from the roof of many a naked cabin, yet betokening the warmth and comfort of its humble hearth. Within the shelter of these friendly walls the native chief ever found a kind and ready welcome, but never more so than when he entered the lonely dwelling of Peter Lynn. For the old man, as he gazed upon the noble features and stately bearing of the son of the forest, and as he marked the wild flashes of intellectual light that beamed from his dark and restless eyes, felt something of that instinctive admiration, with which we contemplate the bold and untutored lineaments of some boundless scene, which the finger of art has reserved untouched, and the eye of man seldom or never looked upon. But in the mind of the Indian this feeling was far from being reciprocated. With the old man he ever preserved the same cold and rigid expression of countenance, and, if possible, an even more concise and haughty brevity of language: but when the fair and dimpled hand of Alice was laid in thoughtless confidence upon his dark and swarthy cheek, or when, with light and playful step, she hastened to fill with purest water his ample gourd, or to supply him with the parched grains, which formed his accustomed meal, the severe brow of the Indian was suffered to relax, and at some moments his proud features seemed to wear an almost feminine expression of tenderness. But there was a dark and savage purpose springing up in the mind of the Indian, and an evil design became cherished in his bosom, until, with the ready cunning and invention of his race, he had laid a train for the accomplishment of that plan, which was destined totally to destroy the foundation of the old man's almost ruined affections.

It was in the fourth winter of the existence of the little colony—one of those dark and tempestuous nights, which often occur with intense severity in our northern climates, and which the bleak and bare extent of wilderness, and the lashing of the foaming waters upon the naked rocks, contributed to render a picture at once appalling and sublime;—thick flurries of snow were drifted in every direction by the fierce gusts of wind that seemed to ride upon the leafless tops of the trees, as though some angry spirit were directing and presiding upon the storm, and the crashing and tearing down of the gigantic branches was heard at intervals through the deepest recesses of the forest. But in the midst of this mighty strife of elements, a swift coruscation of light, that darted like a bended bow over the darkness of the heavens, glanced upon two human figures, as they abruptly emerged by a sudden turn into the less dangerous vicinity of the clearings. The commanding mien and lofty stature of the first indicated the Indian chief, but in the shrinking, bending form that followed his steps, might be discerned the servile and even abject condition to which the female race is ever reduced when in a savage and uncivilized state. With a rapid, and yet cautious tread, the two Indians traced a little beaten path that led through

the clusters of dark cabins, until they stood at the lonely door which marked an entrance to the abode of Peter Lynn. It was a small rude hut of a singularly uncouth appearance, being partly constructed of the bark and loose fragments of trees, and partly excavated by the hand of nature out of the solid rock. A lofty pine that had sprung up between the clefts and surmounted the humble roof of the little building, was swinging and crackling in the grasp of the tempest, as at every moment it seemed to threaten the dissolution of its ancient right. But if the prospect without wore an aspect of gloom and desolation, the interior of the cabin seemed to announce a more promising appearance: for through its many crevices might be discerned the glare and brilliancy of a cheerful fire, and, between the fitful burstings of the storm, a clear and manly voice arose, as if in devotion to Him whose power controls the elements. There was, indeed, a peaceful serenity in the grouping of the scene within that formed a strong contrast to the wildering darkness that reigned on the outside of the dwelling. For although its bare and simple walls might boast no luxury of costly furniture or tasteful ornament, yet they enclosed an assemblage of human beings, purer, perhaps, though more lowly, than are to be found in the abodes of wealth. A bright blaze of pine-knots, that had been heaped with no sparing hand on the wide and ample hearth, illuminated every corner of the little apartment. On one side, in his high, old-fashioned, arm-chair, was seated the venerable form of Peter Lynn. There was a calmer expression than usual upon the features of the old man, and his brilliant eyes, that were generally lit up with all the fervency of his intelligent mind, had assumed an appearance at once chastened and subdued, as he raised them at intervals from the page he had been perusing, to answer the inquiries of some person who was employed in a more remote part of the dwelling. On a small, low seat, close nestled to his side, sat the little Alice. Her arms were placed on his knees, and upon them was laid her lovely face, as she looked up to his in an attitude of silent attention. One of the old man's hands rested fondly upon her beautiful forehead, the other was spread upon the open pages of a large, black-letter bible, that was supported by a rough deal table before him. The other arrangements of the apartment were ordered with the greatest simplicity. Various kinds of coarse clothing were distributed upon the bare walls—a few implements of husbandry stood in one corner—and, at some little distance, a sheathed rapier, with a shining brace of pistols, showed that the situation of that lonely cabin, in the midst of a waste and barren wilderness, was one of no common danger. In a small recess, at one side of the fire-place, the necessary articles of kitchen furniture were set forth in spare, yet neat array; and, sheltered by its bold projection from the more vivid colouring of the scene, stood a clean, middle-aged female, who appeared busily employed in the execution of some evening task. The features of this woman might have been

termed handsome, but there was a certain sharpness in their character, and a severe and austere expression upon her brow, that was in no wise relieved by the close-pinched cap and dark ground of the Puritan dress. In the intervals of the storm, or when the hurricane swept in fiercer gusts around the little dwelling, the female appeared impelled by a sensation of alarm to leave her employment, and seek, in the sound of the human voice, some relief from the natural impulses of her fear. At one of these moments, when the walls of the cabin seemed to be almost shaken from their foundations, the old man at last offered some reply to her often repeated exclamations of terror.

"It is, indeed, a fearful night, Esther," he said, gently, "and the wind sounds hoarse and wild through the dark recesses of the forest. But do we right to forget, in the indulgence of our own shrinking natures, that there is One, 'who maketh the clouds his chariot, and who walketh upon the wings of the wind?'"

The female appeared, for an instant, to be struck with the mention of that holy faith, which had, probably, in some measure influenced her departure from her native land: yet after a few moments she rejoined, though in a less querulous tone:—"Aye," she said, "it were a fine thing an one could keep one's mind raised above these things of the earth. But, for her part, ever since she had lost her poor Ralph, it seemed as though her heart *would* be going back to the scenes and friends of her youth; and she could not but say, that her own little cottage, on the hill side, with its bit of green before the door in summer, and its bright fire on the hearth in winter, was a far daintier sight than all this wild and frightful waste, that tires one's eyes just to look at it."

"Nay, but now, dame Esther," said the old man, chidingly;—"and yet," he added, "thou speakest but as a woman, with all thy woman's fears and fancies. Still I thank thee, for thou hast awakened a chord in my bosom, which I would were fresher in thine own. Yes," he sighed, "it seems to me as but at this very moment I stood upon the deck of that little vessel, with her stately prow dashing and sparkling in the white foam, and her canvas crowded to meet the passing breeze. It seems as though the three summers that have fled away since we made our dwelling in this silent forest, had been but as days—for I thought, only now, that I stood in the midst of those scenes of death and of dread that desolated our hearts in that one fearful winter. Was it not enough that the hand of disease was permitted to ravage our noblest and our best? O, my God!" said the old man, looking up fervently, "thou wast very wroth with thy people, the lot of thine inheritance. I have seen the tender mother and her lovely babe fainting for want of food; and there was none to give them. I have stooped to the lonely couch of the sick and dying as the spirit lingered on the shores of time. I have watched the darkening, closing eye. I have counted the feeble pulse, and I have felt it cease to beat. Esther, thine own Ralph was of

the number. His last breath was upon my cheek but there told no murmur in the failing voice—words of praise and thankfulness, only, were upon his lips, that he was accounted worthy to bear both loss of name and of life for the sake of that cause which has set our feet in a strange land."

The aged pilgrim ceased to speak for a few moments: uncontrollable emotions seemed to choke his voice, and he sat lost in deep thought, until his attention was aroused by the little Alice, who had clasped his trembling hand, and was kissing it fondly, as it rested in both of her's. The old man looked up. He regarded the lovely child with feelings of unutterable affection.

"And thou too, my beloved Alice," he said, "thou too, art as one redeemed from the borders of the grave. For even as I see thy bright locks and thy gentle glance before me, even so have I seen thy sweet body writhing, and thy brow wet with the clammy drops of anguish. But thou art given to me still, my child, and long may thy days be upon the earth, for thou art to my life even as life, and sad and evil should it be were I separated from thee, my own beloved Alice. And thus," continued the old man, "thus may we account far greater the number of our sunny hours, even if there has been many a dark cloud to gather around our paths. We have, indeed, become pilgrims and strangers in the world, but we may worship the God of our fathers after our own faith, and by the light of our own conscience. And if we have been made to feel the bitterness of disease and death, and to experience the pressing evils of famine, is there not left a remnant to inhabit our cabins, and to labour for our subsistence? And for food, Esther," said the old man, pointing to a basket of shell-fish, that stood in the corner, which she had before vacated, "why we have even been made 'to find treasures in the sand, and to suck of the abundance of the seas.'"

At this moment, as if impelled by a sudden burst of the tempest, the door of the hut was thrown violently open, and, like magic, the dusky figures of the two Indians stood at once within the entrance to the dwelling. Peter Lynn had instinctively started to his feet, as the unwonted forms of these inhabitants of the wilderness appeared so abruptly before him: but, when he recognised the majestic bearing of the native chief, he promptly advanced, and, with a friendly gesture, said, in that familiar tone which their intercourse rendered warrantable, "Thou art welcome, Samoset. But why is the foot of my red brother so long out upon the hunting paths? Has his arm failed him in the chase, or did the storm overtake his wanderings in the forest?"

The Indian had suffered the salutation of the old man to pass unnoticed. His large, dark eyes seemed to glance rapidly over every object that lay within their compass, and when, at last, they rested on the lovely, infantile form of the little Alice, a strange and inexplicable meaning appeared to beam from their lurid orbs. But as the old man proceeded, the attention of the chief

became rivetted, and yet, with the characteristic coolness of his race, he only deigned for reply, to the supposed insinuation of his want of prowess, a haughty sweep of his hand to the bending form of the Indian female, who accompanied him, with the addition of a few brief and proud words.—“The arm of Samoset *never* fails,” he said, as the servile figure approached to the middle of the dwelling, and laid down at his feet the burden whose weight she had, till then, sustained on her shoulders. It consisted of that part of the deer which had been thought worthy the prize of the hunter, and, by the ensanguined traces upon the dress and person of the female Indian, it appeared to have been but recently deprived of the free air and pathless range of its native forest. With this display of his abilities the Indian appeared to be completely satisfied, yet not a word, or even a look, upon his rigid features expressed that he had any interest in the result, but, passing on with perfect composure, he seated himself in silence upon the end of a log that lay on one side of the blazing hearth. There was a pause of a few moments.—The pilgrim was evidently at a loss in what manner to address his savage companion, for there was a rude and even fierce expression in his voice and manner, that almost bade defiance to any attempts at farther intercourse. At last, however, the old man ventured to ask, in the gentlest and most conciliating tone, upon what account the Indian chief had so long refrained from visiting their little settlement. “The days have been very many,” he said, “since my eyes beheld my red brother. The leaf has turned yellow, and the wind swept it away. The great waters are asleep, and the snows have filled up our paths. It is long since our little Alice looked out into the wilderness for the coming of my red brother.”

The Indian listened attentively to the old man: as he mentioned the little Alice, a glance of the same strange meaning, as before, darkened his countenance, and might almost have revealed the savage and malignant purpose of his soul. Yet there was something of more courteousness in his demeanour, as he answered the venerable speaker.

“The cabin of Samoset was not weary of him, and he abode with his own nation. But he has come now to see his white-haired father. Is there room in his dwelling to receive him?”

“Truly,” said the old man, half apart, “I would not refuse the shelter of my poor hut to any human being in such a fearful storm. Thou art welcome, Samoset,” he continued, addressing the chief; “the white man always looks in peace upon his red brother.”

The Indian appeared to need no further assurance of his friendly reception, for, without making any reply, he continued silently to observe, with his quick and intelligent glances, the movements of those within the cabin. In this manner a considerable period elapsed, when, observing that his companions, after various preparations, had betaken themselves to rest, the Indian, with great pretended alacrity, began to make his ar-

rangments for sleep; and, with as much diligence as though he intended to pass the night within the dwelling, he carefully raked up the dying embers, so that they might afford a genial warmth to his feet, and, wrapping himself closely in his mantle of skins, lay down in a feigned, though apparently profound, slumber. But to rest was not the purpose of the wily chief. He had determined in his savage heart to deprive that lonely hut and that aged pilgrim of their sweetest treasure; and when, in the calm of the midnight hour, the repose of the peaceful group appeared deepest and most unbroken, the Indian arose, and, with light and stealthy step, approached the place where lay the lovely little Alice. The gentle breathings of the child were upon his dark cheek—her bright hair lay in clusters upon his bosom—but the heart of the Indian relented not, and, folding her closely in his arms, with almost noiseless tread, he deserted the silent dwelling, and plunged at once into the deepest recesses of the forest.

Years passed on, and Peter Lynn was still a childless and stricken man. He had lost the charm of his existence; the sweet bond that had made life and human society dear to him was severed for ever: and he wandered far off into the wilderness, holding communion with none but God and his own soul. It was long since he had looked upon the stillness of his deserted home: for how could the aged pilgrim stand within those lonely walls, and restrain the anguish of his breaking heart. He missed the small, soft clasp of that little hand, when he took his evening walk—he missed that gentle voice, mingling in the holy psalm—he missed the pressure of those lovely lips, and the quick, glad step of that fairy form, as she followed him in his homeward path, with her basket of wild flowers upon her arm—herself the wildest and sweetest of them all. Peter Lynn was a chastened and a sorrowing man, but often, in the wild agony of his yearning spirit, he would even pray that he might, if it were but once, again see the face of that beloved child, and lay his silver hairs in the grave in peace. And thus it was to be. In one of his frequent excursions through the woods—whither the old man often travelled in search of his little Alice, Peter Lynn was attacked by a party of Indians. He became their prisoner, and, in a short time, knew that he was destined to be their victim.

It was a lovely and pleasant day in the early spring, when that white-haired pilgrim was led out to die. To him it appeared that he had never existed in a more beautiful scene; for though around him were the fierce looks of a savage race, and though he beheld on every side the gleamings of the instruments of his destruction, yet he looked out into the green circlet of wilderness that surrounded him with sweet and pensive emotions. The air was filled with the fragrance of many flowers: it was musical with the songs of birds, and it breathed freshly and coolly upon the faded cheek of the pilgrim, as he kneeled down in the midst of his savage captors, and commend-

ed his spirit into the hands of Him who had given it. A few light, silver clouds floated upon the blue of the heavens, and, afar off, might be heard the hum of the wild bee, as it lingered with golden wing on the sunny ray. The old man looked up—he bared his forehead to the breeze, and gazed round once more upon the fair creation. Was it a vision that now fell upon his sight, or could it be reality? It was no illusion—surely that was the form of his long-lost child. Almost choked with his emotions, the old man stretched out his trembling arms. “Alice, my own Alice,” he murmured. A piercing shriek fell upon his ear—a rush through the dusky group that had closed upon his bending form, and, in another moment, the lovely brow of his darling Alice lay upon his bosom. But it was too late. With that shriek had been given the death-signal, and, ere the embrace of the stricken old man had enclosed his recovered treasure, his silver hairs were stained with the tide of crimson life that pro-

claimed her mortal agony. “Would to God I had died for thee, instead of thou for me, my Alice!” cried the aged man: but he could no more. A death-like stillness pervaded the scene—something like reverential awe seemed to prevail upon the fierce countenances of the Indians; and there was no resistance made when, after a pause, in which was concentrated the anguish of his long and bitter life, the old man raised upon his bosom the lifeless form of his beloved Alice, and began his melancholy journey back to his forsaken home.

Such is the history of one victim to the savage inhabitants of the wilderness; but it was destined to be but a forerunner of griefs, and soon was sown that favoured soil with the blood of many a promising and devoted martyr, both to the unbridled passions of uncivilized man, and to that holy cause, whose influence was to brighten and glow over the whole vast portion of our land.

HE WITH THE HAIR.

“A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd.”—KING JOHN.

WHATEVER the moralists may say, I cannot help coinciding in the belief of those who acknowledge the doctrine of *fatality*. There is, I am convinced, a certain portion of the human race who are foredoomed, from their cradles, to undergo misfortune, and none more surely than those on whom some indelible stamp has been affixed by the caprice of nature, before their birth.

That learned and suffering person, Mr. Walter Shandy, when he heard of the unlucky misnomer by which his infant son had been baptized, exclaimed in the bitterness of his heart, “The Thracians wept whenever a child was born!” and conceived that he had great cause for lamentation and sorrow. Perhaps he had; but not in an equal degree with the parents of him who now records his distresses. I know not if their grief was proportionate to the magnitude of the misfortune, or whether they were skilful or sagacious enough to predict what would befall him—compassionate reader, judge for yourself. I was born with a RED HEAD! The very hour of my birth, like that of “the great magician, damnd Glendower,” was portentous:

“The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes.”

How often, Lycurgus, have I sighed, as I remembered thy salutary edict, which condemned to death every infant whose personal appearance might cast a blemish on the unrivalled sons of Sparta! Would that the British lawgivers had taken thee for their model! But such was the infatuation of my parents, and particularly of my mother, that they seemed even to take a pride in witnessing the maturity of my shame; the consequence was, that I became a curly-

headed, carrotty-pole, admired by every one for the luxuriant fury of my locks, and the vivacity of my disposition, or for being, in other words, a little fiery-headed tyrant. As if to keep in perpetual remembrance the natural stigma under which I was destined to labour, I had been christened RUFUS; this, with the euphonous surname of GREEN, formed a climax in the annals of unfortunate nomenclatures.

By degrees, the amiable qualities of my disposition began to develop themselves, and the consequences of over indulgence became manifest. For some years I held uncontrolled sway in my father's house, where my will was law; but at length a brother was born, and from that moment, being voted a perfect nuisance, it was formally arranged that I should leave the paternal mansion, and be transferred to the care of the Rev. Mr. Flayskin, at whose academy knowledge was inculcated according to the doctrines of the Monarch of Israel.

At nine years of age, therefore, I made my first appearance at school, where my presence was hailed with a general expansion of countenance, which might safely be denominated “one universal grin,” as the reverend pedagogue led forward and uncovered the froward boy committed to his charge. He introduced me to my companions, and left me to fate. In a few minutes I was surrounded by a host of idle urchins, all anxious to elicit something from “the new boy.” My replies were short and surly, and soon drew on me the attention of him who was considered in the school “the wag” *par excellence*. He was a short, sturdy fellow, with a round, bullet

head, a pug nose, and small sparkling grey eyes, which twinkled with wit and impudence. "Oh, ho!" said he, "we've caught a fox, eh? Let's see if he'll show fight when he's hunted. If I don't burn my fingers, I'll have a pull at his brush!" So saying, he caught hold of me by the hair, and, giving a violent jerk, pulled me forward into the midst of the ring. I was not, as I have already observed, remarkable for patience: I clenched my fist, and struck him in the face; the blow was returned, and in an instant I found myself involved in a fierce battle, which was, however, speedily ended, by the interference of the usher, but not before I had received convincing proofs that my antagonist was a bruiser as well as a wit.

Independent of the cuffs I received in this conflict, I acquired from that moment the sobriquet of "the fox;" by which I was ever afterwards distinguished. For the first month, like the popular Duke of Hereford,

"I could not stir,

But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:

That boys would tell each other, 'That is he,'

Others would whisper, 'Where?—Which is the Fox?'"

And when the wonder lessened, it brought nothing that was consolatory, for whenever a theme for merriment was required, it was only necessary to mention my red head, and, what with the gibes cast upon it, and the little equanimity with which I bore them, there was always fun enough at my expense. My name was made the perpetual subject of ridicule, and furnished forth a thousand good sayings, which were attributed to the wag above mentioned. I was taunted with the appellation of "the tinker," because wherever I went, I was said to "to carry my furnace about with me." When the weather was cold, the boys would assemble round me, and affect to warm their hands at my perpetual fire; and when it was hot, they laid the change of temperature on my head. I was denominated "the male vestal," whose flame was never extinct—the beacon with an ever-burning light; and, when I bathed in company with the other boys, they universally declared that my plunge, like another Phæton, made the waters fire and smoke! Their modes of annoyance were not confined to mere verbal annotations, but were accompanied by practical efforts of illustration. I have been seized upon at night, in the large dormitory, in which we slept, and dragged from my own bed, to act as the general warming-pan of the room, by having my arms and legs confined, and in that state thrust up and down between the sheets, till my skin was almost rubbed off, and all in defiance of my kicks, tears, threats, and protestations. At other times, if I attempted to stir from my bed-side, where, to avoid this treatment, I often passed half the night in my clothes, till my tormentors were asleep, I was saluted with a volley of shoes, boots, and other missiles, accompanied by loud exclamations of "Put out the lights," "Douse the glim,"—a nautical phrase, which had been recently imported by the wag, (who came from Portsmouth,) and was, therefore,

in great vogue—and on more than one occasion, when my adversaries came to close quarters, I was compelled to undergo the mystic ceremony of having my light obscured by "the extinguisher," as a peculiar mode of coronation was facetiously termed. In short, I enjoyed no peace, by night or day: my rest was invaded, the hours allotted to recreation were disturbed, and those of study were made the vehicle of covert, insult, and innuendo. No allusion was suffered to pass unapplied, and no opportunity neglected, of discovering new terms of reproach, as they were gleaned from the pages of our daily reading. The life of a schoolboy is, generally speaking, a life of hardship, at least; if there is any exception, I was not destined to experience it, and, during a probation of four or five years, I underwent all that the malice of my companions could inflict. At length the wheel began to turn, and as I gradually grew in years and strength, found that forbearance was practised towards me; more, however, from fear than affection. It is not to be wondered at, if I in my turn now exercised a species of tyranny, when I had learnt what it was to suffer. The evil traits of my disposition, for such they were pleased to term them, became daily more manifest, and when I left school, whence I was expelled for an act of violence towards the master, whose taunts I had long treasured up till a day of vengeance should arrive. I left it with the reputation of being a violent, passionate, and revengeful creature, whom no kindness could reclaim, nor any correction improve.

My parents, who saw me thus returned upon their hands, held a council of war as to my ultimate destination, and considering my appearance and my irascible nature, they directed that none of the grave professions were suitable for me, and that my only chance of success lay in following the career of arms. Accordingly I was sent to the military college at Sandhurst, there to improve those pugnacious propensities already developed in me, and duly qualify myself to "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth. It was a miracle that I passed safely through the three years probation allotted me; once I was rusticated, and once nearly expelled for conduct, the origin of which I can trace to that which was "the head and front of my offending." I can compare my sensations to nothing so much as the idea we have of a shell, the fuse of which is burning;—we feel that it must explode, and painfully anticipate the result. Thus I always bore in my recollection the consciousness of the mine which was ever ready to be sprung. However, it was decreed that the camp, the genuine abode of all *Kuznibashes*, was at length to become mine, and the period of my boyhood past, I gladly assumed the uniform of the — regiment, to me the real *toga virilis*. I hoped now to escape from the ills which had hitherto beset my path, and relied upon the dignity of my new calling to prevent the possibility of annoyance. My figure was tall and well-enough proportioned; with others, height would

have been an advantage; with me, it was the reverse, for it suggested the comparison of a light-house; my features were marked, and complexion somewhat high, but altogether from my general appearance, I might have been pronounced rather good-looking than otherwise, had not, as a wit observed, the capital of the Corinthian column been formed rather of the *carrot* than the *acanthus*. It was not the "*crin fulve*" described by Ugo Foscolo, or any thing which could admit the shadow of a doubt. It was RED, undisguised and unqualified; that which a herald would term *gules*, and a painter *flame*; my whiskers, too, were of the same ardent hue, and procured for me the happy *sobriquet* of *Barbarossa*, reviving the association of an atheistical emperor and a bloodthirsty corsair.

"All that disgraced my betters, met in me."

It was said of me, in allusion to my imperial namesake, that were I, like him, to merit the punishment with which the inquisition visit heresy, I might save some trouble and expense, for my *san benito* was already prepared. It was fated, also, that I should be deceived in supposing that, as a military man, I was safe from these petty vexations. The day on which I joined my regiment appeared but the precursor of a new series of mortification; the first attack to which I was exposed proceeded from a centry of the artillery, who was posted on a situation whither my curiosity had attracted me. "You must not pass here, sir," exclaimed the man, with an accent, as I thought, on the *pronoun*. "Why not?" I replied, "I wanted to see this battery." "It isn't a battery, sir, it's a powder magazine!" The fellow grinned as he spoke. I retreated in ire, unwilling to expose my mortification, or give a chance of amusement at my expense so soon. At mess, that evening, I was introduced to the greater part of the officers; and as I was uncovered, my upper works were more conspicuous. They seemed very merry fellows, and each of them had a smile upon his countenance, as he welcomed me to the fraternity. Such a reception was not disagreeable, provided it was sincere. For the first few days this politeness was uniform; but in a short time the formal designation of Mr. — was abandoned, and my companions began to indulge in phrases, wherein some remote cause of mirth, connected with my appearance seemed to predominate. It was said that a new light began to beam upon the regiment, that it was fortunate the quarters were bomb-proof; and many jokes upon *fire-locks* were sported. These circumstances, by degrees, excited my irritability; in vain I argued with myself, that if I began my career by quarrelling with my brother officers, it would inevitably be but a brief one; and that by so doing, I should certainly commit myself for life. The reasoning faculty was never very strongly developed on that head which bore more signs of passion and irritability than the science of craniology has yet discovered.

One evening, therefore, when we had a large party at the mess, and, contrary to our wont, had

indulged too freely in the tinted juice, our spirits were excited, and we became argumentative, less patient to bear, and more apt to give offence. In such a mood a jest is of serious consequence, and jests were rife. An allusion was made, certainly *intended* for me, but not in the sense in which I accepted it. I replied in angry terms, which provoked still more pointed expressions; we forgot the poet's exclamation,

"*Vino et lucernis Medus acinaus*
Immane quantum discrepat!"

and granted in our cups. I challenged my quondam friend, and demanded immediate satisfaction: he sneeringly refused to go out till the morning, alleging that the advantage would be all on his side, "as it was dark." I boiled with rage, and quitted the room, drunk with choler as well as wine. In the morning we met and exchanged shots; my ball lodged harmless in a tree; but that of my antagonist was directed with a surer aim; it winged me, and I fell. The result of this affair was gratifying to both of us; he left the regiment, and I remained on the sick list for some months, during the pleasantest season of the year, and when I once more appeared in public, I found that I had carried an immunity from further gibes at the expense of good fellowship; nobody laughed or jested with me now; I was considered, like Fergus Mac Ivor, "a fiery ettercap, a fractious chield." Though this did not improve my temper, I did not at once become a misanthropist, but I was far from forming any friendships. I did worse—I fell in love! and yet how could I avoid it? for Eliza's beauty was perfect;—still might I not have discovered what fate had in store for me? But who is there who pauses to reflect when the passions are exerted? Eliza was a delightful girl—accomplished, clever, and witty; she laughed *with* me at many things, but I flattered myself not *at* me. I thought her perfection; and I imagined, without vanity, that she did not consider my acquirements in a despicable point of view. I imagined that I was beloved, though I had never proposed the momentous question. At last the moment arrived for explanation. Our regiment suddenly received an order to embark for America; I hurried to Eliza, and told her the fatal news; our interview was long and interesting; the moment of departure drew near; Eliza looked as if she were about to abandon herself to despair. At once I spoke openly of my passion—I pictured the desolation of my lot, far, far away from her I loved, and begged to exchange tokens, that I might possess something by which I might recall the happiness of the past. "Give me, Eliza," cried I, "give me a ringlet of these waving tresses; while life is mine I will preserve it!" Eliza raised her tearful eyes, and gazed wistfully upon me: on a sudden her countenance changed; I apprehended an hysterical affection. She strove to repress it, but in vain; her strength was subdued, and she burst into a peal of laughter, loud and long! I gazed in astonishment; yet her mirth, for mirth indeed it was, and no hysterical passion—was unheeded. "What mean

you," I exclaimed; "is this a moment for merri-ment?" "Oh, Rufus!" she faintly articulated, while she strove to keep down the convulsion which still influenced her, "Oh, Rufus, only think how ridiculous a lock of *your hair* would look in a locket!" and again her laughter overpowered; "but take mine," she added. "Never, madam!" I vociferated, turning pale with anger—"Never! she who at such a moment could wound my feelings in the tenderest point is unworthy to be held in my remembrance. Madam, I bid you eternally farewell!" and without pausing to cast another glance at the object of my late attachment, I rushed from the house, and strode homewards. "There are many fairer than she, and few can be more unfeeling," thought I, as I paced hurriedly along. "When next I bestow my affections, I will do so where every sentiment is reciprocal. I may yet be beloved, though my hair is red!" While these thoughts passed through my mind, I passed by a perfumer's shop, and there in a long plate-flap I saw my inflamed visage reflected. My eye was attracted towards an advertisement emblazoned in gaudy capitals—"FOX'S PATENT CREAM, for changing red or gray hair to —" I read no more—

"My bane and antidote were both before me."

The name of the patentee recalled unpleasant recollections; but I waived my disgust, and rushed into the shop, and expended half-a-guinea on the mixture which was to renew "old Æson." I had no opportunity to try the effect of my lotion till after our embarkation, and it was not till we were half-seas-over, and free from the influence of sea-sickness, that I mustered resolution to avail myself of my panacea. It was then, as our vessel bounded across the ocean to its western shore, that I mused upon the new mode of life which would be my lot in a far remote region. Divested of the painful distinction which had marked my early career, I should at length enjoy, and probably ornament society; and, as I abandoned myself to the fond anticipations of hope, I revelled in a day-dream of the most delicious nature, and looked forward to the coming morrow with delight. I pictured to myself the surprise of my companions aboard at my transformation, and I rejoiced in the idea of being then more than on a level with themselves. This hope inspired me with cheerfulness, and I spent a happy evening. That night, when the hour of our *coucher* approached, I prepared for the mysterious rite, and with feelings akin to those of Frankenstein when near the completion of his "secret work." I anointed myself, not like the old woman of Berkeley, but with the sacred oil from the Ampulla of Messieurs Fox. Enveloping my head in a thickly quilted nightcap, tightly bound round with a silken kerchief, in order that the charm might be "firm and good," I threw myself on my berth, and resigned my excited mind to the dominion of sleep.

The sun rose brightly above the waves, and the fresh breeze of morning breathed lightly through the cabin window, when I awoke. My

first impulse was, to feel if the bandage was secure: it was so, and all seemed to promise a happy result to the experiment. In a court of justice, when the sentence of a martial condemnation is passed, the judge arrays himself in a black cap, to pronounce the doom. Here, thought I, we shall reverse the case. I rose, and approached my dressing-case: the lock yielded to my pressure, and the mirror stood before me. I placed it in a conspicuous light, and with trembling hands I unloosed the mysterious fillet. Pursuant to the *printed instructions*, I instantly plunged my head into a basin of water; and there, like a dripping triton or merman, I confronted the oracle of my destiny. Powers of transformation, what did I behold!—Fiend of darkness, what spell of evil had been at work! I might have been compared to Priam gazing on the messenger of the fate of Troy; to the usurper of Scotland before the spirit of Banquo; to the affrighted Leporello, on beholding the solemn nod of the commander's statue; to the cat, which regards its prototype in the sublime advertisements of Warren;—in short, there, "mute and motionless" as Zuliekba, I

"Stood like that statue of distress,
When, her last hope for ever gone,
The mother harden'd into stone."

Before me, in the looking-glass, I beheld a gor-gon, and I shuddered: for, instead of a luxuriant head of hair, redundant in curl, redolent of perfume, and in hue "a *rich chemut*," or "a *golden brown*,"—such were the words of promise—my locks were stiff and wiry; a vile smell of aqua-fortis infected the air; and the colour which blasted my sight—no phantasm—no capricious fancy—no distorted vision—was a *vivid green*!!!

"'Twas green, 'twas green, sir, I assure ye!"

The glass fell from my hand; it was dashed into a million of shivers:—its fate was unheeded, for I was unconscious of passing events: the shock was too fresh, and I fainted.

* * * * *

For several weeks my existence was a blank; for dim visions alone flit across my recollection: they were the dreams of a maniac, and must pass unrecorded. When I returned to consciousness, I found myself an invalid in my barrack-room, in the garrison of —, in North America. I there discovered that the surgeon, in mercy, or from necessity—for "they tell me I did wildly rave,"—had caused my locks to be shorn; that, with their growth, I might arise a second Sampson. I did so, but my hair was redder than before!

When I began to write these pages, it was my intention to have recorded all the sufferings I have undergone; but I find the task of such minute detail too painful. What boots it to narrate how I was crossed in all my schemes of interest, of ambition, and of love? how I was thrice rejected for staff situations, to which the letters of my friends in England had recommended me, because the governor's lady objected to a red-headed aide-de-camp: how, consequently, I sought and obtained the command of a

remote detachment, and buried myself amid the woods, far up the country; and how a party of freebooting Indians, from the banks of the Passamaquoddy, endeavoured to ensnare me, and secure my scalp to decorate the wigwam of their chieftain. These, and a thousand other events, which now pass unrecorded, combined to drive me from the country, and relinquish the profession of arms. I resolved to retire from the army; accordingly, making arrangements for the sale of my commission, I returned to England, debating in my own mind whether I should hide my shame—"where, in what desolate place?"—under the powdered wig of a barrister, or concealed beneath the turban of a Moslem. The former I considered only a partial remedy; the latter more complete, and quite as respectable; for I hold the doctrines of the Koran to be fully as orthodox as the precepts of Grotius and Puf-

fendorf. Whilst I hesitated as to which of the two I should adopt—whether a few months should see me under the guidance of a Moollah, or a student in chambers—I chanced to take up the work recently written on Spain, by a young American. From this I gathered, that, even for me, there was "balm in Gilead,"—that, abandoned and proscribed, as I had hitherto found myself, there was yet a quarter of the globe where red heads are *at a premium*; that happiness might yet be mine, in the sunny clime of Iberia. Away, then, with wigs and turban! To-morrow I start for Paris—a few days will see me at Bayonne—and once across the Spanish frontier, on the plains of Castile, or amid the Sierras of Grenada, I shall find myself at length an emancipated being, and exclaim, with the poet,

"Ob, life!—at last I feel thee!"

CUSTOMS AND PRACTICES OF CIVILIZED LIFE.

DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS—MUSIC—WINE—KNIVES AND FORKS—CHAIRS—CARPETS—TAPESTRY—MIRRORS—DRESS—HATS—
WIGS—BEARDS, &c.

At a very early period of antiquity, men had recourse for amusement to dramatic representations and other pastimes at their meals. The Greeks and Romans refreshed their guests at one time with pantomimic dances, and at others with the sanguinary combats of their gladiators and wrestlers, and the tricks of jugglers. The earlier princes of Christendom were no less attached to the exhibition of pantomimic dances at their meals; and the intervals between these were filled up with the harps and ballads of the master-singers and troubadours. The banquetting halls of the clergy and the repasts of devout prelates, were consecrated by readings from edifying books or learned writings: a custom which characterizes some scholastic establishments in foreign countries to this very day. Singing was also greatly in vogue, and the first organ seen in France was introduced for the use of Charlemagne at his table. Music, on public occasions of feasting, has not been banished from the tables of the great from his time to our own.

Far distant ages were familiar with the habit of drinking wine, for the purpose of strengthening the stomach, either before or at the commencement of a meal; eggs were made use of for a similar purpose. Charlemagne's meal consisted generally of four dishes, and a single dish of game. Veal kidneys, pike's tails, barbel's heads, and the skins of geese, were accounted toothsome dainties. It is worth while to recite the various articles which Charlemagne ordered to be kept in readiness at his farms. These were, "game, cattle, hogs, goats, pigeons, peacocks, pheasants, ducks, partridges, geese, fish, fruit, vegetables, milk, butter, cheese, vinegar, meal, soap, honey, grain, millet, wax, and mustard."

In the earlier times, wooden tables were used

without any covering, though it was usual to polish them; an overlay of cloth was the first which came into use; and this was ultimately superseded by linen and woollen cloths. A corner of the cloth was used to protect the dress, and clean the fingers and mouth: the luxury of napkins was unknown among private persons, until the time of Charles V. These were first made at Rheims, in France. On his journey through France, Charles V. received from this city a present of such table-linen, which was valued at a thousand florins.

Knives and spoons may be traced back to the remotest antiquity. Forks were of later date; and the point of the knife was previously the vehicle for conducting the food to the mouth; the first forks were of iron, and had two or three prongs. Slices of crust were at first used in lieu of plates; these were superseded by wooden platters, and the latter, by plates of all kinds of metal. The weight of leaden plates soon brought them into disuse.

Benches, foot-stools, stools, &c. were, in days of yore, the usual furniture of the table, even within the palace of the prince. Chairs were of infrequent occurrence. The bed was an object of great splendour with the Greeks and Romans, after they had exchanged their heroic forefathers' custom of sleeping on leaves and skins for pillows of down, mattresses of innit, and feather-beds. The bedstead was made of ivory, silver, or of ebony, citron wood or cedar. Vestiges are occasionally to be met with of the immense beds on which our ancestors, with their wives and children, nay, even with their favourite sporting dogs, were accustomed to sleep. The most distinguished personages were not ashamed to lay in one and the same bed with their guests and acquaintances;

may, it was the dearest proof of friendship and confidence which one person could afford another. Admiral Bonnivet himself frequently divided bed-fellowship with Francis I., King of France.

Mats, made of rushes or straw, were the first tapestry with which rooms were hung. The colours of the straw were selected and intermixed with so much skill and taste, that these mats had a highly pleasing effect. Some of these are still made in the Levant: they are of excellent workmanship, and proportionately dear; and are universally esteemed, on account of the brilliancy of their colours, and the beauty of the designs. Tapestry of linen and silk, on which whole stories are represented, were introduced above six hundred years back; though the use of them was at that period by no means universal. In the fifteenth century, the *haute* and *basse tisse* tapestries were brought into use in the Netherlands, whence they spread to France. Being costly in price, persons of middling property were obliged to content themselves with Borgamo hangings, or *points d'Hongrie*. The manufacture of the *Gobelins* tapestry, which was begun in the time of Henry IV., and brought to perfection by Colbert and Lebrun, the celebrated painter, left, and continues to leave, similar fabrics far behind it. The Venetian *brocattelle*—the Persian and Indian painted cloths—what was called *Tapisserie tontisse*, (embossed tapestry,) made from the sweepings of the wool, which are left in sheering dyed cloths, and are fixed on linen prepared with gum—painted and gilded leather, an old invention, ascribed to the Spaniards—and paper-hangings, which are now universally made use of—close our account.

The first looking-glasses were made of metal, and Cicero mentions Esculapius as their inventor; Mores had also made mention of them. The first silver mirrors were introduced at Rome, in Pompey's time. Mirrors of glass came into use in Europe towards the close of the Crusades; the Venetians, who first possessed the secret of making them, turned them to rich account, as an article of trade; and from them have arisen the multitude of looking-glass manufactures which now abound throughout Europe.

A treatise on the numerous vicissitudes which clothing and fashions have undergone from remote ages to the present times, would fill a library; we will, therefore, content ourselves with a hint or two, *en passant*, at some of the peculiarities for which the vestments of our forefathers were remarkable.

Charlemagne's clothing generally consisted of a linen coat, the edge of which was worked in silk; in winter he used a doublet of otter skin, which he wore under that coat. He was the father of some sumptuary laws: and, in the year 808, ordained the following prices, to be adhered to by both seller and buyer:

The best surcoat or mantle, -	20 sous, or	10d.
An inferior one, - - - -	10	— 5d.
A coat, lined with otter or marten skin, - - - -	30	— 15d.
Ditto, lined with cat's skin, -	10	— 5d.

The long, broad tunics, which are clasped at top, and hung down to the heels, were drawn over the rest of the clothing. They were used on going abroad, instead of the mantle, which—such are the vicissitudes of ideas and fashions—was wholly a garment for home use or state occasions: and it would have been a mark of unpolished manners for any one to have appeared abroad in a mantle on common occasions.

The robe of ermine was at all times in use, both in France and Germany. In order to enhance its whiteness, it was besprinkled with black tails of animals, or locks of black lamb's wool, from Lombardy—a custom which prevails to this day. This robe was confined to Princes and people of rank. One of our English Queens had two robes of ermine carried before her, to show that she was Sovereign of the two kingdoms of England and France.

Besides the waist girdle, which was peculiar to the male sex, both sexes made use of a band round the body, on which they suspended their keys, purse, knife, and implements for writing. This band was an object of great adornment among the women; it was made of silk, silver, or gold, and sometimes glittered with precious stones. They did not make less parade with their money-bags or purses: and it was customary with the Crusaders, before they set out on their expedition, to have both their girdle and purse consecrated. When a man was compelled to surrender his property on account of his debts, he untied his girdle in the presence of the judges; the widow who renounced the inheritance of her husband, deposited her girdle on his grave.

Roger, King of Sicily, introduced silk weavers from Greece into his dominions in 1143.

The first silk stockings were made in England. King Henry II. wore the first in France, at the marriage of his sister Margareth.

The festive habit of the middling ranks of trades-people was black; grey or brown were the colours of the week-day habiliments of their wives and children.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the leaders of fashion introduced a species of shoe with long points, which issued straight out from the point like a vessel's bowsprit, or approached the knee in the shape of a curved beak. The common people were confined to a point of half a foot—that of the rich grew to one foot—and the prince allowed his shoe a point of two feet. Persons of fashion and taste bedecked their points, in a subsequent age with horns, claws, and even the human face. At last, the pious zeal of the church was inflamed against this custom, which was forbidden under pain of excommunication, in the assembly at Paris, in 1212, and at Angers in 1365, as a thing warring against the order of nature, and disfiguring that part of the human frame!

Hats were an invention of the fifteenth century. Previously thereto, the head was covered with caps and bonnets made of stuff, and sometimes enriched with fur. The hat which Charles the VIII. wore on his public entry into Rouens,

in 1449, is one of the first noticed in history. In the times of Francis I., pointed hats or barettes were worn, having the owner's coat of arms embroidered upon them. Military men pressed them down over the eyes, and courtiers and citizens wore them on one side over the right ear, so that the left, garnished with a pearl, remained exposed.

The use of wigs was known to the ancients, among whom the golden tresses of the Germans were in great request. Indeed, nothing can be more laughable than the account which Lamprodius gives of the Emperor Commodus's periwig: it was besmeared with clammy odoriferous salves, and then bepowdered with gold dust. The first who wore a wig in later times was an Abbe la Riviere: and in his age it was so thick with hair, and so long, that it reached to the very hip, and was several pounds in weight. As much

as £200 was sometimes the price of these wigs. Bag-wigs came into fashion during the regency of the Duke of Orleans, and were thence denominated "*Perruques a la Regence*."

In remoter ages, a long beard distinguished the Frank from the people whom he had subdued. Young persons were also industriously attentive to their whiskers. But towards the close of the eleventh century, William, Archbishop of Rouen, declared war against beards and long hair, and carried his animosity so far, that it was decreed in a council of the year 1096, that those who wore long hair should be excluded from the Christian church for life, and, after death, from the prayers of the church. This important business, however, was not so easily got rid of. Beards found a host of champions, and the heat of the war obtained such inveteracy, that both sides boasted their martyrs in the good cause.

THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT ARRAS.

HERBERT DE LA TOUR, the present Bishop of Arras, is descended from the noble family of the Dukes of Aquitaine; being possessed of a private fortune, independent of the revenues of his see, he loves to maintain much of that state and splendour which characterised the prelates of the earlier ages. His Palace at Arras was erected in the reign of Louis the Eleventh, and partakes of the cumbrous magnificence of the time, half fortress, half monastery. Its present occupant being a devoted adherent to the exiled family, seldom travels from his diocese, but employs his income in adding to the vast treasures of art and literature collected by his predecessors. These, with great liberality, are open to the public, and may in truth be recommended to the English traveller. The principal entrance is in the centre of the building, by a flight of marble steps, which conduct to the great hall, a room of fine proportions, exquisitely pannelled in oak, and hung round with the portraits of the former Bishops: here are four tables, of rich mosaic, and a curious picture of the same, set in an antique silver frame, a copy of the celebrated tomb of the Grand Master in the church of St. John, belonging to the Knights of Malta; from this hall a cloister leads to the library, the windows of which represent the lives and martyrdoms of the most eminent Saints of the Catholic Church, enamelled on the most exquisite Flemish glass. The dim, rich light of this apartment is suited to the treasures of literature contained within its highly carved oak recesses. I pass over missals and breviaries innumerable, till I come to a Virgil illuminated in the ancient style, beautifully written upon vellum; this gem is bound in plates of silver, and adorned with the royal arms of France; formerly it had been set with precious stone, the setting for them still remained, but the revolutionists preferred diamonds to the fine arts, so left the book, and

stole the jewels. A very ancient copy of the scriptures, upon forty hides of buffaloes, in the Hebrew; this, from its antiquity, had evidently belonged to some Jewish temple; it revolved in their manner upon two rolls, and had the high silver point to mark the text, which is, I believe, peculiar to the Jewish copy. The librarian, a very gentlemanly old man, who, during the first revolution, resided in England, inflicts a copy of Latin verses, which he composed and presented to Charles the Tenth, six years since, on the occasion of his visit to the Bishop at Arras, upon most of his visitors, and seldom fails to show a catalogue of the Royal Library in Paris, given to him by that monarch in return. From the library, you proceed to the grand saloon, or what may justly be termed the Presence Chamber of the Bishop. In this apartment he receives deputations from his clergy and holds confirmations; the walls are hung with rich tapestry, representing the lives of various Saints, the sombre hue of which is still further increased by the heavy velvet draperies of the episcopal throne. The Cathedral of Arras, which adjoins the palace being still unfinished, here, upon a table, embroidered with the arms of the see, are placed the emblems of the Bishop's authority—an antique mitre, set with chrystals, pearls, and sapphires, and a curiously enamelled crosier, the top of which has a fauciful representation of the Trinity. The Father, in the likeness of an old man, is seated upon a large amethyst, the Virgin kneeling before him on an altar; at the side is a Lamb, with the sword in its breast, the blood flowing from his wound into a cup: what makes this crosier more valuable is, that it was wrought by that celebrated Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini.

Over an altar table, opposite the seat of the Bishop, is a fine rood, as large as life, carved in white and black marble; on the right of the figure is an antique staff, of rough, but curious workman-

ship, said to have been borne by the illustrious Charlemagne, when he entered the church of St. Bique; this, and an immense silver lamp, were removed from that Abbey, at the time of the revolution. In an ebony casket, in this room, is preserved a relic of great sanctity, being no less than a cup given by an angel to St. Eloi, to celebrate mass with, after he had lost his in a desert to which he had retired; being consecrated, strangers, of course, are not permitted to touch it, but, to judge from its appearance, it is of the finest gold, set with stones of a considerable size, and must, from the simplicity of the workmanship, be of great antiquity; opposite to the rood is a highly finished altar piece, by Rubens; the subject is the same as his Descent from the Cross, at Antwerp, of which there is little doubt he made many finished studies, before he commenced his great picture.

The great Dining-room adjoins the Hall of Audience, and is furnished in the style of Louis the Fourteenth; round the walls are candelabras of the most beautiful Dresden, supporting clocks, vases, and other costly articles of vertu. Nothing, indeed, reminds you, in this apartment, that you are in the Palace of an ecclesiastic, but the windows, on one of which a St. Andrew is nailed to the cross, and on the other the three Kings of Cologne are making offerings to a headless Saviour; the staircase from this apartment is one of the most beautiful things of the kind in Europe: it is of oak, as black as jet with age, and carved in fruits and flowers most luxuriantly. The artist was the same that executed the celebrated pulpit at Bruxelles. On the right of the great staircase is the State Bed-chamber, as it was fitted up for Charles the Tenth, a heavy piece of frame-work covered with purple velvet draperies, with the regalia of France at the top. Opposite the bed is a Crucifixion by Vandyke, in his finest manner, with a companion Madonna on either side, one by Rubens, the other by Murillo, each in the best style of their respective masters; but the principal gem is in the adjoining oratory, a room exquisitely furnished in carved ebony and ivory; over a small altar is a magnificent shrine of filagree silver, with the relics of the holy cross; above it hangs a *Salvator Mundi*, by the divine hand of Raphael. The expression and the colouring of this picture must excite the most enthusiastic admiration. It was the gift of Pius the Seventh to the late Bishop of Arras, as a mark of gratitude for the attention paid him during his captivity; before it continually burn two lamps of silver. Perhaps this slight sketch may be the means of inducing some future traveller to give to the public a more detailed account of this splendid residence; should it do so, the present writer's purpose is accomplished.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

ONE of the most special appointments of the Creator, as to birds, and which nothing but His chosen design and corresponding ordainment can explain, is the law, that so many kinds shall

migrate from one country to another, and most commonly at vast distances from each other. They might have been all framed to breed, be born, live, and die in the same region, as occurs to some, and as quadrupeds and insects do. But He has chosen to make them travel from one climate to another, with unerring precision, from an irresistible instinct, with a wonderful courage, with an untiring mobility, and in a right and never-failing direction. For this purpose, they cross oceans without fear, and with a persevering exertion that makes our most exhausting labours a comparative amusement. Philosophy in vain endeavours to account for the extraordinary phenomenon. It cannot disorder any adequate physical reason. Warmer temperatures are not essentially necessary to incubation, nor always the object of the migration; for the snow bunting, though a bird of song, goes into the frozen Zone to breed, lay, and nurture its young. The snow-bird has the same taste or constitution for the chilling weather, which the majority recede from. We can only resolve all those astonishing journeys into the appointment of the Creator, who has assigned to every bird the habits, as well as the form, which it was his good pleasure to imagine and attach to it. The watchful naturalist may hear, if not see, several migrations of those which frequent our island, both to and fro, as spring advances and autumn declines; but as they take place chiefly at night or at early dawn, and in the higher regions of the atmosphere, they are much oftener audible than visible to us on the surface of the earth.—*Turner's Sacred History.*

INDIAN TRANSMIGRATION.

THIS belief in the malice of evil spirits or deities was long made use of to thwart Elliot's designs. The Manitou of the Osages was a serpent of enormous size, which the priestess had the power of charming, though, to every other, its bite was mortal. Some of the more superstitious Indians had a Manitou, or evil genius, in their dwellings, to keep them from harm; the belief they often held in transmigration conducted to this practice. To the wandering Indian, whose eye often followed with desire the rapid flight of the eagle and the deer, it was, no doubt, sweet to believe that his soul, after death, should roam through the regions of the air, and over the plains, without ever being wearied. "I remember," says Bossu, "in a village of the Illinois, one of our soldiers went into a hut, and found a live snake, which he killed: the master, arriving quickly after, fell into a terrible passion to find his deity dead, and uttered a wild lament; he said it was the soul of his father, who died about a year before; that the old man had loved to pursue and kill the serpents, having envied their rapid movements, by which they glided from rock to tree, and swam over wide rivers; and when his limbs were stiff, and his frame bowed, he longed that he might be a serpent after death."—*Carné's Lives of Eminent Missionaries.*

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

BY MRS. HEWART.

Oh! blest are they who live and die like "him,"
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!

WORDSWORTH.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high
In a dim Cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy-pile
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat:—yet seem'd the while
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was that which scorned the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues!—but *one* rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for him, whose name
Was a trumpet-note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown
From the colour'd light one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd there,
Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of Love and Prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain source.

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the home where poor men sleep,*
A soft light meek, and still:

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthrall'd
By words of silvery away.

These were his victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The Pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to Heaven his name.

* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.
WORDSWORTH.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fame to fill.

Oh! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies high;
How my full heart within me burn'd,
Like *Him* to live and die!

HYMN TO THE STARS.

Aye! there ye shine, and there have shone,
In one eternal "hour of prime:"
Each rolling, burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time.
Aye! there, ye shine, the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye vis'ble spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Ye sparkle from the hand divine:
Yes! bright as then ye smiled to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
To hold your high immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

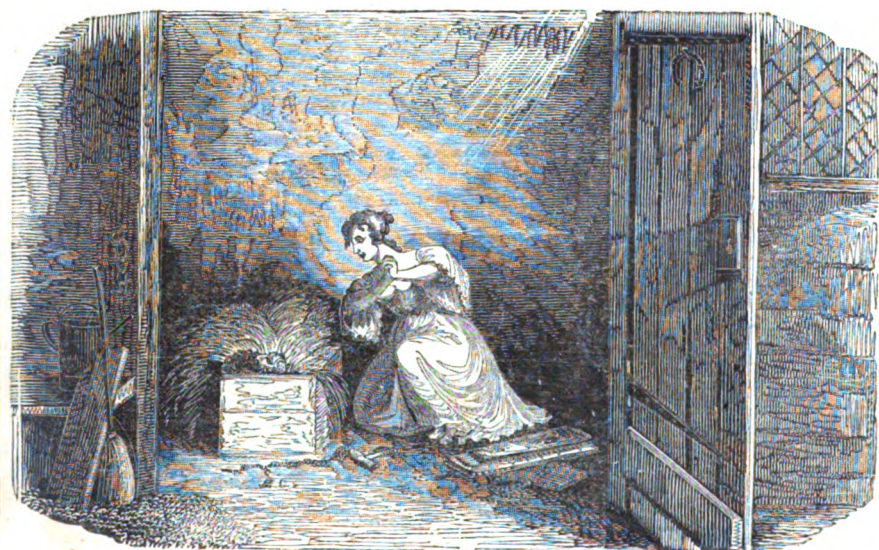
Gold frets to dust; yet there ye are!
Time rots the diamond; there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul.
And do they not? since yon bright throngs
One all enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest and lone.

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been;
The glance how rich, the range how vast!
The birth of time; the rise, the fall
Of empires; myriads, ages flown;
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worship; all
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw red Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring Sabian band,
The living hills his mighty fame:
Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of an earthly sire;
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cat'ract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood and flame,
All nature's ill, and life's worst woes,
Are nought to you: ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Aye! there ye roll, emblems sublime
Of Him whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves.
Nor is one scene to mortals giv'n,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heav'n,
Yon burning blazonry of God.



THE SKULL HOUSE.

THE SKULL-HOUSE.

"That skull had a tongue in 't and could sing once."—HAMLET.

"I WONDER what that hair-brained brother of mine can be doing. No fresh brawl, I hope," said Maria Downes to her cousin Eleanor as they sat, mopish and disquieted enough, in a gloomy chamber of the old hall at Worsley.

"I hope not, too," replied Eleanor;—and there was another long and oppressive silence.

It was in the dusk of a chill, damp, November evening. The fire shot forth a sharp uncertain glimmer, and the dim walls threw back the illumination.

"I know not why," said Maria, "but my spirits are very sad, and every thing I see looks mistrustful and foreboding!"

So thought her cousin; but she did not speak. Her heart was too full, and a tear started in her eye.

"Would that Harry had eschewed the frivolities and dissipation of yonder ungodly city; that he had stayed with us here, in safe and happy seclusion. I have hardly known pleasure since he went."

Eleanor's bosom again responded to the note of agony that was wrung from her cousin, and she turned her head to hide what she had too plainly betrayed.

"Since that unhappy fray, in which peradventure an innocent and unoffending victim was the result of Harry's intemperance, the bloody offence hath been upon my soul—heavier, I do fear, than upon his own. But unless he repent, and turn aside from his sinful courses, there will, there must come a fearful recompense!"

"Do not sentence him unheard," said Eleanor; but her words were quivering and indistinct. "It was in his own defence, may be, however bitterly the tidings were dropped into your ear. Sure I am," said she more firmly, "that Harry was too kind, too gentle to slay the innocent, and in cold blood!"

"Nay, Eleanor, excuse him not. It may be that the foul deed was done through excess of wine, the fiery heat of debauch, and amid the beastly orgies of intemperance; but is he the less criminal? I tell thee nay; for he hath added crime to crime, and drawn down, perchance, a double punishment. He is my brother, and thou knowest, if possible, I would palliate his offence; but hath it not been told, and the very air of yon polluted city was rife and reeking with the deed, that Harry Downes, the best beloved of his father, and the child of many hopes, did wantonly, and unprovoked, rush forth hot and intemperate from the stews. Drawing his sword, did he not swear—ay, by that Heaven he insulted and defied, that he would kill the first man he met, and—oh, horror!—was not that fearful oath fulfilled?"

Eleanor had covered her face with her hands

—a convulsive sob shook her frame; but though her heart was on the rack, she uttered no complaint. Maria, inflexible, and, as some might think, rigid, in those principles of virtue wherein she had been educated, yet sorrowed deeply for her cousin, who, from a child, had been her brother Harry's playmate, and the proofs of mutual affection, had been too powerful, too early, and too long continued, to be ever effaced. Timid as the frightened fawn, and tender as the wild flower that scarce bent beneath her step, she lay, a bruised reed; the stem that supported her was broken. Her fondest, her only hopes were withered, and the desolating blast of disappointment had passed upon her earliest affections. Her little bark, freighted with all a woman's care and tenderness, lay shivered with the stroke, disabled and a wreck!

Just as the short and murky twilight was expiring, and other lights were substituted, there came a loud summons at the outer gate, where a strong barrier was built across the moat. The females started, as though rendered more than usually apprehensive that evil tidings were at hand. But they were, in some measure, relieved on hearing that it was only Jem Hazleden, the carrier from Manchester, who had brought a wooden box on one of his pack-horses, which said box had come all the way from London by "Anthony's" wagon. Maria thought it might be some package or present from her brother, who had been a year or two in town, taking terms; but a considerable period had now passed since tidings were sent from him. She looked wistfully at the box, a clumsy, ill-favoured thing, without the least symptom of any pleasant communication from such a source; so different from the trim packages that were wont to arrive, containing, may be, the newest London chintz, or a piece of real brocade, or Flanders lace of the rarest workmanship.

"No good lurks in that ugly envelop," thought she; and, stooping down, she examined the direction minutely. It was a quaint crabbed hand, not her brother's, that was certain, and the discovery made her more anxious and uneasy. She turned it over and over, but no clue could be found, no index to the contents. It would have been easy, methinks, to have satisfied herself on this head, but she really felt almost afraid to open it, and yet — At any rate she would put it off till the morrow. She was so nervous, and out of spirits, that she positively had not courage to open a dirty wooden box, tied round with a bit of hempen cord, and fastened with a few rusty nails. She ordered it to be removed to her bed-chamber, and morning, perchance, would dissipate these idle but unpleasant feelings. She went to bed, but could not sleep; the wind and

rain beat heavily against the casement, and the recent excitement kept her restless and awake. She tried various expedients to soothe and subdue her agitation, but without effect. The rain had ceased to patter on the windows, but the wind blew more fiercely and in more violent gusts than before. The sky was clearing, and a huge Apennine of clouds was now visible as she lay, on which the moonbeams were basking gloriously. Suddenly a ray glided like a spirit into the chamber, and disappeared. Her eyes were, at that moment, directed towards the mysterious box which lay opposite, and her very hair moved with horror and consternation; for, in that brief interval of light, she thought she saw the lid open, and a grisly head glare out hideously from beneath. Every hair seemed to grow sensitive, and every pore to be exquisitely endued with feeling. Her heart throbbed violently, and her brain grew dizzy. Another moonbeam irradiated the chamber. She was still gazing on the box; but whether the foregoing impression was merely hallucinatory, an illusion of the feverish and excited sense, she knew not, for the box was there, undisturbed, grim, silent, and mysterious as before. Yet she could not withdraw her eyes from it. There is a fascination in terror. She could hardly resist a horrible desire, or rather impulse, to leap forth, and hasten towards it. Her brow felt cold and clammy; her eyes grew dim, and as though motes of fire were rushing by; but ere she could summon help, she fell back senseless on her pillow.

Morning was far advanced ere she felt any returning recollection; at first, a confused and dream-like sensation came upon her. Looking wildly round, her eyes rested on the box, and the whole interval came suddenly to her memory. She shuddered at the retrospect; but she was determined, whether it had been fancy or not, to keep the secret within her own breast, though more undetermined than ever to break open the fearful cause of her disturbance. Yet she durst not seek repose another night, with such a companion. Her apprehensions were not easily allayed, however disposed she might be to treat them as trivial and unfounded.

"Will you not open yonder package that came last night?" inquired Eleanor, as they were sitting down to breakfast. Maria shuddered, as though something loathsome had crossed her. She shook off the reptile thought, which had all the character of some crawling and offensive thing, as it passed her bosom.

"I have not—that is, I—I have not yet ordered it to be undone."

"And why?" said Eleanor, now raising her soft blue eyes, with an expression of wonder and curiosity on her cousin. "It did not use to be thus, when there came one of those couriers from town."

"'Tis not from Harry Downes; and—I care not just now to have the trouble on't, being jaded and out of spirits."

"I will relieve you of the trouble presently, if you will permit me," said Eleanor, who was not

without a secret hope, notwithstanding Maria's assertion, that it was a message of gladness from Harry, with the customary present for his sister, and perhaps a token of kindness for herself.

"Stay!" said Maria, laying her hand on Eleanor as she rose, whilst with a solemn and startling tone she cried, "not yet!" She sat down—Eleanor, pale and trembling sat down too; but her cousin was silent, evidently unwilling to resume the topic.

"To-morrow," said she, when urged; but all further converse on the subject was suspended.

Maria, as the day closed, and the evening drew on apace, gave orders that the box should be removed into a vacant outbuilding, until morning, when, she said, it might be opened in her presence, as it probably contained some articles that she expected, but of which she was not just then in need.

"It's an ugly cumbersome thing," said Dick, as he lugged the wearisome box to its destination. "I wonder what for mistress dunna break it open. Heigho!"

Here he put down his burden, giving it a lusty kick, for sheer wantonness and malice.

"What is 't sent here for, thinks't 'ou?" said Betty the housemaid, who had followed Dick for a bit of gossip, and a sort of incipient liking which had not yet issued on his part into any overt acts of courtship and declaration. It was nigh dark, "the light that lovers choose;" and Betty, having disposed herself to the best advantage, awaited the reply of Dick with becoming modesty.

"How do I know the nature o' women's fancies. It would be far easier to know why there's a change o' wind or weather, than the meaning o' their tricks and humours."

"I know not what thee has to complain on," said Betty. "They behave better to thee nor thou deserves."

"Hoity toity, mistress; dunna be cross, wench. Come gie's a buss an' so!"

"Keep thy jobbernowl to thyself," said the indignant Betty, when she had made sure of this favour. "Thy great leather paws are liker for Betty Pinnington's red neck nor mine," continued she, bridling up, and giving vent to some long-suppressed jealousy.

"Lorjus days, but thou's mighty quarrelsome and peevish; I ne'er touch'd Becky's neck, nor nought belongin' to her."

"Hush," said Betty, withdrawing herself from the approaches of her admirer. "Some'at knocks!"

Dick hastened to the door, supposing that somebody was dodging them.

"'Tis somethin' 'i that box!" said Betty; and they listened in the last extremity of terror. Again there was a low, dull knock, which evidently came from the box, and the woovers were certain that the old one was inside. In great alarm they rushed forth, and at the kitchen chimney corner Dick and his companion were seen with blanched lips and staring eyes, almost speechless with affright.

Next morning the story was bruited forth, with amendments and additions, according to the fancy of the speaker, so that, in the end, the first promulgers could hardly recognize their own. The grim-looking despatch was now the object of such terror, that scarcely one of them durst go into the place where it stood. It was not long ere Maria Downes became acquainted with the circumstance, and she thought it was high time these imaginary terrors should be put an end to. She felt ashamed that she had given way to her own apprehensions on the subject, which doubtless were, in part, the occasion of the reports she heard, by the seeming mystery that was observed in her manner and conduct. She determined that the box should be opened forthwith. It was daylight, be it remembered, when this resolution was made, and, consequently, she felt sufficiently courageous to make the attempt.

But there was not one amongst the domestics who durst accompany her on this bold errand—an attack, they conceived, on the very den of some evil spirit, who would inevitably rush forth and destroy them.

Alone, therefore, and armed with the necessary implements, was she obliged to go forth to the adventure.

The terrified menials saw her depart; and some felt certain she would never come back alive; others did not feel satisfied as to their own safety, should their mistress be the victim. All was terror and distress; pale and anxious faces huddled together, and every eye prying into his neighbour's for some ground of hope or confidence. Some thought they heard the strokes, dull heavy, blows, breaking through the awful stillness which they almost felt. These intimations ceased; and a full half hour had intervened; an age of suspended horror, when—just as their apprehensions were on the point of leading them on to some desperate measures for relieving the suspense, which was almost beyond endurance—to their great joy, their mistress returned; who, though appearing much agitated, spoke to them rather hastily, and with an attempt to smile at their alarm.

"Yonder box," said she, passing by, "is like to shame your silly fears. Some wag hath sent ye a truss of straw—for a scrubbing wisp, maybe." But there was, in the hurried and unusual hilarity of her speech, something so forced and out of character, that it did not escape even the notice of her domestics. Some, however, went immediately to the place, and after much hesitation lifted up the lid, when lo, a bundle of straw was the reward of their curiosity. By degrees, they began to rummage further into the contents; but the whole interior was filled with this rare and curious commodity. They could hardly believe their eyes; and Dick, especially, shook his head, and looked as though he knew or suspected more than he durst tell;—a common expedient with those whose mountain hath brought forth something very like the product of this gigantic mystery.

Dick was the most dissatisfied with the result, feeling himself much chagrined at so unlooked-for a termination to his wonderful story, and he kept poking into and turning about the straw with great sullenness and pertinacity. His labours were not altogether without success.

"Look! here's other guess stuff than my lady's bed straw," said he, at the same time holding up a lock of it, for the inspection of his companions. They looked, and there was evidently a clot of blood! This was a sufficient confirmation of their surmises; and Dick, though alarmed as well as the rest, felt his sagacity and adroitness wonderfully confirmed amongst his fellows. They retired, firmly convinced that some horrible mystery was attached thereto, which all their guessing could not find out.

At night, as Dick was odding about, he felt fidgety and restless. He peeped forth at times toward the outhouse where the box was lying, and as he passed he could not refrain from casting a glance from the corner of his eye, through the half closed door. The bloody clot he had seen, dwelt upon his imagination; it haunted him like a spectre. He went to bed before the usual hour, but could not sleep; he tossed and groaned, but the drowsy god would not be propitiated. The snoring of a servant in the next bed, too, proved anything but anodyne or oblivion to his cares. He could not sleep, do what he would. Having pinched his unfortunate companion till he was tired, but with no other success than a loud snort, and generally a louder snore than ever, in the end, Dick rendered desperate, jumped out of bed, and walked, or rather staggered across the floor. He looked through the window. It was light, but the sky was overcast, though objects below might readily be distinguished. The outhouse, where the box lay, was in full view; and, as he was looking out listlessly for a few minutes, he saw a female figure bearing a light, who was gliding down stealthily, as he thought, in the yard below. She entered the building, and Dick could hardly breathe, he was so terrified. He watched until his eyes ached before she came out again, when he saw plainly it was his mistress. She bore something beneath her arm; and as Dick's curiosity was now sufficiently roused to overcome all fear of consequences, he stole quickly down stairs, and by a short route got sufficiently on her track to watch her proceedings unobserved. He followed into the garden. She paused, for the first time under a huge sycamore tree in the fence, and laid down her burden. She drew something from beneath her cloak, and, as he thought, began to dig. When this operation was completed, she hastily threw in the burden, and filled up the hole again; after which, with a rapid step, she came back to the house. Dick was completely bewildered. He hesitated whether or not to examine immediately into the nature of the deposit, which his mistress seemed so desirous to conceal; but, as he had no light, and his courage was not then screwed up to the attempt, he satisfied himself at present with observing the situation, intending

to take some other opportunity to explore this hidden treasure. That his mistress's visit had some connexion with the contents of the mysterious box was now certain, and whatever she had concealed was part of its contents, a conclusion equally inevitable; but that she should be so wishful to hide it, was a problem not easy to be explained without examination. Was it money? The clotted blood forbade this surmise. A horrible suspicion crossed him; but it was too horrible for Dick to indulge.

Wondering and guessing he retraced his steps, and morning dawned on his still sleepless eyelids.

Some weeks passed by, but he found none other opportunity for examination. Somebody or something was always in the way, and he seemed destined to remain ignorant of all that he was so anxious to ascertain.

After the arrival of the box, Maria Downes never mentioned her brother, unless he was alluded to; and even then she waved the subject as soon as possible, whenever it happened to be incidentally mentioned. Eleanor saw there was an evident reluctance to converse on these matters; and, however she might feel grieved at the change, in the end she forbore inquiry.

One morning her cousin entered the breakfast-room, where Eleanor was awaiting her arrival. Her face was pale—almost deathly—and her lips livid and quivering. Her eyes were swollen, starting out, and distended with a wild and appalling expression. She beckoned Eleanor to follow; silently she obeyed, but with a deadly and heart-sickening apprehension. Something fearful, as connected with the fate of her cousin Harry, was doubtless the cause of this unusual proceeding. Maria led the way up the staircase, and on coming to the landing, she pointed to a square opening in the wall, like unto the loop-hole of a turret stair. Here she saw something dark obstructing the free passage of the light, which, on a closer examination, presented the frightful outline of a human skull! Part of the flesh and hairy scalp were visible, but the whole was one dark and disgusting mass of deformity. She started back, with a look of inquiry towards her cousin. Hideous surmises crowded upon her, while she beheld the features of Maria Downes convulsed with some untold agony.

"Oh speak—speak to me!" cried Eleanor, and she threw her arms about her cousin's neck, sobbing aloud in the full burst of her emotion. Maria wept too. The rising of the gush relieved her, and she spoke. Every word went, as with a burning arrow, to Eleanor's heart.

"I have hidden it until now; but—but Heaven has ordained it. His offence was rank—most foul—and his disgrace—a brother's disgrace, hangs on me. That skull is Harry's! Believe it as thou wilt, but the truth is no less true. The box, sent by some unknown hand, I opened alone, when I beheld the ghastly, gory features of him who was once our pride, and ought to have been our protection. My courage seemed

to rise with the occasion. I concealed it with all speed until another opportunity, when I buried this terrible memorial—for ever, as I hoped, from the gaze and knowledge of the world. I thought to hide this foul stain upon our house; to conceal it, if possible, from every eye; but the grave gives back her dead! The charnel gapes. That ghastly head hath burst its cold tabernacle, and risen from the dust, without hands, unto its former gazing-place. Thou knowest, Eleanor, with what delight, when a child, he was accustomed to climb up to that little eylet-hole, gazing out thereat for hours, and playing many odd and fantastic tricks through this loop-hole of observation."

Eleanor could not speak; she stood the image of unutterable despair.

"In that dreadful package," continued Maria, "this writing was sent:—'Thy brother has at length paid the forfeit of his crimes. The wages of sin is death! and his head is before thee. Heaven hath avenged the innocent blood he hath shed. Last night, in the lusty vigour of a drunken debauch, passing over London Bridge, he encounters another brawl, wherein, having run at the watchman with his rapier, one blow of the bill which they carry, severed thy brother's head from his trunk. The latter was cast over the parapet into the river. The head only remained, which an eye-witness, if not a friend, hath sent to thee!'"

Eleanor fell senseless to the ground, whence her cousin conveyed her to the bed from which she never rose.

The skull was removed, secretly at first, by Maria herself; but invariably it returned. No human power could drive it thence. It hath been riven in pieces, burnt, and otherwise destroyed; but ever on the subsequent day it is seen filling its wonted place. Yet was it always observed that sore vengeance lighted on its persecutors. One who hacked it in pieces was seized with such horrible torments in his limbs, that it seemed as though he might be undergoing the same process. Sometimes, if only displaced, a fearful storm would arise, so loud and terrible, that the very elements themselves seemed to become the ministers of its wrath.

Nor would this wilful piece of mortality allow of the little aperture being walled up—for it remains there still, whitened and bleached by the weather, looking forth from those rayless sockets upon the scenes which, when living, they had once beheld.

Maria Downes was the only survivor of the family. Her brother's death and deplorable end so preyed on her spirits, that she rejected all offers of marriage. The estate passed into other hands, and another name owns the inheritance.

Love can be founded upon nature only, or the appearance of it, for this reason; however a pe-ruke may tend to soften the human features, it can very seldom make amends for the mixture of artifice which it discovers.

OUR PRESENT MAY.

BY L. E. L.

"May is full of flowers."—SOUTHWELL.

"Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold,
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold."

DARWIN.

"The month of flowers," May,
Were they not wont to say
That, of the Year's twelve lovely daughters, thou
Didst wear most perfect sweetness on thy brow?

They said the crimson rose
Was eager to unclothe
For thee the fragrant mysteries which lie
Hidden in leafless boughs beneath the winter sky.

The poets told thy birth
Was welcomed upon earth
By the sweet multitude of shining flowers,
By bursting buds, green leaves, and sunny hours.

And thou art come, sweet May;
A week beneath thy sway
The world has been; yet is it dull and cold;
Doth it not own thy reign, as in the days of old?

To-day all life is strange
With great and utter change;
The power is past away from many a shrine
And many a throne—must it, too, pass from thine?

Still o'er the darkened sky
The heavy clouds sail by,
Till the bleak shower comes down unpitifully,
Beating the few faint blossoms from the tree.

Where is the yellow ore
Which the laburnum bore,
As if transformed, the Theban princess there,
Amid the golden shower, loosed her more golden hair?

The lilac with its stars,
Small, shining like the spars
With which some sea-nymph decks her ocean-bowers—
Lilac, that seems the jewelry of flowers?

Where is the golder-rose,
Wreathed as from Alpine snows?
Where is the lime-tree's bud of faint perfume?
Where is the hawthorn wealth, thine own peculiar bloom?

They do not meet thee now!
I see the barren bough;
The earth is melancholy as a grave—
I see the driving rain, I hear the bleak winds rave.

Is this the pilgrimage
Of Earth in her old age?
And is the shadow all things present wear
Cast on the circling beauty of the year?

Or is it but delay?
Are south winds on their way,
And songs and blossoms bringing May once more
The sunshine which rejoiced all hearts of yore?

Hope whispers of their birth—
Hope which upon our earth
Doth wander like an angel, at whose feet
Fresh flowers spring up to gladden and to greet.

How many now may see
Their likeness, May, in thee!
Mournful and spiritless, their spring is known
But by its measured time, and time alone;
They know there must be May within the year,
Else would they never dream that May was here.

THE POET'S INVITATION.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

So, wilt thou quit thy comrades sweet,
Nith's fountains, sweeping grove and holme,
For distant London's dusty street?

Then come, my youngest, fairest, come.
For not the sunshine following showers,
Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,
Nor Ladye-bracken to the hind,
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,
Nor golden daylight to sad eyes,
Nor morn-star showing larks to rise,
Nor son long lost in some far part,
Who leaps back to his mother's heart,
Nor lily to Dalswinton lea,
Nor moonlight to the fairy,
Can be so dear as thou to me,
My youngest one, my Mary.

Look well on Nithdale's lonely hills,
Where they who love thee lived of yore;
And dip thy small feet in the rills
Which sing beneath thy mother's door.
There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,
On broad Dalswinton not a tree,
By Carae there's not a lily blows,
On Cowehill bank there's not a rose;
By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair
Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,
But what in hours not long ago
In idling mood were to me known;
And now, though distant far, they seem
Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.
Of Nith's fair land limn all the charms
Upon thy heart, and carry
The picture to thy father's arms—
My youngest one, my Mary.

Nor on the lovely land alone
Be all my thoughts and fancy squandered;
Look at thy right hand, there is one
Who long with thee hath mused and wandered
Now with the wild bee 'mongst the flowers,
Now with the song-bird in the bowers;
Or plucking balmy blooms, and throwing
Them on the winds or waters flowing;
Or masking with a mirthsome scream
Your shadows changing in the stream;
Or dancing o'er the painted ground,
Till all the trees seem reeling round;
Or listening to some far-heard tune,
Or gazing on the calm, clear moon.
O! think on her, whose nature sweet
Could neither shift nor vary
From gentle deeds and words discreet—
Such Margaret was to Mary.

The pasture hills fade from thy sight,
Nith sinks with all her silver waters;
With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,
Of Nithdale's dames and daughters.
Proud London, with her golden spires,
Her painted halls and festal fires,
Call on thee with a mother's voice,
And bide thee in her arms rejoice.
But still, when Spring with primrose mouth
Breathes o'er the violets of the south,
Thou'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds
Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bounds;
The music of unnumbered rills
Which sport on Nithdale's haunted hills;
And see old Molach's hoary back
That seems the clouds to carry,
And dream thyself in green Portrack,
My darling child, my Mary.

THE UNDYING ONE.

FROM SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.—No. 4.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

IN a land almost entirely influenced by religious feelings, where the mind was early imbued not only with the general principles of piety, but equally tinctured with those peculiarities of beliefs, or, perhaps, made susceptible of those unnatural impressions, which are common to a people who do not separate the ordinary occurrences of life from the extraordinary events which characterized the first promulgation of Christianity. In such a community it is not strange that some peculiarity should distinguish the opinion held in common by its members, and it is even less to be admired that, where the mind of a single individual should by any means be rendered liable to aberration, its wanderings should be characterised by some leading feature of the general superstition.

Education may give force to misconceived opinions, or tinge the whole with some classic hue—but custom and early imbibed creeds will finish the groundwork of public or private hallucination, and the progress of society may be almost as easily traced in the conversation and conduct of the deranged, as in the speculations and pursuits of the sane. Thus the lunatic, in the hospital of this city, will give you a homily upon the means of educating the poor, or upon the necessity of repentance of sins—while a person equally insane, would, in the hospital of Massachusetts, talk of professorships in universities, or argue upon the hidden mysteries of predestination, and the eternal sonship of Christ. It would be a pleasing, and, perhaps, not unprofitable task, to trace this idea, and see, if possible, how far society is affected by such circumstances, and whether, in the earnest pursuit of some new, but visionary scheme, the whole community do not occasionally incur the charge of lunacy upon itself, and only owe the impunity of their fault to the prevalence of the offence. Doubtless had an individual, five years ago, followed as eagerly any, and, perhaps, the same fantastic hypothesis, which occupies the talents and zeal of a large part of one of the learned professions in this city, he would have brought upon himself the suspicions, and, perhaps, the consequences of a disordered mind. But neither my intentions nor limits, permit such disquisitions, and I enter upon the recital of events which gave rise to the above reflections.

While on a visit to the Old Colony, many years ago, my attention was one morning excited by hearing a child say to its mother, "the hermit is coming." On inquiring, I learned that, a few months previous, a man—apparently about thirty years of age—had appeared in the village, and excited the notice of the children and some of the idle or unoccupied part of the community. On turning to view the person, I was forcibly

struck with the general propriety of his dress and demeanour; he evinced nothing of the squalid appearance, either in dress or manners, which are usually the characteristics of a wandering lunatic. He appeared to be pursuing his progress with an ordinary gait, and if I had not been in quest of some peculiarity, perhaps the abstractedness of his manner, and the unsettled motion of his eyes, would have passed unnoticed. I thought I discovered—perhaps it was only imagination, a certain inattention to surrounding objects, which betokened either a superior occupation, or the consciousness of a higher destiny; yet it must be acknowledged, that the manners of an acknowledged lunatic are not the best subjects for critical examination.

That I may not be suspected of throwing an air of unnecessary mystery over the subject of this sketch, I will inform my readers, that on inquiry, I learned this unhappy person was a native of the neighbouring state, and that he had received his education in the university of which his father was president; but, owing to an unfortunate disappointment in "an affair of the heart," occasioned by the early death of an accomplished female, he evinced such evident symptoms of a disordered mind, that his father was compelled to put him under some restraint. During his confinement, this unfortunate man conceived the strange idea that he was doomed to wander a wretch upon the face of the earth, without any hope of a reprieve by death, and that, spite of pain, sickness, or misery, he would abide the consummation of all things.

By some negligence on the part of those who were set to watch his motions, the miserable subject of these memoirs made his escape, and lived a long time a vagrant, subsisting on the casual bounty of strangers, or eating the bread which his own peculiarities elicited from the curious and unfeeling.

In his present situation, he had asked no alms, but appeared to subsist by his own exertions; he only occasionally showed himself in the village, and then appeared to retire into the woods; hence he acquired, from the children, the appellation of "the hermit."

Induced by curiosity—in the present instance no very laudable passion—I sought some acquaintance with the stranger, but his habits were so abstracted, and he appeared so absorbed in the meditations of his own destiny, that he was, occasionally, unconscious of my presence.

I remember that, in the twilight of a summer evening, I saw the hermit leaning over the railings of the bridge which crosses Jones's river, and, as he appeared quiet, I supposed it a proper opportunity to enter into some conversation with him; as I approached him, however, I heard

him "giving his thoughts tongue." I spoke to him several times, but he was too deeply absorbed in his own feelings to heed my approach. His eye was bent with intensity upon the stream, which appeared, occasionally, to afford some similarity to his own situation. I was not able, for some time, to catch enough of his words to follow his ideas; at length, by approaching him, I was enabled to hear him distinctly: "Why should I wait," said he, "are there no means of rest—will fate keep an eternal watch upon its victim? will life continue without aliment? has not death a claim upon him who refuses food?—alas! I have tried it in moments of impatience—I have said 'I will die as have my fathers, and the hands of friends shall close my eyes, and the decencies of death shall blunt its pains,' but it is in vain, prisons lose their terrors, and the instruments of death are harmless in the hands of a man whose days are not numbered. How have I listened to the passing bell as its tones knelled forth the parting hour of some being who had spent a life of quiet on earth—how eagerly have I watched the funeral procession, as his friends carried him to a resting place.

"Could I but die, I've said, could I feel that at last I might lay down my head and be at peace, and feel, as I breathed forth my last, hated breath, and knew, as I closed my dying eyes, that some around wept and cared for me, what would I not do to purchase this glorious hope? O, I would live! live whole years to purchase it: but live I must, come what storms, what blights there may, though I shrink scorched or blasted, still I must remain, still I must tarry. Oh, that I might pass away to a quiet home, as this stream returns to the ocean. But no, I must be like yonder rock which swells above the ripples of the current, that shall remain till all be passed, that must endure its oozy bed till the fountains of the great deep be dried up.

"And yet, what have I done to be singled out for the endurance of such a woe, such a solitary curse? Oh, could I find one being to share with me this lot of life, this eternity of time; could I feel a community of suffering—could I call one man my brother; but I am indeed alone; the child shall grow to manhood in my presence, and age shall sprinkle his locks, and he shall pass away in peaceful quiet, while I remain in an eternal youth of misery.

"Who but me knows the solitude of company; who but me can walk among mankind and feel no part or lot in their sufferings or their joys?"

In this mental agony, the afflicted man left the bridge, and hastily walked up a lane which led into a wood.

A few days previous to my leaving the place, I attended the funeral of an ancient resident of the town, and, after the silent ceremony of returning dust unto dust, I lingered in the burying place to renew my acquaintance with the funeral records with which my youth had had an intimacy, and to read the more recent memorials of those whose childhood had been richer in promise than my own.

As the sun cast the lengthened shadows of the grave-stones over the slightly undulated grass that grew in rank luxuriance, I seemed almost to fancy that the spirits of those who once shared with me the joys of life, were about to warn me of its deceptions. The crowd of melancholy but instructive ideas which rush upon the mind in such a scene, are proofs that "it is good for us to be there."

I was leaning over the head-stone of one whose budding youth was the richest promise that the doting fondness of a parent ever smiled upon. Youth, beauty, love, and piety seemed rather to shine through than adorn her; her bosom was the home of all those clustering virtues, which the poets dream of perfection. As I was musing upon the inscrutable decrees of Providence, which had cut off, in the gush of youthful beauty, and in the bloom of every virtue, this being calculated to adorn society, and redeem human life from the censures even of misanthropy, while my unproductive life was spared for no acknowledged good, I was startled by a deep sigh. On raising my eyes, I discovered the hermit standing at the new made grave: he appeared to be gazing with interest on the memorials of mortality which were around him; as I observed him more closely, I thought that I could perceive in his face a different expression from that which marked it on the evening of his musing upon the bridge.

There was something of exultation in his countenance, as he gazed in mute attention upon the grave, chastened, as I thought, by occasional clouds of mental agony. I was within ten feet of him, yet I am persuaded that he was totally insensible of my presence.

"They have filled another grave," said he, "another and another, the earth teems with hillocks, men walk among the tenants of the tomb: the quick and dead, there is but a step between them. The wife is to-day mourned by the husband, who, to-morrow, will be lamented by his fatherless child. Yet I am here. All around me perishes, man and beast, the very stones are mouldering into earth, I, alone, am exempted.

"Oh, how will months, and years, and centuries, roll on, and change man, and towns, and nations—all, all, but me must bow to time; I shall stand upon the tomb of empires, the lonely and wretched chronicler of departed ages.

"Men shall inquire of me the thoughts of centuries past. That shall be green upon my memory which shall, to other men, be the broken link of half forgotten tradition. I shall march among mankind, their gaze and awe; how weak, how feeble will be the might of their learning, to one who has watched the lapse of centuries, to one to whom their Mathusalems shall be children. But oh, what shall be the pleasures of that solitary life? with no equal I shall have no friend. What will concern me the actions, the business, or the pleasures of mankind? the mere ephemerics of existence; stored with the memory of their evanescence, I shall only sicken at what they call joys. Oh, that I could be at rest, that I might lay this burning head upon the moisture of earth,

and feel death chill me into oblivion. To walk forth among posterity, the gazed, and, perhaps, shunned wretch, at whom men shall point; from whom piety shall recoil; the being whom infancy and age shall shun, as bearing his maker's curse; to feel this, with all the pangs of inward consciousness, to see the doors of death, the ever filling grave, open for all of human kind, and its portals closed on me. I, alone, may not enter there. I, who seek an entrance with the avidity that others would avoid it. Oh, this is the bitterness of life, this is to live an eternal death."

The unhappy wretch threw himself upon the new piled earth. In a few moments he arose from the grave—the sun was throwing up in the west the bright corruscations of its posthumous beams, the moon was emerging with filled horns beyond the heights of Plymouth, and one or two of the most brilliant stars were twinkling into view. The miserable man, as he gazed upon the scene, seemed to catch some new enthusiasm from its richness.

"I shall see their risings and their goings down; bright and lovely as is this scene, I shall know its end. Thrones and empires must fall, and I may tell their destiny to coming years; all must go, mankind, one by one, shall drop: famine and sickness, war and desolation, shall do

their work, and I shall note its progress, I shall see their numbers lessen, and feel my happiness near. The son shall die, and the childless father seek his grave; piecemeal shall animated life drop into non-existence, till at length I shall stand solitary and alone among the unconscious remnants of a decayed world; how still will be existence! the slumbering ocean shall forget its wave, the very waters of the great deep shall mantle in their beds. The cedars of the mountain shall crumble noiseless into decay, and nature shall be at rest.

"Sun, moon and stars shall go down to rise no more, or shall hang suspended in the vault of heaven, casting a pale and sickly light amid the silence and rest of decayed nature; what shall I be, I who have outlived the comforts of existence, nay, the very uses of creation, what shall I become? When death itself shall have no power, shall I be changed?

"Oh, what a time between——"

This man of imaginary persecution turned and left the yard, continuing his soliloquy as he passed along. Some insult from mischievous boys bid him, soon after, to seek a new habitation, and I never learned his fate; he can never be happy. The man whose feelings conquer his judgment is a lunatic, let his station and character be what they may.

A PAGE FROM A CANTAB'S NOTE-BOOK.

It was on a raw and gusty evening in October, just as the parched and yellow leaf of autumn was beginning to tell that the three weeks English summer had passed away, that I was travelling far in the north of England, on my way to Cowell Castle, the residence of a college friend. There are few things more delightful to a weary traveller, when the "shades of evening" close thickly around him, than the reflection that each degree of increasing gloom brings him nearer and nearer to the spot of his destination; and on this occasion I felt pre-eminently happy, for, having for many weeks been a wanderer among the wild solitudes of nature, with scarcely a civilized being even for the companion of an hour, the prospect of soon reaching the gay and hospitable home of my friend, lent swiftness to my pace and brightness to my anticipations. The distance, however, which I had to traverse, was, considering the lateness of the hour, somewhat considerable; and had it not been for a gala ball to be held that night, in honour of my friend's sister coming of age, I believe I should have yielded to the unpromising aspect of the evening, and the hints of my jaded horse, and taken up my quarters at the little romantic village which had been my last resting-place. But I was pledged to be present at the festival, and hastened, therefore, at my horse's best speed, through the wild and solitary heath before me.

My situation, though somewhat desolate, was not, however, without its charms; for if the bleak and barren common over which I wended my way, presented to my gaze no fair-haired dames, whose

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,"

still there was plenty of food for romantic rumination. In the legend of the wild witch, which had been related to me by the village gossip from whom I had obtained the direction of my path, and the midnight revellings of brownies and bogles, whose grotesque forms seemed identified with every stunted shrub and clump of heather. But when the sun no longer left behind him traces of his reign, and the darkened horizon showed no longer the gilded cloud, smiling, like a courtier, upon the retiring monarch, by whose reflection alone he derived his lustre, the witches, the brownies, and the bogles began to lose alike their terrors and their charms, and I hailed the "stern round towers" of my friend's abode with a satisfaction, unalloyed and unaccompanied with the slightest wish to linger on the scene through which I journeyed. Brilliant and dancing lights were shining from turret and fretted window—

"It was a vast and venerable pile;

So old, it seemed only not to fall:

Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.

Monastic dome!

Where Superstition once had made her den."

The usual congratulations, and expressions of pleasure at my arrival having subsided, I perceived that it was time to prepare the toilet for the coming scene of festivity. I hastened, therefore, to my chamber, and without giving myself time to ascertain the date of its gothic windows, or to analyze the subjects of the tapestry, I prepared myself with all the expedition my ill-arranged portmanteau would permit; not, however, without a secret assurance that my *ensemble* might procure for me the smiles of—egad, perhaps of the heiress herself! With this modest anticipation, I concluded my personal adorning, and descended to the hall, where, hung with massive armour, spreading antlers, and old pictures, frowned the dark oaken walls of many a century,

"Strong in their age, and sombre in their strength."

"I must introduce you to my fair sister," exclaimed my friend, leading me to a handsome fair-haired girl; "I have engaged her hand for you, as my most intimate, for the first quadrille." I bowed my thanks, and led the fair Cecilia to the set. My partner was every thing that was amiable and beautiful—but oh! how totally was her beauty eclipsed by the pale, wild, and interesting creature who stood before us. There was that in her eye which never had I seen in any other—a strong and beaming brightness, which sent through her "long dark lashes, low depending," an expression almost more than earthly. Her pale, but perfect features, were rendered almost statue-like by the contrast of the dark and glossy ringlets which fell luxuriantly from her beautifully-formed head, while her sylph-like, gliding, but graceful figure of symmetry, realized the idea of a creature belonging to a brighter world than ours. My companion perceived my admiration; nor did she seem astonished or displeased, when, instead of replying to some question about Cambridge, I interrupted her by an observation upon the singular and beautiful being before me. "Ah! poor Constantia!" she sighed. The manner in which these few words were spoken, almost made me love her. I had no opportunity of further inquiry, for the quadrille was ended, and another aspirant for the hand of the fair Cecilia hurried her away to waltz, and left me to ruminate alone upon this "child of mystery," for such I felt quite convinced she was. Peace was out of the question, until I elicited the facts from my friend himself. He informed me that she was the only child of a wealthy, but penurious Baronet. She had never known the tender care of a mother's fostering love, and thus the flowers of her mind were left to wander in wasteful luxuriance, when, had they been better trained, they would have formed a garden of the fairest and the brightest growth. It was impossible that such a being should live and not be loved; far more so, that her own bosom should be dead to the impulse and power of strong affection. She was loved, and oh! how fondly and how fatally was that love reciprocated! But the bud of her hopes was never destined to blossom! When her stern and unpitiful

parent drove the chosen of her heart, proud and penniless, from his doors, and he little thought, and, perhaps, he little heeded, how hard and decisive a blow was struck upon his daughter's affections. And he, too, the discarded and hopeless, seeking a painful and early death upon the battle plain, little deemed, as the name of Constantia lingered in his dying accents, that she, the adoring being for whom his heart beat high with hope, would, in losing him, lose also the consciousness of her own existence! The news of his death was announced to her without. She spoke not—she wept not—she fell suddenly and violently to the earth, and was raised from it—a maniac!

Time, however, that "only healer when the heart has bled," at length restored the lovely Constantia to the world; but the fair promise of her youth had been sapped, and her health had sunk under the bitter visitation. At first, her recovery was but partial, for the frequent and wild fits under which she laboured, rendered it constantly necessary to watch her every movement, and often to place a restraint upon her actions, which threatened to immolate the frail form which her malady had spared. By degrees, however, these fits became more rare, and the poor sufferer was once again permitted to resume her station in society. Her physicians hoped, that, by joining in the gaieties and pleasures of the world, the most effectual and speedy remedy for her disease would be attained, and so, in truth, it proved; for Constantia, although she seldom smiled, sometimes joined in the dance, and sat at the festive board, beloved by all, and feared by none. "It is upwards of a year," continued my friend, "since she has been visited by any of the consequences of her fatal malady, and we believe that she is now totally restored. Cecilia and she are inseparable companions; they were reared, as it were, in the same cradle, and, as cousins, have been constantly together: and, indeed, when others have been unable, during the continuance of the fits, to soothe the mind of the interesting sufferer, my sister has seldom failed to succeed. But," he continued, "I must seek my partner."

There was something in this narrative too deeply touching to permit me to join immediately the throng; a string of my heart had been struck, which would only vibrate to the sound of sorrow. I retired, therefore, to a niche at the extremity of the hall, where, unseen, I could meditate on what I had heard, and watch the graceful, but melancholy movements of the young and ill-fated Constantia. It was not very strange that I should have taken so lively an interest in this poor sufferer, and the tale of her woes, for I had lately mourned the death of a beloved relation, who had sunk to an early tomb, though with a mind unshaken, yet with a heart crushed and broken as Constantia's. The guests began to disperse, and the efforts of the musicians to be more irregular and drowsy; and feeling heavy and fatigued with my ride, I stole silently to my chamber.

How long I slept, I know not; but I was awake by the wildest strain of vocal music I had ever heard; and, as the moon was streaming through the gothic panes with her broad, pale light, I leaped from my bed, to ascertain from what fair serenader the sounds proceeded. But the song had ceased, and all was still as the grave. I opened gently the casement of the window, and, leaning forward, gazed out upon the beauty of the night. I perceived, on looking around, that the room I occupied formed one of several that led to a broad stone terrace, which overhung what I presumed to be the large court-yard of the castle, and a faint light, rendered hardly discernible by the effulgence of the moon's rays, assured me that I was not the only tenant of the range.

I heard the voice again, but it seemed, if possible, in a sweeter strain. The curtains of the neighbouring window slowly drawn aside, and the casement quietly opened by a female hand. I fancied I could recognize the slim form and dark hair of Constantia L'Estrange. Impelled by I know not what motive, for I did not wait to analyze it, I hastily wrapped myself in my dressing gown, and in a moment was stealing silently in the direction of the open window. Fair reader, do not blame or condemn me, for an indescribable presentiment of impending mischief had seized me, which I could neither shake off, nor exactly account for. Creeping slowly under the shade of the parapet wall of the terrace, I approached as nearly as I could the object of my solicitude, and, unobserved, stationed myself in such a situation as to command a view of her movements, without the slightest chance of being detected in my purpose. With breathless anxiety I awaited the result of my fears, but the moon alone appeared to be the object of her search and contemplation, and she looked upon it with such a wild, and unnatural gaze, as fixed, plainly told me, that those who believed her mind restored and at rest, had sadly overrated the effects of her care, or strangely underrated the extent of her malady. The fire—the vivid and horrible fire of the maniac was in her eye!—the expression of every feature was altered—the lovely being I had contemplated as possessing the beauty of an angel, was suddenly transformed—I dare not say how awfully!—The wild and irregular snatches of song came not from the lips of reason.

"Constantia!" exclaimed a voice, apparently of one suddenly roused from slumber, and which I immediately recognized as that of my friend's sister—"Constantia! how is it that you are up?" No answer was returned; indeed, her companion seemed unconscious that she was addressed. "Constantia!" continued her cousin, in the quick tones of alarm, "how often have you been warned never to expose yourself to the night air!" In a moment Cecilia herself had risen, and her hand was laid gently on the shoulder of the poor maniac. "Constantia—my dear, dear Constantia!" she said, in a subdued and soothing voice, "I thought you were still by my side, sleeping

as sweetly and as calmly as when I came to bed. Why, dearest, have you risen? You forget that you are an invalid, and that the night air is cold." "Ah!" exclaimed Constantia, suddenly leaping up and seizing her cousin with frantic energy—"Ah! I have you at last!—you have escaped me too long already!—you murdered my poor Frederick, and now"—Here she fastened on the terrified Cecilia by the throat, and throwing her vehemently on the ground, nailed her down with the force and energy of a savage. The sound of the death-gurgle was in my ear—but for the moment I was as one petrified and spell-bound. I had neither power to speak nor to move, till by a violent effort I roused myself from the effects of the sudden blow which had fallen, as it were, with benumbing force upon my senses, and rushed madly to her assistance. But alas! it was all too late—for the last quiver of life had passed away from the limbs of the hapless Cecilia! and Constantia, the *lunatic* Constantia, stood unabashed, alone, unconscious of the world on which she trod! For myself, I lost all recollection; but how long I remained insensible, I know not. I was aroused by some one who grasped me tightly by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Well, my gallant knight, how long is my fair cousin to wait for your hand in the dance?" I started up aghast—my friend and the lovely Constantia stood before me! "Why, you rogue," continued he, "you've been sleeping, and have lost my cousin's beautiful song." "No, no," I quickly replied, endeavouring to collect myself, the reality of that portion of my dream flashing across me, "do not think I was so lost to good taste: she sang two—I heard them both;" and, bowing low to my sweet partner, I added, "but the last was exquisitely beautiful." She smiled. Her cousin was less particular—helughed aloud. "That's good," said he, "it was an *encore*!"

MOTION NECESSARY TO CHILDHOOD.

To the due framing of the man, it is requisite that the child should grow up in a certain carelessness of spirit. The natural mobility of a child requires, for the full development of the mental as well as physical powers, to have complete play. To train his infant limbs, constant action is requisite. Watch a child, and see how unceasing is the motion requisite to keep him in a state of comfort; confine him for a moment, and he is uncomfortable and unhappy. In the early days of his infancy, unable to move himself sufficiently, the nurse keeps him in constant motion; having acquired strength, he swings about his arms, kicks with his little legs, crawls, and throws himself into every possible contortion. The boy runs, leaps, and keeps himself in one incessant turmoil. It is not requisite to explain, or to attempt to explain these facts; to state why this motion is needed; suffice it that it is needed. But the action of the child is never spontaneously a continuous action of one sort. Put him to turn a wheel, and you would ruin his health and stop his growth.—*Tait's Magazine.*

Originals.

THE SMILE OF THE LORD.

Oh! the smile of the Lord is a heavenly thing,
Not all the fresh beauties of blossoming spring,
Can infuse such a transport, such rapture afford,
As the peace which attends on the smile of the Lord.

But wand'ring and wearied, by sorrow and sin,
Who may hope such a beam of his mercy to win;
And who can believe, that such wonderful bliss,
Can ever be ours, in a world such as this.

There is an assurance, most cherish'd and dear,
That on those who abide in his faith and his fear;
His smile shall beam ever, and brighten their way,
'Till they bask in the blaze of empyreal day.

Dark days may rise on them, they heed not their gloom,
Temptations may fright them, but cannot o'ercome;
Even Death may approach, but no terror can bring,
Oh! the smile of the Lord is a heavenly thing. W. R.

TRY ME.

Love, too long, I've waited dearest,
Why, oh, why, deny me?
If my constancy thou fearest,
Take me, love, and try me.
See the crystal tear is glowing,
One bright smile will dry it;
Doubt not, when 'tis easy knowing,
Try it, dearest, try it!
Joys when brightest still are fleetest,
Haste, dear maid, they're flying,
Wedded love, the fondest, sweetest,
May be had for trying.
Now I see thy heart relenting,
Dearest I defy thee;
Eyes and cheeks alike consenting,
Maiden, shall I fly thee?
Hopes and vows thus fondly meeting,
Dearest, do not chide them:
They who say Love's joys are cheating,
Never thus have tried them!

A PLEASURE PARTY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Was it, indeed, a pleasure party? I have no doubt it was: it was *called* a pleasure party; we were assured it would be very pleasant; and we arranged it entirely with a view to please ourselves. Pleasure was the end, aim, object, and sole intention of all our hearts, and we looked forward to that day being ranked among the "pleasures of memory."

It *was* a pleasure party, and I feel quite pleased at the prospect of describing it to you. None of your yawning, wearying, wearisome expeditions to Greenwich, or Blackwall, to eat white bait, and scream at the prospect of being drowned under the arch of London bridge; none of your quiet, sleepy, barouche-transported, smartly-dressed, laughing, chattering parties to Norwood, or the Putney Cedars. None of your fearful and much-to-be-dreaded *pic nics*, to which the anxious mother of five unmarried daughters desires all the young men to bring two bottles of wine a-piece; hams, tongues, fowls, and delicacies innumerable; while she herself adds to the common stock one cucumber, and a currant tart;—no, it was a real *bona fide* party of pleasure, and, as such, was made a matter of business. At half-past five in the morning of the 18th of September, 1831, I was suddenly woke from a delicious dream, in which I thought Louisa Mildmay and myself were eating clouted cream at our wedding breakfast, by the shrill Scotch voice of my eldest maiden aunt, Miss Gordon, of Panmuir, who reproachfully assured me that my cousins, and the young *teddies* from Castle Craig had been dressed at least half-an-hour; had breakfasted, and were assembled on the lawn, waiting my appearance. Thunderstruck at the gross want of gallantry of which I had been guilty, I leaped out of bed, and as my revered aunt made good her escape to the door, called out, "will you order breakfast, aunt Gordon, and I'll be ready in no time;" but, at this second oversight,

even my aunt's sense of decency gave way, and she turned slowly round, and fixing her eyes full on my face, the better to avoid the shock which my costume had given her, she said, "Ye'll no surely think o' *breakfasting*, and they waiting these two hours down on the grass plot, with the ponies saddled and a'; hoot, ye'll just get a bit when you come to the bill."

"What hill, madam?" faintly inquired I.

"The hill of Tullach m'ha Coor, where ye're going to stop; it's no abune three mile at furthest, or may be it 'ill be four mile beyond the Brig o' Tullach."

"And how far is that from Fairlie Burn?"

"Deed then, I'm no just so clear as I might be about distances, but Minnie'll tell us;" then, suddenly flinging up the window of my room, she screamed out, "Minnie! Minnie! lassie, hoo far's the hill o' Tullach from Fairlie?"

"Is Jimmie thinking of walking it, auntie?"

A peal of laughter followed this interrogation, which was repeated every time the patient Miss Gordon endeavoured to extract the desired information. At length I descended to the lawn, and learnt, to my dismay, that I was to go twelve miles without breakfast, in a sharp, highland air, with a gun and fishing-rod in my hand, in order to cater for the party, as we proceeded.

The party consisted of the two elder Miss Gordons, my respected aunts; the four juvenile Miss Gordons, my active, early rising, indefatigable cousins; three Miss Campbells from Castle Craig; one Mr. Campbell from ditto; Miss De-launy an Irish heiress, also from the Castle; and a gaunt, high-cheeked individual, whose sex seemed at first sufficiently doubtful to afford a ray of hope that Mr. Campbell and myself were not the only gentlemen to a party of nine ladies; but alas! the illusion was dispelled by a question from my aunt Margaret, "Have ye gotten y'ere plaid, Miss Hamilton?" The anomalous creature

turned round, and in a moment the man's hat seemed a woman's hat—the great coat seemed a pelisse, of curious *build*—the boots ceased to be Wellingtons, and all things changed to my vision like a pantomime.

While Miss Delauny was protesting against being obliged to walk, I took a peep into the hampers, or rather creels, which were slung across the smaller of the two little rough Shetland ponies who were to carry our food. I looked, and lo! a little bag of pepper, a larger one of salt, a roll of soft butter, done up in a cabbage leaf, and again—carefully enclosed in a fragment of the last Perth Courier, an enormous piece of hard, poor, greenish, whitish cheese, two heavy bannocks of barley meal, a bag, containing four sea biscuits, and one little sweet biscuit, remaining from a case of Leman's, a piece of mutton, composing six scraggy outlets, three knives, four forks, some flour, and a note, containing the following memorandum, written by the stay-at-home to the pleasuring aunts: "The sweet biscuit for Miss Delauny, and a knife and fork for ditto, a outlet and every thing comfortable; the other biscuits for the Miss Campbells. No bread in the house. The men, of course, will shoot birds enough to make a good diuner, and no want."

A good dinner and no want! thought I, as a sick craving rose in my stomach. A good dinner and no want, and the injustice of disposing of the little sweet biscuit in favour of an utter stranger! I looked at Miss Delauny; I comprehended the ferocious hunger which prompts the shipwrecked sailor to eat his companions. I looked again; she was impressing on Mr. Campbell the certainty that she should die if she went through this twelve mile expedition. I almost wished she might, so bitter did I feel, after viewing the contents of the hamper. Wrapt in gloomy abstraction, I remained motionless, wondering how the the other articles of food would be divided, and half inclined to steal a couple of outlets, but was deterred by the impossibility of cooking and eating them privately. I was roused by my blue-eyed, auburn-haired, ever merry cousin, Minnie, who, clapping me on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Now then, to the right about face, march!" and we marched accordingly. Miss Delauny had the pony without a hamper, the rest of the party were on foot. Little pale Mr. Campbell walked by the Irish heiress, and occasionally wiped the dew from his brow with a heavy sigh, and gaunt Miss Hamilton strode on before, turning every now and then, with a sharp-toned remonstrance to bid us keep up with her. Suddenly she paused: "Now then," said she, "these are the bogs: get off your pony, Miss Delauny, or it will be bogged; or stay, go round over the top of the hill, and you'll be dry."

A fly *might* have crawled up the perpendicular steep, Miss Delauny was certain she and her pony would be dashed to pieces, and she dismounted. Floundering, struggling, covered with black mud, the little Shetland followed pale Mr. Campbell, who mournfully dragged it on, till

Miss Hamilton commanded him to let the beast go, and it would manage for itself better far than he could do. The shrieks of the Miss Campbells here attracted my attention—they were sinking in the peat bog; pale Mr. Campbell and I ran to extricate them, and, after a due proportion of struggling, we succeeded, and they walked on, black to the knee and nankeen upwards. A mizzling rain now began to fall, which continued incessantly, accompanied by low, moaning gusts of wind, which drove it full in our faces. "Had we not better turn back?" asked Miss Delauny. "Turn, why should we turn?" said Miss Hamilton. At this moment a brace of grouse darted up close at our feet; both gentlemen fired—both gentlemen missed. I felt more hungry than ever. The mizzling rain continued; the patches of bog became more frequent; Miss Delauny became cross; Mr. Campbell melancholy; the three Miss Campbells cried; the four Miss Gordons laughed; Miss Hamilton scolded; my aunts cheered us on; we proceeded, and beheld at length the ravishing form of the bleak hill of Tullach m'ha Corr. The wind blew keen and strong from the hill, and Miss Delauny's silk bonnet yielded to its influence, and fled over the heathery knowe. With shouts of laughter, my bright cousin, Minnie, pursued it. I ran—she ran; the bonnet was tossed upwards, and onwards. I ran—she ran; the bonnet was lost in the distance; breathless and panting, cousin Minnie stood still, her thick and dark auburn hair hanging strait in the damp, her cheek crimson, her lips parted with a mischievous smile over the whitest teeth imaginable. I kissed my cousin Minnie, shot two grouse, overtook the party, and only mentioned the grouse. Miss Delauny, with a red and yellow handkerchief tied round her head, and faint with cold and fatigue, proceeded in silence. We came to the Brig o' Tullach, which we prepared to cross in triumph. Logs of wood, laid transversely on two long poles, formed the bridge. Minnie ran lightly over it; Miss Hamilton made a step, paused, and securing a footing on terra firma, tried the strength of the bridge; the whole fabric gave way in the middle, and Minnie shouted to the Campbells to wade through, and clean their gowns by the operation. There was no help for it, wade we must. Pale Mr. Campbell, with a face of agony, guided the pony through the rapid stream; and I guided the seven ladies, who, drenched and dripping, at last arrived at the hill of Tullach m'ha Corr! The mizzling rain continued, but, in spite of its teeth, we lit a fire; but, alas! the fire was *too* successful, the heather took flame, and the hill side soon became one blaze.

The rain merely seemed to encourage the crackling heather to burn. Up the hill, down the hill, the flames ran, and, with muttered oaths from the gentlemen, and murmurs from the ladies, we removed to another spot. Our new resting place was less sheltered than the old; and it was with difficulty, that, by dint of covering the fire with our umbrellas, and using two dozen

of phosphorus matches, we nursed a feeble, flickering flame, round which the ladies placed themselves, while pale Mr. Campbell and myself were requested to fish for trout, in a little lake which ran between the hills. We fished, but caught nothing. I ventured to walk empty handed to the fire, and found my aunts occupied in preparing the meal I so earnestly desired to share.—The fire had burnt fiercely up on one side, and remained smouldering, damp, and cold, on the other. Minnie was picking up sticks; laughing more than ever at the discomfort of the whole thing: the other Miss Gordons were plucking and tearing the grouse, and putting the fragments into a cauldron; the butter had melted with the heat, and flowed in a thick lava-like stream to Miss Delauny's already saturated green silk dress; the cutlets were thrown in, and some flour; and the younger Miss Campbell recovered her spirits sufficiently to exclaim, "what a nice stew!" Again I walked away, and vainly angled for the trout. "They are not hungry," thought I, and the thought was bitter. I turned to Mr. Campbell. "We shall catch nothing!" said I. "Better fish on," said he. I looked towards the group in the distance, and hastily advanced. Miss Delauny had just finished eating the little sweet biscuit! one grouse's wing remained, a little grease and flour, and a fragment of bannock. I greedily swallowed the scanty allowance; and when pale, patient, little Mr. Campbell, wandered slowly up, there was nothing left; he brought a little trout, which looked as if it had been the hero of the fable "*petit poisson deviendra grand*," and this he fried and ate with a melancholy smile, which said, like Louise of Valois, in the convent of Chaillot, "I am not happy, but I am contented."

At length it was over: we had made the most uncomfortable meal we could hope to eat in the course of our lives, in the most uncomfortable manner; and we rose to return homewards. Miss Delauny peevishly complained that her feet were wet through, and in spite of gaunt Miss Hamilton's contemptuous "pshaw! why didn't you put on thicker soles," she persisted in having her thin kid slippers held to the fire. Shading my face with one hand, I obeyed her injunctions; and it was not till a strong smell of burnt leather roused my anxiety, that I perceived the toe of one and the heel of the other had become a prey to the devouring element. I made the best apology desperation could suggest; and the little heiress again mounted her pony, with the red and yellow pocket handkerchief round her head, and the remains of her shoes fastened to her feet. Again we trudged through the bogs—again we waded through the burns—again the wind blew the mizzling rain in our scorched, flushed faces; while wet, weary, and with tempers dogged and unsocial, we pursued the path to Panmuir: even Minnie became too tired to laugh, and occasionally leaned on my arm for rest and refreshment. Fairlie Burn was in sight; we had not more than four miles to go, when a creature sprang up and darted across the hill. "A roebuck!" cried Mr.

Campbell. "A roebuck!" cried I: both of us fired—both shots took effect—but, alas! not on the object for which they were intended, but upon Miss Delauny's pony, which fell dead on the ground, while its temporary mistress gave way to a fit of violent hysterics! Nothing could be more provoking: we lifted her; we tried to soothe her; but it was long before her Hibernian senses were sufficiently restored to comprehend that she was frightened, not killed. Exhausted with previous exertion, faint with kicking and screaming, she declared herself unable to move; and it was dark before—half carried between Mr. Campbell and myself—the little heiress arrived at the threshold of Panmuir, to resign herself to another more convenient fit of hysterics on the sofa of the drawing-room. One by one the straggling party returned, and each seemed to give a longer yawn, and tread with a heavier step, than the other, as they entered the house. But supper came at last—supper and ale, and hot negus, and whiskey toddy. "Dear Auntie," said I, to the stay-at-home Miss Gordon, "I am sure you have been dull—you look dull—I shall insist on remaining with you the next time they go on an expedition of this sort." Minnie pinched my arm, Miss Hamilton looked angry, the younger Gordon dissatisfied; and Mr. Campbell murmured, with a smile and a sigh, "I'm sure it has been a most agreeable pleasure party to me; I believe I may say to all of us." "Very," said I.

SONG IN THE AMERICAN WOODS.

WITHIN the Arctic circle the woods are silent in the bright light of noon-day, but towards midnight, when the sun travels near the horizon, and the shades of the forest are lengthened, the concert commences, and continues till six or seven in the morning. Even in those remote regions, the mistake of those naturalists who have asserted that the feathered tribes of America are void of harmony, might be fully disproved. Indeed, the transition is so sudden from the perfect repose, the death-like silence, of feathered songsters to swell the chorus; their plumage as gay and unimpaired as when they enlivened the deep green forests of tropical climes—that the return of a northern spring excites in the mind a deep feeling of the beauties of the season, a scene of the bounty and providence of the Supreme Being, which is cheaply purchased by the tedium of nine months of winter. The most verdant lawns and cultivated glades of Europe, the most beautiful productions of art, fail in producing that exhilaration and joyous bouyancy of mind which we have experienced in treading the wilds of Arctic America, when their snowy covering has been just replaced by an infant and vigorous vegetation. It is impossible for the traveller to refrain, at such moments, from joining his aspirations to the song which every creature around is pouring forth to the great creator.—*Zoology of North America*.

LOVE NOT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Love not! Love not! ye hapless sons of clay,
 Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers:
 Things that are made to fade and fall away,
 Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.

Love not! Love not! the thing you love may die,
 May perish from the gay and glad some earth,
 The silent stone, the blue and smiling sky,
 Beams on its grave, as once upon its birth.

Love not! Love not! the thing you love may change;
 The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
 The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
 The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not! Love not! oh, warning vainly said;
 In present hours, as in years gone by,
 Love flings a halo round the dear one's head
 Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.

EPITHALAMIUM.

BY BRAINARD.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Ting'd with the rising sun;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one;
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It mov'd so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting;
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

THE FETE OF ST. LAMBERT;

OR THE VALLEY OF MONTMORENCY.

WHEN two shrubs spring up near to each other, they soon mingle, as they grow, their branches and roots together, and thus form but one shade. They are caressed by the same zephyrs, and they are the more easily enabled, by the additional strength which each imparts to the other, to sustain, without injury, those storms which, isunited, neither would have been able to resist.

Thus, two children, who exchange together their first smiles and their first caresses, preserve ever after, for each other, a kind of fraternal instinct, and invincible inclination of nature, which will seldom, while existence remains, resign its rights. The friends of childhood may, indeed, be separated by different social distances, by any one of the various occurrences of life, but they always return to each other with an increase of ardour, and view with astonishment the resemblance of their tastes and their inclinations.

This union of the heart does not take place exclusively between individuals of the same sex; for such was the nature of the remarkable attachment, which existed for nearly eighty years, between St. Lambert and the Countess D—.

They were both born in Lorraine, on the same day, and in nearly the same hour. The families of both were of high respectability, and had, for many centuries, held various situations of distinction in the community.

The lady was blessed with that softness of disposition, which is so particularly adapted to embellish the morning of life, which tends not only to awaken those germs of affection, which become stronger as life waxes older, but likewise lends, to the latest hour of the evening of existence, a charm which no other feeling can impart.

St Lambert joined to the talents which distinguish a literary man, those qualities which cha-

racterize a sage. He was one of the most favourite pupils of Voltaire; and yet the admiration which he felt for that wonderful genius, could never make him blind to his errors. An enemy to every principle which was likely to cast a shadow over the happiness of his native country, he quitted Paris at the period when political troubles began to darken in the horizon, and retired to a little country seat, which he possessed near to the village of Eaubonne, in the valley of Montmorency.

This retreat had been formed almost entirely by his own hands. There was not a tree which had not been planted by himself: the garden had been laid out under his direction; and the very house itself was a part of his handiwork. Simplicity was the leading feature of the whole; and yet there was a gaiety about it that announced it as the asylum of the muses, the mansion of independence and repose.

At this period, the Countess of D. had been, for some considerable time, a widow, and had retired to the village of Saunois, which is only a small distance from Eaubonne.

After they regained this opportunity of being again together, scarcely a single day passed without one of these sexagenarians paying a visit to the other, and, seemingly, with as much ardour of affection as if they had been lovers in their teens. She had, through life, been the admiration of all those who had been happy enough to have an opportunity of mingling in her society, and had, more than once, been distinguished by the honour of being publicly celebrated by men of the first literary fame, all of whom seemed to gather around her with pleasure and enthusiasm. Even previously to their second meeting, when they were separated from each other by circumstances, and distance, they had

never, on the day of each other's fete, failed to offer their mutual congratulations. Every year inspired them with some new device. Imagination, when seconded by the feelings of the heart, always found some new means of varying their offerings, and of adding fresh interest to the oft-repeated compliment.

The fete of the Countess, who was named Julia, fell at the end of the month of May, in the most brilliant season of the year. Every thing concurred, on this happy day, to surround her with the budding gifts of the spring; meet emblems of the freshness of her mind, and of the beauties of her person.

The patron of St. Lambert was Charles; and therefore his fete fell in November, when the earth has long since been disrobed of her beauties, and has begun to shed her last honours; yet the approach of winter never threw a shade over the couplets, which the Countess never failed to compose on this occasion. But, when her friend had gained his sixtieth year, she no longer dared to recall the pleasures of their youth, fearful that she might, by reviving the most amiable remembrances, only be the cause of awaking useless regret.

At length arrived the day of the seventieth year, on which they both had first seen the light. The date was engraven in the hearts of both. This happy anniversary fell precisely on St. Charles's Day, and the author of the seasons doubted not but that the Countess, at whose house he was invited to dine upon that day, would present him with the customary compliment. Wishing, on his part, to celebrate an attachment so constant and so rare, he resolved to give a little surprise to his friend, when she, as was her custom, brought him, in the evening, home in her carriage. He, in consequence, gave orders to his gardener, and his other domestics, to prepare garlands of leaves and flowers, such as the lateness of the season would allow of, and roof over the whole of the court-yard, from the outer gate up to the vestibule of the house. He then, from his garden and out-houses, had all the plants, which could be moved, brought in and placed on each side of the stairs leading to his study. Therein, over the chimney-piece, he had the portrait of his old friend hung up and adorned with every flower which could be gathered from the season. Underneath were a few verses that breathed, instead of the chill of age, all the glow of the most youthful imagination.

While he was making these preparations, and just as he had finished the arcade of mingling leaves and flowers, which lead from the gate to the house, he perceived, in the plain which separates Eaubonne from Saunois, the carriage of the Countess who was coming to make him a visit.

He immediately ordered the two large folding doors, which opened into the court, to be closed, and commanded the gardener, when the Countess arrived, only to open the little grating, and say that his master had gone out, and would not return before dinner-time.

These orders were faithfully executed, and the Countess good-naturedly thought that the poet had gone to walk in his favourite spot, the Wood de Jaques, or to visit some neighbour. She therefore immediately returned, and took back with her the bouquet, which, to prevent him from supposing that she had made any other preparation for the day, she had intended to present to him. But as she turned round the corner of the garden walls, she threw another glance towards the modest habitation where the muses and friendship had passed so many happy moments together, and, to her utter astonishment, perceived, at one of the latticed windows, St. Lambert, half hidden behind the curtains.

She could not, for some time, believe that she was awake.

"St. Lambert refuse to admit me into his house! For what reason? with what design?"

Her imagination forged a thousand different ideas, all of which were thrown aside as soon as formed.

She arrived at Saunois mournful and sad;—in short, wounded to the very soul, by the idea that the friend of her infancy, after they had thus grown old together, should, without any cause, treat her in such an unmanly, such an ungenerous manner.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever received such an insult, and she resolved to be revenged. St. Lambert, as soon as he had finished every thing necessary for the decoration of his retreat, and imagining that, perchance, his friend might feel a little uneasy, at not having found him at home, at the hour when he had always been accustomed to remain within, resolved to dress himself, and walk as far as the village of Saunois.

He did so, but when he arrived there, instead of finding the large gates thrown open for his reception, he saw a youth put his head through a kind of half-gate, to tell him that the Countess had gone out in the morning, and that she would not return before dinner time.

He felt fatigued, and therefore proposed to go in and await her arrival.

The servant immediately answered, to his great astonishment, that he could not admit him, as the Countess had expressly commanded that no person of any kind, should, on any pretence, be allowed to enter the house during her absence.

St. Lambert accordingly retired, without knowing to what cause to attribute the unexpected refusal. Nevertheless he resolved to return to Eaubonne on foot, with as much haste as his fatigue and age would allow of.

But, after he had walked on for a little time, with his eyes cast to the ground, out of temper with himself and all around him, he suddenly looked back towards the mansion of the Countess, and perceived at one of the balconies, without the least appearance of concealment, his old friend looking towards him, with the utmost satisfaction painted upon her countenance.

"Could she then have seen me," said he to himself, "when she made me a visit this morn-

ing, and thus wishes to revenge herself for my not having received her? If that is the case, were she to learn that I refused her admittance only in order to surprise her a little this evening, she would soon repent of the cruel insult which she has put upon me."

On the other side, the Countess, while she followed him with her eye, exclaimed—

"How much it costs me to send him away thus! But I ought to make him feel that it is not so very easy for him to make a dupe of me; indeed, if he refuses me admittance into his house, it becomes my sex to refuse him entrance into mine."

At length the hour for dinner arrived. The most intimate friends of St. Lambert had all arrived, according to the invitation of the Countess, in order to give splendour and sociability to the fete of their mutual friend Charles.

Among others, La Harpe, Florian, Marmontel, and a distinguished number of ladies of the first rank, fashion, and beauty, were assembled. The Countess, who, in spite of herself, repented of having thus cruelly refused admittance to her old friend, and, above all, of having shown herself upon the balcony, in order to add greater poignancy to his disappointment, when she found that he did not arrive, sent her carriage to fetch him. But he refused to come, saying that he had no desire to dine with any person who shut the door against him when he called. No sooner had the domestics of the Countess returned, and informed her of the resolution of St. Lambert, than she immediately explained to the whole company all that had happened. Her grief was extreme, and she resolved to go herself, and make him a just excuse for the resentment she had caused.

Her friends opposed this resolution, but deputed Florian, La Harpe, and Marmontel to go and endeavour to prevail upon him to return with them.

They went, and represented to him the real truth, and, after great persuasion, induced him to change his resolution.

He was met at the door by the Countess, surrounded by her distinguished guests, and no sooner was the dinner announced than he was conducted to the saloon by various characters, representative of the different productions which had signalized his literary career.

One group personated the four portions of the day, morning, noon, evening, and night.

Others represented the four seasons: Florian, as the youngest, and with a smiling countenance and agile form, was crowned with flowers, and formed no bad representative of the spring. •

La Harpe, in the maturity of age, and with those brilliant eyes for which he was always remarkable, was entwined with a garland composed of ears of corn, and thus imaged summer.

Marmontel, more pampered in his looks, but bearing on his features his love for the good things of the table, designated Autumn. He held in his left-hand a wand encircled with vine-

branches, and in the other a tankard, from which he, with but little moderation, recruited his spirits.

To close the scene came the aged Duke of Nivernois, covered with white locks and a flowing mantle, and representing Winter.

These four celebrated literary characters then addressed to St. Lambert verses adapted for the occasion, and composed by themselves. The homage of all this brilliant assemblage was more than St. Lambert could well support. His emotion was visible to all, and was relieved only by the tears of joy which soon came to his assistance.

"Behold," said the Countess to him, "the real cause for the refusal by which I so cruelly wounded your feelings this morning. Allow, then, that there was some little excuse for my acting as I did, in order to give you this little surprise. But what possible reason could you have for *your* conduct!"

"I beg a thousand pardons," cried St. Lambert, wishing in his turn to conceal the preparation which he had made. "I was just composing some verses, which would not allow of the slightest distraction. At my age it is no easy matter to tune the lyre; and when it is once in order, if it is not immediately played upon, it becomes silent perhaps for ever."

At length, when genius and friendship had exhausted their resources in celebrating the birthday of the author of the seasons, St. Lambert proposed to all who had contributed to the amusement of the evening to walk as far as his modest retreat.

The evening was calm and serene, one of those beautiful scenes which resemble, or rather recall, the first days of spring.

They all agreed, and, commanding the carriages to follow, set out on foot.

As soon as they arrived at the gates of the garden of St. Lambert's dwelling, they were suddenly thrown open, and discovered a roof covered with flowers and verdure, and illuminated with every fancy which art could devise.

"Behold," said he in his turn, "my motive for the refusal for which I have been punished so severely. I thought that two beings who had loved and cherished each other for seventy years, could have but one feeling, and that the fete of the one ought to be that of the other. I wished with these flowers to make you some little exchange for the bouquet which I expected you to prepare for me. But when I brought you hither, you were, I could see, still unsatisfied and uneasy, and perhaps doubting, for the first time, the sincerity of my affection; but that which afflicts me most, that which I can scarce pardon myself for, is to have wounded your feelings for such a paltry show; yet I must acknowledge, that at the moment I felt a real pleasure in beholding your surprise and disappointment; but now I hope and trust I am forgiven."

Even until this day the inhabitants of the lovely valley of Montmorency recount this anecdote of the Fete of St. Lambert.

THE BLACK MASK.

A LEGEND OF HUNGARY.

As the Danube approaches the ancient city of Buda, it traverses a vast and almost uninhabited plain, surrounded upon every side by rude and barren mountains. This tract, thickly wooded with forest trees of great age and size, has been called the "Black Forest" of Hungary, and has been long celebrated as the resort of the wild boar and the elk, driven by winter to seek a shelter and cover which they would in vain look for upon the rocky and steep mountains around: there, for at least five months of every year, might daily be heard the joyous call of the jager horn, and at night, around the blazing fires of the bivouac, might parties of hunters be seen carousing and relating the dangers of the chase. But when once the hunting season was past, the gloom and desolation of this wild waste was unbroken by any sound, save the shrill cry of the vultures, or the scream of the wood squirrel as he sprang from bough to bough, for the footsteps of the traveller never trod this valley, which seemed as if shut out by nature from all intercourse with the remainder of the world. Hunting had been for years the only occupation of the few who inhabited it, and the inaccessible character of the mountains had long contributed to preserve it for them from the intrusion of others; but at length the chase became the favourite pastime of the young noblesse of Austria as well as Hungary: and to encourage a taste for the "*mimic fight*," as it has been not inaptly termed, the example of the reigning monarch greatly contributed. Not a little vain of his skill and proficiency in every bold and warlike exercise, he often took the lead in these exercises himself, and would remain weeks and even months away, joyfully enduring all the dangers and hardships of a hunter's life, and by his own daring, stimulate others to feats of difficult and hardy enterprise. Some there were, however, who thought they saw in this more than a mere fondness for a hunter's life, and looked on it, with reason, perhaps, as a deeply laid political scheme; that, by bringing the nobles of the two nations more closely into contact, nearer intimacy, and eventually, friendships would spring up and eradicate that feeling of jealousy with which as rivals they had not ceased to regard each other.

It was the latter end of December of the year 1754; the sun had gone down and the shadows of night were fast falling upon this dreary valley, whilst upon the cold and piercing blast were borne masses of snow-drift and sleet, and the low wailing of the night wind foreboded the approach of a storm, that a solitary wanderer was vainly endeavouring to disentangle himself from the low brushwood, which heavy and snow-laden, obstructed him at every step. Often he stood, and putting his horn to his lips, blew till the forest rang again with the sound, but nothing

responded to his call, save the dull and ceaseless roar of the Danube, which poured along its thundering flood, amid huge masses of broken ice or frozen snow, which rent from their attachment to the banks, were carried furiously along by the current of the river.

To the bank of the Danube, the wanderer had long directed his steps, guided by the noise of the stream; and he had determined to follow its guidance to the nearest village where he might rest for the night. After much difficulty, he reached the bank, and the moon which hitherto had not shone, now suddenly broke forth and showed the stranger to be young and athletic; his figure, which was tall and commanding, was arrayed in the ordinary hunting dress of the period; he wore a green frock or kurtha, which, trimmed with fur, was fastened at the waist by a broad strap of black leather; from this was suspended his jagd messer, or *couteau de chasse*, the handle and hilt of which were of silver, richly chased and ornamented; around his neck hung a small bugle, also of silver, and these were the only parts of his equipment which bespoke him to be of rank, save that air of true born nobility which no garb, however homely, can effectually conceal. His broad leaved bonnet with its dark o'erhanging herons' feathers, concealed the upper part of his face: but the short and curved moustache which graced his upper lip, told that he was either by birth Hungarian, or one who from motives of policy had adopted this national peculiarity to court favour in the eyes of Joseph, who avowed his preference for that country on every occasion. The first object that met his eyes as he looked anxiously around for some place of refuge from the storm, which long impending, was already about to break forth with increased violence, was the massive castle of Cservitzén, whose battlemented towers rose high above the trees on the opposite side of the Danube; between, however, roared the river, with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent, amid huge fragments of ice, which were either held by their attachment to rocks in the channel, or borne along till dashed to pieces by those sharp reefs so frequent in this part of the stream; he shuddered as he watched the fate of many a ledge of ice or snow now smoothly gliding on, and in the next moment shivered into ten thousand pieces, and lost in the foam and surge of "the dark rolling river." He seemed long to weigh within himself the hazard of an attempt to cross the stream upon these floating islands with the danger of a night passed in the forest; for he now knew too well, no village lay within miles of him. But at last he seemed to have taken his resolution; for, drawing his belt tightly around him and throwing back his jagd messer, lest it should impede the free play of his left arm, he seemed to prepare himself for the perilous undertaking—

this was but the work of one moment—the next saw him advancing upon the broad ledge, which, frozen to the bank, stretched to a considerable distance in the stream. Now arrived, at the verge of this, came his first difficulty, for the passage was only to be accomplished by springing from island to island over the channels of the river, which ran narrowly, though rapidly between;—the loud crashes which every moment interrupted the silence of the night, as each fragment broke upon the rocks before him, told too plainly what fate awaited him, should he either miss his footing, or the ice break beneath his weight; in either case death would be inevitable. He once more looked back upon the dark forest he had left, and again seemed to hesitate; 'twas for an instant—with a bold spring he cleared the channel. No time was, however, given him to look back on the danger he had passed: for scarcely had his feet reached their landing place, than the ice, yielding to the impulse of his fall, gave way and separated with a loud crash from its connexion with the remaining mass, and in an instant was flying down the stream, carrying him along with it—unconscious of all around, he was borne onward—the banks on either side seemed to fly past him with the speed of lightning, and the sound of the river now fell upon his ear like the deep rolling of artillery; and from this momentary stupor, he only awoke to look forward to a death as certain as it was awful. The rocks upon which the icebergs were dashed and shivered to atoms as they struck, were already within sight. Another moment and all would be over;—he thought he heard already the rush of the water as the waves closed above his head—in an agony of despair he turned and looked on every side to catch some object of hope or assistance. As he floated on, between him and the rock upon which the castle stood, now coursed a narrow channel, but yet too broad to think of clearing with a single leap. Along this came a field of ice, wheeling in all the eddies of the river; he saw that yet he might be saved—the danger was dreadful, but still no time was now left to think—he dashed his hunting spear towards the floating mass, and with the strength which desperation only can give, threw himself as if on a leaping pole, and cleared both the channels in a spring. As he fell almost lifeless on the bank, he saw the fragment he so lately had trusted to, rent into numberless pieces—his strength failed, and he sank back upon the rock. How long he thus lay he knew not; and when he again looked up, all was wrapt in darkness; the moon had gone down, and nothing recalled him to a sense of his situation save the dull, monotonous roaring of the Danube, which poured its flood quite close to where he lay.

Light now gleamed brightly from the windows of the castle above him, and he felt fresh courage as he thought a place of refuge was so near; and although stunned by the violence of the shock with which he fell, and half frozen by the cold ice which had been his bed, he made towards the drawbridge. This, to his surprise, was al-

ready, lowered—and the wide gates lay open. As he passed along, he met no one—he at length reached a broad stair; ascending this, the loud tones of many voices met his ear—he opened a door which stood before him, and entered the apartment where the family now were assembled at supper.

The possessor of the baronial schloss of Cfer-vitzen, was one of the last remnants of the feudal system in Hungary; and to whom, neither the attractions of a court, nor yet the high rank and favour so lavishly bestowed upon his countrymen—were inducements strong enough to withdraw him from that wild and dreary abode, where he had passed his youth and his manhood, and now adhered to in his old age, with an attachment which length of years had not rendered less binding. The only companion of his solitude was a daughter, upon whom he heaped all that fondness and affection which the heart, estranged from all the world, can bestow upon one. She was, indeed, all that most sanguine wishes could devise; beautiful as the fairest of a nation celebrated for the loveliness of its women, and endowed with all the warmth of heart and susceptibility of her country. Of the world she was ignorant as a child, and long learned to think that the mountains which girt their broad valley, enclosed all that was worth knowing or loving in it.

Hospitality has not, in Hungary, attained the rank of a virtue; it is merely the characteristic of a nation. Shelter is so often required and afforded to the desolate wanderer, through vast and almost uninhabited tracts of mountain and forest, that the arrival of a stranger at the evening meal of a family, would create but little surprise among its members, and in the present instance, the intruder might, had he so wished it, have supped and rested for the night, and gone out on his journey on the morrow, without one question as to whence he came, or whither he should go.

But such evidently was not his intention; for either not understanding, or if he understood, not caring to comply with the hints which were given him, to seat himself below the *daes*, he boldly advanced to the upper end of the apartment, where the baron and his daughter were seated upon a platform slightly elevated above the surrounding vassals and bondsmen, who were assembled in considerable numbers. The stranger did not wait until the baron had addressed him, but at once said, "The Graf von Sobenstein claims your hospitality here, baron; hunting with the imperial suite, I lost my way in the forest, and unable to regain my companions, I esteem myself fortunate to have reached such an asylum." To this speech, which was made in the Hungarian language, the baron replied by welcoming after the friendly fashion of his country; and then added, in a somewhat severe tone: "A Hungarian, I suppose."—"A Hungarian by birth," answered the Count, colouring deeply, "but an Austrian by title." To this there succeeded a short pause, when the baron again said,

"You were hunting with the emperor—how crossed you the Danube? no boat could stem the current now." The count, evidently offended at the question of his host, replied, coldly, "On the drift ice."—"On the drift!" cried the baron, aloud. "On the drift ice!" echoed his daughter, who had hitherto sat a silent, though attentive listener to the dialogue. The count, who had all along spoken with the air of a superior to one beneath him in rank and station, deigned not to enter into any explanation of a feat, the bold daring of which warranted incredulity. This awkward feeling of some moments duration was dispelled by the entrance of a vassal, who came in haste to inform the baron, that some person who had left the opposite shore of the Danube, had been carried down upon the drift; he had ever since been in search of him along the bank, below the rocks, but in vain. This was enough—the count repressed the rising feeling of anger that his own short and startling assertion should be questioned, and suffered the baron to press him down upon a seat beside him, and soon forgot, amid the kind inquiries of the baron's daughter, his former cold and distant demeanour; he gradually became more and more free and unconstrained in manner; and at last so effectually had the frank and hospitable air of the baron, and the more bewitching naivette and simplicity of his daughter gained upon the good opinion of their guest, that throwing off his reserve, a feeling evidently more the result of education and habit, than natural, he became lively and animated—delighted his host by hunting adventures, and stories of the mistakes and awkward feats of the Austrian nobles in the field, (a grateful theme to a Hungarian,) and captivated the fair Adela, by telling of fetes and gay carnivals in Vienna, to all of which, though an utter stranger, she felt a strong and lively interest in, when narrated by one so young and handsome, as he who now sat beside her. He also knew many of the baron's old friends and acquaintances, who had taken up their residence at the Austrian court; and thus conversing happily together, when the hour of separation for the night arrived, they parted pleased with each other, and inwardly rejoicing at the event which had brought about the meeting.

On the following morning the count rose early, and quite refreshed from the toils of the preceding day, descended to the breakfast-room; the family had not as yet assembled, and Adela was sitting alone in the recess of a window which overlooked the Danube; as he approached and saluted her, she seemed scarcely able to rouse herself from some deep reverie in which she appeared to have fallen; and after briefly bidding him "Good morning," laconically asked, "Can it be that you crossed the stream there?" at the same moment pointing to where the river rolled on beneath them, in waves of white and toiling foam. The count sat down beside her, and narrated his entire adventure, from the time he had lost sight of his companions; and so earnestly did she listen and he speak, that they were un-

aware of the entrance of the baron, who had twice saluted the count, and was now heard for the first time, as he entreated him to defer his departure for that day at least, pleading the impossibility of venturing on leaving the castle in so dreadful a storm of snow and wind. To this request, warmly seconded by Adela, the count gladly acceded: ere long the baron commended his guest to the care of his daughter, and left the room.

To Adela, who was unacquainted with all the forms of "the world," and knew not any impropriety in the advances she made towards intimacy with her new acquaintance—for she felt none—her only aim was to render his imprisonment less miserable, and enable him to while away the hours of a winter day with fewer feelings of ennui and weariness than otherwise. It will not then be wondered at if the day passed rapidly over; her songs and legends of her native land, found in him an impassioned and delighted listener, and, ere he knew it, he was perfectly captivated by one of whose very existence but a few hours before he was perfectly ignorant.

It was evident that he felt as flattery, the frank and intimate tone she assumed towards him, and knew not she would have treated any other similarly situated, with the same unsuspecting and friendly demeanour. It was then with a feeling of sorrow, he watched the coming darkness of evening. "In a few hours more," thought he, "and I shall be far away, and no more spoken of or remembered, than as one of the many who came and went again." The evening passed happily as the day had done, and they separated; the count having promised not to leave the castle the following day until noon, when the baron should accompany him, and see him safely on the road to Vienna.

The hour of leave-taking at length arrived, and amid the bustle and preparation for departure, the count approached a small tower, which opening from one of the angles of the apartments, served, in time of warfare, to protect that part of the building, but which had been devoted to the more peaceful office of a lady's boudoir. Here was Adela sitting, her head resting on her hand, and her whole appearance divested of that gay and buoyant character which had been peculiarly her own; she rose as he came forward, and glancing at his cap, which he held on one arm, took hold of his hand, and endeavoured as carelessly as possible to allude to his departure; but her heart failed, and her low, trembling voice betrayed her feeling when she asked—"Will you then leave us so suddenly?" The count muttered something, in which the words—"the emperor—long absence—Vienna," were alone audible, and pressing closely that hand, which since he last touched it, had never left his, seated himself beside her. There was a silence for some moments, they would both willingly have spoken, and felt their minutes were few, but their very endeavours rendered the difficulty greater; at length, drawing her more closely to him, as he placed one arm around her, he asked

—“Will you then soon forget me—shall I be no more recollected?”—“No, no,” said she, interrupting him, hurriedly; “But will you return, as you have already promised?”—“I do intend, but then—” “What then?” cried she, after a pause, expecting he would finish his sentence. He seemed but a moment to struggle with some strong feeling, and at last spoke as if he had made up his mind to a decided and fixed resolve. “It were better you knew all—I cannot—that is—I may not—” her eyes grew tearful as he spoke—he looked—then added—“I will return—at all hazards—but first promise to wear this for my sake; it was a present from the emperor;” saying which, and unfastening the breast of his kurtka, he took from round his neck a gold chain to which was fastened a seal ring bearing the initial J; “Wear this,” said he, “at least till we meet again:” for she hesitated, and needed the qualification he made, of its being one day restored, ere she accepted so valuable a present.

A servant now entered to say that the baron was already mounted and waiting; their adieus were soon spoken, and the next instant the horses were heard galloping over the causeway which led towards the road to Vienna. She gazed after them till the branches of the dark wood closed around them, and then saw them no more. The baron returned not till late in the evening, and spoke only of the day's sport, and merely once alluded to the stranger, and that but passingly; the following day came, and there was nothing to convince her that the two preceding ones had not been as a dream; so rapidly had they passed, and yet so many events seemed crowded into this short space. The chain she wore alone remained, to assure her of the reality of the past.

Days, weeks, and even months, rolled on, and although the count had promised to write, yet no letter ever reached them, and now the winter was long past and it was already midsummer, when the baron and his daughter were strolling one evening along a narrow path which flanked the Danube. It was the hour of sunset, and all was quiet and peaceful as the grave; the very birds were hushed upon the boughs, and no sound was heard, save the gentle ripple of that river whose treacherous surface so lately was borne on with the dread roaring of a cataract. As they watched the curling eddies broken upon the rocks, and then floating in bubbles so silently, they stood by the spot where, months before, the stranger had crossed the Danube. “I wonder,” said the Baron, “that he never wrote. Did he not promise to do so?”—“Yes,” replied she, “he did; but at the same time spoke of the possibility of his absence from Vienna, perhaps with his regiment, which was, I believe, in Gratz. And then, too, we know the courier from Buda is not too punctual in his visits to our valley.”—“And, in short,” said the Baron, you could find at least a hundred reasons for your friend not keeping his promise, rather than for a moment suspect the real one—that he has forgotten us. Ah, my poor child, I fear you know

not how little, such a meeting as ours was, will impress the mind of one who lives in courts and camps, the favoured and honoured of his sovereign. The titled Graf of Austria will think, if he ever even returns to the circumstance in his memory, that he did the poor Hungarian but too much honour, when he accepted of his hospitality. And—but stop—did you not see a horseman cross the glen there, and then enter yonder coppice? There!—there he is again!—I see him now plainly. It is the Austrian courier, coming, perhaps, to refute all I have been telling you. I am sure he brings tidings from Vienna, by taking that path.”

The rider to whom their attention was now directed, was seen advancing at the full speed of his horse, and but a few seconds elapsed ere he emerged from the trees. Although at first his course had been directed to the castle, it was now evident he made for the place where the father and daughter stood in breathless anxiety for his arrival. As he came nearer, they could see that he wore the deeply-slouched hat and long flowing cloak of a courier. Then was there no doubt of his being one. He drew nearer and nearer, and never slackened his pace, till within a few yards of the place where they awaited him; then throwing off his hat and cloak, he sprang from his horse, and flew into their arms. It was the count himself. Exclamations of surprise and delight burst from both, and, amid a thousand welcomes, they took the path back to the castle. Questioning and reproaching for forgetfulness, with an interest which too plainly told how dearly the inquirer felt the implied neglect, with many a heartfelt confession of joy at the present meeting, filled up the hours till they retired for the night.

When the count found himself alone in his chamber, he walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands clasped, and his brow knitted; his whole air bespeaking the feelings of one labouring under some great mental agitation. At length he threw himself upon his bed; but when morning broke, he rose weary and unrefreshed, and had to plead fatigue to the baron, as an excuse for not accompanying him on an intended excursion for that day. Another reason might also have influenced the count—Adela was again his companion for the entire day; and amid many a kind inquiry for his health, and hopes but half expressed, that his present stay would recruit his strength and vigour, she plainly showed, if forgetfulness had existed on either side, it could not have been laid to her charge. It was also plain that his feeling for her, if not already love, was rapidly ripening into it:—and yet there came ever across him some thoughts that at once damped the very praise he spoke to her, and chilled the warm current of affection with which he answered her questions. The day passed, however, but too rapidly, and another followed it, like in all things, save that every hour which brought them together, seemed but to render them dearer to each other. They rode, they walked, they sang, they read together; and

it may be conjectured how rapidly the courtly address and polished mind of the count gained upon one so susceptible, and so unpractised in the world; and in fact, ere the first week of his stay passed over, she loved—and more—confessed to him her love.

Had she been at all skilled in worldly knowledge, she would have seen that her lover did not receive her confession of attachment with all the ardour with which he might have heard such an avowal—and from one so fair, so young, and so innocent. But, even as it was, she thought him more thoughtful than usual at the moment. He had been standing, leaning upon her harp—she had ceased playing—and he now held her hand within his own, as he pressed for some acknowledgment of her feelings for him;—but when she gave it, he scarcely pressed the hand which trembled as she spoke; and letting it drop, he walked slowly to a window, and veiled his face within his hands for some minutes. When he returned again to her side, he appeared endeavouring to calm his troubled mind, and suppress some sad thoughts which seemed to haunt him like spirits of evil:—he looked kindly on her, and she was happy once more.

Such was the happy term of their lives, that they felt not the time rolling over. A second week was already drawing to a close. As they were one morning preparing for an excursion into the forest, a servant entered, to announce the arrival of a courier from Vienna, with letters for the count. He seemed very much agitated at the intelligence, and apologizing to Adela, and promising to return at once, he ordered that the courier should be shown into his apartment. As he entered the room a few moments after, the courier was seen to issue from the portals of the castle, and, at the top of his speed, take the road to Vienna. The count had evidently heard disagreeable tidings, and strove in vain to conceal the agitation he laboured under. "No bad news from Vienna, I hope," said she:—"has any thing occurred to trouble you there?"—"I am recalled," said he, hastily; "ordered, I know not where—perhaps to Poland. However, I am expected to join immediately."—"But you will not do so?" said the innocent girl, passionately—"you will not go?"—"How am I to help it?" answered he.—"Have you not told me," said she, "a thousand times, that the Emperor was your friend—that he loved you, and would serve you?—Will he not give you leave of absence?—Oh, if he will not hear you, let me entreat him. I will go myself to Vienna—I will myself tell him all.—I will fall at his feet and beseech him; and if ever an Hungarian girl met with favour in the eyes of a monarch who loves her nation, he will not refuse me."—"Adela," said he, "do not speak thus:—I must go—but I hope to obtain the leave myself. Come, cheer up. You know you may trust me. You believed me once before—did I deceive you?—Pledge me but your word not to forget me—to be my own when I return."—"I swear it," cried she, falling upon his neck, "nothing but death shall change me, if even

that—and if I ever cease to feel for you as I do at this moment, you shall hear it from my own lips. But let us not speak of that. You will come—is it not so? and we shall again be happy; and you will never leave me then. As she spoke these words, she looked into his face with a sad smile, while the tears trickled fast down her cheek, and fell upon his shoulder.

He pressed her hand, and tried to soothe her, but in vain. At last he made one desperate effort, and pressing her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and, bidding a long and last adieu, he hurried from the apartment:—his horse stood saddled at the door—he sprang to his seat, and was soon far from the Schloss.

With the departure of him she loved, all happiness seemed to have fled. The places she used with him to visit, in their daily excursions, on foot or horseback, served only to call up recollections of the past, and render her present solitude more lonely than she had ever felt; and after weeks of anxious expectancy, when neither letters nor any other tidings of the Count arrived, her health gradually declined—her cheek grew pale, her eye lustreless, and her step infirm; while her low, sad voice told too plainly, the wreck of her worldly happiness had been accomplished; and all the misery of hope deferred burst on her, whose path had, until now, been only among flowers, and whose young heart had never known grief. The summer into the autumn flowed, and the winter came; and another summer was already at hand; and yet he never returned: and already the finger of grief had laid its heavy and unerring touch upon her frame. No longer was she what she had been; and her altered appearance at last attracted the attention of her father, who had continued to think her illness but momentary, but now awoke to the sad feeling, that she was dangerously ill, perhaps dying, and with all the agony of one who felt that he had neglected too long an important duty, he determined no longer to delay, but at once set out for Vienna, where medical aid could be procured; and if the gentle and balmy airs of Italy could avail aught, they could at once travel southward. She was perfectly passive to the proposed excursion; and if she had any objections, she thought that she might hear some intelligence of her lover, would have overcome them all; so that, ere many days elapsed, they had arrived in the Austrian capital. Vienna was at this time the scene of every species of festivity and rejoicing. That court had just returned from an excursion to Carlsbad; and all ranks, from the proud noble to the humble bourgeois, vied in their endeavours to welcome a monarch, who had already given rise to the greatest expectations. Balls, redoutes, and masquerades, with all the other pleasures of a carnival, formed the only occupation, and the only theme of conversation throughout the city. The baron and his daughter, however, little sympathizing in a joy so strongly in contrast to the sad occasion which led them thither, sought and found an hotel, outside the barrier, where they might remain un-

known and unmolested, as long as they should think proper to remain in the capital.

They had not been many days in their new abode, when tempted one morning by the fineness of the weather, and Adela feeling herself somewhat better, they strolled as far as the Prater; but on reaching it, they were much disappointed in their expectation of quiet and seclusion, for all Vienna seemed assembled there to witness a grand review of the troops, at which the emperor was to be present (they, therefore, at once determined on retracing their steps, and endeavour, if possible, to reach the city before the troops should have left it. With this intention they were hastening onward, and had already reached the open space where the troops usually manoeuvred, when they stood for some minutes attracted by the beauty of the scene; for already heavy masses of cavalry and artillery were to be seen as they slowly emerged from the dark woods around, taking up their respective stations upon the field. Half regretting to lose so splendid a spectacle, they were again turning to proceed, when a young officer galloping up to the spot where they now stood, informed the baron, that a traiture regiment was about to take up that position on the field, and requested with great politeness, that he would accept for himself and his daughter, seats upon a platform with some of his friends, from which, without danger or inconvenience they might witness the review: this invitation politely urged, as well as the fact, that they could not now hope to reach the city without encountering the crowds of soldiery and people, induced them to accede, and ere many minutes elapsed they were seated on the balcony.

The field now rapidly filled. Column after column of infantry poured in, and the very earth seemed to shake beneath the dense line of cuirassiers, who, in their long drooping cloaks of white, looking like the ancient Templars, rode past in a smart trot—their attention now was, however, suddenly turned from these to another part of the field, where a dense crowd of people were seen to issue from one of the roads which led through the park, and as they broke forth into the plain, the air was rent with a tremendous shout, followed the moment after by the deafening roar of the artillery, and while the loud cry of "*Der Kaiser*," "*Leb der Kaiser*," rose to the skies from thousands of his subjects—the gorgeous housings and golden panoply of the Hungarian hussars, who formed the body guard, were seen caracalling upon their beautiful "*shimmels*," (such is the term given them) and in the midst of them rode the emperor himself, conspicuous even there for the address and elegance of his horsemanship.

The cavalcade had now reached the balcony where the baron and his daughter were sitting; there it halted for several minutes. The emperor seemed to be paying his respects to some ladies of the court who were there, and they were sufficiently near to observe that he was uncovered while he spoke; but yet, could not clearly discern

his features. Adela's heart beat high as she thought of one who might at that moment be among the train; for she knew that he was the personal friend of the emperor and his favourite aide-de-camp. The cavalcade now was slowly advancing, and stood within a few paces of where she was; but at the same time being totally concealed from her view by the rising up of those who sat beside her, in their anxiety to behold the emperor. She now, however, rose and leaned forward; but no sooner had she looked than she, with a loud cry, fell fainting back into the arms of her father. The suddenness of the adventure was such, that the baron had not even yet seen the emperor, and could but half catch the meaning of her words as she dropped lifeless upon his neck.—He had been but too often of late a witness to her frequent faintings to be much alarmed now; and he at once attributed her present weakness to the heat and excitement of the moment. Now, however, she showed no sign of recovering sensibility, but lay cold and motionless where she had fallen at first, surrounded by a great number of persons anxiously professing aid and assistance; for it was no sooner perceived that they were strangers, than carriages were offered on all sides to convey them home, and glad to avail himself of such a civility at the moment, the baron disengaged himself from the crowd, and carried the still lifeless girl to a carriage.

During the entire way homeward, she lay in his arms speechless and cold—she answered him not as he called her by the most endearing names; and at last he began to think he never again should hear her voice, when she slowly raised her eyes and gazed on him with a wild and vacant stare—she passed her hands across her forehead several times, as if endeavouring to recollect some horrid and frightful dream; and then muttering some low, indistinct sound, sank back into her former insensibility.

When they reached home, medical aid was procured; but 'twas too plain the lovely girl had received some dreadful mental shock, and they knew not how to administer to her. She lay thus for two days, and on the morning of the third, as the heart-broken and wretched father who had never left her bedside, gazed upon the wreck of his once beautiful child—the warm tears falling fast upon her cheek; what was his joy to discover symptoms of returning animation. She moved—her bosom gently heaved and fell; and raising one arm, placed it round her father's neck, and smiling, drew him gently towards her—with what an ecstasy of joy he watched the signals of recovering life; and as he knelt to kiss her, he poured forth his delight in almost incoherent terms. As consciousness gradually returned, he told her of her long trance, and of his parental fears. He told her of his determination that she should mix in the gaieties of the capital on her recovery, and said, that if she had been strong enough, that very evening she should accompany him to a grand masked ball given by the emperor to his subjects. Her face, which had hitherto

been pale as marble, now suddenly became suffused with an unnatural glow—a half suppressed shriek escaped her—the smile faded from her lips—her eyes gradually closed, and the pallid hue of death again resumed its dominion. It was but a transient gleam. The hopes of the fond father were crushed to the earth, and the house became a scene of wailing and lamentation.

Since the review, Vienna continued the scene of every species of gaiety and dissipation. The emperor was constantly on foot or horseback throughout the city, and nothing was wanting on his part to court popularity among all classes of his subjects; and with this intention, a masquerade was to be given at the palace, to which all ranks were eligible; and great was the rejoicing in Vienna, as a mark of such royal condescension and favour. The long-wished-for evening at length arrived, and nothing could equal the splendour of the scene. The magnificent saloon of the palace, lighted by its myriads of coloured lamps shone like a fairy palace, while no costume, from the rude garb of the wanderer through the plains of Norway, to the gorgeous display of oriental grandeur, were wanting to so delightful a spectacle. Here stood a proud Hungarian, in all the glitter of his embroidered pelisse and gold-tasseled boots; and here a simply clad hunter from the Tyrol, with his garland of newly-plucked flowers in his bonnet; while, ever and anon, the tall, melancholy, and dark-visaged Pole, strode by with all the proud bearing and lofty port, for which his countrymen are celebrated. There were bands of dancers from Upper Austria, and musicians from that land of song, Bohemia. The court had also, on this occasion, adopted the costume of various foreign nations. All beheld the sovereign, and could address him, as he, in compliance with etiquette, was obliged to remain unmasked.

As the evening advanced, he seized a moment to leave the saals, and habit himself in domino; under which disguise, after many ludicrous rencontres with his friends, he was leaning listlessly against a pillar near where a number of Hungarian peasants were dancing. Their black velvet bodices so tightly laced with bright chains of silver, and blood-red calpacks, reminded him of having seen such before. The train of thoughts thus excited, banished all recollection of the scene around him;—the music and the dance he no longer minded. All passed unheeded before his eyes; and, lost in reverie, he stood in complete abstraction. A vision of his early days came over him; and not last, but mingling with his dream of all beside, the image of one once dearly loved! He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and was about to leave the spot, and drown all recollection in the dissipation of the moment, when he was accosted by one whom he had not before seen. Considering her, perhaps, as one of the many who were indulging in the badinage and gaiety of the place, he wished to pass on; but then there was that in the low plaintive tone in which she spoke, that chained him to the spot. The figure was dressed in deep black; the heavy

folds of which concealed the form of the wearer as perfectly as did the black hood and mask her face and features. She stood for a moment silently before him, and then said, "Can the heart of him whom thousands rejoice to call their own, be sad amid a scene like this?"

"What mean you?" cried he. "How knew you me?"

"How knew I thee?" she repeated in a low, melancholy tone.

There was something in the way these few words were uttered, which chilled his very life's blood; and yet he knew not wherefore. Wishing, however, to rally his spirits, he observed, with an assumed carelessness, "My thoughts had rambled far from hence, and I was thinking of—"

"Of those you had long forgotten—is it not?" said the mask.

"How?" cried he; "what means this? You have roused me to state of frightful uncertainty, and I must know more of you ere we part."

"That shall you do," said the mask; "but my moments are few, and I would speak with you alone. Saying which she led the way, and he followed to a small cabinet, which leading off one angle of the salon, descended into a secluded court-yard of the palace. A single carriage now stood at the entrance, and as the emperor entered a small remote apartment, the thought of some deception being practised on him, made him resolve not to leave the palace. The Mask was now standing beside a marble table, a small lamp the only light of the apartment. She turned her head slowly round as if to see if any one was a listener to their interview; on perceiving that they were alone, she laid her hand gently upon his arm:—he shuddered from some indescribable emotion as he felt the touch; but spoke not. There was a silence of some moments. "I have come to keep my promise," said the Mask in the same low voice in which she at first addressed him. "What promise have you made?" said the emperor, agitated; "I can bear this no longer."—"Stay! stop!" cried she gently; and the voice in which that word was uttered, thrilled to his inmost heart: it was a voice well known, but long forgotten.

"To keep a promise am I come—bethink thee, is there no debt of uttered vows unpaid then? Have you all now you ever wished for, ever hoped?"

He groaned deeply.

"Alas!" he exclaimed involuntarily, "that I could be spared that thought! I do remember one—but—"

"Then hear me, false-hearted! She who once loved thee, loves thee no more: her vows are broken—broken as her heart. She has redeemed her pledge—farewell!" and the voice with which the word was uttered faltered and died away in almost a whisper.

He stood entranced—he spoke not—moved not: the hand which leaned upon his arm now fell listlessly beside him, and the Mask made a gesture of departure.

"Stay!" cried he. "Not so—you leave not

thus. Let me know who you are, and why you come thus?" and he lifted his hand to withdraw her mask by force. But she suddenly stepped back, and waving him back with one hand, said in a low and hollow voice, "'Twere better you saw me not. Ask it not, I pray you, sir, for your own sake, ask it not—my last, my only prayer!" and she again endeavoured to pass him as he stood between her and the small door which led towards the court-yard.

"You go not hence, till I have seen you unveiled," he said in a voice of increased agitation.

The Mask then lifting the lamp which stood by with one hand, with the other threw back the hood which concealed her face. He beheld her—he knew her—she was his own, lost, betrayed Adela—not as he first found her; but pale, pale as the marble by which she stood—her lips colourless; and her eye beamed on him lustreless and cold as the grave, of which she seemed a tenant. The heart which was proof against death in a hundred forms, now failed him. The great king was a miserable heart-stricken man—he trembled—turned—and fell fainting to the ground!

When he recovered, he threw his eyes wildly around, as if to see some one whom he could not discover. He listened—all was silent, save the distant sounds of festivity and the hum of glad-some voices. Pale and distracted he rushed from the spot, and summoning to his own apartment a few of his confidentials, he related to them his adventure from its commencement. In an instant a strict search was set on foot. Many had seen the Mask, though none spoke to her; and no one could tell when or how she had disappeared. The emperor at last bethought him of the carriage which stood at the door—it was gone. Some thought it had been a trick played off on one so celebrated for fearlessness as the emperor. Accordingly, many took the streets which led from the court-yard and terminated in the Augustine kirch and monastery. This way only could the carriage have gone; and they had not proceeded far when the rattling of the wheels met their ears—they listened, and as it came nearer, found it was the same carriage which stood at the portal. The driver was interrogated as to where he had been. He told them that a mask, dressed in black, had left the Saal, and bid him drive to the church of the Augustine, and that he had seen her enter an hotel adjacent.

The emperor, accompanied by two friends masked, bent their steps to the hotel. He inquired of the inmates, and then learnt his vicinity to his noble and ill-requited Hungarian host, and his loved and lost Adela. Few, however humble, would at that moment have exchanged state with the Monarch of Austria and Hungary, for remorse bound him down like a stricken reed.

"Lead me to the baron," he cried hastily, unable to bear the weight of recollection.

The man shook his head. "Noble sir," said he, "the baron lies on a bed of sickness: since this morning he has uttered no word; I fear he will never rise again."

"His daughter—lead me to her—quick!"

"Alas, sir, she died this morning!"

"Liar! slave!" cried the emperor, in a paroxysm of grief and astonishment, "but an hour since I saw her living! Dare not tamper with me!"

The man stared incredulously, and pointed to the staircase, and taking a lamp he beckoned him to follow. He led the way in silence up the broad staircase and through the long corridor, until he stopped at a door which he gently opened, and making the sign of the cross, entered the room—they followed. The apartment was lighted with wax-lights, and at one extremity, on a large couch, laid two females buried in sleep. At the other end was a bed with the curtains drawn closely around; wax-lights were burning at the head and foot. The emperor with an unsteady step approached the bed, and with a trembling hand drew aside the curtain. There, extended on a coverlid of snowy whiteness, laid the object of his solicitude, and at her feet were the mask and domino! He thought she slept, and in the low, tender accent with which he first won her young heart, he breathed her name; but there was no response. He took her hand—it was cold, and fell from his nerveless grasp. He gazed steadfastly on her countenance—it was pale as, when lifting her mask, she met his astonished gaze. But this was no trance—her eyes were now closed for ever—her heart had ceased to beat—she was beautiful, though in death! Her arms were crossed upon her bosom, and on the fingers of her right-hand was entwined a chain of gold with a signet-ring! None could see the scalding tears that were shed, or knew the bitter and agonizing remorse that tore the bosom of the emperor, as gazed for the last time on the pallid features of one, perhaps the only one, who had ever loved him for himself alone. Forgetful of his state—forgetful of all but his own heart—he knelt by the side of the dead, and never were accents of contrition more sincerely breathed by human being than by that monarch in his hour of humiliation.

* * * * *

Years rolled on. The old baron and his daughter sleep side by side in the cemetery of St. Augustine's monastery. They left no kindred; he was the last of his race; and the old castle on the Danube soon fell into decay, and became an outlaw's den. The emperor recovered in time his gaiety amidst the blandishments of his court; but as often as the season of the chase returned, his nobles remarked that he was never more the same light-hearted and reckless sportsman. Few knew why; but the associations were too strong—he could never banish from his mind the parting look of her who he had first met in the dark forests of Hungary.

If I could choose my readers, I would not wish the most ignorant nor the most learned to read my works; not the former, for they would not do me justice, and not the latter, because I could not sufficiently please them.



Yours truly Walter Scott

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the opposite page is old Sir Peveril! Many a time has he figured on canvas or paper, in stone, bronze, or plaster, in oil or water-colours, lithographed, copper-plated, mezzotinted, in all the variety of manner that the art of the sculptor, the founder, the modeller, the painter, the etcher, the engraver, the whole tribe of the imitators of the face divine, could display him. He has hung in the chamber of kings, and decorated the door of the ale-house—has graced the boudoir of beauty, and perambulated the streets, borne upon the head of a swarthy Italian pedlar. He has been depicted in all moods and all postures; but we venture to say, that the Baronet, as he really looked, was never so exactly put before the public as we now see him.

There he is, as he used to saunter about his grounds, with his Lowland bonnet in his hand, dressed in his old green shooting-jacket, talking old stories of every stone and bush, and tree and stream, in sight—tales of battles and raids—or ghosts and fairies, as the case may be, of the days of yore,

———“ Ere Scotland's griefs began,
When every man you met had killed his man !”

Every thing is correct in the picture, from the peak of his head down to his very cudgel; and if the dogs are not as authentic altogether as their master, they may serve as types to show that he was fond of being so attended.

HINDOO SUPERSTITIONS.

BEING invited by the Hindoos of our corps to see the ceremony of walking through the fire, I mounted my horse, accompanied by Capt. Pepper, and rode to the spot, in rear of the native lines, where an oblong pit was prepared, eighteen feet by twelve. I am not aware of its depth, because, on our arrival, it was full of live coals perfectly red hot. A procession then arrived on the opposite side, and every one of them either walked or danced deliberately through the fire lengthways, having only two landing places in the centre of each of the smallest faces. This fire was actually so intense that we could not approach its margin, but sat on our horses at a few yards distance, watching every motion. I had seen a little, and heard much more of this strange feat, but never had such an opportunity of positive proof before. It was in the middle of the Hooly feast, and, I understood, the particular ceremony was in honour of the small-pox deity, Mariamah, to whom they sacrifice a cock, before they venture into the furnace. Then, besmeared all over with some yellow stuff, they go back and forward, both quick and slow, without any apparent suffering; and one man carried an infant on his shoulders, which did not even cry. The puppets of this extraordinary show were of all ages; and I saw a very fine boy slip down at the landing-place, and the others pulled him up uninjured immediately. It remains for chemists to explore the nature of the stuff with which they are besmeared.

THE KYLES RETURN.

Oman scene of my childhood! dear land of my home!
How gladly I hie o'er the ocean's white foam—
How gladly I pass o'er the bark-bearing wave—
For I long to behold thee, green land of the brave!

I have been with the Gomb o'er his vine-covered plains,
I have been with the Swiss in his ivy-clad fane,
With the Switzer I've climbed o'er his mountains of snow,
And heard the dread avalanche thunder below.

I've knelt by the grave of the mighty-armed Tell,
I have heard the loud Tootia chime Poland's death-knell,
I have seen Russia's despot his red sceptre wave—
Then, than did I think on thee, land of the brave!

Unheeded I've passed o'er the Euxine's black strand,
Unheeded I've passed through hot Araby's sand,
Unmindful I've passed by the great Prophet's grave—
For thou wert far dearer, green land of the brave!

I've fested in Persia's magnificent halls,
I've wandered alone by her wild water-falls,
I've worn the bright diamonds of Oman's green sea—
But the trefoll of Erin was dearer to me.

Ah, you! I have been in the vale of Cashmere,
Where waters received a poor wanderer's tear,
Through the wide world I've wandered o'er mountain and
wave—

And ne'er found thy equal, green land of the brave!

Then Erin, receive me, a wandering child,
Who fled from the home of his fathers, exiled;
O Erin! receive him, allot him a grave,
Let him rest in thy bosom, green land of the brave!

THE SNOW-FLAKE.

“ Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
To be cast in some lone, and lovely spot,
To melt, and to sink, unseen, or forgot?
And there will my course be ended?”

’Twas this, a feathery Snow-Flake said,
As down through measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid air suspended.

“ Oh! no,” said the Earth, “ thou shalt not lie
Neglected and lone on my lap to die,
Thou pure and delicate child of the sky!
For thou wilt be safe in my keeping.
But then I must give thee a lovelier form—
Thou wilt not be part of the wintry storm,
But revive, when the sunbeams are yellow and warm,
And the flowers from my bosom are peeping!

“ And then thou shalt have thy choice, to be
Remoted in the lily that decks the lea,
In the jessamine-bloom, the anemone,
Or aught of thy spotless whiteness:
To melt, and be cast in a glittering bead,
With the pearls, that the night scatters over the mead,
In the cup where the bee and the fire-fly feed,
Beginning thy dazzling brightness.”

“ Then I will drop,” said the trusting Flake;
“ But bear in mind, that the choice I make
Is not in the flowers, nor the dew to wake;
Nor the mist that shall pass with the morning.
For, things of thyself, they expire with thee;
But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise and will live, from the dust set free,
To the regions above returning.”



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Dream scene of my childhood! dear land of my home!
How gladly I hie o'er the ocean's white foam—
How gladly I pass o'er the bark-bearing wave—
For I long to behold thee, green land of the brave!

I have been with the Gaul o'er his vine-covered plain,
I have been with the Swiss in his ivy-clad fence,
With the Switzer I've climbed o'er his mountains of snow,
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I've knelt by the grave of the mighty-armed Tell,
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But those that are lent from on high, like me,
They rise and will live, from the dust set free,
To the regions above returning."

Original.

WEALTH AND MISERY.

I stood alone :—around me lay the most beautiful scene which imagination can conceive—nature seemed to have lavished all her splendour, and art all her ingenuity, to create a paradise on earth, to realise for guilty man the garden planted by the hand of the Almighty for a sinless and perfect creature. A gently sloping plain swept upwards from the banks of a majestic river; its deep channel was, on the opposite side, overhung by a tall cliff, whose summit seemed bending to contemplate its imposing picture in the broad mirror beneath. The forest tree had shot its gnarled and stubborn roots into the large fissures, and the wild vines hung gracefully upon the front, like a colonnet of emeralds upon the brow of beauty. Not a human being but myself was to be seen, and no voice but that of the nightingale came upon the ear. The proud peacock raised his rainbow plumage—the bird of paradise perched upon a bough, in conscious dignity, and the startled pheasant fled to the covert of the grove. A marble temple gleamed in the last rays of the summer's sun, and the silver sound of gurgling water echoed in the cool grotto. A flight of polished steps led into an extensive portico, that entirely surrounded the splendid mansion, supporting with Corinthian columns a richly ornamented ceiling. The walls of the first saloon were hung with matchless paintings; the most exquisite statues graced the apartment, and the stairs were guarded by sculptured images of Venus and Diana. A chamber came next, hung with Jebelin tapestry of light blue, worked with silver and the richest dyes, representing the fairy residence where I then was.

No one had been encountered in my passage, and I was about to penetrate still further, when a heavy groan startled me, and caused me to listen attentively. "What then," said I, "can misery dwell in such a palace, where there is nothing to remind one of the troubles of the world, where it seems as if every want would be satisfied by some magic power, where the eye and the ear may enjoy one continued feast of happiness." The groan was repeated, and it appeared to come from an adjoining chamber. I hesitated to enter, before seeing my old friend and associate, but, hoping to be able to render some assistance to the sufferer, I opened the door and stood beyond its threshold: it was so dark that, at first, objects could not be distinguished, but I felt under my feet the yielding texture of a Turkey carpet. By degrees my eyes became accustomed to the scanty light, and a dim outline of the room could be seen. The furniture of this chamber was more gorgeous than in any of those which I had passed, and especially a couch, near which I stood, lost in wonder and admiration. It was surmounted by a canopy, the hangings were of purple velvet, fringed with gold, and the covering of the most costly satin, trimmed with lace.

The other decorations corresponded with these in splendour; but my attention was soon directed to the occupant of the bed, who was evidently just awaking from an uneasy and unrefreshing slumber. He addressed me by name, and I found to my astonishment that it was my good friend, the happy owner of all this magnificence, that now lay before me. An incurable gout had seized and paralyzed nearly all his limbs, and so affected his eyes that the unbroken light of day was tormenting and insupportable. For some days I remained with him, endeavouring to assuage his pains, and to cheer him with the prospect of recovery. But he would take no consolation, and lightly treated the hope that I had held out, desiring only to be released from his sufferings by the hand of death. I saw that bodily sorrow was but a small portion of the heavy load that weighed upon him, and crushed him in the dust of affliction; and, knowing the prosperity which had attended his affairs, was at a loss to conceive the source of his melancholy. He every day lost strength, and plainly could not long survive, although the acuteness of his pain gradually diminished. He seemed anxious to relieve his mind, and I met the desire by conjuring him to conceal nothing from one who had owed to him his success, and felt the deepest interest in his welfare. He acknowledged the kindness, and at intervals gave me a history of his life, which I will relate connectedly, and, as nearly as possible, in his own words. It is as follows:

"I am the son of an honest but unfortunate trader; my parents died while I was yet young, leaving, besides, only a daughter. She was compelled to seek her livelihood by the labour of her hands, while I was protected by a distant relation, a merchant in the city of Hamburg.—My talents for business were respectable, and what there was wanting of ability I made up by attention and fidelity, yet found time to avail myself of every opportunity for the acquisition of useful and agreeable knowledge. My zeal was not long unrewarded: I was soon distinguished above my companions, and entrusted with affairs of importance, which it pleased Heaven to prosper, even beyond the expectation of my master. Thus my acquaintance became more numerous, my station in life was one of influence, and, with the partnership into which my kind relation soon received me, I obtained wealth and independence. Business rendered it necessary to travel, and thus my mind was enriched with the fruits of observation, my ideas became more expanded and comprehensive, my character gained stability, my transactions were performed with additional ease, and all professed towards me sentiments of respect and esteem. The rich sought me to gain by my experience; the poor never found my hand closed against them; I loved to cheer the heart of the mourner, and the orphan

was not thrust away without relief; for I thought of my own lot of wretchedness, and the kind hand that was extended for my safety. My sister was married to a worthy curate, and all was cheerful and void of care.

"Some years after, my partner became ill—his physicians resorted to every expedient, but in vain; they could not avert the stroke of the universal destroyer, who only gave his victim time to designate the depository of his will, before he summoned him away from earth. This instrument named me the sole heir of the immense possessions of the deceased, while it excluded a nephew and niece from all participation, because they refused to conform to the wishes of their uncle while alive, and, by an improper course of life, gave evidence of the slight esteem they set by his instructions. The last duties had been paid to my benefactor, and I could look calmly upon my situation, so highly exalted above the most extravagant anticipations that could possibly have been indulged. But alas! I little knew the dangerous snare that was weaving around my feet. The nearest relations of my deceased friend, his nephew and niece, had excited his indignation; they had contracted debts to a vast amount, looking forward confidently to the inheritance of his wealth. You may easily imagine their consternation and anger at the bitter disappointment they now experienced, execrating me with the direst hatred, and cursing the memory of their uncle. But their animosity was not confined to words, they used the most strenuous exertions to set aside the will, even branding me with the accusation of forgery. But all was in vain, my claim was firmly established, and they were forced to fly from the pursuit of their rapacious creditors, who had allowed them some tranquillity while the cause was pending;—report said they had sailed for England.

"I now took undisturbed possession of my fortune, which daily increased by diligence and the blessing of Heaven. A beautiful and amiable wife heightened my enjoyment, and gave new charms to every thing around. Two years passed away, and a son and daughter smiled upon me. Could I be otherwise than happy? Then it was that I built this residence, and, guided by the exquisite taste of my lovely wife, made it all you see, lavishing every decoration that she could devise to increase its magnificence. There, in the bosom of my family, surrounded by intelligent and agreeable friends, I enjoyed the purest felicity, far surpassing what the most extravagant of my youthful dreams had pictured. I conversed with my beloved wife, dandled my children on my knee, and imagined that an immortal paradise was before me, of which I was the lord. But the gifts I had received turned away my eyes from the hand that gave, and, proud in present possession, I forgot the mutability of human happiness. Alas! when that which I most valued was wrested away, then first did I think of God, and my stricken heart looked up to Him, whom I had forgotten in my joy. Six years I had lived in this most happy situation, when affairs of impor-

tance rendered my presence necessary in London for several months. It was the first time I had been absent from my family. The gaiety, the bustle, the pleasures of the great city, had no charms for me; my soul longed for the hour of return with restless impatience; the anguish of some dark presentiment tortured it unceasingly; I hastened my preparations, and was about to go on board the vessel that should bear me to the dear embrace of those I loved:—In passing an open square, I saw the officers of justice about to execute two highway robbers, and, as I could not bear the thought of witnessing the death of a fellow creature, I hurried rapidly away, but was arrested by hearing that one of the culprits was a German.—Imagine my consternation when it was told me that his name was *Olivier*, the very name of the man who had been disinherited in my favour. I combatted the impression, however, but felt irresistibly attracted to remain where I was standing, to discover the truth, and, if possible, throw off the horrid feeling that beset me. Casting my eyes upon the scaffold, I recognised too clearly in the disordered mien of the prisoner the well known features of the disinherited! I was thunderstruck at this discovery, and hastened home, without knowing whither I went or what had happened to me; and scarcely had I recovered from the dismay into which I was plunged, when I received a letter from my wife, informing me that our daughter had been seized with a malignant fever and now lay at the point of death, and that symptoms of the same disease had become visible upon our son. In ordinary circumstances such news would have extremely terrified me, but at this moment they crushed and overwhelmed me completely. It seemed as if the unhappy fate of the robber and the danger of my children stood in sad connexion; an idea that had more than once flitted dimly across my mind, now stood horribly plain before me. Thou art the cause, said I to myself, thou art the fatal cause of his crime and his untimely death; thou mightest have spared of thy riches to save this unfortunate man, but thou did'st never speak one word for him, nor endeavour to reconcile him to his uncle: now, when despair has driven him from his native land, he suffers for a crime to which his poverty impelled him—that poverty which thou mightest have relieved; for thy indifference to his misfortune thou dost pay a double penance.

"I seemed to tread on thorns till I was on board the vessel, and there the image of my children was before my eyes. Perhaps their pure spirits, already loosed from their earthly habitation, were hovering around me, while I was driving about upon the open sea, almost distracted with anxiety and fear. No sooner had I disembarked than I hastened to my country house. It was a starless and cloudy night, and I saw from a distance one part of the house brilliantly illuminated, and in the other an occasional light moving to and fro. "Ah!" exclaimed I, "they have expected my coming, and love has prompted this display; soon shall I fold my darlings in

my arms, and forget my gloomy anticipations." Although the carriage moved very fast, it seemed to me to stand still. At length we arrived. I flew up stairs. Nobody met me. I hastily threw open the illumined saloon, and saw my wife—in her coffin! I knew no more for many days—a delirium had come upon me—I raged like a madman, till nature exhausted, sunk under the stroke, and I again breathed the air of hope. But I had not yet emptied the cup of my sufferings. From that time my house, which had been the dwelling of joy and contentment, seemed to me an open grave that had swallowed my beloved. Wherever I bent my steps, wherever I turned my eyes, I saw nought but the traces of departed joys, over which I heaved many a vain sigh, and shed rivers of unavailing tears. But even this melancholy pleasure was denied me—the dreadful figure of Olivier haunted me continually. Sleeping or waking, it was still the same. How often did I leap trembling from my bed, the cold sweat pouring from every limb, when I thought I saw him strangling my children, or throwing them into the flames of my house, while he struggled with me, and demanded, in a voice of thunder, justice and restitution. Even then I could have been happy, had the voice of conscience acquitted me. I could not reproach myself with acquiring the will of my friend in an unlawful manner, but I had done nothing to mitigate the severity of a resolution which I knew he had formed, nor had I sought in any manner to compensate those whom I had supplanted. This omission tormented me, and I laid to myself the guilt of Olivier and his death. It was in vain that I combatted against this thought, it always returned again, and if driven away by day, it recoiled with fearful violence to break the slum-

bers of the night. I recollected that Olivier had a sister. This idea fell upon my heart with new force, while it spread a weak glimmering of consolation there. 'God be praised,' I exclaimed—'I will yet save her, wherever she may be.' Locking my secret intention within my own breast, I hastened to London, and, with unspeakable pains, gained some slight intelligence of the person I was seeking, which, however, could serve to cheer me but little, for she had gone to America. Thither I followed her. In New York it was my fortune to light upon some traces of her path. I heard of her poverty and her crime; and there too, did I hear her last curse ring in my ears, as she died a victim to vice engendered by despair. I returned home more disconsolate than ever; worn down with the many journeys I had undertaken, and the many dangers and sorrows I had experienced. My strength decayed, and I became the helpless creature you behold me: this house that once resounded only to songs of joy, is now a desert, whose silence is broken only by my anguished complainings; my riches are hateful to me, and my only hope is centred upon death, which will release me from my sufferings, and lead me back to the arms of my wife and my beloved children. I thank God that my hour is near at hand, that I can look forward to the joys of heaven, and the calm rest of the silent grave."

Thus may the narrow and dark tomb have a closer hold upon the desires of man, than the most brilliant palace; so little happiness can external good confer, if unaccompanied by that highest good, that internal tranquillity, that peace with ourselves, arising from the testimony of a clear conscience.

E.

MADAME DE STAEL AND HER FATHER.

THE following is given by Madame Junot as an extract from a MS. narrative of the mode of life of Necker and Madame de Stael, at Coppet, at the early period of the Empire:

"The tall majestic figure of Madame Necker intervened like a marble statue between M. Necker and his daughter. Thus, as long as Madame Necker lived, there was an appearance of restraint, and want of harmony in the family circle. On the death of his wife, M. Necker urged his daughter to come and reside at Coppet; and he devoted all his attention—I had almost said all his gallantry—to render his home agreeable to Madame de Stael.

"The interior of Coppet presented an aspect of dullness and formality. It had seldom any appearance of bustle or gaiety. To me its great attraction consisted in the prodigious union of talent caused by the presence of M. Necker, Madame de Stael, and M. Benjamin Constant, who then lived at Coppet.

"The inmates assembled together at breakfast, which always consisted of coffee, in Madame de Stael's chamber. This meal was often prolonged for two hours; for we had no sooner sat down than Madame de Stael would start a question, more frequently relating to literature or philosophy than politics. This she did out of delicacy to the feelings of her father, whose career in the field of politics had come to so unfortunate a close. But let the subject be what it might, it was sure to be discussed with inconceivable fertility of imagination and depth of thought. In short, it was an intellectual banquet, at which all that the human mind could conceive or create was abundantly served up. In these literary and philosophical disputes, Madame de Stael had a decided superiority over her father in quickness of perception, readiness of expression, and eloquence. But whenever she was about to seize the palm of victory, she always appeared restrained by a feeling of filial respect. As if fear-

ful of the success she had obtained, she would with admirable dexterity and grace commit herself in an error, for the purpose of resigning to her antagonist the glory of the victory. But that antagonist was her father; and he was the only person to whom she ever conceded such an advantage.

"After breakfast, the party separated until dinner, which was constantly accompanied by disputes between M. Necker and several deaf and ill-tempered *maitres-d'hôtel*, the remnants of a system which M. Necker himself had overthrown, and who in their embroidered coats had followed his fortunes to Coppet. The afternoon was devoted to study until seven o'clock, when whist was commenced. This was always a stormy game: M. Necker and his daughter invariably quarrelled, lost their tempers, and left the table with the determination of never again playing together. But in spite of this, the game was daily resumed. The rest of the evening was passed in agreeable conversation.

"With the exception of a few excursions, Madame de Stael in this manner spent eight years of her life; alternately devoting herself to the society of her father and the education of her children. At this period, too, she wrote what may be termed her works of the second-rate class—viz: *On the Influence of the Passions*; *On Literature*; and lastly, *Delphine*.

"After the death of M. Necker, in 1804,* Madame de Stael, finding herself relieved from all restraint, and the mistress of a splendid fortune, aspired to figure upon the stage of politics. To this she was urged by a vivid recollection of the commencement of the revolution, the date of her first acquaintance with the world, and her early success. She was enticed to enter this arena by the desire of exercising the power which she regarded as an attribute of her superior genius.

"But this love of authority took possession of her at a fatal moment, viz. at a time when all the efforts of an herculean government were exerted to free society from the action of individual influence, and to concentrate all power in itself. Thus a contest ensued between the individual influence which Madame de Stael wished to exercise, and the resistance which was opposed by the government of the empire. This contest lasted eight years, at the expiration of which time Madame de Stael withdrew from this conflict between a stupendous moral power and a physical power stronger than had ever before existed.

"During this period Madame de Stael published *Corinne*, and her great work on Germany; the materials for the latter she collected in journeys undertaken to escape from the imperial authority, and to sympathise with the

victims of that authority who had been wounded, but permitted to survive. The idea of his work was suggested by the labours she undertook, and executed—conjointly with M. Schlegel—to explore the literary world of Germany; a world which was then new, and entirely unacquainted with the ideas, traditions, and even the rules which were the pride of French literature.

"Madame de Stael felt the necessity of emancipating herself from these ideas, traditions, and rules; she was endowed with a genuine poetic feeling, a horror of bad taste, and a power of charming by the harmony of language, which gave rise to frequent controversies between her and M. Schlegel, who, as it may be observed from his lectures, did not allow himself to be fascinated by Racine's harmonious versification. It was only necessary for Madame de Stael to recite some passages of Racine, to stir up one of those disputes whence emanated a thousand ideas as novel as profound, on the mysteries of our moral nature.

"One of Madame de Stael's favourite amusements, at this time, consisted in dramatic representation. Her fine voice and energetic gestures gave her a great advantage in the performance of tragedy. In these representations she was assisted by Count Elzéar de Saban, M. Charles de Labedovere and Don Pedro de Souza, now Marquis de Palmella. Her style of acting belonged to the school which had preceded Talma: for, in spite of her admiration of that tragedian, she was not his disciple. Madame de Stael attached no great value to her talent for dramatic performance. It is curious that she excelled in the representation of *soubrettes*.

"The Count de Sabran, wrote pieces for these private theatricals, and Madame de Stael herself wrote "*Agar, la Sumamite*" and two other pieces, which were subsequently printed and much admired. At these performances at Coppet, the audience consisted of Madame de Stael's acquaintance in the neighbourhood, and, very frequently, friends who came from a considerable distance to see her. Among these friends I must mention Prince William of Prussia, Baron de Voght, Bonstetten, the poet Verner, M. de Montmorency (who every year made a pilgrimage to the Val-Sainte and Coppet) and Madame de Recamier, who joined to exquisite beauty, a fund of talent and amiability which were duly appreciated by Madame de Stael.

"As long as Madame de Stael could assemble around her this circle of friends, existence was endurable to her, even in exile. But when, beneath her hospitable roof, and on one and the same day, sentence of exile was pronounced upon Madame de Recamier and M. de Montmorency, the distress of her feelings overcame her fortitude. Her extreme horror of solitude, and the mortification of believing herself the immediate cause of the condemnation of her friends, determined her to leave France until happier days, and to seek elsewhere the liberty which France denied her."

* The period at which we have arrived in this volume, is precisely the date of Madame de Stael's return to France. The above notice of her is therefore more appropriate here than in another place.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

[Imitated from *Las Guerras Civiles de Granada*.]

BROKEN, oppressed, dishearten'd, still,
True to the last, the infidel
Fought for his faith and fireside,
Nor basely fled, nor tamely died.
Grenada still the crescent own'd,
There still the Moslem sat enthron'd;
Though in Vega's fertile vale,
The Christian standard wooed the gale.

Trenches and Palisades surround
The sacred city's* outmost bound;
Within are tents adorn'd with gold,
And the rich purple's broider'd fold.
There Dukes, and Counts, and Captains stand,
The dauntless guards of Ferdinand,
Well tried in many a bloody field,
Ere the dark Moor had learn'd to yield—
Assembled with the early dawn—
When lo! on prancing charger borne,
A Moslem warrior is seen—
His tunic is of costly green,
His bonnet of the same gay hue,
Match'd with th' em'rald crescent too,
Whose clasp his waving plume confin'd
Fann'd by each sportive breath of wind.
A scarf was o'er his shoulder tied,
A token from his promise'd bride,
His gilded dirk, and trusty blade,
By Syrian artisans were made.
His left arm bears a polish'd shield,
No boyish strength its weight could wield;
His right a steeled spear supports,
Around whose point the sunbeam sports.
His Arab horse, so gay and bold,
Is all adorn'd with silk and gold,
And champs a bit, with jewels set,
That might have graced a coronet.

Soon as the Christian camp he gain'd,
The infidel his war-horse rein'd;
And thus he spake—"What Cavalier
Will meet Gazul in combat here?—
Come, Count of Cabra, school'd in war,
Or thou Gonsalvo, famed afar!—
Or, if thy vassals quake with fear
And dread the fury of my spear,
Come thou—their monarch—Ferdinand!
Soon shalt thou know if Gazul's hand
E'er trembled when the foe was nigh."—
Thus spake the Moor exultingly.
Then many a brow was bent in ire,
And many an eye flash'd deadly fire.
"Mine be the part!"—each cried—"to quell
This proud, presumptuous infidel."
Young Garcilaso,† 'mongst the rest,
Besought King Ferdinand's behest;
But vainly sought—the monarch smil'd—
"What! trust my honour to a child!"
The redd'ning brow, the angry tear,
Were Garcilaso's mute reply.
He leaves the presence secretly—
Then soon was seen upon the plain,
Urging his steed with spur and rein,
A youthful knight; the shield he wears
The Christian's sacred emblem bears;
Beneath his stern device is seen,
"I fight for this and for my Queen."
His polish'd helm and corselet bright,
And steel clad charger's step so light,
Maria: 'twas a gaudy sight.

* The city of Santa Fe.

† The celebrated Garcilaso de la Vega, who derived his title from the Vega of Grenada where the exploit here recounted was achieved.

But when the Moor the youth espied,
He curl'd his lip, and proudly cried,
"Go back, vain boy; and Gazul's spear
Will find some worthier victim here!"
The Christian's lance is in the rest,
The spur his charger's flank hath prest—
Fierce was the shock that check'd his course—
Gazul falls lifeless from his horse—
His heart's blood dyed the grassy plain;
His eye, that ne'er shall beam again
His vengeance on Grenada's foes,
No more its wonted brightness knows—
Yet still that face, though ghastly pale,
Beepoke a soul that could not quail;
And still that haughty, scornful sneer,
Fix'd by the hand of death, was there.

THE RAINBOW.

THE evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Played in sunshine the rain-drops, the birds and the breeze;
The landscape outstretching, in loveliness lay,
On the lap of the year in the beauty of May.
For the bright queen of spring, as she passed down the
vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And fresh in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
The skies like a banner in sunset unrolled,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold.
But one cloud at a distance, rose dense, and increased,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.
We gazed on these scenes while around us they glowed,
When a vision appeared on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon, that rolls lightly, through starlight and blue.
Like a spirit it came on the van of a storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an angel of wrath,
But its garments of brightness illumed its dark path.
In the hour of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As unconscious they gave and afforded delight.
'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God in a symbol sublime,
His vow from the flood to the exile of time;
Not dreadful, as when in a whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightning his steeds;
The black clouds of vengeance his banner unfurl'd,
And thunders his voice to a guilt-stricken world;
In the breath of his presence when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the
plain,
And the vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.
Not such was that Rainbow—that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the sun;
A pavilion it seemed, with a deity graced,
And justice and mercy met there and embraced.
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like love o'er a death-couch, or hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene, whence it slowly retired,
As love had just vanish'd, or hope had expired.
I gazed not alone on that source of my song;
To all who beheld it, these verses belong:
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord;
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.
Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
That bow from my sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.
'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and imperishable colours of mind;
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

Original.

TROUBLE.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A RECLUSE.

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
 What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
 To view each lov'd one blotted from life's page,
 To be alone on earth, as I am now!—
 Before the Chastener humbly let me bow
 O'er hearts divided, and o'er hopes destroy'd."—CHILDR HAROLD.

NOTHING is more true than the hackneyed saying, "*rien sans peine*," except, perhaps, its opposite, so often ejaculated in vexation of spirit, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*." No age, no sex, no condition is, or ever can be, exempt from its own peculiar "troubles," whether of greater or lesser magnitude.—The infant whose feeble hand drops the slippery coral with which he was about to solace his swollen and aching gums, or who is suddenly prevented from straining his eyes after the beloved candle, screams in an agony of pain and disappointment, and—this is his *first* trouble. The urchin who vainly covets his sister's hoarded sweetmeats—having taken his own amount in *full* immediately on receipt—weeps in a solitary corner, and acts the much injured misanthrope, until his attention is attracted to some new pleasure or—trouble. The school-girl and the college soph, in their different eager pursuits—their toils, their rivalries, their petty cares and anxieties—merely anticipate the mature troubles, the *real* sorrows of the man and woman—who, in their turn, after having gained every thing that once seemed most desirable, and been satiated with all the enjoyments of life, not unfrequently turn from all with disgust, exclaiming, in bitterness of spirit, "this, also, is vanity!"—while on the old and time-honoured, who have navigated the light bark of existence through a long and brilliant day, the fearful night of eternity too often closes in storms and darkness, as horror-stricken and despairing, they are wrecked at last amid "a sea of troubles."

It is allowed that no age, or sex, or rank, can be exonerated from this sad heritage of fallen humanity, neither is there climate or nation on the habitable globe where all are happy; and, if the assertion of the Greek moralist be true, "the majority are evil," the result *must* be obvious that the greater part of mankind are miserable—but this hypothesis I cannot stop to examine now.

The Englishman stalking apart in moody abstraction, with the *cui bono* of misanthropy often on his lip, and ever in his heart, denounces every thing as a "*bore*," curses his climate as the cause of his spleen, and waits gloomily for his own proper month of November, when he may hang or drown himself *secundum artem*, with all due regard to time and place. His more mercurial neighbour in France strives to kick trouble out

by the heels, and is always taking an infinitude *de la peine* to keep himself and every body else from being *ennuyé jusqu' a la mort*. The German, enveloped in pride and smoke, puffs his meerschaum in defiance of the evil "spirits of black, white and grey," which the occult sciences of the "scholars" would conjure around him; or, yielding to the peculiar taste of his country, forgets the cares of every day life, while wrapt in the sublime music of the great masters of the lyre.

In Ireland "sure Paddy has troubles, an' plinty on 'em, jist;"—every mother's son is *bother'd* to death *wid* the bogs, and the tithes, and the woman, and the pigs, and the lack of money, and the overstock of childer, och!—while the bonnie Scot has his trials, also, sair, sair to abide; but he is blithe, and winna lang "claw the elbow" fra' troublesome thought, for he canna be *fashed*.

"You have often asked me to relate some of the circumstances of my past life, and I will give you a "plain, unvarnished," sketch of the whole, in order to introduce a simple narrative, which effected my reformation, if I may so express it. I am aware the story has not much to recommend it on the score of novel incident; it has little variety, less of the marvellous, and nothing, perhaps, of interest, except that its broad outline is literally *true*: twelve years ago, I should probably have passed it over myself, as a "stupid tale," but I am not what I *was*—twelve years of sorrowful vicissitudes have altered the tone of my feelings, and, I trust, improved them; for at times, when speculating in silence on the cause of my many trials, I find it in my own character: for I remember all the faults of that character, and I feel its amendment. Under the harsh lessons of adversity, you have found me utterly changed; sobered and saddened, it is true, but certainly a wiser—perhaps a better being.

"I was the youngest daughter of a large and flourishing family. Health, affluence, kind parents, and numerous friends, seemed to offer every means of happiness, and we revelled in careless security till death appeared in our family circle, and, in one month, robbed us of three of its beloved members. My mother fell under the terrible blow, and never recovered either health or spirits. My father's affairs became embarrassed in consequences of heavy losses, and, overwhelmed with disappointment and mor-

tification, he sunk into the grave before her. My sisters, who were just entering the sweet period of early womanhood, unused to the smallest abridgment in our luxurious and expensive mode of life, fell into rapid consumptions, and successively followed their mother to the tomb. None now remained but myself and a younger brother. Mr. Alville, a step-brother of my father, kindly took us from our desolate house, and received us in his own, where we were treated by his amiable wife as her own children, while he collected the remains of our property, and disposed of it in the best manner for our use. Time at length healed my deep heart-wounds, and again I was cheerful, and comparatively happy. In watching over and instructing my infant brother, in striving to recall the remembrance of our parents to his young mind, or in tracing the features of "the lost and lovely" in his own, I yet enjoyed a degree of exquisite pleasure—but the measure of my early trouble was not yet full: he too, was taken from me, and, in the anguish of one that sorrowed without hope, and in the ravings of an unsubdued heart, I grovelled upon the earth, and prayed aloud for death. During the long delirium and severe illness which followed, I was most carefully nursed and attended by my aunt, and under her care, through a merciful Providence, my recovery was slow, but perfect.

"I returned once more to my former pursuits and occupations; my education had been well cared for by my friendly aunt, and under her auspices, at a proper age I was introduced into what is called the world. Mrs. Alville was a woman of fashion, and loved gaiety, and, though my subdued spirits had none of the elasticity of my young companions, who had never known sorrow, yet, not willing to seem perverse, I accompanied her to many scenes of amusement. Many suitors appeared as candidates for my favour—for my glass told me my face and figure were good—and my fortune, under good management, had considerably accumulated, besides my expectations from Mr. Alville, who had no children. I was long in making a choice, but Frederick Sefton at length succeeded in winning my affections, and, with the full consent of my kind protectors, I became his wife. I was happy then—far happier than I deserved. In the society and idolizing affection of my husband, and the contemplation of his delightful character and attaching qualities, I deemed nought could be added to my felicity, until the birth of a son made me sensible that the rose leaf had yet been wanting to crown my cup of joy. Yet I shuddered at remembering the fate of all my family, cut off, all of them, in the bright morning of their existence; I remembered how my heart-strings had been severed, one by one, and I said, I dare not love this child—I will not—for I am a doomed being. But the rash determination was soon set at nought by the sweet looks and fast expanding intellect of my boy; he was lovely as an opening bud—the pride and joy of his father—the acknowledged heir of his god-parents—admired and caressed by every one—was I, could I be

indifferent? Oh no!—my heart yielded itself gradually, but entirely, to the overflow of sweet emotions, and the full tide of a mother's love, the strongest tie in nature, was poured upon my child.

"Can I go on? Have I pen of iron and a heart of stone to tell the rest—to describe the scene which yet burns in characters of fire on my brain?—the sportive walk, beside the little stream in the orchard—the laughing face bent over the mimic ship, to aid its progress by the sweet breath from his lips—the treacherous, slippery grass—the sudden plunge—the shriek—the helpless mother's long, death-like, swoon—No—it cannot be told.

* * * * *

"'Come, my dear Marion,' said my beloved Frederick, 'the carriage has been waiting a long time; pray drink one cup of chocolate for my sake, and let me wrap your shawl round you: the morning is so lovely, and the horses so fresh, we shall easily reach K— before night, and allow ourselves time for a pleasant walk in that pretty village.'

"'Is there a church-yard in it?' I enquired, in an under tone;—my heart instantly reproached me with cruelty, in thus lacerating the feelings of my fellow-sufferer, for I saw that he *could not* reply, as he busied himself in arranging the folds of my travelling cloak to protect me from the keen autumnal air. We had now been several days on a journey I had been induced to undertake through the western states, in compliance with the entreaties of my husband and friends, who hoped that change of scene might divert my thoughts, for a while, at least, from their dreary channel, and eventually restore tranquillity to my mind. I have reason to bless their endeavours; the humble lesson I am about to relate, has had the effect their kindness anticipated, and I no longer murmur at the decrees of heaven.

"The day proved so fine, that we rode on several miles beyond K—, when Frederick, fearing I should be overpowered by fatigue, bade the coachman stop at the first house, and inquire for the nearest inn; but we were now in a wild and unfrequented part of the country, and the day was nearly closing when we reached a small hamlet, or cluster of poor looking log houses. As I was much exhausted, my husband immediately alighted to ascertain if it were possible to accommodate me with a resting-place for the night in any of them; but, though the inhabitants all seemed on "hospitable thoughts intent," the swarms of noisy and ragged children, the closeness of the little cabins, and the general appearance of discomfort among them all, induced him to inquire if there were any other house within a short distance, which could afford his invalid wife a quiet room.

"'Yes, indeed,' promptly replied a stout red-armed woman, giving her white-headed boy a thump at the same time, to make him 'git out o' the way. 'Yes, I guess I do; a neat, decent, quiet place enough; where ther' aint sech a

tribe o' children plagu'in' about: I say, Bill, ha'n't you got noth'n to do, but be stannin' starin' like a wild goose?—go 'long and show the gentleman the way to widdler Lorimer's:—but stop, I don't know as that 'll do, neither, 'case the coach can't go there, no how, and we've not much of a stable here in W——,' (naming the town where this colloquy was taking place,) 'tho' may be Joe Norton and my old man'—a rosy-looking bumpkin of about twenty-five—'could fix up a shed, that might do for the night. Your man'—a Yankee peasant never calls any body a servant—'your man could sleep in my little Jim's bed; Jim 'ad a nation sight *ruther* lay 'long o' the keow, any time, than in his own cot.'

"A log house, hardly perceptible except by its curling smoke, was now pointed out, across the next field, and as it was utterly unapproachable by a carriage of any sort, it was soon settled that, 'if the sickly lady, poor soul! could walk through the field by the sheep-path, she would find a clean bed and kind welcome, at the old widow's, who, however, had little else to offer.' At this last observation, several private signals passed among the honest countrywomen, who had collected round the speaker, the result of which appeared in a basket filled with bread, a large lump of fresh butter, and a new-made cheese, which was entrusted to the care of another ragged urchin, who ran by the side of Bill, the latter parading before us in all the dignity of *avant-courier*, carrying, at the same time, a large pitcher of cream, all evidently intended to eke out the old widow's scanty stores. Revived by the sweet fragrance of the air, and my spirits tranquillized by the soft twilight, I moved slowly through the fields, supported by the kindest arm, and watched by the most affectionate eye, that ever soothed and comforted the weary. A small garden, neatly enclosed, appeared on one side of the cottage, and on the other, a fine old tree spread its branches in bold relief against the horizon, while a beautiful boy stretched beneath its broad shadow, sharing his supper with a pampered tabby cat, completed the picture. At our approach he started up, and, seizing the animal, rushed into the house, exclaiming, 'Oh, mammy! Bill Jones is bringing some quality here to see you, and may be they want to buy Tab—but don't, don't mammy let her——' be sold, he was going to add, but a burst of tears drowned the petition, and, hugging the cat in his arms, he retreated into the inner apartment.

"The old woman now appearing at the door, greeted us very courteously, and invited us to enter; then, looking at me through her spectacles, my pale face seemed an immediate passport to her heart, for, after assisting me to a seat in an old, but very easy, arm-chair, and learning my weak state of health, she insisted that my husband should remain also at her cottage; adding, with a faint smile, 'I have often slept soundly in that arm-chair, and, if the gentleman can sleep in his cloak, in my only spare room, he need have no anxiety on my account, and Philip

can easily make a pillow of his cat before the fire.' Having received the gifts of her good neighbours with gentle acknowledgments of their liberality, she called little Philip from his hiding-place, and having full assurance that no harm should happen to his favourite, he proceeded with joyous alacrity to assist his grandmother in preparations for supper. Fresh eggs, honey, and a fish, just caught by little Philip in a stream hard by, being added to the kind villager's provisions, were soon arranged with a most appetizing neatness, and—as I always carried some tea in my travelling bag—I was glad of the excuse to press its acceptance on the widow, knowing the difficulty of procuring this truly feminine comfort in a place so remote from cities. After partaking the hospitable meal, which we insisted the bashful Philip should join, I requested to retire to rest, and taking down a small silver lamp, our hostess preceded me to the next apartment.

The appearance of the room drew from me an involuntary exclamation of surprise, as it was not only plastered and finished throughout, but furnished with a degree of taste, not always perceptible in the abodes of wealth. A bed of white linen was shaded by curtains fastened by knots of green ribbon; a few white chairs, painted with small green leaves, with a bureau, &c. to match, filled, without crowding, the room; the floor was covered with what had been a very rich carpet; a green gauze veil was drawn gracefully over the plain looking-glass, and adorned with branches of ever-green, while two vases of very delicate china were filled with *artificial* flowers; but what most attracted my attention were several fine oil-paintings, which hung round the walls, and a guitar which lay on the bureau. The old woman, noticing my expression of surprise, calmly observed, 'The trifling comforts of this little room are not common, madam, in this new part of the world; indeed, they seem luxuries in a wilderness like this, and, weaned as I am, or ought to be, from things of this world, when I look at these simple articles, and remember whose hand once arranged them, I feel they are too dear, even to me: I have contrived, amid all my sad reverses, to preserve these few mementos of former days:—this was the furniture of my daughter's room at M——,' continued the lone woman, in a smothered voice, 'and I have a sad pleasure in keeping it neat and orderly, as she liked to see it.'

" 'These are her paintings, I presume,' said I, glancing generally at the pictures, which I had not yet examined.

" 'Yes, madam, the water-colours are her work; the oil-paintings were some of the amusements of my own happier hours.'

" 'Yours!'

" 'Yes, madam; though it seems incredible that an old woman, whose sight, dimmed by age and tears, can hardly scan the book of God, should once have revelled with the eye of an artist upon the fairy scenery which is now transferred to that canvas;—perhaps these views are familiar to you.'

" 'Wonderful!' said I, in unrestrained admiration of the bold and beautiful landscapes, where truth and harmony so gracefully blended, that, even to my not unpractised eye, they seemed productions of a great master. 'Wonderful!—you must have studied at Rome.' The same wan smile flitted over her face, for a moment as she answered: 'No, lady, I was never in Rome, but Roman artists, you know, sometimes stray into other countries. I have no wish,' added she, 'to excite curiosity you are too polite to express, therefore, if it will give you any pleasure to listen to my simple account of myself, I will gladly gratify you to-morrow.'

" 'To-morrow!—oh, why not now,' I eagerly exclaimed: 'Sit down, my kind hostess, I pray you, and tell me how you came to be in a situation for which you are evidently so unfit.'

" 'No, not to-night,' said she, gently resisting my entreaties. 'I am too good a physician to allow my patients to be in the slightest degree excited before going to rest. I will bring you a composing draught, and hope to find you better in the morning.'

" She went out, and, returning speedily with a small antique silver cup, full of warm wine whey, she placed it on a little stand, by my bed-side, and, bidding me not disturb myself until summoned in the morning, kindly bade me good night. Frederick soon after entered the room, and, after looking with affectionate delight at my comfortable accommodations, threw himself in his cloak on the carpet, and soon slept the calm slumber of the weary. As soon as all was quiet, I distinctly heard, through the thin partition, the old widow reading a part of the episcopal liturgy, in which she was joined by the responses of little Philip, whose clear young voice contrasted finely with the solemn tones of his aged protectress: then followed her emphatic blessing upon the child, and then a long, low murmur, not one word of which caught my ear, but which, I doubt not, was heard in heaven.

" Notwithstanding the good dame's prohibition, I rose early the next morning from a bed, whose snowy linen might have rivalled the gowan-scented sheets of Ailie Dinmont, and drawing aside a clear muslin curtain from the window—beneath which a canary bird was joining his matin-song to the native warblers, so abundant in the western States—I opened the window to inhale the dewy fragrance of the flowers which bloomed in the little garden below, and to bid good morning to little Philip, who—even at that early hour—was already digging in the adjoining potatoe-field. Having awakened Frederick, we hastened to join our hostess, who received us with kind inquiries for my health, at the same time carefully closing the open window, through which an autumnal sun streamed brightly, while a cheerful fire on the hearth tempered the chillness peculiar to that season. On the small table was spread a napkin of the finest damask, and a tea-equipage of French china was covered by another, of the same material. On observing these preparations, I ventured to express a fear

that our kind entertainer was taking unnecessary trouble: the same peculiar smile gleamed on the widow's faded lip, as she replied, 'this is a holiday, you know, and there cannot be many more for me in this life; suffer me, then, to display all my gala finery, and do not disappoint the poor ghost of departed vanity.'

" The breakfast corresponded with our supper in neatness and excellence, and after the meal was concluded, I expressed so strong a desire to remain all day in the cottage, that Frederick agreed to ride over to a neighbouring settlement, to examine some Indian antiquities, and to return for me the next morning. As soon as he had departed, and little Philip gone to a school in the village, the widow, having arranged her little apartment in its customary neatness, drew her spinning-wheel near the window, and requesting me to be seated in her arm-chair, began:—'I am the more willing, my dear young friend—for so I must call you—to communicate to you my simple narrative, from having been told, by your amiable partner, that your low state of health is owing to the recent loss of an only child:' a gush of bitter tears was my only response. She was silent for a few minutes, and then proceeded: 'doubtless your grief is poignant, and seems, to you, intolerable; but listen to me, and you will perceive, and thankfully acknowledge the wide difference between the comparative sufferings you endure, and the positive calamities which have withered up my heart, and darkened my lonely passage to the grave. I have been the happy mother of eight children, and nothing now remains to me but that helpless boy, so soon to be left literally alone in the world;' I hastily interrupted her with an assurance—which shall be religiously kept—that he should never want a friend, and gratefully, but mournfully, pressing my hand, she went on: 'I was the only child of an opulent merchant in Liverpool; every care was bestowed on my education, and the first masters in England procured, at great expense, to perfect my accomplishments. My dear parents, too vain of the person and acquirements of their daughter, looked forward to an alliance far above my birth, deeming me capable of adorning any station: but I was fated to disappoint their expectations, for, at the house of a relation, who was also largely engaged in mercantile concerns, I often met a young American, who insensibly won my attention, and ultimately possessed my whole heart. I had not resolution to discourage his addresses, though I knew they would never meet the approbation of my parents, for, though well-born and educated, and a gentleman in the best sense of the word, he was but the youngest son of a reduced family in New England, and had accepted the command of a merchant-ship, that sailed regularly from B—— to Liverpool.

" 'Long my duty struggled with my affection, until the conflict was decided by my father's accepting for me, in my absence, the splendid offers of a fox-hunting baronet, who had seen me once on horseback, and swore that 'such a devilish fine woman deserved to go hunting, and drink

claret every day of her life.' My kind, but misjudging parents, never doubting I should be delighted to preside at so magnificent an establishment as that of Sir Thomas Langford, having informed me of his proposals, desired me to prepare for my nuptials on the following week, and their surprise at my tears and entreaties, at length drew from me a full confession of my attachment to the young sailor. I will pass over their astonishment and indignation, my own irresolution and wretchedness, with my youthful detestation of the wealthy, but vulgar, baronet:—you can imagine how it all ended; Charles Lorimer's ship was to sail the next evening, I married him an hour before she weighed anchor, and accompanied him to America.

" 'A faithful servant attended me, and with my relation, Mrs. Sedley, I left a letter, imploring my parents' forgiveness, of which, for a long time, no notice was taken. This was the only drawback to my happiness, for my husband's friends received me very kindly, and, settled in one of the beautiful villages near B—, I lived contented and happy. After the birth of a son, I wrote again to my mother, and when Charles's ship arrived next at Liverpool, a note awaited him from my father, requesting him to make his house a home during his stay; the meeting was agitating to all, but my husband had the comfort of bringing me, on his return, many a written and oral word of love from the dear authors of my being, and a profusion of costly gifts for the grand child they pined to embrace. The next few years of my life were scenes of unclouded sunshine: My maternal cares and domestic duties preventing me from visiting England, my parents came to America and spent two years in my house, and departing, promised to come over as soon as my father could arrange his affairs, and pass the remainder of their lives with us.

" 'Our means seemed to increase as our family circle widened; my children were growing around me in health and beauty, and my heart glowed with gratitude, though not with that humble sense of unworthiness, which I was soon taught to feel: my time of trial was at hand. A terrible epidemic broke out in the neighbourhood—one of my sweet blossoms was cut down—another—two more in one day—and now four only of the eight remained; at the same time came the news of my father's insolvency, and my mother's loss of reason; next, my father's suicide! Then, *then* I cast myself upon the earth, and exclaimed, in utter despair, 'Was ever sorrow like unto my sorrow, where-with the Lord hath afflicted me!' You think, probably, that *this* was trouble, young lady,' said the narrator, after the pause of a few minutes, while I still retained the attitude of deep attention, 'and oh! I then thought so too—but I may not dwell upon my feelings at that time; let me pass on to my further trials. My spirits never recovered their shock, but my duties to my husband and remaining children were still performed with mechanical precision. We had one daughter left; for her we procured every advantage of books and instruction, and cultivated her talents

of music and drawing in the best manner we were able; she was a perfect flower of beauty, and we watched over her as the miser guards his treasure. Of our three sons, the eldest, Richard, followed his father's profession, and was soon in honourable and lucrative employment; the second, Edward, we sent to the university of —, and, though not a boy of brilliant intellect, he took his degree as doctor of medicine, and opened an office in New York.—Let me hasten over his melancholy history: For several years he struggled with poverty and neglect—unknown and unnoticed—shrinking from competition, and pining for the kind home and friends he had left, the cold world's contumely soon chilled his feeble nature. As a last resource, he wrote a treatise on diseases of the brain, which was severely and cruelly criticised in the papers of the day; his disappointment and wounded feelings, joined, perhaps, to too close a contemplation of his subject, soon brought on a fever, which triumphed over his reason, and he died a maniac. This was a sore affliction, and another chord snapped in the mother's heart—but I uttered no murmur now. Richard, my eldest, my beautiful, my brave, remained—my blooming Philippa, and Frank, our youngest born, and the delight and comfort of our now almost deserted hearth. Our circumstances were now much straitened, in consequence of the failure of the mercantile house, one of whose ships my husband had always commanded, with profit to himself and his employers, yet, as Frank was a boy of uncommon promise, when he reached the age of fourteen, at his earnest solicitation, we sent him also to the university. Would to heaven we had sooner laid him in his grave! May God forgive me if I judge wrongfully, but I fear the splendid genius which emanates from that college has too often its counterpoise in recklessness and vice!

" 'Frank's fine talents and intellectual powers, soon gained him the applause of his tutors, and placed him far above his competitors in every branch of knowledge, while envy was disarmed, and kindness won by his engaging manners and person. We knew that his associates were mostly young men of wealth and fashion, and, with a pardonable anxiety to save him from mortifying comparison, we denied ourselves many things—though unknown to him—in order to furnish him a suitable purse. Alas! perhaps we were thus accelerating his ruin!

" 'For two years Frank returned home regularly, and gladdened our hearts by his evident improvement, and we once more indulged the fond dreams of parental ambition: but latterly, strange rumors and vague reports reached our ear—we had been told of the dissipated habits of many of the collegians, but flattered ourselves that our child's early principles would be his shield in temptation.—Yet his letters, gradually, were fewer in number; they became hurried and unsatisfactory—his visits were less frequent, and of shorter duration—and, at last, when he did come, his varying cheek no longer presented the hue of health, his eye was wild, and he would, at

times, start from a fit of gloomy musing, and a smile of repressed anguish would distort his pale lip, as he evaded our eager inquiries, by assurances that 'nothing ailed' him; he was 'quite well—quite at ease.' He seemed glad when the time arrived for his return to college, and, promising to write every week, and to come back immediately at the end of the term, with a smile and a hurried step he turned away—and forever from the home of his youth.

Charles, having quitted his nautical profession, remained, now, altogether at home, cultivating our little farm, and his society was an unspeakable comfort to me under my many troubles. Our precious Philippa often exchanged visits with her young friends and schoolfellows in B—, and, at the house of Mr. Dorriton, an old friend of her father's, she was always gladly received. She was now sixteen; handsome, amiable, and well versed in many elegant accomplishments.—In several of her letters she had mentioned a 'Mr. Merton, a young Englishman of very pleasing manners and person,' and at length, in a letter, enclosing one from himself, requesting our sanction to his addresses, she avowed her decided preference for the agreeable stranger. My husband went to bring her home; and, on being introduced to Mr. Merton, was so charmed with his appearance and conversation, that, without due reflection, he gave his unqualified consent. Mr. M. desired the marriage might take place as soon as letters should arrive from England from gentlemen well known in B—, which, he observed, with great appearance of honest frankness, 'might satisfy Miss Lorimer's friends of his claims to their notice,' but, at the same time, he lamented so much the delay which must occur before their receipt, that Charles at length agreed to allow the ceremony to be performed immediately on Philippa's return home, whither her young lover was to follow her.

" 'One circumstance, alone, startled us; Mr. Merton was a Catholic, and had an insuperable objection to being married by any Protestant clergyman, except one, who, he said, was an old friend of his father, and who would re-perform the ceremony as soon as they should arrive in England, as he proposed to take his young bride home with him, in the next packet. These arrangements were very revolting to our opinions and feelings; but, all objections being finally overruled by Philippa's too captivating admirer, a priest of the Romish church was procured from B—, and, with one witness beside ourselves, he pronounced the nuptial benediction. Just before its conclusion, Philippa, without any previous illness, heaved a deep sigh, and fainted, and, though not superstitious, I could not divest myself of a strange foreboding, which was not lessened, when, in the confusion that ensued, I saw Merton irreverently push aside the priest, with his book, saying, hastily, 'there—that'll do—that's quite enough of it!' Yet, when I beheld his bright eye fixed with so much affection on my daughter, and caught her answering glance of

deep devotedness—I hoped—I trusted—I prayed all might be well.

" 'The expected letters soon arrived, and were read by us with exultation, as they stated Mr. Merton to be the only son of a gentleman of good family and fortune, and giving the most satisfactory evidence that he was all that he appeared. Charles well knew the handwriting to be that of Mr. Fenton, one of the very respectable house of Morley, Fenton & Co., in Liverpool, and his own private seal was affixed to the letter; and, when he observed that the name of Merton seemed blotted in many places, as if erased or re-written, the latter gaily replied, that, 'though Fenton certainly was a very good fellow, yet he could never spell a name right; and, most probably, he was talking to his partner Morley, too, all the time,' said he, 'for look! here is 'ley' very plainly written after 'Mer,' instead of 'ton;' 'twas well he didn't make it *lie*,' and he left the room, laughing, and whistling carelessly to his dog to follow him into the fields. On returning, he said he had nearly forgotten to mention that the same packet of letters brought him a sudden recall to England, which admitted no delay, but he should improve the disagreeable necessity, by preparing a house for his lovely bride, who, he hoped, would be ready to accompany him immediately on his return to America, which he meant should be as soon as possible. Philippa wept bitterly at parting with him, but, lightly kissing away her tears, and promising to write by the next conveyance, he departed.

" 'Weeks, months rolled on; no letters—no news of Merton: Philippa's pale cheek became paler, but she strove to conceal her anguish, and always spoke cheerfully of his return, and of the many letters which 'must have been lost.' At last a ship letter was brought one morning, as we sat at breakfast, and Philippa could hardly repress a scream of joy, as she entreated her father to let her open her husband's letter: but he had already broken the seal, and, after glancing with a blanched cheek and quivering lip over a few lines, fell back with a groan in his chair. The letter was from Mexico, stating that the young Captain Lorimer had died of a prevailing fever, and that his effects, papers, &c. were sent home in the same vessel which brought the dreadful tidings. I thought now the portion of evil allotted me must surely be exhausted, and in my presumption I ventured to believe my heart was sufficiently purified by troubles so complicated, but, had I foreseen the rest, what light afflictions would all the past appear! My poor Charles was obliged to go to B—, to receive all that remained of our dear son and to settle his accounts, and, as soon as he had regained some degree of composure, he set out on his dismal journey. A few days served to arrange all his business in B—, and the evening before his intended return, he wandered into a public room, and took up a daily paper, to beguile a few moments before going to rest: his eyes being weak, were covered by a large green shade, and as he sat rather apart from the lighted centre of the apart-

ment, a group of gentlemen went on conversing freely, without noticing him, but a few words from one of them instantly chained his attention. 'So, Benson, you are returned from your trip to England; tell us something of what you saw there, and what they are all about.' 'Oh pray, Benson,' interrupted another, 'did you dine often with our quondam acquaintance and boon companion Tom Merton, who was so profuse in his invitations to all of us?'

"'No,' replied the traveller, 'I did not see Tom Merton, for no such person ever existed, but I *did* often see, though he pretended not to recognise me, the notorious Stanley, who, I am credibly informed, is as arrant a scoundrel as ever lived;—why, I am told that the very money with which he was dashing away here, was part of the fortune of a charming woman in London, whom he had persuaded to bestow it on him, with her hand, in marriage, and that, having spent it all, he now leaves her and her two children to struggle with poverty, while he riots among his dissolute companions.'

"'Merton,' said the first speaker, 'was not that the same, who used to flutter about the beautiful Miss Lorimer, last winter, when she was staying with the Dorritons?'

"'Yes,' replied Benson, in an under tone, not one word of which, however, escaped the horror-stricken father, 'and did you hear, too, of his rascality in pretending to be a Catholic, and dressing up an oyster-man like a priest, to beguile the poor girl into a sham marriage, of which his own servant, as great a wretch as himself, was the sole witness.'

"'But surely,' interposed another speaker, 'the Stanley's, of Liverpool, are a very respectable and ancient family.'

"'Doubtless,' returned Benson, 'they are unexceptionable in every respect; their misfortune is only that this fellow should belong to them;—indeed, I was told, they had lately cast him off altogether, after having tried in vain to reclaim him: and this reminds me of a most artful ruse he employed, while in this country, to obtain letters of credit for the vile purpose of misleading the unfortunate girl, who believes herself his wife: he wrote to the house of Morley, Fenton & Co., to whom his father had formerly rendered some essential service, and, expressing great contrition for his youthful folly and idleness, requested them, for his father's sake, to send out such letters as would serve to win the confidence of the American citizens, among whom he wished to establish himself as a commission merchant, and to endeavour, by his future good conduct, to obliterate the memory of the past.'

"'On his return, next day, his wild looks and incoherent words alarmed us, though we suspected no new cause of affliction; for not until Philippa had retired for the night, did he unburthen his overcharged heart, and then with such agonizing groans and sobs that I forgot my own griefs, in exertions to combat his. Still, I urged, no disgrace attaches to our name: death has visited us—treachery has wronged us—poverty

and troubles beset our path—but no infamy can affix itself to our poor deceived daughter, or to her nameless child. Never let her know the extent of her misery, my beloved; she will at last suppose her husband dead, and she will live with us, and be a comfort to our age, and our Frank, too, remains. My blood seemed to freeze around my heart, as I pronounced his name, and hastily reminding my woe-fraught partner of his great need of rest, we went to our sleepless couch. In the presence of our poor daughter, we forced a cheerfulness we could never feel, and a few weeks afterwards she gave birth to a feeble infant. I received the babe with calm, though mournful, tenderness, but her father's firmness instantly forsook him when I carried it to him, and, clasping the little creature in his arms, he exclaimed, in tones of the bitterest anguish, 'My poor child, I will be a father to you, since you have no other!' The partition was thin, and, though I had left Philippa asleep, a wild shriek from her room instantly told us she had heard all. I flew to her bed-side, and found her in strong and frightful convulsions: every remedy was tried, every effort used, in vain. She died that night, in the belief that she was following her husband to the grave, and happily unconscious of the extent of his perfidy.' Another dreary pause, and the widow proceeded:—'Was this trouble, my young friend? Oh, yes—it was sorrow—deep—enduring, scathing sorrow; but *now* my spirit was subdued, and no murmur issued from the broken heart, which now lay low before its God.'

"'I have little more to tell. My husband could no longer bear the spot where we had known so much happiness and so much misery, and, wishing to remove as far as possible from former associations, we determined to dispose of all our remaining property in M—, and to purchase a little farm in one of the Western States. Having effected this sale, though at great loss, we bid adieu to our once delightful abode, and set out on our melancholy journey. On the road we endured many hardships, and a fit of illness with which my dear Charles was seized, considerably diminished our slender finances; but at length we reached this lonely place, and, having cheaply purchased this small lot of ground, the kind inhabitants of the neighbouring village assisted in building the cottage, which, from time to time, we finished in a manner that seems so superior to most of the dwellings in this wild territory. This occupation served to divert my husband's mind, for a while, and I found abundant employment in nursing our little Philip, who soon grew strong and healthy, and in arranging my narrow household with every appearance of comfort I could give. All earthly happiness was for ever lost to me, but I regained a degree of composure and serenity, in striving to cheer the drooping spirits of my grief-worn partner, and in seeking humbly, but sincerely, to direct his thoughts and hopes towards our treasures in Heaven; and when, at last, he was joined unto them—when, after a winter of almost ceaseless suffering, he

was taken from me, I wept his loss with that chastened sorrow which acknowledges the departed to have made a blissful exchange. And now,' said the widow, gasping for breath, 'now let me nerve myself to relate the one *real* calamity of my darkened life—the one *black* drop in my cup of bitterness—the thorn in my heart, which must rankle there for ever. One child remained: Frank—my pride—my boast—my youngest one—he who had been, unconsciously, my darling from his birth: whose boyish career shone so bright in its outset—but round whose young fame the dark clouds of evil report had already gathered, though spurned by me in scornful disbelief—too soon they burst in thunder. For a long time I had received no news of the wanderer; for he had never answered my letters announcing his father's death, and I sometimes feared!—he, too, was no more; till, at last, one day, as I sat musing in agonized thought on the dreadful rumours which were afloat concerning him, an anonymous letter was brought me, from a person residing near the university, detailing his whole shameful history. He had become deeply involved in gambling debts, to extricate himself from which he had resorted to dishonourable practices, in which being detected and ignominiously chastised, he had been advised to quit the country for fear of further punishment. Accordingly, he had fled to Europe, accompanied by a female of the vilest description, abandoning the virtuous and amiable daughter of a wealthy farmer to whom he was betrothed, and whose ample dowry would have established my infatuated son in ease and affluence, and my informant added, it was well he had escaped, as the officers of justice were in pursuit of him, having discovered that he belonged to a gang of counterfeiterers, and that he had committed several forgeries.

"By dint of diligent, though heart-rending, inquiries, made through the medium of a friend in B—, for two years I traced the sinful course of my miserable and God-forsaken boy. Those two years, young lady, have blanched my hair, and stamped the wrinkles on my brow, and driven the iron into my soul. And when, at last, the blow fell—when all was over with him in this world, and he was gone to his awful doom in another—then I felt that all my former troubles were as dust in the balance—were less than nothing! Aye,' and her voice sunk to a low, sepulchral moan, 'when the child I had nursed at my breast, had cherished in my arms, whom I taught to kneel before the Eternal throne, and for whom my earliest and latest prayers had been poured in vain—when he, the young—the beloved—the wept—the dearest—and the last—when he was apprehended as a robber and a murderer, and perished on a scaffold—that—THAT was trouble!'"

H—S.

[The above tale was written for this Magazine, but is not one of those offered in competition for the Prize.]

FRIENDSHIP.

LORD SHAFTESBURY defines friendship to be "that *peculiar relation* which is formed by a consent or harmony of minds, by mutual esteem, and reciprocal tenderness and affection."

Friendship has a place in the ethics of Confucius; but he takes the term of friend in a loose, vague sense, as it is sometimes used in common language now, when Chinese speak of "flesh and wine friends"—the friends of good cheer. He said, "there are three sorts of friends who do one good—three that do harm. The plain-spoken, the sincere hearted, and the well-informed, are useful friends; those of pompous, showy exterior, of easy, soft compliance, and of flattering lips, are hurtful friends." He said, again, "have no friend inferior to yourself," (i. e. in knowledge or virtue.") On two occasions, he advised that one friend should not often reiterate his expostulation to another. "If a friend will not listen," says he, "desist; for by perseverance you will create distance, and bring insult on yourself." Tsangstze, another worthy of the Confucian school, examined himself daily, whether he had adhered strictly to truth in all his dealings with his friends. Those who are required to adhere to truth with all men, whether friends or foes, as Christians are, can have little occasion for this special self-examination. But friendship, patriotism, and love, to the degree to which they have been carried, and are daily carried by the selfish or the mistaken, in as much as they withdraw from God and his creatures those affections and services which are due, in order to bestow them, with a lavish hand, on the religion, or on the individual that has been set up as an idol, are not only undeserving the name of virtues, but are vices. The "pro patria" often heard in the mouths of some Christians, of Europe and America, vitiates even their benevolence, because it is evident the glory of their own nation is a motive which takes precedence of the glory of God, and the good of men. "It was one great object of the Christian religion to introduce into the world a temper of universal benevolence and good will. With that view, its business was not to contract, but to expand our affections, as much as possible; to throw down all the little mean fences and partitions made by seas or rivers, literal mountains, or artificial hills, within which the human heart is too apt to intrench itself, and to lay it open to nobler views, to a large and more liberal sphere of action."

Voltaire has spoken well on the subject before us. "Friendship," said he, "is a tacit contract between two sensible and virtuous persons. *Sensible*, I say, for a monk or a hermit may not be wicked, and yet may live a stranger to friendship. I add, *virtuous*; for the wicked have only *accomplices*; the voluptuous have *companions*; the designing have *associates*; the men of business have *partners*; the politicians have *factious bands*; idle men have *lounging connexions*; princes have *courtiers, flatterers, favourites, &c.* but virtuous men alone have friends."

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "FRONTIER MAID."

Wild was the night, and roaring wide
Roll'd on Delaware's stormy tide,
The drifting ice from side to side
Driving and crushing restlessly.

Then, through the wintry tempest's moan,
Flourished the swelling trumpet tone,
Their little barks, the host unknown
Are launching forth impetuously.

Oft o'er the flood was heard the roar,
As thro' the drift some barges bore
With clanging axe and crashing oar,
Bursting their way restlessly.

For high the chieftain's signal bright,
Blazed ahead, and who to-night
Would tamely lag behind that light
That leads to death or victory.

O! what's this lonely martial power,
That in this wild, unwonted hour,
While darkness and wild tempests lower,
Puts forth so stern and fearlessly?

'Tis Liberty's last hope below,
Thro' flood and storm they seek the foe,
To strike the bravest, mightiest blow
That e'er was struck for Victory.

This awful hour the die is cast,
For Trenton they are tolling fast,
When every heart must bleed its last,
Or save expiring Liberty.

Loud was the storm o'er all the land,
And cold it swept the darksome strand,
When, struggling from their barks, the band
Mustered in dread serenity.

Then roar'd a shot!—who would not die,
To mix with hearts so bold and high?
For "Battle!"—"Battle!"—was the cry,
That thunder'd loud and cheerfully.

"On" was the word—and grim and dread,
While all is silent as the dead,
Save the quick march's hurried tread,
The host is rushing rapidly.

What do you glimmering watch-fires tell?
What distant sounds so faintly swell,
What lonely voices cry "all's well,"
Amid the night's solemnity.

Huzza!—"Tis Trenton!—Hark that cry—
That shriek of death!—The pickets die;—
A foe's trump is pealing high!
His drums are rolling furiously.

"On! on!—we conquer or we die,"
Was WASHINGTON'S resounding cry,
And glorious was the glad reply,
The shout of "Death or Victory."

O, Charge! Charge! on!—The strife is o'er,
Swell, swell, the bursts of joy once more—
Shout it to every sea and shore,
The morning sun of liberty.

Millions, 'mid tyranny's alarms,
Shall start to hear that music's charms,
And shouting thousands shine in arms,
To rival Trenton's Chivalry.

TO ———

BY JAMES O. ROCKWELL.

The suns of many days have rolled
Their weary journeys over;
And still my thoughts their treasures fold,
And still I am a lover.
My soul delights in that domain
In which thy charms have bound it,
And hugs with joy the golden chain
Which thou hast thrown around it.

Mysterious power of Love! This heart
Was cold as Greenland's ocean,
And now its crimson fountains start
Delirious with emotion;
In all my dreams thy presence seems
My path of life to lighten,
And every hour thy angel power
With some new charm to brighten.

In memory's record of the past,
There shine a few dim pleasures,
And hope's bright waves before me cast
Their gifts of pearls and treasures;
But thou, dear one, art just as far
Beyond earth's brightest blossom,
As yonder clear and notched star
That shines on heaven's blue bosom.

There are proud hearted ones in whom
Thy presence wants a splendour;
But thy young fate of grief and gloom
To me hath made thee tender;
The morning cloud that dimmed thy light,
And waked thy tears so often,
Hath made it romance in my sight,
And served my heart to soften.

I know not why it should be so—
But nature so hath made me—
The saddening hue thy features know
Hath more than all betrayed me;
I watched thine eye, and all the while
When most thou feign'dst gladness,
A tear-drop shone behind the smile,
And clouded all with sadness.

I love thee for it—for my own
Brief way hath been so lonely;
Few were the gladdening stars that shone,
And they far dim ones only;
My spirit's path on earth was cast
Through sorrow's thick and shady,
But these thy smiles have lit at last—
Therefore I thank thee, lady!

I thank thee, and I keep with me
Each kindness thou hast spoken,
And offer up a heart to thee
By sadness nearly broken.
If in the embers of past joys
Thou canst new joys awaken,
I know a bliss that never cloy—
I am not quite forsaken!

Farewell—the lingering moments pass
With leaden feet before me;
But in the future's brightening glass
New joys seem gathering o'er me;
And in the brightest scene that shines
In all the deep blue distance,
Thy fairy hand a wreath entwines,
To gladden my existence!

From a late English publication.

THE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

"Absence increases great passions and decreases lesser ones, as the same wind which extinguishes a candle will fan a fire into a flame."—ROUCHERFAUCAULT.

Nothing tries the test of friendship so much as absence, and nothing severs friends more than a neglect of correspondence. Bear this in mind, ye negligent.

In tracing back early reminiscences, there is much food for meditation, regret, and amazement; particularly when we revert to that juvenile reign of terror, our scholastic occupations, which now we call the happiest part of our lives then felt as any thing but happy; tasks, tyranny, classes, compulsion, obedience, learning, all dull and dreary, and most wearying to the natural playfulness of a childish imagination. Though ultimately for our good, the ignorance of youth cannot discern how such toil to obtain instruction can form, by these duties, the much-talked of "happy days of childhood:" age and maturity soon solve the problem.

A youthful friendship existed between a fair school-companion and myself for three years; we had studied together, were in the same grammatical, geographical, and historical class, pored over the celestial and terrestrial globes, wrought, wrote, read, danced, and romped together.

"Here with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds
Had been incorporate; so we grew together
Like a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition."

On leaving school, Marcella soon married; for she was young, handsome, accomplished, and possessed a fortune, which, with the interested, had more weight than all her other accomplishments, and, with a natural smile of good humour and an amiable disposition to balance the worldly dross, she was not only an inestimable, but a fair and enviable prize.

It would be useless to enumerate all our tears and embraces on parting, previous to Marcella's departure from England, on her marriage with Alfred Burgoyne. Vows were made on both sides of unalterable friendship, and promises given to write by every post; so ardent is the mind at that age that the bare possibility of any circumstance or change ever interrupting such elaborate performances is looked upon as quite impossible. Yet it was surprising to see the warmth of friendship gradually diminish in the distance by one short year's separation—one little year!

The first letter after her departure, by the first post, commencing, "My ever dearest K—," was a true picture of herself, frank, affectionate, cheerful, happy, and confiding. Every epithet Cupid ever coined, or her delighted heart could

think of, was bestowed in generous terms on her "Dear Alfred;" in fact, from her account, he must have been selected by the angels, accomplished by the cherubim, and sent down by the seraphim for her especially. Now he really was such perfection, to use her own terms, "such a love of a duck," that I cannot help thinking Sir Charles Grandison must have been his grandfather. This letter, which filled two sheets of foolscap, one entirely in his praise, and was crossed and recrossed with many endearing regrets at our separation, delightful anticipations of meeting again, and a thousand loves and remembrances, concluded with "Your own affectionate Marcella," was sealed with "God bless you!" and one of Cupid's messengers, a spot of red wax purposely dropped near the seal.

The second letter commenced with, "Respected friend!" "Can this be?" thought I, looking again at the signature, to be sure it was from Marcella: the "M. Burgoyne" assured me it was. This gave a description of all she had seen, and where she had been—here and there a humorous remark on the occurrences they had met with, and told me they were going to the continent with Lord and Lady Blaze, and that Mr. B— (no longer "dear Alfred") had bought her a new carriage. She went on in the fashionable unintelligible style of penwomanship to say, that their projected tour would take them at least six months, and then they should remain in town. This was only one sheet of gilt-edged paper, not crossed, and sealed with *bon sooir*. I read it again, and exclaimed, with Shakspeare's Helena.

"Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty foot of time
For parting us—oh! and is all forgot?
All schooldays, friendship, childhood, innocence!"

The third and last letter, received some time after, begun, in compliment to my new dignity, "Dear Madam," for I had written to tell her of my marriage, thinking, very naturally, that she would feel as interested in my future fate as I was in hers. However she might feel, I regret to say, her reply was cold, formal, and respectful. She adopted a sort of stately method of congratulating me, which diplomatic style I was not surprised at when I heard her husband had been elected for an obscure borough; so she thought, by way of identifying herself with him, she would play off a little pasquinade upon me. In a most forensic manner, she gave me the information, that "Cupid was blind—marriage all a lottery," and how to keep up a proper establishment ought to be the first consideration with

all young people, prior to forming such serious engagements, for no one could live decently upon less than £2,000 a-year. Here was the line of demarcation strongly marked between us. Amidst all this theoretical prosing, she hoped I might be happy. The formal, frigid note I gave her for her hopes, in the first person singular, signed the death-warrant of our friendship. There was something about "look before you leap," partly hid by the great seal of her arms, a griffin couchant, which I did not think it worth my while to decipher; and, as this cool epistle was franked by Lord Blaze, I thought it appropriate to consign it to the flames. I watched it, as the repeal of our union, and, as the children say, "There goes the parson, and there goes the clerk," and so the sexton closed the door upon the never-ending correspondence that *was* to be, of Marcella and myself.

Thus did her new life teach her conventional forms of society, and dazzle her imagination, to the annihilation of better feelings; thus did all intercourse drop between us; while hers with the gay world tarnished the emanations of her once unaffected heart, to the destruction of all sentiment, or even sociability.

Many years passed away after all communication had ceased, from forgetfulness on her part, and pride on mine, indifferent as to ever meeting again. All inquiry, even of abode or destination, ceased; all affection or interest subsided, and we became as a dead letter to each other, apart and forgotten.

Let us now no longer dwell on the past—shake off old grievances, and turn to more pleasant subjects, in this cheerful spring time and in another country.

Every body knows, who has been in Dublin, what a fashionable promenade the Arcade, in College-green is, when thronged with the gay, from twelve till six o'clock in the day. What Dublin was before the Union I cannot say, but few cities can excel it, even now in its distressed state. In going up the steps of the Arcade, we met a little boy, who came running out of one of the shops with a new toy in his hand, which he twisted into so many ludicrous forms as to cause considerable amusement. His humour increased by the attention it excited, but was checked by one of the ladies of the group, who appeared waiting for him. The voice of this lady, who smilingly entreated him to desist, appeared familiar to my ear, but the ermine-lined cloak, hat, and feathers, so concealed her figure I could not form any opinion, until, taking the boy in her hand and turning round just as she was stepping into a carriage, our eyes met, and I recognized my once-loved Marcella! I was motionless: her lady friend levelled her glass at me, but the first impulse of Mrs. Burgoyne was, holding out her hand, "I cannot be mistaken: my dear K—, do I see you again?"

Her actual presence, after so many years—her voice, her smile, banished all thought of her neglect, and, for a moment, our joy was so great that neither of us could speak. At length she

asked, "What has brought you to this country?" "The same," I replied, "which brought you a husband." "Get in with me," said she, "and tell me all." Other engagements and friends who were waiting for me prevented this. She gave me her card, and I promised to dine with her the day following, in Merrion Square.—"Come early," said Marcella, "for I want to introduce you to my dear Alfred and children. I have heard of you frequently," continued she, "but have delayed writing so long that I was ashamed, but you must forgive me."

We parted with the assurance of our meeting on the morrow, mutually pleased that nature, which first implanted, still kept a strong hold on our affections in regard to each other; the latent spark of friendship still slumbered, and was not totally extinguished. I did forgive her; for why should she be an exception, when

"Love, friendship, charity are subjects all
To envious and calumniating?
One touch of nature makes the world akin."

How I was received, and how I liked her "dear Alfred," whose name I was happy to hear again, and Marcella's little family, may form the subject of another sketch some idle evening, when the household affairs are over, the children gone to bed, and the stockings all mended, for this working-day world has little time allotted for past remembrance; if I do not tire my readers with what may appear common-place, but which is, nevertheless, part of the reality which forms the romance of real life to

K. H.

THE MOSS ROSE.

OF the thousand allegories upon this favourite flower, the best may be traced to one of the celebrated Parables of Krummacher. But though so frequently paraphrased in prose and verse, no ornament that the ingenuity of the translator has superadded can compare with the exquisite simplicity of the original, which is here given, immediately from the German:

"The angel who takes care of the flowers, and sprinkles upon them the dew in the still night, slumbered, on a spring day, in the shade of a rose-bush. And when he awoke he said, with a smiling countenance—Most beautiful of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing odour and cooling shade. Could you now ask any favour, how willingly would I grant it!

"Adorn me, then, with a new charm, said the spirit of the rose-bush, in a beseeching tone.

"And the angel adorned the loveliest of flowers with simple moss.

"Sweetly it stood, then, in modest attire, the *Moss Rose*, the most beautiful of its kind.

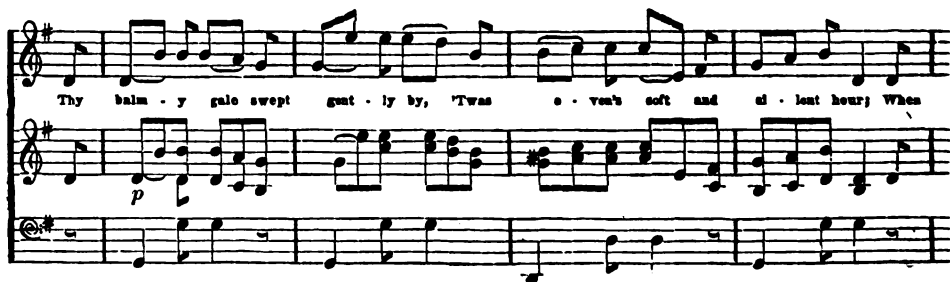
"Lovely Lina—lay aside the splendid ornament and the glittering jewel, and listen to the instructions of maternal nature."—*Knickerbächer*, for *January*.

Who does not feel comforted when he reflects on Socrates, who said, all that he knew was that he knew nothing.

THE BRIGAND'S RITORNELLA;

SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

Written by J. W. N. Bayley, Esq.—adapted and arranged by Sidney Waller.



with - ing sweetness of the lay Like ma - gie charm'd it

I - sa - bel - la, she ne - ver dreamt it

might be traced To the bold Bri - gand's Rit - or - nella. a tempo

might be traced To the bold Bri - gand's Rit - or - nella. a tempo

II.

She hasten'd to the fairy spot,
 Beguil'd by music's melting power;
 The joyful Brigand seized his prey;
 And bore her panting from the bow'r.
 Long years have roll'd away: her friends
 Have ceas'd to mourn for Isabella!
 But even now the minstrel warns
 The maiden of the Ritornella.

III.

Beware, he sings, my pretty fair,
 Of being made a Rover's booty;
 No forts are e'er so much besieg'd,
 By Love, as those of Grace and Beauty.
 Then never list to flattery tales,
 From any young and dashing fellow;
 But fancy when you hear them yow,
 That 'tis the Brigand's Ritornella.

Original.

THE ALHAMBRA.

It was in the reign of Mahomet the Second that the famous palace of the Alhambra was began. An account of this singular monument must be interesting, as it throws light upon the manners and peculiar customs of the Moors.

The Alhambra was a vast fortress, built upon one of the two hills which are comprehended within the walls of Grenada. That hill which is insulated by the waters of the Xenil and the Darro, was likewise defended by a double range of walls. On its summit, which overlooks the whole city, and affords one of the finest prospects in the world, and in the middle of a platform, shaded with trees and refreshed with fountains, did Mahomet choose to rear his palace.

Nothing that we know in architecture can give us correct ideas of the architecture of the Moors.—Their buildings were, externally, without order, proportion, or grace; it was on the interior parts that all their cares were lavished. There, indeed, they exhausted all the resources of taste and magnificence, and strove to reconcile in their apartments, all the accommodations of luxury with the charms of rural nature. The walls of their saloons were inlaid with marble, and the floors paved with a sort of porcelain; their beds were covered with rich gold and silver stuffs; the air was cooled by water gushing upwards from handsome pipes: the richest perfumes exhaling from precious vases, and aided by the native fragrance of myrtles, orange trees, and various flowers, shed around odours, the deliciousness of which overpowered the sense.

The stately palace of the Alhambra has no regular front; it is approached by a charming walk, which is frequently broken by rivulets, running with a serpentine course among clumps of trees. The entrance is by a square tower, which was formerly called *The Gate of Judgment*. A second inscription indicates that the king used here to distribute justice, after the ancient practice of the Hebrews and other nations of the East. On entering by the north side into this palace of the Moorish kings, it is as if one were suddenly transported into the fabled country of the fairies. The first court is a long square, surrounded with an arched gallery, the walls and floors of which are covered with mosaics, festoons, and arabesque figures, painted, gilt, and carved in stucco, and of admirable workmanship.—These ornaments are covered over with passages from the Koran. In the middle of this court, which is paved with white marble, is a long basin of running water, and of such depth that a person may swim in it. On each side are borders of flowers and alleys of orange trees. This place was called *Mesuar*, and served as a common bath to the servants of the palace.

We next enter the celebrated *Court of the Lions*. It is a hundred feet long, and fifty in breadth. The gallery which runs round it is sustained by columns of white marble. The columns, which are arranged by two, and some-

times by three, are slender, and in fantastic taste: their grace and lightness please the astonished eye. The walls, and especially the roof, of the gallery, are covered with gold, azure, and stucco, wrought in arabesque, with a degree of care and delicacy, which our most skillful modern workmen would find it no easy matter to imitate. At each end of this long square is a charming cupola, fifteen or sixteen feet in diameter, projecting towards the middle of the court, and, like the rest, supported upon marble pillars; under the cupola's are *jets d'eau*. In the centre of the edifice, in the midst of a vast bason, is a capacious alabaster cup, six feet in diameter, borne up by twelve lions of white marble. This cup, which is supposed to be made after the model of the sea of brass in Solomon's Temple, has above it another smaller cup, out of which a stream of water used to flow, which, falling from the one cup into the other, and from the cups into the great basin, formed a continued cascade, which was augmented by water gushing from the muzzles of the lions. This fountain, like the rest, is decorated with inscriptions. The rest of the Alhambra is composed of halls of audience and of justice; others, containing baths, for the use of the king, queen, and their children. The bedchamber is still to be seen: the beds stood in alcoves, near a fountain, and upon a raised flooring of porcelain. In the hall of music were four rows of elevated seats, upon which the musicians were placed, while the whole court sat upon a carpet, beside an alabaster basin. In the cabinet in which the queen used to dress and say her prayers, and which is still an enchanting sight, there is a slab of marble, full of holes, through which perfumes exhaled, that were kept constantly burning beneath.

The doors and windows are so disposed as to afford the most agreeable prospects, and to throw a soft, yet lively, light upon the eyes. Fresh currents of air are admitted, so as to renew, at each moment, the delicious coolness of the apartment. As we leave the Alhambra, we observe, on an adjacent hill, the famous garden of the *Generalife*; a name which signifies "the house of love." In this garden was a palace, in which the kings of Grenada used to pass the spring: it was in the same style as the Alhambra, and displayed equal magnificence. Now, the Generalife retains none of its beauties, but such as could not be ravished from it—yet, of all places in the world, it still speaks the most forcibly to the eyes and heart.—*Colomenar Delices d'Espagne, tom. V. —Du Perron, Voyage d'Espagne, tom. 1.*

CÆDECIVS, a Roman tribune, having once undertaken to perform a service of extreme danger, addressed his soldiers as follows:—"My friends, it is necessary for the safety of the army that we should march to yonder station. It is not necessary that we should return." The army was saved, but every one of the followers of Cædecivus perished. He himself was found desperately wounded.

THE GRAVE.

Written in a Lady's Album

BY S. DUNLAP ADAIR.

ARE none with whom thou in the rainbow hours
Of childhood have sported, 'mid blossoms and flowers,
And cull'd therelless roses from pleasure's gay bowers,
Laid in the grave.

Go walk in yonder churchyard, the chamber of gloom,
And there thou may'st weep o'er the grass-cover'd tomb
Of some early friend, who in youth's short liv'd bloom,
Went to the grave.

Oh, Mary! when mem'ry recalls to our view,
The image of those whom in childhood we knew,
That long have been laid where the evening dew
Waters their grave.

How gladly we'd kiss the pale ashes away
From the brow that is wrapt in the damp fetid clay,
Could they be released from the house of decay,
And leave the grave.

But ah! we shall all meet that long dreamless rest—
When the writ which can never be sent back *non est*
Has been issued; we too must obey the behest,
And kiss the grave.

The dead!—Ah! what are they? their names are decay'd,
And shall all thy loveliness wither and fade?—
Yes, Mary!—ere long thy loved form shall be laid
In the cold grave.

But though thou shalt slumber beneath the earth's sod,
The cold clay thy couch, and thy pillow the clod,
Yet thou hast a house in the arms of thy God—
Beyond the grave.

The just, there made perfect, who chaunt evermore,
Their loud hallooings, their Saviour before,
Shall hail thee their sister on that blissful shore,
Beyond the grave.

And would'st thou "inhabit this bleak world" of woe
Forever—since thou to a Heaven can'st go,
Where ne'er shall be felt cold affliction's keen throes,
Beyond the grave.

Where angels' and archangels' songs thou shalt share,
And joys everlasting shall banish despair,
Where righteousness' robes thou forever shalt wear,
Beyond the grave.

THE RISING YOUNG MAN.

Oh, yes, he is in Parliament;
He's been returning thanks:
You can't conceive the time he's spent
In giving people franks.
He's grown a most important man;
His name's in the *Gazette*;
And though he swears he never can,
I'm sure he will—forget.

He talks quite grand of Grant and Grey;
He jests at Holland House:
He dines superbly—every day—
On ortolans and grouse.
Our salads now he'll never touch,
He keeps a different set;
They'll never love him half so much
As those he must forget.

He used to scrawl the sweetest things
In all our Albums once;
But now his lute has lost the strings,
His Muse is quite a dunce:
They print his speeches in the *Times*,
And vast renown they get;
But ah! his dear, delicious rhymes,
All hearts, but mine, forget!

He flirts this year extremely ill,
His flattery don't improve;
When Weippert plays a new quadrille,
He says, "I rise to move!"
And when I sing "The Soldier's Tear,"
The song he call'd his "pet,"
He bows and whispers, "Hear, hear, hear!"
How can he so forget?

I'm studying now, to please his taste,
Macculloch, Bentham, Mill;
To win his smile, I'm making haste
To understand the Bill.
I master, in their proper turn,
Corn, Currency, and Debt;
It's sad that I can never learn
So fast as I forget!

I wish he'd leave his friend, Lord Brougham,
The nation's wrongs to cure;
Wherever else, in him there's room
For some Reform, I'm sure!
His Borough is in Schedule A,
And that's some comfort yet;
'Twill hardly give him time, they say—
Poor fellow!—to forget!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies.

The most flourishing period of Greece was about 2,130 years ago, (Alexander's time.)

If those alone who "sowed the wind reaped the whirlwind," it would be well. But the mis-

chief is, that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition, and the miscalculation of diplomacy, seek their victims principally among the innocent and unoffending.

Envy is a passion whose characteristic is cowardice, no less than malice and detraction.

It is but rarely that serpents will attack man without being highly provoked, and we may observe, that their poison is more subtle and active in proportion to the heat of the climate

which they inhabit. The hot and humid steppes and savannahs of Asia and America, and the burning sky of the African deserts, seem by far the best suited to the multiplication and development of these reptiles. Only 15 or 16 of their species inhabit Europe, while Russel has described 43 merely for the coasts of Bengal and Coromandel.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.

Hope sets off at a hard gallop, Consideration soon contents herself with a more moderate pace, and Doubt is reduced at last to a slow trot.

If you wish to make a tool of a man, first see if you can easily flatter him, and if you succeed, your purpose is half gained.

Rhyme is a modern discovery, it is the image of hope and memory. One sound makes us desire another corresponding to it, and when the second is heard, it recalls that which has just escaped us.

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;
(They can be meek, that have no other cause.)
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.

The worst government in the world is one which practises every species of extortion and monopoly under the mask of liberty. The corruptions of a free government are worse than the most inflexible despotism.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it, but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

Prithce, forgive me;

I did but chide in jest, the best loves use it
Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
When we invite our best friends to a feast,
'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before them;
There's somewhat sharp and salt, both to whet appetite,
And make them taste their wine well: so, methinks,
After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
A kiss tastes wond'rous well, and full o' th' grape.

If we did not take great pains, and were not at great expense to corrupt our nature, our nature would never corrupt us.

Erzerum, in Turkey, is a very ancient city, the inhabitants dating its foundation from the time of Noah.

Plato, in his dialogue on Temperance, put this assertion in the mouth of Socrates:—"We should not consider by whom such a thing was said, but whether it be true and reasonable in itself."—The Arabians make use of a proverb, "Examine what is said, not him who speaks."

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusements.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

EPITAPH ON THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA, IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH, SOHO.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learn'd ere dead,
Fate pour'd its lesson on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

Men oftener affect to *appear* than to *be* singular; and therefore when they have once declared for those opinions and habits that are so, they are so complaisant as to follow the fashion, and act like other men.

RECIPE.

TO DYE BLUE ON COTTON AND MUSLINS.

THE theory of this is described in the directions for giving the azure to counterpanes.

You must first wet out your cottons in warm water, and hang them in your vat; this is done by having a stick put across it. Having strings pinned to the articles, hang them on the sticks, and let them down an inch or two below the surface of the liquor: your cottons are to remain in a longer or a shorter time, as required, now and then taking them out and changing ends, that the dye may take on evenly. When your article is dyed, take it out and rinse it in cold water.

As it may not be convenient for housekeepers in general to erect a blue vat for the purpose of dyeing their muslins and cottons, the following is a method of dyeing those substances with *chemic blue*. This blue is not a fast colour, but answers for many purposes:

Take some chemic blue, put it into a pan of convenient size, but large enough to hold twice as much as you intend to use, in order that there may be room to stir it; add some pot-ash, or other alkali by degrees, till, after several trials, you find it does not taste sour, or until the acid is entirely saturated, or neutralized. Take of this neutralized liquor enough to dye what goods you require, and put it into a tub of water, about blood-warm, and by dipping a small piece of cotton into it, you may judge of the depth of the colour.

To dye with this *Chemic Vat*, for so it is called, first wet out your goods in warm water, then immerse them in the dye-water, and handle them to the shade required.

Blue, when dyed this way, should be dried in a warm room; if book muslins, they must be pinned out; if cotton furniture, it must be made stiff with starch or flour, and afterwards be glazed, sleeked, mangled, or calendered.

Remarks on this Dye.—If the acid of the vitriol is not overcome by the pearl or pot-ash, the goods worked in this dye will be rotten; the liquor should rather have a salt than an acid taste, and then you would be sure of its working well; but the nearer you can bring it to neutralization the better will be the effect.



A SCENE IN VENICE.

Engraved for the Lady's Book Phil^a June 1853 L. A. Goble & C^o

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1830.

Translated for the Lady's Book.

THE HISTORY OF VENICE;

ABRIDGED, AND DIVIDED INTO EIGHT EPOCHS.

THIS city, which has never been taken by storm or blockade, is built upon about seventy small islands which rise out of the Lagune; it is divided in its length by two great canals, is subdivided by one hundred and forty-seven small ones, and re-united by three hundred and six public bridges, nearly all marble, connecting two thousand one hundred and eight small streets. Upon the islands and borders of the canals, stand about twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and eighteen houses, formerly containing one hundred and ninety thousand, and at present about one hundred thousand individuals. This assemblage of water, earth, and buildings, presents a very irregular figure, measuring from east to west two and three-fourths Italian miles, from north to south one and three-fourths; in circumference six and one-fourth; covering a surface of two and a half square miles, and is washed on all its sides by the Lagune.

First Epoch—Origin of Venice—A. D. 421.

We think it reasonable enough to fix the epoch of the permanent establishment of the Venetians on these isles as early as the year four hundred and twenty-one, when the cruelty of the people from the north, who invaded Italy at the commencement of the fifth age, often obliged the inhabitants of the Terra Firma to seek an asylum in the most retired marshes of the Adriatic Gulf. In running over the progress of the first insulars during their democratic government under the Tribunes, who were annually elected in each principal isle, we arrive at the time when the enlargement of the state and the development of its resources, obliged them to concentrate the executive power in the hands of one alone, which naturally produced a change which constitutes the

Second Epoch—Paul Lucius Anafesto, first Doge of Venice—A. D. 697.

The election of a chief for life with the title of *Doge*, in place of the annual Tribunes, did not establish monarchy, but only fixed the primitive democracy under the direction of one president instead of many. Thus all the national force and activity was concentrated and directed with wisdom, and the Venetians made astonishing progress during five ages. The Republic, by the glory of its arms and riches continually extended its political influence as well as the high standing of its members, who commenced forming alliances with princes, kings, and em-

perors; and in the tenth age, a successor of Cæsar, who occupied the throne of the east, honoured, by his consent, by the magnificence of the presents that he made, and by the splendour of the fetes that he gave, the marriage of his niece with a citizen of Venice.

A long and brilliant suit of prosperity, the fruit of those admirable traits of heroism which form the grandeur of states where public glory and utility are inseparable from families and individuals, conducts us to the thirteenth age, which we will call our

Third Epoch—Conquest of Constantinople—Henry Dandolo forty-first Doge—A. D. 1204.

The brilliant success of the expedition of the east, the loftiness of genius and talents, and the magnanimity of the chief of the government, made this the most brilliant epoch of Venice. Not only should we admire the noble hardness of the Doge Henry Dandolo, who, although nearly blind and bent down under the weight of ninety-four years, commanded a fleet of five hundred sail, crossed the sea with forty thousand warriors, directed courageously the assault of Constantinople; and who, ready to sacrifice the precious remains of his illustrious career to the glory of his country, was the first to land under the walls, which his warriors, animated by his example, immediately scaled and planted the standard of the republic; but, we ought to be much more struck with admiration by considering the wisdom and ingenuity of this great man, in the midst of all the obstacles which opposed his enterprise, and obliged him to struggle without cessation against the enemy, and against the prejudices of the age, which fettered his noble efforts in arriving at the achievement of the glory, that he knew, nevertheless, to acquire by the reunited force of the heterogeneous elements of which the Crusades were composed. The heroic patriotism and wisdom of Dandolo shone with a greater lustre when he refused the diadem of the Eastern Empire, to which the Electors wished to add a new splendour by placing it upon his venerable and majestic head. After the example of Dandolo wonder disappeared, for such men could not but obtain the most brilliant success. The dominion of the Republic, at this epoch, was extended over a very considerable part of the Eastern Empire, and over the half of Constantinople; Morea was joined to it as a fief attached to the title of Despot, or Imperial

Prince, granted to the Doge; and the Isle of Candia, which was bought of the Marquis de Montferat. In this manner the establishments of Venice formed a long series of islands, provinces, and kingdoms, which extended from the Atlantic to the Black sea. What a source of advantages and riches for them at this time, when all the commerce of Europe, with the Indies, was carried on by this way!

The affairs of the state were then managed by virtuous, skillful, and valiant men, who, after considering the enlargement of territory and the change of circumstances, perceived the necessity of modifying the constitution, after the events and according to the difference of the times, to maintain the glory of the nation, which produced the

Fourth Epoch—The Democratic government takes the form of an Hereditary Aristocracy—Peter Gradinigo, forty-ninth Doge—A. D. 1297.

The impulse of the people, well directed, is often sufficient to make conquests, but it is only possible to maintain them by foresight, firmness, and wisdom, which qualities united are not to be found in the people. From the year eleven hundred and seventy-two, a representative council of four hundred and seventy members, which were annually changed, was already substituted at Venice for the general Assembly. The citizens of all classes had the right of electing members of this council, which still preserved the democratic system, although the ancient popular influence in the affairs of state was considerably weakened. The Fathers of the country perceiving that this constitution would no longer agree with the new order of things, guided by the wisdom and address of their Doge, Peter Gradinigo, and animated by courage proportionate to the greatness of the enterprize, resolved, in twelve hundred and ninety-seven, that hereafter the members of the representative council of the nation should not be chosen from individuals of all classes, but only from the members of the council of this epoch, from those who had been members during the four preceding years and from their descendants; thus aristocracy succeeded the primitive democracy. It was astonishing to see this great change take place without a drop of blood being shed, without noise or tumult, which proved the wisdom with which it was executed; and, although some time after, it produced troubles, the same talents which had conceived it, knew how to maintain and re-establish tranquillity. The effect answered the views of the reformers. Aristocracy sustained with honour the political existence of the state, and was able to resist the attacks of jealousy launched against it by the powers of Italy, and even by Europe, and the Ottoman force which menaced all the east. The Republic, always respectable even in its reverse, was at last obliged to cede, but, not before she had disputed the ground, step by step, with the irresistible power of the Turks, who with the price of floods of blood overturned every obstacle. But, if on one side she was forced to lessen the mari-

time frontiers, she knew how to enlarge the others, by extending her power over the continent near the Lagunes, which will be the subject of the

Fifth Epoch—The Venetian Terra Firma from A. D. 1338, to A. D. 1508.

Venice saw that celebrated sentence of Machiavel, "That the people submit voluntarily to the government that treated the vanquished as friends and not as enemies," realized in her favour. Order, economy, wisdom, justice, and equity, the fundamental basis of the Republic of Venice, engaged the cities and provinces of Italy that occupied the space situated between the sea and the Alps, to submit spontaneously to her laws, and thus unite with the virtuous descendants of their ancestors, who had taken refuge many years ago on the Lagunes, and who were happily established and multiplied. The Venetians then employed their politics to the utmost extent to profit by the disposition of the times and circumstances which were favourable to their interests; thus, by the aid of persuasion, of silver, and of force, they possessed, from the commencement of the sixteenth century, their new conquests along the sea from Ravenna to Trieste; and to the centre of all the country lying between the sea, the Alps and the Po; extending in Lombardy upon the coast of the Adda, and occupied, even beyond the Po, many strong places in the Romagna, and in the Pouille. But, although it is true that prosperity is often the recompense of virtue and valour, it is nevertheless true that it almost always gives birth to hatred and jealousies, thus the princes having possessions in Italy, and among others, the Pope, envious of the Venetian power, prepared the great events which form the

Sixth Epoch—The League of Cambray, A. D. 1508.

Hatred is sometimes the price of benefits, because they humiliate the one who receives them. Jules II. who owed his elevation to the Pontificate, both to the favour of Cæsar Borgia and to the Venetians, imprisoned the former, from whom he exacted the cession of his estates and rights for his ransom, and purposed to dispossess the latter of all they possessed in the Romagna. He easily obtained the first object; but, irritated at having been frustrated in the second, and not considering the consequence of a foreign invasion of Italy, but only listening to the desire of lowering those who had elevated him, he employed all his address and influence to engage Spain, France, Germany, and all the Italian princes to league with him against Venice. Such was the origin and composition of this formidable coalition, signed at Cambray, the tenth of December, 1508. To the armies of so many powerful princes, the sainted Father added his, with interdiction and excommunication, which he launched against the Venetian government. Europe, astonished, saw the Republic resist in a miraculous manner all the efforts directed against her: opposing force to force, and wisdom to the wrath of the Vatican. The Emperor Maximilian, at the head of one

hundred thousand men, besieged Padua. Louis XII. King of France, commanded in person his army, with which he descended into Lombardy. The armies of Spain, of the Pope, and the other Italian princes, occupied different situations on the territory of the Republic.

The Venetian army having been vanquished, retreated to the Capitol, and the Terra Firma was almost entirely conquered by the enemy; but the love of the people, the most sure and precious resource of governments in adversity, was not extinguished. The fidelity of Trivisa and Padua, the general wish to return under the laws of the Republic, her wise foresight, her energy and promptness to take advantage of the attachment of the provinces, her firmness and patriotism rescued her, and caused her to shine forth with more splendour from under the cloud of misfortunes which had been the touchstone of her courage and strength. They recovered in a little time nearly all their territory, except some strong places, having been obliged to cede to the Pope those of Romagna, to appease the sainted Father, and to obtain absolution of the interdiction and excommunication. After having again thus restored peace abroad, and established order at home, the Republic occupied herself with embellishing the capital, for it was at this precise period that a great number of edifices were built, and decorated by Scarpagnino, Sansovino, Sanmicheli, and other architects and artists of the highest reputation, and at this same time, Henry the Fourth, King of France, asked, and obtained, the title of Patrician of Venice, an honour sought after by the Pontiffs and many other princes.

But the Turks, already having possession of Constantinople, harassed the establishments of the Republic, in the east. Wars, ravages, and ruins succeeded each other rapidly. The arms and politics of the Venetians courageously opposed them. The country was teeming with heroes, who, in victory or reverse, covered themselves equally with glory: the enemy always paid dearly for their advantages over the Venetians; success was reciprocal, and the Republic knew how to maintain her honour, notwithstanding the great superiority of her adversary.

About the end of the fifteenth century, she had lost almost all Morea, but, at the same time she acquired the kingdom of Cyprus; it is true that she lost it in 1571, but, only after a glorious resistance. The celebrated M. A. Bragadino, the intrepid defender of Famagouste, and a great number of brave men, performed extraordinary feats of valour there. In the same year, the victory of Lepanto, brought back, in one day, to the Venetian banner, all its ancient glory, and blotted out the misfortunes that the Republic had experienced. In 1669, it was necessary to cede the Isle of Candia, but this misfortune did not happen until after a defence of twenty-five years, the glory of which excited the envy of the Paladins, and the admiration of the universe; this war was memorable for the numerous examples of valour of the Venetians, among the number of which

we cite the celebrated Thomas Morosini, who, with only one vessel, had the courage to defend himself against forty-five Turkish galleys. It was in the course of the same war that one town alone, made eighty sorties, resisted the impetuosity of sixty-nine assaults, and the explosion of one thousand three hundred and sixty-four mines, and only surrendered to very honourable conditions. Again, in 1687, Francois Morosini, the Peloponesian, repelled the Ottomans, and conquered the Morea a second time; the occupation of which was recognized by the treaty of peace of Carlowitz, in 1699.

Seventh Epoch—Peace of Passarowitz—A. D. 1718.

The exploits of the Peloponesian were the last efforts of the power of the rulers of the Adriatic; for, some years after, Venice signed a humiliating peace at Passarowitz, on the 21st July, 1718, by which she ceded to the Turks, the kingdom that Morosini had reconquered with so much glory. Human wisdom may retard and moderate the order of nature and events, but it can never destroy or change them; men renowned for their wisdom had been the pride of the Republic, but their efforts could not arrest the irresistible influence of time; although the worm of time works silently and slowly, still it never ceases to gnaw.

The government now began to show evident signs of its ruin; every thing revealed its perplexities and fears. The globe had already changed its face during two centuries; the discovery of the Cape of Good-Hope and America, had opened, in the sixteenth century, a new channel for commerce. Italy had always been a central point, but now it ceased to be; Portugal, Spain, Holland, France, and England, took possession of the seas, the land, and the riches which were discovered. Venice, which had, during so many ages, furnished these nations with the products of Asia and Africa, was now obliged to receive them from these very people; and far from preserving nearly the exclusive navigation of the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, she was obliged, in 1577, to allow the flag of England, and in 1598, the flag of Holland, to float freely on the seas which washed Turkey. The political system of the European states, the art of war and navigation, the finances, the public instruction, the industry, the different branches of civilization, in fact, all things experienced a very sensible change after the fifteenth century; but Venice alone still held to her ancient customs. At the commencement, the Venetians replaced the Tribunes by the Doge, and when circumstances, brought about by the succession of events, required it, democracy gave place to aristocracy. Another reform was necessary after the peace of Passarowitz, to give a new impulse and a spirit more conformable to the genius and experience of the age, to the government. The Republic knew this want; she still had some men of genius; they had recourse to consultations, they spoke of reform, but the tranquillity which the Republic then enjoyed, made them neglect not only their future tranquillity, but even the safety of the state. Her

marine, formerly superior to the others, did not like the others adopt the modern naval architecture. Her land armies did not understand the refined tactics and discipline which the other sovereigns had newly introduced into theirs. Her finances were preserved upon the ancient footing, and the fear of overburdening the people deprived her of the necessary funds for her defence. The long repose of the Ottoman Porte, plunged the fleet of the Republic into a state of inactivity; the fidelity of Austria, the feebleness of the Italian princes, the weakness of the ecclesiastic censures, made them neglect the fortifications of their forts, their artillery, and their infantry.

It often happens that a long peace destroys the means to make war. Besides, the revolution of the commercial system had considerably diminished the number of sea-faring men, and exhausted the source of riches, which during the preceding years had repaired all the losses and raised up Venice from the gulf of the most terrible vicissitudes. But if the universal and almost exclusive commerce, the superiority of their marine, the order of the administration, and their political wisdom had raised them to the pinnacle of grandeur; the loss of the first, and their inferiority in the rest, in comparison with the other powers of Europe, carried away all the elements of their prosperity, without which they had either to perish or to create new ones.

Eighth Epoch—Downfall of the Republic of Venice—A. D. 1797.

The Republic wanted neither armies nor men of talents even in her last moments. She possessed more than three millions of subjects, the love of the people, many fortresses, a land and sea army; the annual revenue of six and a half millions of ducats of silver (about five millions and two hundred thousand dollars;) her Capitol, which nature had rendered inaccessible to the enemy, was defended, in the Lagune which surrounds it, by two hundred men-of-war of every kind, manned by eighty thousand four hundred men and armed with seven hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. The arsenal was abundantly supplied with every thing; one hundred and forty thousand citizens were able to furnish, in case of need, more than twenty thousand soldiers for the defence of their country. But with all this the government wanted the necessary energy to collect, dispose, and employ usefully these resources, and to adopt measures proportionate to the intricacy of circumstances. A fallacious hope of tranquillity kept the Venetians in a state of inactivity, and made them decide not to take a part in the war which had broken out between Austria and France, and which disturbed Italy in 1796. This conduct drew upon them the contempt of the other nations, and forced them to submit to the fate reserved for those who have neither the means of defence nor the talent to employ them. The French army occupied a great part of the Venetian territory; the government encouraged the French, by the timidity or incertitude of

its measures, and, at last, the Great Council of the Republic rendered legitimate their hostile marches, by its abdication, adopted on the 12th May, 1797, without using the forces and resources which were still at its disposal. They delivered, by this act of pusillanimity, the Capitol and all the state, which was treated afterwards as a conquered country. Such was the sad end of a republic which had existed during fourteen centuries, which had merited the respect and admiration of sovereigns as well as the love of its subjects, and which had given birth to so many heroes. The souvenir of its history, and the monuments of its Capitol, are at present objects of general admiration, and since the happiness of nations is always the result of the wisdom of its laws, and of the good order of the political administration, it will not be difficult to find among the precious relics, proof of the ancient prosperity of Venice, and in the history of its government, facts which bind the causes to the effects. As we judge of the talents of an architect, sculptor, or painter, by the beauty of an edifice, statue, or painting, so we draw the same conclusion in considering a government, by fixing its degree of merit upon the results of its riches, studies, manners, characters, habitudes, and even the amusement of the people.

In the brief and rapid view we have taken of Venice, we have purposely omitted to notice the manners, customs and habits of the people—our object being the exposition of her history, and not the delineation of her character: but as illustrative of one of the moral qualities for which they have been so long distinguished, the love of music, the annexed plate has been prepared representing a *Serenade*.

Whether their enthusiastic predilection for music and poetry is to be referred to their *sunny skies*, or to some peculiarity of moral constitution, or to both, we shall not pretend to determine; but certain it is, no race of people have displayed a more passionate fondness for melody.

Travellers, almost without exception, and among others, Byron, have spoken in terms of the most liberal praise of their moonlight Serenades, and the plaintive song of "the Gondolier."

There is a peculiar sweetness and irresistible fascination in the soft notes of music, borne on the water and on the breeze; and in such an atmosphere and beneath such a sky, they melt, subdue and harmonize the soul, as if the voice of a spirit had spoken on enchanted ground.

"All classes," says Byron, "are alike characterized for their love of music and poetry. There is a poetry in the life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes, so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence: amusements are raised into duties—duties are softened into amusements—and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity."

DELTA.

From the *Annulet*.

A BROTHER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BROTHER, alas! our life
 Was one unending strife!
 And there thou liest now,
 Death's seal upon thy brow,
 Stretched on thy pallet-bed,
 Cold straw beneath thy head!
 I shall lie down to sleep
 In soft state pillowed deep;
 In fine and silvery lawn,
 With damask curtains drawn!
 Yet thou art gone to rest,
 Like Lazarus in Abraham's breast;
 And I, another Dives, shall awake
 Within the ever-burning lake.
 Wretch that I am!—through life have been!—
 Now comes the first reward of sin—
 Remorse, that with relentless ire
 Gnaweth my soul like fire;
 And pointing to this death-bed state,
 Crieth, "Repentance comes too late!"

My soul is tortured thus to see,
 Brother, thy latest misery!—
 These panes, of poverty the proof;
 Those naked rafters in the roof;
 That fireless grate, this broken floor;
 And here thy miserable store—
 The last drop in the pitcher drained,
 The bread from charity obtained,
 Dry, tasteless morsel, at thy side!—
 And thus my brother died!

Well, life and all its wants are o'er;
 His heart will ache no more!
 And no more in the street
 Will be my chariot meet,
 And snay, indignant at my pride,
 To the poor beggar at his side;—
 "Yon rich man is my brother,
 The first-born of my mother.
 Our father died: and he
 Possessed our property.
 A tyrant was he from a boy,
 Dominion was his life's sole joy;
 And with an iron sway he broke
 At first my spirit to his yoke.
 Oh, happy were the three
 That died in infancy!
 They felt not what my life has borne—
 Capricious enmity and scorn.
 I was a trampled slave for years,
 I craved mine own with bitter tears;
 And, after long and cold neglect,
 'Twas assigned me—for what?—my self-respect!
 Oh, happy were the three
 That died in infancy!
 For they knew not the bitter feud—
 The life-long strife that thence ensued;
 And saw not, as I daily see,
 His pride insult my poverty!"

Thus wilt thou say no more—no more!
 The hatred and the pride are o'er;
 And I would give my luxury
 As low as thou to lie,
 Could that the lost regain,
 Or from my soul remove the guilty stain!

Oh! what a dread amount,
 'Fore me, to judgment went on his account!
 And he, this day, hath stood before the throne,
 To testify of evil I have done:
 And judgment is gone forth—therefore in dread
 Stand I accused and trembling with the dead!

Ay, I would give my golden luxury,
 Brother, to be like thee!—
 To meet without despair
 The old man with the silver hair—
 To say, "Thy words I did obey,
 And kept through life the narrow way!"
 To fly, with garments undefiled;
 To that pure mother, her redeemed child;—
 To say, "Thy prayers were heard;
 And, at the eleventh hour, I was restored;
 And then to hear her say triumphantly,
 "Thank God! the sons he gave are all with me!"

THE EARLY DEAD.

Too bright, too beautiful for earth,
 Was she who gladdened every heart!
 The blessed sunbeam of each hearth,
 Her light seemed of our life a part!
 Weep—for her voice will greet no more:
 Weep—for her brow of love is dim!
 Where Heaven's eternal fountains pour,
 Her spirit breathes its glorious hymn.

Mother of *her*, our loved and dead,
 Though many a fair plant round thee bloom;
 Long will thy bitter tears be shed,
 Where the pale roses shade her tomb:
 Yet as thou mourn'st, remember too,
 She hath been spared the toll and strife,
 The wasting griefs, the dreams untrue,
 The thousand ills of human life.

Remember, when mid your sweet band,
 Thou art offering up thy soul in prayer,
 That *she* who treads the "better land,"
 Her vow with thine is mingling *there*!
 Thou hast the memory of her worth,
 Thy future's shadowy vale to cheer;
 Though brief her pilgrimage on earth,
 'Twas marked by virtues rare and dear.

Father! rejoice that *once* thou'st called
 So rich a treasure all thine own—
 Rejoice, e'en though by cares enthralled,
 That o'er thy path her love once shone;
 Speak of her oft to those who still
 Around thee shed hope's blissful ray;
 And, as with joy their young hearts thrill,
 Bless *Him*, who thus hath strewn thy way.

Sisters, at noon and eve who'd miss,
 As wearied from your halls ye come,
 Her bounding step, her playful kiss,
 Her laughing glance to greet you home;
 New pleasures in your path will spring,
 New ties perchance will round you twine,
 Yet think not Time's o'erladen wing
 Hath aught more fair than *her* we sbrine.

Brothers! it seemed a darkened hour
 When from this world your playmate passed!
 When on each tree and bursting flower
 Your idol sister gazed her last:
 The turf is on her! and for *you*
 Love's harp its sweetest chord hath lost—
 Brothers! prove to her memory true,
 As on life's wave your barks are tossed.

The turf is on her! Weep not now—
 All blessings crown the early dead!
 She was called home, ere from her brow
 One trace of radiant mirth had fled:
 Knowing but Love's unclouded sun,
 Her dream of earth was bright as brief—
 Rejoice, that when the goal she won,
 Her crown had not a withered leaf!

SWAMP HALL; OR, THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

THE Pennys lived at Richmond. They were of that happy class denominated the respectable, but made themselves continually miserable, in their anxiety to be fine. Happiness was very well—but then, fashion was something. They had a snug house—a beautiful garden, sloping down to the Thames—two “fair daughters” and three promising sons. Add to this, ten thousand pounds in the 3 per cents., with the best of health, and you have a brief summing up of the possessions and advantages of the family of the Pennys. No, we have forgotten one treasure—they had a family friend. He was the oracle of the house, by virtue of his threescore years, a broken constitution, and an estate called Swamp Hall, in not the most fertile part of Lincolnshire. Mr. Solon—such was our “friend’s” name—gave the law to the Pennys; although we cannot disguise the fact, that his dicta were, at times, not uncomplainedly allowed by Mr. Penny himself, who, animated by some extraordinary prejudice, wished sometimes to guide the interests of his own family. It needed all the arguments of Mrs. Penny, to contend against this wrong-headedness of the father of her children.

“My dear Mr. Penny,” Mrs. P. would exclaim, when desirous of effectually silencing any rebellious scruples of her husband, “I should not persist in my opinion, were it not, as I have told you before, the opinion of Mr. Solon.”

“Nor, my dear,” would reply Mr. Penny, in the mildest of tones, “should I, were I not certain that when Mr. Solon heard my arguments—”

They had one morning pursued thus far, when Mrs. Penny, with more than usual energy, retorted—“Nonsense!—Mr. Solon never hears arguments; ’tis enough that he advises. Is he not—” And here Mrs. Penny called up one of those looks which we are apt to assume, when we would knock down opposition with a self-evident truth—“Is he not the family friend?”

What could Mr. Penny do?—what could he say to this? Why, nothing but press his hands gently together, raise them nearly to his chin, incline his head, slightly elevate his shoulders, and reply—“Unquestionably.”

Mrs. Penny felt her vantage ground, and followed up the attack with merciless vehemence. She had received her education at the best boarding-school in Kensington—and knew the full force of argument by interrogation. Thus, when Mr. Penny had allowed her premises, that Mr. Solon *was* the family friend, she continued, with a growing air of triumph—“Can any thing be done without him?”

The question went to Mr. Penny’s heart. Nevertheless, he replied—“Certainly not.”

“Have we a secret from him?—Does he not read the confidential letters of our dearest friends?”

Something of the most delicate tint of a blush rose to Mr. Penny’s cheek, as he satisfied the query—“Every line.”

“Has he not stood for the three last children?”

“Every one of them.”—To which Mr. Penny might have added, “and given them names, most of them borne by the now dead and buried members of the family of the Solons.”

“Do we not allow him to pay for the education of Jemima and Petrarch? Was he not once horsewhipped, in mistake for yourself? And did he not take your place in a duel—you remember how I scolded him for it—with a murdering ensign, from the north of Ireland?”

Mr. Penny hesitated to answer this latter question. Mrs. Penny, however, thought ingratitude a heinous sin, and again enforced it.

Mr. Penny still shrunk from the thrust. He could only return to his wife’s first interrogatory—“As you say, Mr. Solon is the friend of the family.”

“Say!—I know him to be so.—Well then, is Mary to be married off, before Mr. Solon makes his decision?”

“Decision!”—For once Mr. Penny ventured to ask, “Am I not her father?”

“Father!—What of that?—Isn’t Mr. Solon the family friend?”

Mr. Penny ventured to lower his brow.—“Humph!—It’s a pity so much friendship is wasted on strangers. I wish he’d a family of his own.”

“Then it seems you forget Mr. Solon’s Lincolnshire estate—(that Mecca of Mrs. Penny’s hopes)—“you forget Swamp Hall—that fertile and fashionable retreat.”

This was a subject on which, spite of the frowns of his wife, Mr. Penny would, at times, venture a jest.—“Fertile and fashionable!—why nothing grows there but rushes—and no one ventures there but geese—and they, only as visitors.”

“Rushes and geese!” retorted Mrs. Penny, with a contemptuous glance. “I vow, I have heard Mr. Solon declare that his grounds produced for the London tradesmen.”

“Yes—for London chair-menders, and London poulterers.—I forgot—in seasons of great plenty, he has an acre or two of wild water-cresses.”

“This, Mr. Penny, is all idle. You know that he has willed his estate to our boy. We mustn’t neglect the dear child’s interest. I’m sure—” (here Mrs. Penny cast a look of consolation at her husband)—“Mr. Solon can’t live long.—Doesn’t he break every winter?”

“Yes—but, hang it! he mends every spring.”

“Mr. Penny, look at his face.”

“Hav’n’t I watched the coming of every wrinkle into it? Had I studied the stars, as I have studied his features, I had got more money by

almanac making, than ever I shall gain by Swamp Hall."

Mrs. Penny was shocked.—"This of the friend of the family!—One who gives his advice—"

"Faith, he ought to give it," quickly retorted Mr. Penny, "else 'twould often be dear indeed.—Didn't he make me speculate, and lose in hops, when I wanted to invest in camphor?—Didn't he foretell a hard winter—" (It was now Mr. Penny's turn to act the querist).—"I suppose the geese were early at Swamp Hall—and make me buy up bear-skins, when the currant-trees conspired to bud in January?—I always lost by his advice—but once."

Here was a straw of comfort for Mrs. Penny, and her drowning hand snatched at it.—"Well, I am glad you own so much. Once, then, his advice did serve you?"

"Yes—he counselled one way, and I took exactly the contrary.—To say the truth, I am almost tired of Mr. Solon."

"Husband—be reasonable:—you know he must die soon."

"Die!—I tell you what, wife—I have long suspected it, but now I am sure of the fact. People who promise to will away estates, *never* die. If ever they fall sick, it's only to tease us, by getting well again."

"The man can't live," replied Mrs. Penny, with great emphasis—"I tell you—"

We know not what consolatory proofs of Mr. Solon's early dissolution would have been advanced, had not a shuffling at the door, and the shrill voice of Becky, the servant, suddenly snapped the chain of Mrs. Penny's evidence.

"Well, Mr. Solon, I'll give your name," cried the girl, backing into the room, and vainly endeavouring to delay the entrance of an old gentleman, who flung himself into the middle of the parlour, and stood with his hat perched on the very summit of his head—one arm flung behind the tail of his coat, the other extended forth—and, with the eye of a "death-darting cockatrice," looking now at the girl, and now at her master and mistress, as, with a voice spasmodic with surprise, he cried out—

"Name, name!—Mr. Penny—Mrs. Penny!"—The friend of the family stood gasping with astonishment—Mrs. Penny brought a chair, and in the softest manner possible, chid Mr. Solon for venturing out so early "The dews were yet upon the ground."

Mr. Solon, shaking his forefinger at Becky the maid, inquired of Mr. Penny—"who is this?—asked my name—barred me at the door!"—his voice rose as he enumerated each new indignity—"Me!"—He literally crowed out the monosyllable.

As they say in Parliament, Mrs. Penny explained. "It was the new servant."

"She's better than the last, I hope!" observed the family friend, scarcely permitting himself to be mollified: then to Becky, most impressively—

"Young woman! behave yourself, or I shall discharge you."

Becky muttered something about "two mas-

ters." Mrs. Penny caught the sound of discontent—"What's that, Becky?—Remember, in this house, Mr. Solon is the same as Mr. Penny."

Becky caught the eye of her master, and with a significant "Oh!" vanished from the parlour.

"I hope, sir," inquired the master of the mansion of the family friend "you remain in excellent health?"

"You do hope, eh?—I thought you didn't!—you didn't speak before. Perhaps, I'm troublesome?"

"Now, my dear Mr. Solon," exclaimed Mrs. Penny in the greatest concern.

"I can go to Lincolnshire," cried Mr. Solon.

"I wish you would," thought Mr. Penny.

"In fact, I ought to go—I *will* go."—Mrs.

Penny said nothing, but smiled beseechingly at the friend of the family, who, by degrees, let his anger subside in his paternal care for Miss Mary Penny, whose choice, or rather, whose reception of a husband was at this time, the grand household question. There were two aspirants for the young lady's hand, linked as it was with three hundred per annum by the will of her grandfather. Mr. Edmund Wilkins, the junior partner of a respectable house in the city, had, for some two years past, been received by the Pennys, was by no means indifferent to Mary, and what was, indeed, a still greater recommendation, was not decidedly objected to by Mr. Solon. Unhappily, however, the friend of the family, was "the fortunate holder" of a somewhat irascible bull-terrier, that on a very slight provocation, laid bare the shin-bone of Edmund Wilkins, who, in his agony, unmindful of the sacrilege—for the terrier-bull was sacred as the *lares* at the fire-side of the Pennys—returned the assault with so vigorous a kick, that a fractured rib was the lot of (in Mrs. Penny's words) "the dear dumb animal." This, in the emphatic language of Mr. Solon, "ruffian-like assault," on the part of Edmund Wilkins, was construed into an open declaration of war by the friend of the family, and thus the lover had at once to contend against the fancied horrors of hydrophobia, and the powerful interest of the owner of Swamp Hall. Besides this, Mr. Solon had formed a street acquaintance with the Honourable Frederick Rustington—a gentleman, who had gallantly delivered the family friend from a knot of pick-pockets on a levee day—who was connected with the first families, whose dress was the very flower of the mode, and whose mustachios were as black as Erebus. Of course, the Honourable Frederick Rustington had been made at home with the Pennys: too much attention could not be paid to the preserver of the family friend. At any time, Edmund Wilkins would have willingly dispensed with the presence of the visitor, but coming as he did, pat on the attack of the bull-terrier, introduced and patronized by the vindictive Solon, he was a rival not to be despised. Edmund Wilkins could see that Mrs. Penny began to look coldly upon him—that Mr. Penny seemed half-afraid, to venture as he was wont, a cordial shake of the hand—that Mary would sit

for half an hour, with her pretty blue eyes, contemplating the pattern of the carpet—and, worse than all, that Mr. Solon would cast a supercilious look of triumph from the junior partner, to the mustachios of the Honourable Frederick Rustington. All this, had Edmund Wilkins to endure, together with a wound in his shin, and a nervous excitement at the thoughts of water.

"I have made up my mind," said Mr. Solon, when induced by the attentions of Mr. Penny to descend from his wrath to the affairs of the family. "I am determined—Mary must marry the Honourable Mr. Rustington." Mr. Penny was about to remonstrate, but was summarily checked by the friend of the family. "Marry him directly, and the young couple can go and spend the honeymoon at Swamp Hall—Swamp Hall!" Had the tongue of Demosthenes enriched the mouth of Mr. Penny, it would have been paralyzed with the syllables—"Swamp Hall"—he was dumb—and the matter, at least, in the opinion of Mr. Solon, was finally arranged.

Enter Becky, with letters. They were scarcely glanced at by Mr. Penny, ere they were in the hands of the friend of the family.—"A plague on the impudence of this world," cried Mr. Penny, "here is that fellow, Rogers, sending to me for the loan of a hundred pounds! The brazen rascal!"

"Why, Mr. Penny, you forget—Mr. Rogers—a man of honour—a man of substance."

"Substance! My dear sir, he has been going to pieces this twelvemonth!"

"Have a care, Mr. Penny—defamation, sir—Mr. Rogers is, I repeat, an honourable man; and, not that I would desire my wishes to weigh with you—in fact, I have no right—none whatever—yet, Mr. Penny, allow me to say, that you will best support your character as a liberal man, by obliging Mr. Rogers with—"

"But my dear sir!"

"I don't wish to persuade you—as I said, I have no claim to any influence—how should I have—none!"

Mr. Penny had no remedy: Mrs. Penny ably advocated the character of "their old friend Rogers." Mr. Solon, with wounded dignity, took "a more removed ground"—and, to be brief, Mr. Penny wrote the cheque, and enclosing it in a letter despatched it by a special messenger to London. "Hem," cried Mr. Solon—and as the missive was borne away, he repeated with a college air, "*Bis dat, qui cito dat.*" At this moment, little master Nicodemus Solon Penny was ushered into the apartment with the nursery maid, previous to his departure on a visit to his grandmother, at Hackney, Mr. Solon having promised the old lady the long-expected treat. "Just like the head of the old philosophers," cried Mr. Solon, as, rubbing up the stubbly hair of Nicodemus, he looked with uncommon sagacity in the child's face; "Come, master Nicodemus," cried the girl, "or we shall lose the coach!"—"Coach!" exclaimed Mr. Solon, "I thought I desired the child should go

in the steam-boat? To be sure—I have no right to interfere, but I thought I said the steam-boat!"

A look of anxiety overspread Mrs. Penny's face, as she endeavoured to smile, and indistinctly, urged something about "the machinery!"

"That's it! look at the child's head—has a genius for mechanics—nothing like early cultivation; Sally, go in the steam-boat—but mind, not too near the boiler. You hear, Sally—the steam-boat!"

Mr. and Mrs. Penny looked at each other—kissed the child, who, enriched with a shilling from the purse of Mr. Solon, started for his voyage down the Thames. Scarcely had little Nicodemus departed, when Frankenstein Penny, (for the sake of Mr. P. we must repeat the names of his younger branches were the arbitrary taste of Mr. Solon), at home for the vacation from a preparatory school, bounced into the room, but having apologized for his violence by a particularly humble bow to the friend of the family, was graciously received by Mr. Solon, who, as was usual with his fortunate god-children, began to expatiate on the extraordinary capacity of Frankenstein. "I tried him last night," cried Mr. Penny, "he can read any thing!"

"No doubt. I'll be sworn he can with such a head as that." The mother had placed the "*Times*" in the hands of the young scholar, for the display of his precocity. Master Frankenstein, holding the leading journal of Europe crumpled in his little fists, with his eyes and mouth widely opened, stared at Mr. Solon for the word. "Any where, my dear—read any thing—the first thing you see," cried the godfather, who with a significant glance at Mr. Penny, raised his hand above the child's head in admiration of its extraordinary development.—"Any thing, my dear!"

The child, after a little stammering, literally astounded his hearers with his reading; for he began in a loud voice,

"Bankrupts.—Jonathan Rogers, St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, hop-merchant."

Mr. Penny gave a deep groan—Mrs. Penny uttered a slight hysteric shriek—the friend of the family looked as if his face was suddenly frost-bitten—and Master Frankenstein Penny, with the sweet unconsciousness of childhood, proceeded to read the days of meeting, and the names of the bankrupt's attornies. After the first shock, Mr. Penny looked at "his old friend Rogers' letter, which, according to the date, should have come to hand three days before. Some men, not wholly bigots to ceremony, would have kicked their adviser into the street. Not so, Mr. Penny; for though he looked as if his neckcloth was doing the work of a bow-string, all he said was—but the words came writhing through his teeth—"I knew I was right—I—" and he dashed down a chair with a vigour that, to the friend of the family, appeared something like a liberty. Mr. Penny continued to grumble:—"friends!—humph!—friends!"—with other significant syllables, broke from him; and we know not to what

extent his abuse—for that was the term given it by Mr. Solon—would have gone, had not the cause of this violence at once asserted his dignity, and offered consolation to the enraged, but still polite, Mr. Penny.—“There was no doubt that the dividend would be very handsome—very handsome.”—(Mr. Penny ventured a “pish!”)—“However, such was the reward of friendship:—and Mr. Solon rose, and positively prepared to put on his gloves.—“If, however, the dividend came short of the debt, he thanked his stars, he yet had property—and where people showed such ingratitude, he would again and again sell Swamp Hall.” The string was struck—Mrs. Penny again put on one of her imploring looks—even Mr. Penny felt he had gone too far; and as the husband and wife lowered in their tone and manner, of course Mr. Solon rose in his injuries; until, at length, it was the friend of the family who had been wronged—whose property had been sacrificed:—it was he who had been swindled by the “old friend” Rogers. However, after much exertion, on the part of man and wife, the proprietor of Swamp Hall took off his gloves, and was again seated in the easy chair. He had ceased to reproach, and was now gathered up in calm dignity. Luncheon was spoken of—the tray was brought up—and once more Mr. Solon was the friend of the family. The approaching marriage of Mary was talked of—Mr. Solon declaring, that the firm in which Edmund Wilkins was junior partner, was built on sand; that, in fact, he was little better than a sharper, with an eye to the “poor girl’s money;”—whereas, the Hon. Frederick Rustington was a man of birth and rank, with great connexions in the colonies; a circumstance not to be lost sight of by the father of three intelligent boys. Mrs. Penny bridled up at this, and Mr. Penny listened somewhat more complacently, when Edmund Wilkins was again stigmatised as an adventurer and a sharper. Thus went on the time, and Mr. Solon had raised a glass of champagne to his lips, when a shriek, a loud shrill shriek, pierced through the house, and Becky rushed in, wringing her hands; and with her eyes starting from her head, and her round face as ghastly as death, half-screamed, and half-sobbed—“Master!—the child—Nic—Nic—” At last, with a convulsive throes, she delivered herself of the word—“drowned!”

Mrs. Penny screamed, and went off in a fit; Becky ran to her assistance, and chafed her hands and temples. The friend of the family, with his mouth open, his face the colour of a new slate, aghast—his knees knocking each other, and his eyes averted from Mr. Penny—sat in the easy chair, the picture of ghastly imbecility;—whilst the father of the drowned child—(he was in the act of cutting a corner crust, as Becky rushed in)—with a case-knife gripped in his hand, sprang to his feet, and, approaching Mr. Solon the paternal feeling overbearing all recollections of Swamp Hall, all “trivial fond records” of the friendship of its owner—exclaimed, in a voice rendered painfully piercing by emotion, at the

same time unconsciously shaking the glittering steel within a hand’s breadth of Mr. Solon’s neckcloth—“Wretch!—monster!—busy-body!—a curse to my house!—Begone, murderer!—fly my roof!—My—my poor boy!”—and here the tears rolled down the father’s cheeks—his voice was stifled in his throat—the knife fell from his hand—and, powerless, he sank sobbing into a chair, when his grief was diverted by a sudden rush into the room, and he felt a wet mass literally heaved into his lap. The load was Master Nicodemus—not, as the newspapers say, with “the vital spark totally extinct”—old father Thames having contented himself with sousing a beautiful suit of sky-blue, leaving undimmed the Promethean principle of the embryo Archimedes.

The story was soon told. Master Nicodemus, whilst in the wherry, making for the steamer, had amused himself by trailing in the water the thong of his toy whip, which, somehow or other escaping from his hand, he made a lounge after it—the nursery-maid made a grasp at his frock—the boat gave a lurch—and Master Nicodemus, rolling over the gunwale, was kicking in an element foreign to his youthful habits. He was, after due shrieking on the part of Sally, recovered by the waterman—hurried on shore—carried, all dripping as he was, to his home—Sally uttered the word “drowned”—Becky saw the water streaming from the child, and, without a thought, rushed to the parlour with her version of the tragedy. Master Nicodemus was despatched to hot blankets—“the natural ruby” returned to Mrs. Penny’s cheek—Mr. Penny gulped down two or three glasses of wine, after having, with a somewhat embarrassed air, picked up the case-knife, so lately held at the throat of the friend of the family. Great had been the outrage committed on Mr. Solon: however, on the present occasion, he displayed unusual magnanimity. Simply glancing at the case-knife, he let fall the undeniable truth, that “murder was a serious matter—passion was a bad thing!” Mr. Penny was less assiduous than usual, in his apologies, and even Mrs. Penny, with feminine penetration, remarked, “If Nicodemus had gone by the coach, he would not have run the risk of being drowned.” The accident was, however, to Mr. Solon, productive of a new illustration of the nascent will and energy of his god-child; for he subsequently obtained, from Sally and the waterman, the most concurrent testimony, that, when in the Thames, Nicodemus suddenly displayed an evident endeavour to swim:—had he been left alone, there was no knowing what might have happened.

Mr. Penny (for we must give a few more illustrations of the active zeal of the friend of the family) was the enlightened member of a literary club in Richmond. Now Mrs. Penny hated clubs, and cared but little for letters. This indifference was scarcely weakened by the frequent visits of Mrs. Penny to Mrs. Bluesoul, wife of a respectable neighbour, and who was, moreover, one of the few lady members of the

illuminated coterie. Mrs. Penny complained of these visits, to the friend of the family, who promised to remonstrate with Mr. P. He, however, as will appear in the sequel, took a more certain mode of eradicating (for such was his word) the "abuse."

Mrs. Penny was doatingly fond of flowers. A Chiswick fete was, to her, "an opening scene of Paradise." Mr. Bearsfoot was a great amateur florist, and, besides, was a near neighbour of the Penny's. Two or three times—Mr. Penny insisted on eight—but certainly they were not more than five—Mr. Bearsfoot had walked with Mrs. Penny in the gardens at Kew. Now, as Mrs. Penny could not disguise her wonder that her husband should always wish to compare opinions with Mrs. Bluesoul on the appearance of every new novel, so neither could Mr. Penny repress his astonishment, that his wife could not enjoy auriculas, or a newly-blown aloe, without oral illustrations of their beauties by Mr. Bearsfoot. Mr. Solon, as the friend of the family, promised to remedy this second "abuse."

The Hon. Frederick Rustington continued to come among the Pennys, and poor Mary continued to grow paler and paler. Edmund Wilkins no longer visited the family; but, in his daily rides to and from town, would, checking his horse to a snail's pace, gaze at the windows and walls of the house; and then, as his steed bore him on, watch the smoke curling above the garden elms. Mary's doom was sealed—she was inevitably to become Mrs. Rustington:—her wedding-dress was made—the day arrived. The Hon. Mr. Rustington—and his mustachios were never more exuberant—was in attendance—and, in short, poor Mary, pale as a ghost, the redness of her lips transferred to her eyes, received the congratulations of her friends; as the Hon. Mrs. Rustington. A post-chaise and four was at the door, and the "happy couple" were about to start, to spend the honeymoon at the Lakes.

Some people have a vindictive pleasure in shattering the happiness of their neighbours:—they have, besides, a malicious instinct, as to fitness of time for their attack:—else how, above all other days, all other hours, could Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot, almost simultaneously, rush into the family circle of the Pennys, just as it had received the "crowning rose" to its domestic wreath, in the shape of a son-in-law—an "honourable!" However, there they were—both hot—"hissing hot" with jealousy; the monster looking greenly from their eyes, and storming in their tongues. When the company had somewhat recovered themselves from the first surprise, they learned, and, all of them respectable persons, were dreadfully shocked at the insinuations, that Mr. and Mrs. Penny had severally caused the most fatal dissensions at the firesides of the Bluesouls and the Bearsfoots. The literary visits and the walks in the Kew Gardens were touched upon by Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot in no measured phrase—and, in evidence of the gross imprudence (to use a lighter term than was adopted) of Mr. and Mrs. Penny,

each party held forth a letter, warning them of the intimacy of either helpmate, and predicting, unless an end were put to the intercourse, the most fatal results. Mr. and Mrs. Penny were thunderstruck. That such an imputation should be made, was dreadful—but at such a time, when her daughter had just undertaken the delicate, yet arduous duties of a wife—to be suspected, villified—"who—who could be the slanderer?" This question was loudly put, both by husband and wife, and more loudly echoed by every visitor. On this, Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot placed the letters in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Penny.—The mystery was solved—the calumniator was discovered—the writer was "the friend of the family!"

Mr. Penny was a pacific man; but, certainly, the vague thought of kicking Mr. Solon, darkened the serenity of his mind. He involuntarily lifted his foot, but his eye caught the bridal favours of his daughter—and, with the exception of a terrible look cast at Mr. Solon, he was passive. Mrs. Penny bit her lips, and, bursting into tears, looked as if she could fall tooth and nail on the friend of the family. She turned and fell upon the neck of her daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Rustington. Mr. Solon owned himself the author, at the same time expressed himself almost disgusted at the ingratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Penny. "He had done every thing for the best:—if he had highly coloured the danger, it was only that it might be more promptly avoided. He, however, had no wish to interfere with people's domestic affairs—he didn't wish to intrude—he could go to Swamp Hall!"

The charm of the day was broken:—the hy-meneal sun was obscured with clouds. The bride was dissolved in tears—the bride's father and mother looked gloomily at one another—the bridegroom twisted his mustachios—the guests were silent—Mr. Bluesoul and Mrs. Bearsfoot looked injured virtue—and the friend of the family looked at his nails. Matters were at this point, when the door was burst open, and in rushed three men—they—(but the solemnity of their mission demands the consequence of a new paragraph.)

Three men, of the most coarse and vulgar appearance, rushed in—and, looking neither to the right nor left, they made straight up to the Hon. Mr. Rustington, whom—shudder, ye nuptial loves! and Hymen drop an extinguisher on your flaming torch—they took in custody, on a charge of "forgery and swindling." Mrs. Rustington fainted—the guests exclaimed—Mr. Penny, who had lost all patience, clenched his fist in the friend of the family's face.

"Did you not—answer me—meddler, villain that you are—did you not say that you knew that man? did you not say, he had connexions in the colonies?"

"Lord love you, sir," replied one of the officers, "and so he has: for his brother and two uncles were transported last sessions!"

"Transported!" shrieked Mrs. Penny, "and has my dear Mary, married a convict?"

"Married your daughter, ma'am?" answered the same functionary, "why then we may clap to forgery and swindling, bigamy; for Charlotte Bunce, his lawful wife, an honest woman—takes in washing at Horsleydown!"

"Are you sure—tell me, are you sure," cried poor Mr. Penny, whose face was now as white as the wedding riband.

"Certain of it; you shall see her certificate 'afore you sleep."

The prisoner was removed. The guests, with the exception of two or three intimate acquaintances of the family, departed; and the Pennys remained in indescribable suspense for the return of the officer, that they might learn their fate. At length they heard a carriage dash up to the door, and in a moment Edward Wilkins rushed into the room—thrust a slip of paper into the hands of Mr. Penny, and snatching Mary from the neck of her mother, folded her in his arms, and kissed her, as though she had been restored to him from the dead.

The voice of Mr. Penny faltered, and the tears came to his eyes, as he read the certificate of marriage solemnized at Whitechapel church, between "Nicholas Bunce, bachelor, and Charlotte White, spinster." Added to this, was another witness in Mrs. Bunce herself, snatched from her washing-tub by the impatient Edmund Wilkins, and brought at full gallop to identify the Honourable Frederick Rustington, forger, swindler, and bigamist. If the reader ask, how it was that Mr. Wilkins should know so quickly of the intrusion of the police, with the existence and habitation of Mrs. Bunce, our only clue to

the mystery is afforded in the belief that he was a great favourite with Miss Mary Penny's maid, who sympathized with the unwilling bride, and heartily hated the Honourable Mr. Rustington.

All now was happiness, when the friend of the family ventured to enter on some explanation. Mr. Penny, with a sudden change of character, sometimes remarkable in greater persons than himself, "rose up like a pillar." He never had the look of a Socrates; but on the present occasion, there was a certain air of resolution, a strong significance of purpose in his face "that was not there before." The friend of the family began to stammer, when Mr. Penny, without uttering a word, made an eloquent reply, by pointing with his forefinger to the door. The friend of the family again essayed; Mr. Penny continued to point. Once more the friend wished to explain—Mr. Penny directed his finger inexorably to the door. "But one word," cried the friend of the family. Mr. Penny moved not his finger. The friend of the family walked out, and took the coach for Lincolnshire.

Three days after this Mary became Mrs. Wilkins. Some ten years afterwards, Mr. Penny read in the *Times*, the death of Nicodemus Solon, Esq. of Swamp Hall, Lincolnshire! The estate, mortgaged to treble its worth, descended as a disappointment to the money-lenders.

Again and again has Mr. Penny congratulated himself on the energy which made him cultivate and enjoy the substantial domain of his own home, and not sacrifice that real land of milk and honey to the visionary chance of the rever-sion of a Swamp Hall.

THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE.

WITHIN seven miles of Amiens stands the monastery of La Trappe, where, by the rules of their patron and founder, St. Bruno, hospitality is extended to all who demand it after the hour of sunset. Anxious to behold a society of men who had renounced all the social ties of life for penitence, and silence never to be broken but in prayer, I determined to avail myself of the privilege, and pass one night within their walls. On my summons at the lodge, the porter, with his shaven crown, in the white dress of his order, appeared at the grate; he listened to my demand in silence, and after awaiting the return of a lay-brother, with whom he communicated by signs, the iron barrier between us was removed, and I entered the gloomy precincts. The monastery is situated in an extensive park, much of which is cultivated by the brothers for domestic purposes. It reminded me of the architecture so common to the chateaus in Normandy; although evidently, from the ecclesiastic style of building, and arms upon the front and keystones, originally intended for religious purposes. The chapel, a Grecian building of modern date, is connected with the

great square by means of a gothic cloister, the interior of which serves as the cemetery of the order. In my progress through the park, I passed many of the monks variously engaged; some were weeding the ground, others gathering fruit, and one old man, with a venerable white beard, was wheeling a barrow filled with potatoes towards a ruined oratory, now used as a storehouse for their winter fruit. My guide, having conducted me to the reception room, left me to announce my arrival to his superior. Scarcely had I time to look around, and observe the word "silence" written in large letters on the walls, when the father of the hotel, so called from his office of receiving strangers, entered the apartment, attended by several novices bearing a repast of vegetable-soup, fish, fruit, and a sweet omelette. I was about to ask some question, but the monk placed before me a board with the rules of the house written on it both in French and Latin. I found that even visitors were enjoined the strictest silence during their repasts. Scarcely had I finished, when the bell commenced for vespers; and, being anxious to behold the

brotherhood assembled for the exercise of their faith, I hastened to the chapel, which delighted me by its simplicity and chaste proportions. The altar with its rood or crucifix, is entirely of white marble—no gaudy Saints, in brocade robes, and tinsel crowns, disfigured it. The candlesticks, and ever-burning lamp before it alone were of silver. The fraternity had taken their seats when I entered: the effect was picturesque and beautiful; between seventy and eighty Monks were ranged on either side of the Prior, in richly carved black oaken stalls, against which their white robes and graceful scapularies, presented a bold relief. Vespers were chaunted without the accompaniment of music, and produced upon the mind, an impression at once soothing and solemn. At the conclusion of the service, the Prior gave the signal to depart, by striking his crosier upon the pavement, when the brotherhood slowly left the chapel in procession, each bowing as he passed the altar and the elevated chair of his superior. As I was leaving the chapel, a fellow countryman, whose angular habiliments, like my own, had appeared misplaced, when contrasted with the flowing dresses of the Trappists, addressed me in the course of our walk through the cloisters; he informed me that his name was Spencer, and that he had resided as a boarder at the Monastery, for some months, but expected to quit it in the course of a few days, in consequence of his approaching ordination. I accepted his offer of showing me over the establishment, with pleasure, nor did he seem disinclined for a companion; indeed, the long silence he had been compelled to observe towards the Monks, must have been irksome to one who had no intention of entering their order. The first department to which he conducted me, was the refectory, a gothic hall, with a painted window and curiously carved roof—the evening repast was placed on platters of wood, and only consisted of bread, fruit, and water; the name of each brother was attached by a label to his seat. I retired just as the fraternity entered in procession, with the superior at the head, chaunting a Latin grace. The library is a long gallery leading from the refectory to the private apartments of the Prior. The books, chiefly old fathers of the church, are arranged in presses. The only valuable works were a few missals, exquisitely illuminated, and a curious MS. of Virgil, most laboriously illustrated by the pencil. Above the book-cases are a number of pictures, representing the life of St. Bruno, painted by Carlo Maratti, commencing with his retirement from the world—his refusal of the mitre—his miracles—and death, in the full odour of sanctity. I was on the point of leaving the gallery, when my guide remembered a volume of MS. poems, in English, written by a brother of the name of Eloi, his original one it was impossible to ascertain, that, after they have once taken the vows, being never repeated. Some of them were curious, and reminded me of the celebrated monkish rhymes. A short specimen may not prove uninteresting. It is from the Messiah:—

"A God and yet a man,
A maid and yet a mother,
Wit wonders how wit can
Conceive this or the other.

"A God and can he die,
A dead man can he live,
What wit can well reply,
What reason, reason give."

The poem concludes with an exhortation to faith. The Prior's apartment was by far the best furnished in the building; the walls hung with portraits of his predecessors; the windows of rich stained glass. Just as we returned from the dormitory, where the beds, on hard mattresses, are arranged upon wooden frames, the bell rung for strangers to retire to their rooms. The father of the hotel, who was in waiting, conducted me to mine, where I found the accommodations much superior to what I had anticipated. I was disturbed by the bell summoning the brothers to their midnight devotions. I willingly would have witnessed them, but was prevented, my cell being barred on the outside. This, however, excited no alarm, and I slept soundly till morning. After an early breakfast I departed, much pleased with my first, and perhaps, last visit, to the far-famed monastery of La Trappe.

CHILDHOOD.

THERE is in childhood a holy ignorance, a beautiful credulity, a sort of sanctity, that one cannot contemplate without something of the reverential feelings with which one should approach beings of a celestial nature. The impress of divine nature is, as it were, fresh on the infant spirit—fresh and unsullied by contact with this breathing world. One trembles lest an impure breath should dim the clearness of its bright mirror. And how perpetually must those who are in the habit of contemplating childhood—of studying the characters of little children—feel and repeat to their own hearts, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Aye, which of us, of the wisest among us, may not stoop to receive instruction and rebuke from the character of a little child. Which of us, by comparison with its divine simplicity, has not reason to blush for the littleness, the insincerity, the worldliness, the degeneracy of his own.

MEMORY.

LET any one who has arrived at that middle age of existence, when the delusive anticipations of youth have ceased to beguile, and when to look back is as easy as to look forward, be asked from what source he derives the purest and sweetest enjoyment, his answer will be, from MEMORY. The pleasures of his school-boy days, he will tell you, often rise in shadowy semblance to his mental view; associations then formed, and never to be forgot, seem to be renewed, and "the orchard, the meadow, and deep-tangled wild wood," are again trod by busy feet, and vocal with the jocund laugh of innocent childhood.

Original.

SPRING.

Look up to yon mountain of splendour, where Spring,
In his garments of green, sits enthron'd like a king;
His gems are of blossoms, his sceptre of rays,
And the birds are the minstrels who sing to his praise.

The winds are the heralds who trumpet his way,
Through mountain and valley, by night and by day;
Releasing, like knights, from their magic repose,
The lily's fair brow, and the long-prison'd rose.

At his feet is a carpet of velvet and green,
With cowslips and primroses wreathed between.
His dwelling's the air, and the earth, and the sea,
Yet his couch is a leaf of the peach blossom tree.

At his bidding the night-spirit comes from the deep,
And with spell-utter'd melody lulls him to sleep.
Morn steals to his pillow with footsteps of light,
And the fainting stars follow the farewell of night.

At morning, and noontide, and evening, the Spring
Is loved as a bridegroom and thron'd like a king;
His lifetime is pass'd 'mid the song giving bowers,
And his bier is bedewed with the weepings of flowers.

Fair Spring! in our love may we imitate thee,
Bright, bright as its morn may its evening be;
In sweetness to live, and in glory to set,
In pride to remember—in tears to regret: **ALPHA.**

THE THREE STARS.

BY KORNEE.

THERE are three cheering stars of light
O'er life's dark path that shine;
And these fair orbs, so pure and bright,
Are song, and love, and wine!

For oh! the soul of song hath power
To charm the feeling heart,
To soothe the mourner's sternest hour,
And bid his griefs depart!

And wine can lend to song its mirth,
Can joys unwonted bring,
And paint this fair and lovely earth
In charms of deathless spring.

But thou, oh love! of all the throng
Art fairest seen to shine,
For thou canst soothe the soul like song,
And cheer the heart like wine!

Then deign, fair orbs! to shed your ray
Along my path of gloom,
To guide me through life's lonely way,
And shine upon my tomb!

For oh! the song, the cup, the kiss,
Can make the night divine;
Then blest be he who found the bliss
Of song, and love, and wine!

FASHION IN MUSIC.

ENGLAND, more than any nation in the world, is governed by fashion. In other countries she may be powerful, but here she is omnipotent. She controls our opinions, our manners, our habits of social intercourse, our tastes; reconciling us to error in our judgments, discomfort in our lives, and barbarism in the fine arts. Music is a fashion at present, and therefore everybody is musical. The *ton*, as usual, is given by a few, and implicitly followed by the multitude. And the essence of fashion is absurdity: this quality displays itself abundantly in the manner in which music is cultivated by all ranks. The leaders of the *ton* have determined that English music is low, and that nothing is admissible into good company but what bears a name dropping from the tongue with Italian softness, or rattling in the throat with German gutturals. A familiar English name must not be mentioned to ears polite. Much is said about the general cultivation of music in England; but it may be more than doubted whether this sort of cultivation has tended to its advancement.

Far be it from us to say that the blessings of music—one of the most delightful gifts of our merciful Creator—are to be the exclusive portion of a few. It has been given us to sweeten our toils, to soothe our griefs, to excite our best and purest feelings, and to heighten the enjoyment of our happiest hours. Its influence is almost as extensive as that of the blessed sun himself, cheering and animating all nature. The capacity, therefore, of being “moved with concord of

sweet sounds” is denied to few, indeed, of the whole human race. But we abuse this, like every other good gift of Providence, by sacrificing the genuine delights which we could derive from music suited to our different degrees of taste and education, to a vain and heartless affectation and parade of technical learning and skill. Nor is this abuse confined to the uneducated; the example is set by the great masters of the art, and followed by the whole world of music. The productions of our native composers are entirely neglected, our national music is utterly despised, and we constantly suffer the vexation of hearing ladies (for example) who could sing with sweetness and feeling such things as are within the compass of their powers, insist on exhibiting a feeble mimicry of Sontag or Malibran. Nay, the folly descends to the tradesman's “fine daughter,” who awakens the echoes of Thames street, or Mincing Lane, with “Una voce poco fa,” or “Di tanti palpiti,” and astounds her auditors with strange noises on her piano, which she calls a Fantasia of Herz or Pixis.

This view of the present state of music is forced upon us, look which way we will. Among the composers of the present day (more particularly if we add those whom the world has recently lost) are to be found very great names; and many of their works will long survive them. Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Spohr, and Hummel, form only a part of this illustrious band. But even these great men have fallen into the error of mistaking the means for the end, of in-

dulging in difficulties for the sake of outdoing each other. They have ransacked their brains for strange modulations; and have put their fingers and instruments to the torture to achieve surprising feats of dexterity; while their auditors, bewildered by their intricacies, or wondering at their sleight-of-hand, have fancied themselves delighted with their music. It is true that this charge applies but partially to the great masters whom we have named; but it does apply to every one of them in a very serious degree; and the worst of it is, that their example has produced a set of artists of a lower grade, and yet possessed of talent enough to obtain popularity, in whose music display of difficulty is the principal feature. Beethoven himself, in his grand and expressive compositions for the piano-forte, introduced passages similar to those of which the music of Czerny, Herz, Pixis, &c. is almost entirely made up. And, while the powers of this noble instrument are daily extended by our manufacturers, those powers are every day more and more abused by our performers. What is the use of the mechanism by which our Clementis and Broadwoods have given it the mellowness of the voice, and almost the *sostenuto* of the violin, if it is to be used to exercise the two hands in galloping and clattering from one end of its keys to the other?—an employment at which some fashionable performer may be seen, at our concerts and in our drawing-rooms, working with unwearied perseverance for half an hour at a time. In the case of some performers, whose faculties have been devoted to the acquirement of this valuable accomplishment alone, such things occasion a smile; but when we see men of real genius and talent so employed, we are very differently affected. We have among us, however, at least one great performer, who has not been infected with the general contagion, and who, though equal to any of his cotemporaries in learning, richness of imagination, and power of hand, has never for a moment lost sight of the true end of his art;—we speak of John Cramer. Under his magic touch the instrument becomes an Italian voice, breathing the very soul of feeling, and supported by strains of harmony of inimitable richness and continuity, swelling like the loud peal of the organ, and dying away like the sinking tones of the Æolian harp. Of Cramer, too, it is to be said, to his immortal honour, that he alone, of all existing performers on the piano-forte, pays a true homage to the memory of Mozart, whose divine concertos, but for him, would have been forgotten for ever. While A will play only the music of A, and B that of B, Cramer, on the greatest occasions, when he calls into action all his powers, lays aside the music of Cramer, and takes that of Mozart—a noble trait of high-mindedness and classical spirit! Amid the prevailing vitiation of taste, it is pleasing to see that our countrymen are still able to value as they ought the qualities of this charming musician, whose impassioned simplicity never fails to give more universal delight than the most brilliant exhibitions of his rivals.

But this is a digression from which we must return. It is not in the case of piano-forte music alone that the general taste of composers and performers is corrupted. The same thing is the case with the violin. Look at the concertos of Viotti, those models of expression, grace, and purity; compare them with the fantasias of May-seder, and consider which of them are preferable as works of art. In general it may be said, that instrumental music is no longer composed with any due regard to regularity of design and symmetry of structure. The established forms of the concerto and the sonata are thrown aside, and all instrumental compositions, for public or private performance, consist of *fantasias, capriccios, pot-pourris*—any thing, in short, that releases the author from the fetters of art, and enables him to string together as many flourishing vagaries as he may think proper. Even the SYMPHONY, the noblest of all forms of instrumental music, is in danger of passing away. The Philharmonic Society, the very object of which is the support of the highest kinds of music, hardly ever performs a new symphony—a proof of the decay of this species of composition in the foreign schools; and this great institution would not perform an English symphony, however excellent, because English music is not the *fashion*. Of this spirit they have exhibited more than one instance: even that lesser kind of symphony, the opera-overture, has suffered a decay. An overture by Mozart, Cherubini, or Beethoven, was a highly-finished symphony in all respects but length and number of movements. An overture by Rossini, Auber, and the other popular writers of the day, is a tissue of showy passages and pretty airs, mixed with great bursts and masses of sound, but connected in no way save that of being in the same measure, and in the same or relative keys;—unless they have the further connexion of being picked out of the piece that follows. Weber, in the Freyschutz, set an example of this method of constructing an overture, and the plan has been highly praised, as giving the audience an idea of the subject of the piece. But, though Weber succeeded in producing a very masterly overture, yet we never could discover that any of its merit arose from its different *motivos* being afterwards heard in the opera. How is the audience, before having seen the piece, to foreknow, while hearing the overture, the passages which they are to hear again? Or, when the audience already know the piece, what are they to learn by hearing, before it begins, snatches of airs, &c. picked out of it? We confess we cannot see the *philosophy* of this plan. That Weber has linked together with wonderful ingenuity the fragments out of which he has constructed this overture, is certain; but it is equally certain, that if he imposed on himself this task for the reason which has been assigned, it was a needless one. If he did so for the sake of saving himself the trouble of imagining new subjects, that is another affair; and this supposition, indeed, is far from unlikely. Mozart, who certainly had no such system in composing his over-

tures, makes a part of the ghost-scene in Don Giovanni serve as the introduction to the overture of that piece. But this is the overture which he is said to have delayed writing till the night before the opera was performed. Even then, however, his principal movement, a highly finished and elaborate one, was written without having recourse to the opera for a single bar; and, after this Herculean labour, it was no wonder that he was glad to avail himself of something he had already written, possessing the character he required. Be this as it may, we are very far from being singular in considering the overture to the Freyschutz inferior, not only in symmetry and unity of design, but in grandeur and effect, to the "Il Flauto Magico," the "Egmont," and other *chef-d'œuvres* of Mozart and Beethoven; while, on the other hand, it is immeasurably superior to any other similar production of the present day.

In regard to vocal music it may be remarked, that it has been saved, by the limited powers of the voice, from so extensive a corruption as has fallen to the lot of instrumental music. Singers have always attempted to emulate the feats of instruments, and do not do so now more than they did a century ago. The Gabriellis and Cuzzonis of former times seem to have astonished the world by feats very similar to those of our Catalinis and Sontags. But even they have been compelled to acknowledge that the true empire of the voice lies in expression; and expression, therefore, has ever been the quality most cultivated by the greatest singers, and most valued by the public. Even vocal music, however, has descended since it reached the point to which it was raised by Cimarosa and Mozart. The Italian school has become more and more shallow, and the German more and more profound; while the cause of vocal music has been equally injured in either way. The love of display exhibits itself equally in both schools. The Mercadantes and Pacinis of Italy cover their trite airs and flimsy harmonies with a gaudy tissue of roulades and flourishes; while the Germans think all melody commonplace, even in a ballad, unless it wander through a variety of keys and is full of sharps and flats; and they encumber their scores with an overwhelming load of accompaniments.

There is certainly no lack of genius at present in the musical world. But the masters of the art seem to be afraid of simplicity, and to consider it as something synonymous with imbecility. They should be aware that, in all the fine arts, simplicity is a point to which an approach is gradually made in the progress towards perfection. "*Quæto facile quanto e difficile!*" exclaimed a great musician of a former age. When Mozart applied himself to compose, he was always sure of producing excellent music; but it must have been only in the happiest moments of inspiration that even his genius could give birth to "Batti, batti," or "Vedrai, carino," simple and inartificial as these lovely airs seem to be. Music, in the rudest periods of the art, was excessively

complex and difficult. Queen Elizabeth's "Virginal Booke" contains lessons full of passages that would put Moscheles or Hummel to their mettle: and in days when vocal music had neither melody nor meaning, the parts were combined with a degree of intricacy and contrivance which, even now, appears wonderful. As the art advanced, composers gradually learned to be simple; and, though they have for some time been retracing their steps, we earnestly hope they will learn to be simple again.

Such being the state of music among the masters of the art, its state must be similar among the *dilettanti* and the public. Whatever the professors are, the amateurs will endeavour, or affect to be. Every young lady of fashion must play or sing all that is played or sung by her fashionable master; and every young lady of fashion must be sedulously imitated by every young lady of no fashion. In this age, when it may be said more truly than at any former period, that "the toe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier," all ranks almost affect the manners and pursuits of the highest; and thus a wretched smattering of fashionable music (among other fashionable things) is universal. Such music can never be a source of real enjoyment, either to the smatterers themselves or any body else; it is merely one of the thousand and one forms of the prevailing affectation and vanity.

Were it from a genuine love of the art that music is so much cultivated by the public, that music only would be sought for which is truly calculated to give pleasure; there would no longer be a competition among professors for pre-eminence in the art of constructing puzzles, or of performing feats of musical legerdemain. He would then be most highly valued who best knew how to employ the resources of learning and execution, not to raise childish wonder, but to heighten the beauty and expression of his music. Then, too, there would no longer be an indiscriminate study of the same kind of music among all classes and degrees of society. Were music cultivated for its own sake, its higher and more difficult branches would form the pursuit of those who, from station in society and education, possessed the means of studying it successfully. Nor would this deprive those not so situated of their full measure of musical enjoyment; for there is much good music suited to the opportunities and capacities of persons in every class. Then, certainly, the general diffusion of music would not only advance the progress of the art, but would have a beneficial effect on the manners of the age, by adding to the amount of pure and innocent enjoyment.

Notwithstanding this universal cultivation of music, and the multitude of professors who swarm in every quarter, composition does not flourish in England. At the theatres, the new musical pieces are almost always the works of Italians, Germans, or Frenchmen; and in our concert-rooms and drawing-rooms there is the same exclusive choice of foreign music. Bishop is the last dramatic composer who has gained a consi-

derable reputation in England. For a number of years he enjoyed a sort of monopoly in the supply of theatrical music—a monopoly, however, of a legitimate kind, derived from the merit of his productions. He took Mozart for his model, imitating that master in his means of producing dramatic effect, the open and natural style of his melody, and the richness of his accompaniments. In those days, the works of the foreign masters were familiar only to the frequenters of the Italian Opera. But the memorable season when "Don Giovanni" was brought out at that theatre, under the administration of Mr. Ayrton, was the beginning of a musical revolution. That gigantic production became popular in an unexampled degree, and thousands ran to see it, who had never before dreamed of entering an Italian theatre. It was immediately found expedient to adapt it to the English stage. This was done by Mr. Bishop himself; and from that time commenced the decline of his favour as an original composer. A similar adaptation of "Figaro" was found to be equally attractive. Then came the brilliant Rossini with his "Barber of Seville," and Weber with his "Frey-schutz;" and the public would no longer rest satisfied with what Bishop, or any other English composer could do for them. Since then, the stage has depended for its support on *adaptations* of foreign operas; the works of Mozart, Rossini, Weber, Paer, Winter, Auber, and Boieldieu, having been successively laid under contribution for that purpose.

This expedient of supplying the stage with foreign music adapted to English words, is a clumsy one, and has many bad effects. There is an intimate relation between the language of a country and the style of melody which belongs to it. The peculiarities, for instance, of the Italian melody, are derived from the syllabic feet, accents, and inflexions of the language; and a style of melody, quite different from the Italian, arises out of these features of our own language. Compare a fine melody of Cimarosa with a fine melody of Purcell; observe the relation of the notes to the words, and the difference will be apparent. To transfer, therefore, the music of the one country to the language of the other, is to make a forced marriage which can never be happy. The Italian musical phrases lose their continuity and smoothness by the English consonants and short syllables; while the English words lose their force and expression by being drawn out, as much as possible, to suit the Italian musical prosody. All this is most injurious to the art, as it breaks that union between sense and sound which is essential to good vocal music. The adaptation of English words to German music is more practicable, but still liable to a similar objection; and there is another objection, equally strong in both cases: literary men of talent will not descend to the drudgery of cobbling up these adapted pieces; which, accordingly—with an exception or two—are full of ignorance, awkwardness, and bad taste.

We are far from regretting, however, the pro-

duction of some of these foreign masterpieces on the English stage. Even under the great disadvantage which we have just noticed, they are admirable models of dramatic composition, and would have been of great benefit to our native school had it not been for the baleful influence of fashion. When it became the fashion to admire these foreign works, it became (*more Anglico*) the fashion to despise our native productions; and, in place of our artists having been stimulated and encouraged to exert their best powers, they have been chilled, disheartened, and absolutely driven from the field. How much better they have ordered this matter in France! The French school of music, till lately, was wretched. The national taste was bad; and they had not a single native composer who was truly great. Till within the memory of the present generation, every advancement in French music was effected by foreigners. Even those whose music became most eminently national—Lulli and Gretry—were foreigners; the one an Italian, and the other a Liegeois, with an Italian education. The French have had a succession of Italian and German composers constantly resident in Paris, and engaged in writing for their national opera. In this manner the talents of Gluck, Piccini, Cherubini, and, lastly, Rossini, have been employed; and the effect has been, that the French school is now as excellent as it was formerly execrable. The French have had too strong a spirit of nationality to allow fashion to prejudice them against their own countrymen; and even when these great foreigners were producing their finest works, the productions of the French artists, when they deserved it, were hailed with pleasure and pride. Mehul was not despised because Gluck was the great object of admiration; and, more recently, Auber and Boieldieu have not been crushed by the weight of Cherubini and Rossini. The consequence is, that France is now repaying her debt to Germany and Italy; and the operas of her composers are delighting the inhabitants of Naples and Vienna.

Is there less musical talent in England than in France? Our whole musical history proves the reverse. England can furnish her *contingent* of illustrious names from the very infancy of the art; and, at this moment, London possesses many artists of high talent in every department of music, who are evidently deterred from exerting their faculties by the chilling indifference with which every thing English is received. It is unlucky, too, that the most recent attempts have been made by composers of an inferior class, who, by their clumsy mimicry of the German masters, have given too much reason for their failure; while our composers of the highest rank have retired from the field, seemingly in disappointment and disgust. But we trust they will not be totally discouraged; indications of a better spirit are of late observable. It is *beginning* to be the fashion to pay some attention to native talent; and a really good English opera would probably now meet with justice from the public.

Original.

THE KNIGHTS OF CALATRAVA;

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TALE OF RONCESVALLES."

"WHAT tidings from the host," demanded the King of Arragon, as he thoughtfully paced the floor of the lofty presence-chamber of his palace at Toledo; "have our brave knights been enabled to maintain the fortress, or must it fall into the hands of the false followers of the Prophet of Mecca?"

"There are rumours, my Lord," was the respectful answer of the page, to whom these questions were addressed, "of loss and defeat to its defenders, but no messenger has arrived who might bring us certain intelligence."

"I fear me much," said the monarch, in an under tone, "that this bright jewel will be torn from my diadem," and he relapsed into a moody silence.

The youthful attendant, too dutiful to interrupt his meditations, retired to the recess of a richly carved gothic window, and in a standing position surveyed the extended landscape. He had not remained long in this situation, when the bright gleam of spear and cuirass, denoted the approach of a body of mailed warriors. The sudden and indistinct expression of surprize occasioned by this circumstance, drew upon the page the attention of the monarch.

"What see'st thou, Ferdinand?" he exclaimed, "that thou evincest such agitation; are the Moors upon us?"

"No, by my faith!" was the energetic reply; "a goodly array, bearing the banner of the Temple, is advancing towards Toledo."

"Calatrava is safe," joyfully exclaimed the king; "the brave soldiers would else have perished in its defence. Let our court," he added, "be assembled, that due honour and respect may await those, whose skill and heroism proclaim them the chief bulwark of our throne."

But the nearer approach of the chosen troops, disclosed not the tokens of triumphant exultation, which the ardent imagination of the monarch had anticipated; and they sped over the wide heath, more like a company of pilgrims, than a chivalric array, returning from the won battle-field. No joyous shout burst from the stately ranks—the trumpet's voice was hushed—and the torn and soiled banner hung drooping from the dented staff. On the countenances of many of the knights composing the martial throng, the stern expression of pain, firmly endured, arising from the hastily dressed wound, could be observed; while the features of others disclosed the existence of some deep and absorbing reflection. Occasionally, the glances from their eyes were fierce, haughty, and confident, their lances would be grasped more firmly, and the bearing of the steel-clad soldiers indicated the high spirit of chivalry, that could not, under the most adverse circumstances, be re-

pressed or subdued. At length, the principal object of the march was attained, and leaving the rest of the body to the proffered accommodations of the palace, their leader, and chief commanders, were ushered into the presence of the king and his assembled court. The Knights of the Cross regarded not the admiring glances of the glittering throng of lords and ladies, that crowded the royal apartment, but slowly proceeded to the foot of the throne, and awaited in respectful silence, the address of the monarch. "The chivalry of the Temple are welcome," was the kingly salutation, "and we are indebted to the zeal which urges them to communicate, though at the expense of much labour, the intelligence of their success: Calatrava has been bravely defended."

"The glorious standard of Arragon," was the calm and somewhat saddened reply of the commander, Bertrand de Longueville, "still floats over the fortress; but it was no vain desire of display that brought us hither; the banner of the Temple has waved, and our war-cry has been heard in battle, for the last time in Spain."

A shudder of horror and amazement pervaded the listening group at this declaration, while the monarch, almost starting from his seat, exclaimed in a hurried tone,

"Do the Knights Templars, to whom was entrusted the defence of the important fortress, express their determination to abandon their high charge, even at the time of its greatest peril? I may not," he added, "impeach your valour, but such a resolution is fraught with shame, and loss, and disaster, to the holy cause in which we are at present engaged."

"Some eight years since," was the reply of De Longueville, "your gracious ancestor, King Don Alfonso, entrusted the extensive fortress of Calatrava to the keeping of the Knights of the Temple; and, though I myself say it, right well and valiantly has the duty been performed. By night, and by day," he proceeded, with more animation, "in storm, and in sunshine, have our battle-shouts been heard even above the pealing Teccbir, and thousands of the mis-believers have met their fate, by the lances of the soldiers of the cross. But all their efforts are vain and useless. The best and bravest of our band lie before the walls, and in the trenches of Calatrava, while hosts of barbarians from Africa supply the places of their slain comrades, and swell the number of the false followers of the Prophet. The last stand made, two days since, to stem the torrent, though we shed our blood like water, and remained masters of the field, served but little else than to show our desperate and unavailing resistance. Our task is done, and I resign unto the Lord King Don

Sancho, the charter which gave our order the possession of the fortress of Calatrava." As he thus spoke, he handed the parchment to the king, who received it with a slight acknowledgment of acquiescence, and the champion of the Cross proceeded; "Fresh bodies of infidels, as I have even now mentioned, are daily joining the ranks of their countrymen, eager for the assault of the doomed fortress, and it were pity to subject the slender garrison to the calamity that threatens to overwhelm them. To withdraw the brave soldiers, ere it be too late, would be wise policy!"

"By St. Jago! Sir Knight," exclaimed the king, "we can dispense with your advice, since you are so sparing of your services. There is no lack," he added, "of knights and gentlemen in Spain, to peril their lives and honour in the sacred cause of God and freedom; while the chivalry of the Temple withdraw from the contest and devote themselves to ease and inglorious inaction."

"Our warfare ceases only in the grave," was the calm reply of de Longueville to the taunt, "we go hence to defend the holy sepulchre from pollution, since our services here are of no avail, and in obedience to the behests of our superior. The war-cry of the Temple," he added, "shall re-echo amid the once fertile, but now desolate plains of Palestine, and the sands of the desert shall witness the triumph, or drink the blood of the sworn soldier of the Cross."

"Forgive me, De Longueville," was the frank observation of Don Sancho, "my hasty speech: we must not part in anger with those, whose valour has been the bulwark of our faith, and support of our throne. Accept this," he added, as he took a chain of gold, to which a jewelled cross was attached, from his person, "as a token of regard and respect, for your worth and services."

The Templar accepted the rich gift, with an indifference which expressed a sense of his own deserts, and suspending it over the red badge of his order, took his leave, and with his associates withdrew from the royal presence.

A deep silence pervaded the apartment during this interesting interview, and gathering emotions of gloom and sadness filled the bosoms of the courtiers as the knights departed, and their heavy tread was heard descending the lofty stairway. They inwardly shuddered as they thought upon the tide of Moslem conquest, swelling with devastating fury, now that the last barrier to its progress was removed, and instinctively turned towards the king to elicit from his countenance, some hope or mitigation of the expected calamity. But the monarch had thrown himself back in his chair of state, the moment De Longueville departed, and with his face shaded by his hand, sat absorbed in deep meditation. The tramp of the warrior band, as it told the signal for its march, succeeded by a bursting shout, "for the Temple!" dispelled the trance-like silence of the presence chamber.

"Let my heralds," said Don Sancho, rising

with dignity, "proclaim throughout Arragon, that I, the King, will confer the possession of the Fortress of Calatrava upon such Barons, Knights, or Gentlemen, who, in its hour of danger and distress, will undertake to defend it from the misbelievers;" and, waving his hand dismissed the court.

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The brethren of the Convent of St. Mary, had received the benediction at the close of the evening service, and were retiring silently through the dim aisles of the chapel, to their respective places of rest and meditation. But there was one among the cowed assembly, upon whom the pealing anthem, the sacred homily, or the intensity of his own thoughts, seemed to have made a deep impression. He heeded not the departure of those around him, but retained the same station he had occupied during the performance of the religious exercises, and stood leaning his head upon his arm, which rested against a fretted column.

"Thou seemest disquieted, brother Ambrose," for by that name he was known in the convent, said the Abbot, addressing him, "and I would fain, if in my power, relieve thy uneasiness. The strict rules of our order, may press too heavily upon thy weakened body, or sickness may have caused this unusual dejection. And yet," he added, "I know not if I am right in so terming thy abstraction, for even during the solemn service, I observed thine eye to brighten with a lustre, more dazzling than the rays from the jewelled cross, the gift of the royal Alfonso. How am I to understand the exhibition of such opposite emotions?"

"I have been too long accustomed," replied the monk, "to the rigid severity of the convent, to feel aught of the hardships it may impose, nor does sickness or indisposition press its debilitating hand upon me. When but a short period since, the thrilling anthem pealed loudest, sounding the triumphs of Jehovah over the heathen, and the discourse explaining the character and beauty of our pure faith, filled my bosom with holy awe and admiration, the sound of the Moorish atabal seemed to ring in my ears, and the voice of the Imaun, extolling the camel-driver of Mecca, above the Saviour of the world, to proceed from yon altar. It might be, that indignation at the proud confidence of the misbelievers, as if their boasted crescent had never been trampled in the dust, mingled with my meditation, on the threatened calamity. Thou well knowest," he continued, "that the chivalry of the Temple, have abandoned in despair, the defence of the fortress of Calatrava, the chief barrier against Moslem conquest, and the royal city of Toledo, the convent of St. Mary, and this fair portion of Spain, will soon, unless aid is received, be involved in one common ruin."

"Thou mayest well lament, my son," was the sorrowful response of his superior; "the distress and desolation about to be brought upon us, by the ruthless hordes of misbelieving Afri-

cans. All that we could do, has been done, to avert the terrible catastrophe. Day and night have our prayers and petitions for deliverance ascended to Heaven. Our vigils and penances have been redoubled, and like the royal psalmist have I watered my couch with my tears."—"Ere long," proceeded the Abbot, "we must leave these peaceful and holy walls, and seek some remote province, where, undisturbed and unmocked, we can perform our devotions to the most High. To His will we must submit."

The monk, Ambrose, had hitherto remained in the same position, and exhibited the same tokens of thoughtful dejection, as when first addressed by the Abbot. But the words of the father were scarce uttered, when he threw himself from the supporting pillar, and standing erect, exclaimed in a voice, that was loudly echoed from vaulted ceiling and sculptured wall—"We must never abandon the House of God to defilement, but rather die fighting bravely in its defence. The turbaned infidel shall boast neither of our flight nor of our submission. We will accept the offer of the king of Arragon, and with God's blessing, preserve the fortress from their impious hands, and the slaves of the Caliph shall long have occasion to remember the faith and valour of the cloistered Knights of Calatrava."

Some moments elapsed, ere the Abbot could, in his surprise at the sudden conversion of one of the most quiet and submissive members of the community, into the resolute and daring soldier, find utterance for a reply.

"Thy enthusiasm is commendable," he at length exclaimed, "but I am fearful it will avail but little in our hour of need. The crown of the martyr, and not the wreath of the warrior, must be the object of our ambition. Thou saidst even now, that the well-trained chivalry of the Temple, have retired from the unavailing contest."

"The Red Cross Knights," was the more calm reply of the monk, "are called by duty to Palestine, to aid their brethren in defending the holy sepulchre, which is threatened by the Saracens. They are, besides, strangers and foreigners in the land, and the Spanish blood courses in the veins of but few of their number. But time presses; with your leave, we will assemble the whole fraternity in the hall of the convent, and I will lay my proposition before them."

His superior assented, and their departing footsteps were re-echoed with a hollow sound from the stony pavement, and deserted galleries.

Our story must now revert to the palace of the king of Arragon. In a small apartment, opening into one of larger dimensions, sat its princely owner, who, absorbed in painful and dispiriting meditation, heeded not the gathering gloom, for it was eventide, that enveloped the objects it contained, in a shadowy indistinctness. And well might the monarch of Arragon, indulge in sad and dark forebodings. At this period, the turbaned followers of the Prophet of Mecca, were engaged in a desperate effort to recover their lost provinces, and their immense superior-

ity of numbers gave the haughty warriors an assurance of complete success. The knights and nobles, the chivalry of Spain, worn down by incessant and strenuous exertion, had generally retired to their fortresses, as well for the purpose of gaining a short respite, as to place them in such a state of defence, as might defy the fierce impetuosity of the ruthless African. The hardy soldier of the Temple, had, as we have seen, abandoned, as vain, the further defence of Calatrava, and no voice responded to the call of the king, accepting the important charge. Toledo, the royal metropolis, won from the Moors by the valour of his ancestors, almost destitute of defenders, could oppose but a feeble resistance to the furious torrent, and the martial labour of years, seemed about to be destroyed in the lapse of a few weeks. The wild thoughts elicited by a review of these untoward circumstances, tormented the imagination of the king of Arragon, and rested sullenly upon one unbroken picture of defeat, desolation, and despair. These painful reflections were interrupted by the entrance of the page, Ferdinand, with the intelligence that the monk, Ambrose, and eleven brethren of the convent of St. Mary, earnestly entreated speech of the king.

"Were it not," muttered Don Sancho, "for these adverse times," as he gave a somewhat reluctant consent, "I should suppose they came to ask, or rather demand a broader valley for the flocks of the society, or some additional privilege; but now it is penance to the king for his transgressions, ere he can expect deliverance. By the saint! I have endured more suffering for the last three weeks, than was ever imposed by the most rigid head of a monastery upon his erring brethren. But they shall not," he added, with a feeling of kingly pride, as he advanced to the larger apartment, and seated himself in a chair of state, "observe the misery and wretchedness that oppress me."

Yet it is no easy matter, even for a monarch, to assume a placid brow, while the heart is rent with internal anxiety; and he had scarce acquired the requisite calmness, when his cowed visitors were introduced.

"Ye are welcome, brethren of St. Mary, to Toledo," was Don Sancho's salutation, as he slightly acknowledged their respectful homage, upon entering the apartment, "and I would fain know, for time at the present conjuncture is precious, to what I am indebted for the favour of this visit?"

"Some three weeks since," was the answer of the monk, Ambrose, "it was proclaimed throughout Arragon, that the king, Don Sancho, would confer the fortress of Calatrava, and its possessions, upon those who would undertake to keep it safe and harmless from the assaults of the misbelieving Moors, and we come authorized by the different convents and stations of the holy order of St. Mary, to accept in their behalf, the arduous but honourable trust."

"To your books, and your beads, Sir Priests," exclaimed the monarch in a passionate tone, the

moment he understood the purpose of their mission; "this is no period for mockery or jest: but if your proposal be made seriously, by my faith, I would rather place lance and blade in the hands of the women of Toledo, and rely on their aid," and he laughed in very scorn and bitterness.

"The proposition," answered Ambrose calmly, "has not been made lightly, nor without consideration, and we would urge it upon your deliberate and unprejudiced attention."

"And was the danger, the difficulty, the impossibility of the enterprize," demanded the king, "placed before your sage council? Even the daring and well-trained chivalry of the Temple," he went on, "have quailed before the barbarian host, and I am asked to entrust the fortress their daring valour could not protect, to the hands of the unwarlike and peaceful inmates of a convent. By St. Jago! it passes belief and patience, and it is well the communication was made in private, rather than before my assembled court."

"The knights of the holy Temple," was the modest remark of the monk, "are not always in the red battle-field: they too are governed by monastic rules, and when the strife is over, assuming the cowl for the helmet, they retire to their lonely cells, for prayer and meditation."

"Now, by my faith," exclaimed the king, in derision, "it is a pleasant matter to hear these sluggards of St. Mary, compare themselves with the most approved soldiers in the world."

"And why should they not?" said the speaker, Ambrose, in a firm, manly voice, no longer concealing his intense emotions; "why should not the monks of St. Mary be named at the same time with the soldier-priests of the Temple? Do the warriors of the cross endure with patience hunger and cold, fatigue, and watchfulness?—our fasts and vigils have prepared our bodies for a similar display of fortitude. Can they suffer, without sigh or groan, pain and torture?—even in the midst of the blazing faggots, the brow of the most youthful of my associates, would be as tranquil as the sleeping lake at noon-day. A thousand brethren of the several convents of our order await but your assent, to take steed and lance, and rescue the devoted fortress from the infidel, or perish before its walls."

During the delivery of this spirited appeal, the surprise of the monarch was extreme, and his gaze rested earnestly on the group before him, as if seeking to detect some deception in the assumed character of those composing it. A pause of some duration ensued—the delegates of St. Mary awaiting respectfully the decision of the king. But it was not given at once. His first impulse was to accept their proffered services, as a desperate remedy for the evils that surrounded him, but feelings of doubt and uncertainty resumed their sway, and restrained its immediate expression. "There is some difference," he thought, "between enduring privations and sufferings, with a fortitude induced by habit and a sense of religion, and to dash boldly and fearlessly, amid the frowning ranks of fierce and

fanatic enemies. They are still but monks and priests."

"Who is there," he demanded, in a tone and manner in which decision was blended with a spirit of anxious inquiry, "to lead these brethren of the convent to battle, and emulate the deeds of the brave De Longueville?"

"One," replied the monk, "whose blade is as keen as that renowned warrior's, and whose war-shout has as loudly mingled with the discordant *tecbir*—Diego Velasquez; and the same duty which led him within the walls of a cloister, now urges him to the battle-field." As he said this, he removed the hood that had partially concealed his face, and displayed to the king his well-known features.

"I had long supposed thee dead," exclaimed Don Sancho, warmly grasping his hand; "and well remember the gloom that overspread Toledo, upon the disappearance of one of the best knights of Arragon. My prayers to Heaven," he added, "for aid and deliverance, have been answered even when I had despaired of its favour. Thy proffer is most willingly accepted, and I entrust the fortress of Calatrava to thyself and associates, in the full confidence, that it will yet be preserved from the false misbelievers. The charter of possession shall be delivered to-morrow."

"We will do our best," said Diego Velasquez, as he took his departure with his companions, "but from God alone cometh the victory."

* * * * *

It was almost midnight, yet the Moorish camp which held in leaguer the fortress of Calatrava, exhibited little of the silence and loneliness peculiar to that hour. Groups of chieftains and officers were to be seen reclining on the grass, or sauntering listlessly along the banks of the Guadiana, while those of meaner rank, unchecked by any severity of discipline, were holding discourse with the sentinels, or listening to the animated strains of the wandering story-teller. Bursts of harsh music from the horn, or atabal, would occasionally rise above the hum of the multitude, conveying to the warrior's bosom the thrilling recollection of some glorious battle-field; and at times, too, the peaceful harp or lute, more in accordance with the mild spirit of the scene, breathed forth the tender lay of love, or sang the beauties of the shady groves and verdant pastures of the happy Arabia. A moon of unrivalled brilliancy shed a rich lustre over the landscape, lending a snowy whiteness to the graceful drapery of the tent, and causing the surface of the river to glow like a mirror of silver. The standard of the Prophet, firmly planted amid the luxuriant grass, hung sullenly around its massy staff, as if scorning the tranquil scene, and sighing for the tempestuous atmosphere of battle. In the distance, the renowned fortress, its frowning front unilluminated by the oblique rays of the moon, rose like a huge mountain from the plain, or the grim evening-cloud, when the orb of day sinks angrily into the bosom

of ocean. But it was not alone the attractive splendour of the balmy summer night that beguiled the hardy soldiers of their repose. The few remaining defenders of Calatrava, despairing of a successful defence, especially since the departure of the Temple knights, had entered into a convention for its surrender, unless previously relieved, at the expiration of a week from the date of the capitulation. The extreme reluctance of the Christians to yield up the important post, induced them to insist on the latest period for its execution, and the midnight of the seventh day, was designated as the time for the fulfilment of the treaty. This term had now almost expired, and as the hour when the crescent should displace the standard of Arragon from the lofty towers drew near, the wakefulness and stir, among the Moslems, denoted their intention of availing themselves of their good fortune, without unnecessary delay.

Amid a luxuriant orange grove that adorned the verdant margin of the Guadiana, the Lady Zara, the daughter of the Moorish leader Abdallah, and her principal female attendants, were seated on embroidered cushions, while a crowd of princes and captains, formed an admiring circle round the object of attraction.

"How beautiful," was the observation of the Lady Zara, as she directed her animated glance towards the river, "are the moonbeams playing on the calm surface of the Guadiana, and how soothing the murmur of the crystal ripples, as they lave the flowery shore!"

"The scene is fair," said the veteran Chebar, looking for a moment upon the object of her admiration, "but the rays of the full moon, streaming upon the marble palace of the Spanish king, at Toledo, and the crescent waving in triumph over the city, would to me be a far more splendid spectacle."

"I have seen," observed the young Prince of Cordoba, gazing for an instant upon the lovely features of the daughter of Abdallah, but partially concealed by the transparent veil, "a sight far more beautiful than moonlit stream or palace, and have heard even now, a sound softer than the murmur of the sparkling ripples of the Guadiana!"

"To what next am I to be compared?" said Zara, playfully, in answer to the compliment; "the descendants of the Prophet are celebrated for fervour of imagination, and the romantic scenery of Spain is well adapted to give it scope and exercise. And yet," she added, "it would afford me much gratification to behold the royal palace of Toledo, either in the pale moonlight, or by the gorgeous blaze of the noontide sun. When I was at Cordoba, I heard much of the grandeur and stern magnificence of the ancient metropolis."

"The Lady Zara will soon enjoy that pleasure," observed the chieftain Chebar, "ere many days, the crescent of the Prophet shall wave in proud defiance over the boasted city of the misbelievers."

"The knights of the Temple," said Zara,

archly, "have retired from the contest, and your march will be probably unopposed."

"By the turban of Mahomet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordoba, "it matters but little whether the dogs of the Temple are in the field or not. But they have acted wisely in not daring longer, to oppose our invincible host."

"When we regain possession," remarked another chieftain, playing with the gemmed hilt of his scymetar, "of the metropolis, formerly won by Moorish valour, the united force of all the misbelievers in Spain, though commanded by a second Pelago, shall not be able to expel us."

"By the might of Allah!" said the leader of the expedition, taking part in the conversation, "not only Toledo, but the remotest province shall be added to the dominions of the Caliph, and the north as well as the south resound with invocations to the Prophet of God. The hour is already at hand, when the surrender of Calatrava will usher in the commencement of a glorious series of successful achievements. Let the fleetest steed, Selim," he added, addressing one of the company, "be prepared to convey to the faithful at Cordoba, the earliest tidings of the fall of the fortress of the infidel."

"Thou seemest sad, Almanzor," observed the Lady Zara, upon the departure of the officer, to a young chieftain who wore a green turban, and was otherwise richly apparelled; "does the splendour of the moonlit scenery, or the anticipation of conquest to the Moslem arms, which swells with triumph every bosom, fill thine with dejection?"

"I have this evening," readily answered the chieftain, "been pondering on two circumstances, which, though happening at distant intervals, have reference to the same event. But it is useless to trouble the daughter of Abdallah and this company, with the recital."

"Nay," exclaimed the Lady Zara, "a story would add much to the enjoyment of this delightful hour, and it will not be the less acceptable if it be tinged with the hue of romance or melancholy."

"As we were lazily crossing the desert," said the descendant of the Prophet, commencing his narrative, "an old man, who called himself a Syrian soothsayer, joined our train. His dress and general appearance were strange; and upon his offering to read me a page from the book of futurity, I ordered the caravan to halt, and a tent to be pitched. When we were alone, after many curious ceremonies and long pauses, he told me I should die in Spain near the Castle of Calatrava. I received the intelligence with indifference, and have seldom thought upon such a common adventure; but last night, I had a dream or vision, which forcibly recalled to my remembrance the prediction of the soothsayer, uttered long since. It seemed such a night as this, when the moon gave distinctness to surrounding objects, that our camp was suddenly assailed by the bands of the misbelievers. I had scarcely mounted my steed, when a warrior

having a white cross on his breast, attacked me, and in spite of my resistance, transfixed me with his lance."

"What should a soldier dream of but the battle-field?" exclaimed Abdallah, interrupting the narration; "I have, myself, a thousand times, seen in my sleep the fierce conflict; nor, by the Prophet! does it become a soldier of the crescent, to be annoyed or disturbed by the idle caprices of the imagination."

"It moves me not," was the reply, "neither does it disturb me; but the vividness of the scene compels me to regard the occurrence as of singular character. The fortress of Calatrava, with its dark battlements and towers, appeared as seen in the distance—the Gaudiana rolled with a gentle murmur its bright ripples—the camp exhibited the same stirring, animated appearance as at present, and I can readily point to the very spot where I was overthrown and slain by my fierce antagonist."

"We are governed by Destiny," observed the chieftain, Abdallah, "nor can all the soothsayers or astrologers in the world anticipate, or retard, its unerring decrees."

The pause which succeeded the remark of the Moorish commander was interrupted by a note of distant music, borne on the awakening midnight breeze, that mingled with, without overpowering the strains of the cymbal and lute, the soothing dash of the river, and the rustling of the silken folds of the standard. It arrested instant attention, and the party awaited in some suspense for a repetition.

"By the turban of the Prophet!" exclaimed the Prince of Cordoba, "it was no Moorish horn or atabal; to me it sounded like the trump of the dogs of the Temple."

"The garrison of the fortress," answered Abdallah carelessly, "are coming to deliver us the keys; they have anticipated the appointed period by a few moments only."

He had scarce uttered these words, when a fierce and startling blast filled the air, and some moments elapsed, ere its tremendous echoes ceased.

"What a dismal—what a dreadful sound!" exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, while a faint scream burst from her affrighted attendants; "it seemed as if the trump of the angel of death rang in my ears."

But her last remark was unheeded in the rising tumult. The shrill notes of the atabal—the harsh tones of the Moorish horn—the stirring cries of Allah acbar!—to arms!—and the quick tramp of the war-steed, were all mingled in one common din, and the peaceful moonlit camp was, as if by magic, converted into a scene of wild and tumultuous confusion. Ere the hasty preparations for battle were completed, a dark body was seen to advance, slowly and steadily towards the encampment. A dazzling splendour—the gleam of a thousand lances, like the vivid streak of the portentous storm—cloud-edged the upper surface of the moving mass.

"By the scymetar of the Prophet," exclaimed

the veteran Chebar, who made one of a small party, that, a little in advance, was engaged in observing the motions of the enemy, "the dogs of the Temple are again in the field."

"It is rather," said Abdallah, "the feeble endeavour of the old men and boys of Toledo, to frighten us from Calatrava, and preserve their famed metropolis. We shall achieve two victories at once."

By this time the ardent soldiers were completely arrayed for battle. Ten thousand scymetars flashed fiercely, and ten thousand voices shouted the formidable techir.

"I will lead my warriors against the infidels," said the Prince of Cordoba to the Moorish commander, "and ere the sand hath told the sixth portion of an hour, yon plain shall be as free from an enemy, as the desert is destitute of vegetation."

A wave of Abdallah's blade was his answer, and the earth trembled under the rapid charge of the eager cavalry. Aware of the impetuosity of the Moorish soldiers, the Christians halted, and presenting a firm front, sustained, not only without shrinking, but repelled the furious assault. Again, the atabal sounded the charge, and again the followers of the Prophet, with loud shouts, threw themselves upon the serried lances. But the defenders of Calatrava still maintained the same unyielding and martial front, in despite of the tempest-like onset of the Moslem cavalry, preserving the while a stern silence, which was strikingly contrasted with the rude clamour that burst from the ranks of their turbaned enemies. A second time were the Africans driven back, after suffering severe loss; and when the officers were preparing to lead to a third attack, the diminished numbers of their troops, they sullenly refused to advance. In the mean time the Moorish commander awaited with a feeling of indifference, the encounter of the Prince of Cordoba with the unexpected enemy, being assured of its successful termination.

"By the Prophet of Allah!" he exclaimed, in some surprise, upon beholding the repulse of his countrymen, "the eager haste of our soldiers has been the cause of their check; let them advance in more compact order, and the defeat of the misbelievers is certain. Amazement held the chieftain mute, as the disastrous results of the second attack, in despite of his prejudices, became apparent.

"May the wrath of Eblis pursue the recreants," he muttered, giving way to his indignation, as he beheld the reluctance of the Moslems to encounter a third time their formidable adversaries, and was about spurring his charger to the scene, when the Prince of Cordoba presented himself. His green turban, (for he boasted his descent from the Prophet,) was torn and soiled, his armour of the same colour, was dyed a deep crimson, and his right arm hung bleeding and powerless by his side. "By Allah! I have seen a strange sight," was the angry salutation of the Moorish leader, unheeding the distressed appearance of his officer; "thy thousand warriors recoiled from an equal number of infidels, like

the gazelle from the savage leopard. Is it the first time they have been engaged with the dogs of the Temple?"

"Yonder array," was the faint reply of the Prince of Cordoba, "consists not of the red-cross soldiers, nor did they in the most desperate conflict, ever exhibit such valour and stubbornness, as those whom we have just encountered!"

"By the turban of Mahomet!" said Abdallah fiercely, "I could have excused thy failure, were thy opponents the stern warriors led by De Longueville; but cowardice or treachery has brought this dishonour upon the crescent, and it shall be strictly looked into."

The brow of the unfortunate prince, vied in colour with the deep hue of his armour, at the imputation, and his left hand sought the hilt of his scymetar; but ere he could raise the weapon, strength and life failed him, and he fell stiff, and heavily to the earth. The bosom of Abdallah glowed with the most intense passion, yet his voice and manner were calm, as he ordered the whole army to advance. But the soldiers had scarce moved from their stations, when for the first time, the thrilling war-shout of "God and St. Jago for Spain!" uprose from the ranks the Christians, and the hitherto motionless body rushed boldly and impetuously against the advancing squadrons. The fiery fanaticism of the Moors, the chief source of all their victories, was opposed by the stern enthusiasm of their adversaries, and, after the lapse of an hour, the victory remained undecided. While the combat still raged with undiminished fierceness, the emotions of those not immediately engaged in its sanguinary labours, were of the most intense and interesting character. The Lady Zara and her attendants, had retired on the first alarm, to the centre of the extensive encampment, and every moment she expected to hear the shouts of Moorish triumph. But the wild tumult of the midnight strife continued unabated, and while the animating tecbir pealed widely, the swelling war-cry of the foe rang as sharply, ever and anon blended with the portentous echoes of the appalling trumpet.

"That dreadful sound," exclaimed the daughter of Abdallah, as a louder and nearer blast fell startlingly upon her ears, "and, holy Prophet! it seemeth to proceed from the camp itself."

Ere her attendants could reply, the form of a warrior, was seen to advance slowly and with exertion, to the station they occupied.

"How goes the battle, Almanzor?" said the Lady Zara, as she recognized the chieftain; "we have been more than an hour in a fearful state of suspense."

"It is all over," was the faint reply; "the mis-believers are storming the camp."

A shriek of dismay followed this annunciation, while the wounded chieftain proceeded—"The Syrian was right—the lance of the leader of yon host is stained with my heart's blood—and I die within sight of Calatrava."

"My father!" exclaimed Zara, in a voice scarce audible.

"Is in Paradise, and I go to join him."

As he said this, the descendant of the Prophet breathed his last, and, at the same moment, the daughter of Abdallah, overwhelmed by the dreadful tidings, sank fainting to the earth.

* * * * *

The king of Arragon had passed a restless and anxious night, for the following day, would disclose the fate of Calatrava and his metropolis. Few eyes indeed were closed in the hours of darkness—preparations for flight or resistance were made in all the hurry and tumult of despair; and many in their fears expected to behold the Moorish javelins glitter in the early rays of the sun.

"Take thy station at the window, Ferdinand," said Don Sancho, as he arose from his uneasy couch, and sought the presence chamber, "and tell me, for thy sight is quick, if aught appears coming from the direction of the ill-fated fortress."

The page obeyed; but more than an hour passed away, ere his eye rested on any object, save the blue peaks of the far-off mountain, or the wide extended plain that bounded Toledo.

"See'st thou nothing," demanded the king, impatiently. "Diego Velasquez," he added "promised me on his faith, ere the sun was two hours high, to advise me, whether victorious or defeated, of the result."

"There is something like a speck at the extremity of the plain," observed Ferdinand, "which I saw not before."

A few anxious moments elapsed, when the object was declared to be a horseman, approaching at the top of his speed.

"The attempt has failed," said the king, sorrowfully to himself; "I was but a silly old man to trust to the arms of monks and priests, in my greatest need: besides, they were but a thousand, while the Moors and Africans counted ten times that number. Make you out," he hastily added, turning to his page, "the cognizance of the horseman?"

"It is Diego Velasquez," said Ferdinand, after a few moments' pause, "the leader of the convent forces."

"Why tarries his lagging steed?" again demanded the king.

"The knight has halted, and is about to display his pennon—by St. Jago!" shouted the page, regardless of the royal presence, "it is no pennon, but the standard of the Moors, that Diego waves in triumph."

An exclamation of deep gratitude to Heaven burst from the relieved heart of the monarch, and he hastened to feast his eye on the interesting spectacle. The vision of the page had not deceived him. The crescent gleamed palely, amid the fluttering folds of the embroidered ensign; but while the royal gaze was still rivetted in mute admiration, upon the symbol of Moslem victory and power, it suddenly disappeared, and the next moment was trailing in the dust. The shout from the walls that hailed this most welcome exhibition, seemed to shake the firm found-

dations of the city, and pierce the very heavens. The praises of those who had wrought the high deliverance, resounded throughout Arragon, and in the fierce struggle which ensued for centuries after, against Moorish dominion and conquest, no hands were readier with lance and blade, and no hearts glowed with more zeal, than the hands and hearts of the cloistered KNIGHTS OF CALATRAYA.

RABY CASTLE.

TIME has thrown around the seats of the principal nobles of England an interest exceeded by those of no other country. Many of their ancient castles might supply materials for a history. Alternate seats of war and revelry, the banquet, or the tournament, strength was for them as necessary as splendour: hence the richly fretted roofs, and curiously paneled chambers were guarded with thick embattled walls and towers of defence. The breaking up of the feudal system throughout Europe, naturally tended to diminish the number of these strong holds;—the civil wars—the destroying hand of time—the violence of Cromwell—have left many a picturesque ruin, clad in the dark robe of ivy as in the garb of widowhood, to mark the spot where once the haughty noble ruled the surrounding country.

According to Camden, Raby was given to the church at Durham, by King Canute, from whom the family of the Nevilles, or de Nova Villa, had it, on condition of paying four pounds, and a stag, yearly. The family built here a spacious castle, which was their principal seat; but in the reign of James the First, it descended to the family of the Vanes, ennobled under the titles of Lord Bernard, of Bernard Castle, Baron Raby, Earl of Darlington, and Marquis Cleveland, its present possessor being the first of his family elevated to that dignity.

It might puzzle an architect to define the style of Raby Castle, one of the most splendid mansions in Europe. The rude Saxon arch, the Gothic buttress, the Norman tower, are clustered in proud grandeur together, and form a most imposing whole. As it is, however, our intention to describe its princely halls and chambers, we will waive the consideration of its architectural peculiarities.

The hall of entrance, a superb room, resembles a miniature cathedral; its carved roof is supported by two rows of porphyry columns. At the extreme end is a rich velvet curtain opening into the circular state drawing-room. The carriages of visitors *drive into this apartment*. After passing through this portal, they find themselves in the state saloon of reception; the walls of which are painted in Gothic panels, adorned with coronets and cyphers. The curtains, chairs, &c. are *en suite*, formed of rich brocaded satin and gold. The fitting up of this room, alone, cost ten thousand pounds. It was, we believe, prepared for the present King of Belgium on his

first visit to Raby. On that occasion, the people took the horses from his carriage, and dragged him in triumph into the hall of entrance.

Adjoining the state drawing-room, is a suite of apartments furnished in the Chinese style, for the reception of the late king. The ceilings are ornamented with rich trellis work; the walls painted to resemble the interior of a Pagoda, while vases, dragons, and piles of the most costly antique china are scattered around the room in splendid profusion. In viewing these articles of vertu, the visitor is frequently at a loss whether most to admire the taste which presided over the collection, or the almost boundless wealth necessary to bring so many treasures of art together.

The baronial hall next attracts the attention. It is, we believe, the largest in England—superior, in point of antiquity, to the one at Arundel, although it cannot boast of the superb painted windows of the latter, which the present Duke of Norfolk, from certain unpleasant associations, caused to be removed. That at Raby is now fitted up as a museum. The rough inmates of the forest, harmless as the fierce barons who once feasted beneath the fretted roof, are chained in mimic life to guard the doors. Handsome glass cabinets are arranged around the walls, enriched with all that mineralogy can yield, mingled with shells, fossils, bones, dried specimens of animal and vegetable life, works of art, and relics of the olden times. Several articles connected with the worship of the Catholic church are here preserved. Amongst others, a curious cross, or *rood*, as it was anciently called, and a spoon set with precious stones, doubtless formerly used in the ceremony of consecration. The windows of this banquet hall look into the Park, and over a circular tower. It has been contemplated by the present Marquis to extend the east end of the building till it shall form a continuation of the lower part, substituting a rich oriel Gothic window of a circular form, for the plain, half-Norman ones, which at present disfigure it.

Before taking our leave of this interesting apartment, we must not forget to notice Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the Marchioness, at the extreme end of the hall—one of his happiest efforts. There is a soft and womanly grace about the countenance, which those who know the noble original cannot fail to recognise.

The dining and private drawing-rooms are furnished in a mixed style, principally modern, but adorned with many good pictures, by Gainsborough, Ostade, Wouvermans, and Claud. Amongst the family portraits, many of which are valuable, is one of the ancestors of the noble Marquis, the celebrated Sir Harry Vane. It is in Vandyke's peculiar style, though I should think its authenticity as a painting of that celebrated artist, might admit of question. Many are the rooms in this stately fabric which the casual visitor is not conducted through. They are replete with all the elegancies of life, and worthy of the owners.



MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

IN our village we have an authoress too, and her name is Mary Mitford. Now, let nobody suppose that Mary, on account of the pretty alliteration of her name, is one of the fine and romantic young ladies who grace the pastorals in prose or verse. On the contrary, our Mary is a good-humoured spinster of a certain age, considerably inclined, we do not know whether with her own consent or not, to *enbonpoint*, and the very reverse of the picturesque. There are, however, few girls in our village, or twenty villages beyond it, that can dress up so pretty a basket of good-looking and sweet-smelling natural flowers, all of the true English soil, not foreign and flaunting, like the glaring dahlias that one class of bouquet gatherers thrust under our noses with so much pretence, nor smelling of turf and whiskey like the strong-scented bog-lilies which are offered to us by the basket-women of the provinces; nor yet at all resembling the faded imitation roses picked up in second-hand saloons, and vended as genuine posies of quality by draggletail damsels, who endeavour to pass themselves off as ladies' maids, generally without character. And Mary's basket is arranged so neat, so nice, so trim, so comely, or, to say all in one word, so very English a manner, that it is a perfect pleasure to see her hopping with it to market. We say nothing as to the way in which she applies the profits of her business though, if we did, it would redound to her praise and honour, because, in these our sketches, we have always looked at the subject before us only as it comes before the public.

We are afraid, however, that if we attempt to write any longer in this style, our prattle will be voted tedious; our imitation must partake of the vice of the original; and the only defect in Miss Mitford's own style of writing is its mannerism. We do not know any sketch manufacturer whose manner is so decided. Read only a single chapter, a character, a description, and you feel that you are introduced to one of a large family, the members of which have a likeness to one another, *qualem decet esse sororum*. It is hard to say how you get such a feeling from a single specimen, but so it is. Dropping all metaphor, then, we have only to remark, that it is impossible that any thing can be cleverer and racier than Miss Mitford's sketches, and if she has not made so much noise in the literary world as other ladies far more slenderly qualified, why, the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift; and, moreover, a lady who does not write politics or double entendres, or make herself a lioness, or enlist into the honourable corps of the puff-mongers, throws away a great many chances of renown, which are eagerly caught at by less scrupulous adventuresses.

From the good-humoured and sonsie physiognomy opposite, it may easily be conjectured that she is not exactly the muse of tragedy, and yet her plays have always been popular for the season, which is as much as can well be expected. In her pieces we find good situations, fine verses,

honourable sentiments, and sounding passages, which obtain, as they deserve, considerable applause. Male critics, however, are so ungallant as to say, that, superior as ladies are to gentlemen in all other particulars, there are a few things out of their power:—they can never be distinguished generals, scientific cooks, first-rate tragedians, high-class epics, or piquant epigrammatists; and in spite of Joan of Arc, Mrs. Rundell, Joanna Baillie, Miss Mitford, and Louisa Sheridan, we are pretty much of that opinion.

Miss Mitford, in the plate, is attended, not by Eros, but rather Anteros;—not by love's god, but a printer's devil, to whom she is delivering copy, as they perversely call our original MS. for some of the thousand *Annals*, perhaps, which she ornaments. As one of the same diabolic breed is at our elbow, we must finish our page by a wish, that,

Still may her picture, when she's pleas'd to sit for't,
Show her the same good-humour'd Mary Mitford.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

THIS ancient emblem of Scottish pugnacity, with its motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of armour; so that there is some difficulty in saying which is the genuine original thistle. The origin of the national badge itself is thus handed down by tradition:—"When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched bare-footed. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superb prickly thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assault to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

THE USE OF ARTILLERY.

DURING the manœuvring on the Coa, between Wellington and Massena, "Our attention," says an officer, who was present, "was occupied in observing the practice of the French artillery and captain Thompson's brigade. It was admirable on both sides. I heard our men express delight when our side fired a howitzer, which made a greater volume of smoke than a gun. At last a tremendous cloud burst from our battery, and one of the dragoons cried out, 'Hurrah! there goes a shot that will kill half the French army.' It turned out to be one of the tumbrils (fortunately containing but a few rounds,) which was exploded by a French shell. It is a well known fact, that one great use of artillery is to keep up the spirits of the soldiers by its noise."

LEGEND OF THE RING.

"LISTEN, oh, lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break,
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!

"I come, I come from the Holy Land,
Where many a Christian knight
For the blessed rood
Hath stoutly stood
With the Saracen in fight.

"Oh, lady—oh, lady, thy own true knight
On Sidon's strand lies dead;
For he this day,
In Paynim fray,
His best life's-blood hath shed.

"Oh, lady, I sat me down by his side—
And when midnight began to toll,
Though his mortal breath
Was hushed in death,
I had speech of his passing soul.

"For when death hath fixed his seal on the lip,
And the spark of life hath fled,
At the midnight hour
I have the power
To commune with the dead.

"Thy knight he sendeth thy pledge of love,
And, lady, he claimeth thee for his bride,
When the dismal bell
Doth ring his knell—
And thy couch it is spread in the grave by his side.

"Then, lady, awake, awake!
And get thee a shroud for thy bridal vest;
For soon shalt thou wed
With the silent dead,
And the grave it shall serve for thy chamber of rest.

"Then listen, oh lady, listen to me,
For I must away ere daylight break;
And to thee I bring
A golden ring—
Then, lady, awake, awake!"—

The lady she looked from her lattice tower—
She looked up on the sky;
The stars twinkled bright
On the brow of the night,
And the wind sighed mournfully by.

The lady she looked from her lattice tower—
She looked far and near;
But none could she see
Whose voice that might be,
Though the night was wondrous clear.

But a star there shot athwart the heaven,
And there fell at her feet a ring,
And, far away,
This roundelay
A voice was heard to sing.

"'Tis pleasant to range through the paths of heaven
When the stars are glittering bright,
And far and wide
On the winds to ride,
In the solitude of night.

"Oh, I love to float on the streamy breeze—
To bathe in the chill night air—
And, as I whirl past
In the eddying blast,
To unbind to the winds my flaxen hair.

"'Tis pleasant to drink of the morning breeze—
'Tis pleasant 'mid clouds to be—
'Tis pleasant to sail
O'er hill and o'er dale,
And to sweep on the billowy sea."

THE MARTYR-STUDENT.

I AM sick of the bird,
And its carol of glee;
It brings the voices heard
In boyhood, back to me:
Our old village hall,
Our church upon the hill,
And the mossy gates—all
My darken'd eyes fill.

No more gladly leaping
With the choir I go,
My spirit is weeping
O'er her silver bow:
From the golden quiver
The arrows are gone,
The wind from Death's river
Sounds in it alone!

I sit alone and think
In the silent room,
I look up, and I shrink
From the glimmering gloom.
O, that the little one
Were here with her shout!—
O, that my sister's arm
My neck were round about!

I cannot read a book,
My eyes are dim and weak;
To every chair I look—
There is not one to speak!
Could I but sit once more
Upon that well-known chair,
By my mother, as of yore,
Her hand upon my hair!

My father's eyes seeking,
In trembling hope to trace
If the south-wind had been breaking
The shadows from my face;—
How sweet to die away
Beside our mother's hearth,
Amid the balmy light
That shone upon our birth!

A wild and burning boy,
I clomb the mountain's crest,
The garland of my joy
Did leap upon my breast;
A spirit walk'd before me
Along the stormy night,
The clouds melted o'er me,
The shadows turn'd to light.

Among my matted locks
The death-wind is blowing;
I hear, like a mighty rush of plumes,
The Sea of Darkness flowing!
Upon the summer air
Two wings are spreading wide;
A shadow, like a pyramid,
Is sitting by my side!

My mind was like a page
Of gold-wrought story,
Where the rapt eye might gaze
On the tale of glory;
But the rich painted words
Are waxing faint and old,
The leaves have lost their light,
The letters their gold!

And memory glimmers
On the pages I unroll,
Like the dim light creeping
Into an antique scroll,
When the scribe is searching
The writing pale and damp,
At midnight, and the flame
Is dying in the lamp.

From Croker's Fairy Legends.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald, "shogging the dudeau," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more, surely, than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete.—Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed, at once, that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard that, if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low, mournful cry, with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come out of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most

of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation, and, making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet?—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke, too, like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting for you, this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, 'till I twist up my hair."

It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and

says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be.

"Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father;—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow, "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be, now, the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh! yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so, if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just to mention a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets—but what am I talking about? may be you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have," says Dick, scratching his head, and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent.—Away they went, therefore, across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry?—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then says he—

"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in

an under tone, "she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made-man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up silyly, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why there's some reason, now, in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her, by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansom of it as another that may be would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and, like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years, there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that.

One day, when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*.

She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy

cheek. She wiped away the tear, and, turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand—the sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and, placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange looking thing, like a cocked hat, in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade

him but that her father, the king, kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of **THE LADY OF GOLLERUS**.

The people of Ferœ say, that the seal every ninth night puts off its skin and gets a human form, and then dances and sports like the "human mortals," till it resumes its skin and becomes a seal again. It once happened that a man came by while this took place, and seeing the skin, he seized it and hid it. When the seal, which was in the shape of a woman, could not find its skin to creep into, it was forced to remain in the human form, and, as she was fair to look upon, the same man took her to wife, had children by her, and lived right happy with her. After a long time, the wife found the skin that had been stolen and could not resist the temptation to creep into it, and so she became a seal again.

THE MIND.

BY THOMAS A. WORRELL.

I.

Yea—I shall change and fade away,
And though I change, I shall not die:
For mind will triumph o'er decay,
Unquench'd in light—eternity!
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But *spirit* cannot taste of death.

II.

The soul will dwell in mystic light,
With not a thought to mar its bliss:
And in that world so purely bright,
It will not even dream of *this*.
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But *spirit* cannot taste of death.

III.

Mind—vast expanse of life and light—
Rolling within its earthly bed,
Reflects by turns the day—the night—
The joys we feel—the tears we shed.
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But *spirit* cannot taste of death.

IV.

How brief is life!—its utmost years—
Its breath commingling with distress!
It was—now *is*—now disappears—
A spirit in its nakedness:
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But *spirit* cannot taste of death.

V.

The heav'nly life is second birth;
By *spirit*—*spirit* is refin'd;
Flesh will resolve itself in earth,
And mind ascend to purer mind.
The grave may quench the body's breath,
But *spirit* cannot taste of death.

SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I WELCOME thee back again, Spirit of Song!
I've bent beneath sorrow's cold pressure too long;
I've suffered in silence—how vainly I sought
For words to unburthen the anguish of thought.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back—as the Dove to the ark—
The world was a desert, the future all dark;
But I know that the worst of the tempest is past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last;
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I feared thee, sweet Spirit! I thought thou wouldst come
With *memory's* records of boyhood and home;
The home where I laugh'd away youth, and was told
It would still be my dwelling-place when I grew old:
But visions of *Hopes* to thy coming belong,
And I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Thou wilt not, sweet Spirit, thou wilt not, I know,
Mislead to the fruitless indulgence of woe;
That shrinks from the smile that would offer relief,
And seems to be proud of pre-eminent grief:
Thou'lt soothe the depression already too strong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

There's a chord that I never must venture to wake—
The sorrow a *loved one* hath borne for my sake;
But *her* love which no change in my fortunes could chill,
Her smile of affection that follows me still;
Oh! *these* are the themes I will proudly prolong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of Earth;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young,
The lamp is rekindled! the harp is resounding!
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"On the Quay de Soudres there lived an old woman, who used to sell oranges during one half the year, and pilchers during the other. Her best customers were the soldiers, to whom, besides her fruit and fish, she sold another kind of merchandize, viz. fortune-telling. Whether this old woman deceived herself, or only deceived others, I cannot pretend to say, but by all the vagabonds of the Quay de Soudres, and by all the foreign soldiers in the Police Legion, and the Legion of Alorna, she was looked upon as a *witch*. One very wet and stormy evening, after the soldiers had almost all returned to their barracks, a German, named Fritz Klump, presented himself to the old woman, who was just preparing to shut up her hovel. Fritz was completely intoxicated.

" 'Juana, Juana, I want you to tell me what is going to happen to me—I have just killed a man—I found him in company with my sweetheart. He was one of the relic bearers—but that did not save him—I have made an end of him;—now our colonel does not like those affairs—therefore good Juana, tell me what punishment awaits me.'

" 'I have not time this evening,' replied the old woman, who was, probably, not inclined to have anything to do with the business, 'come back to-morrow.'

" 'I cannot, you must tell me now. I must know what will be my punishment before I return to the barracks. If the colonel should be severe, I have a good pair of legs, and I shall be off.'

"During this colloquy, several sailors and some of Kay's soldiers had assembled round the old woman's habitation. Some of the latter proposed throwing both the German and the witch into the Tagus. Fritz, as I have already observed, had been drinking, and on hearing this he became irritable, and, turning to the by-standers, he said:

" 'Let any of you touch her at your peril, and if you meddle with me—*sacramentsker!*—have a care of yourselves. Come, Juana, come,' and he staggered towards the old woman.

" 'I said before that I will sell you nothing to-night. Leave me, or you shall *repent* of this.'

" 'But I say that you shall tell me,' exclaimed Fritz, in a passion, 'and, though you should be in league with the devil himself, I will have satisfaction of you both.'

"On hearing the name of the devil, every Portuguese in the group of by-standers crossed himself three times at least. Fear was stronger than curiosity, and the group now retreated from the two interlocutors. Fritz advanced to Juana for the purpose of forcing her into the wretched hovel where she cooked her pilchers and delivered her oracles.

" 'Touch me not,' she exclaimed, 'touch me not, or I say again you shall *repent* it.'

"Fritz replied only by an oath, and staggered

forward. The old woman stretched out her arm to defend herself, and she no sooner touched the soldier than he fell at her feet, as if struck by a thunderbolt.

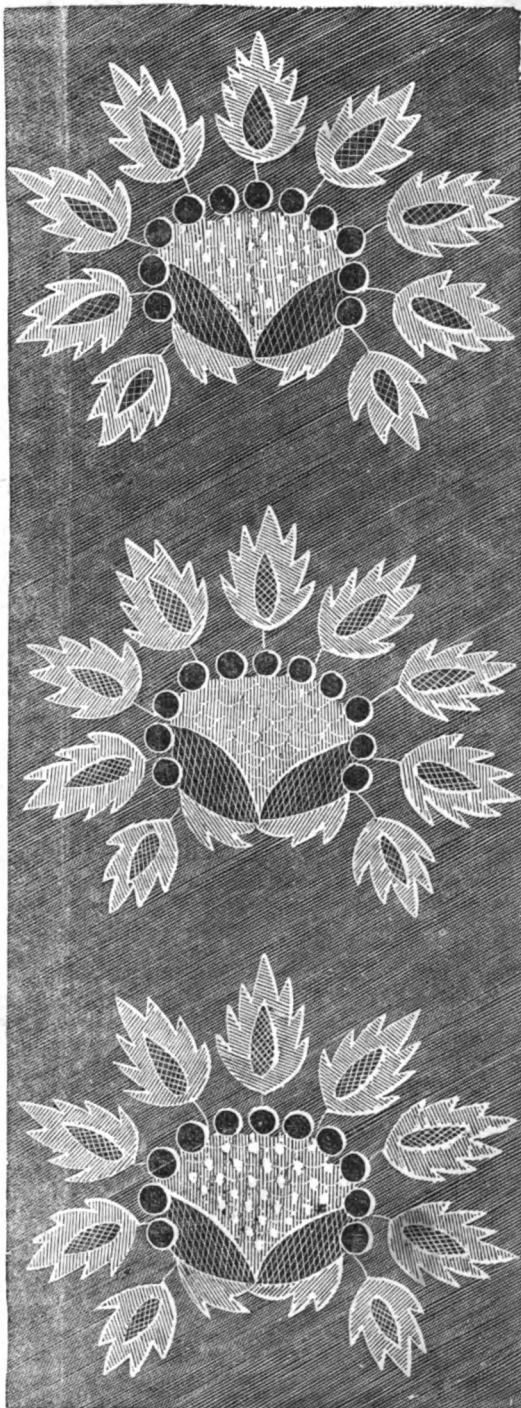
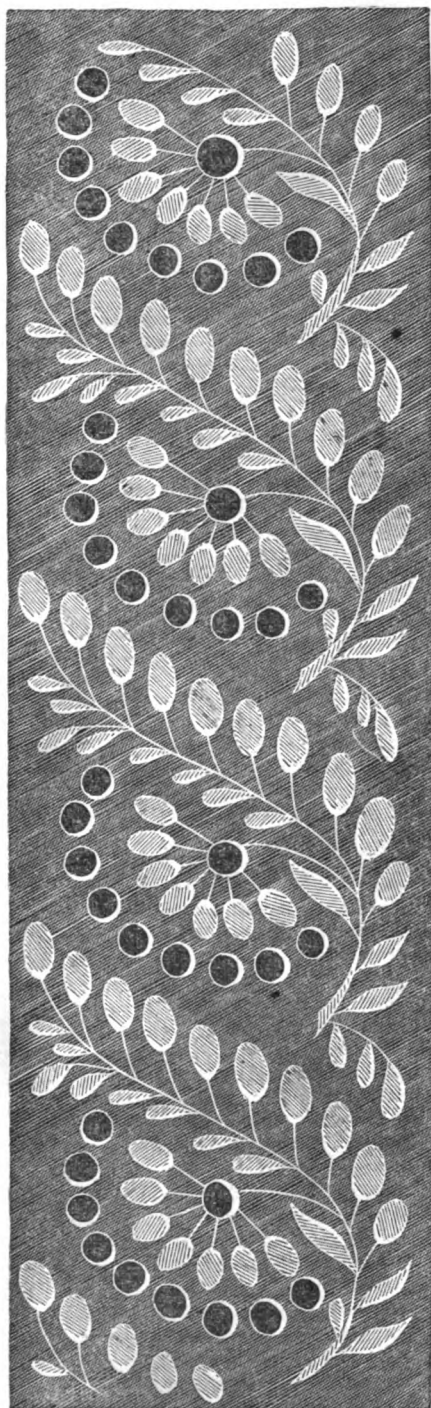
"On seeing this, the bystanders were, for a moment, petrified with terror. Juana herself was dismayed at what she had done. Fritz was raised up; but he showed no sign of life, and it was not until he had been bled, and after a lapse of two hours, that he at length opened his eyes. However, it would have been better for Juana had he kept them closed; for as soon as he was able to speak, he declared that, just as he was about to seize the old woman, he saw, standing beside her, a tall black man with fiery eyes, and that this black man had felled him to the ground with a club which he had in his hand. The most singular part of the affair was, that Fritz was now perfectly sober, and in all the different interrogatories he underwent, he never varied in his story. The result of this investigation was that poor Juana was confined in the blackest and deepest dungeon of the inquisition, and every preparation was being made to perform the second act of the ridiculous farce of the beggar of Madrid and his sympathetic powder, but luckily for the poor old woman, she was saved by one of her nieces, who, as if by a sort of inspiration, thought of applying to Junot, for whom she one day waited at the door, until he came out to mount his horse. The soldier, who had now got into the hands of the monks, and whose brain was excited to a pitch of insanity, positively persisted in his *first statement*. Through an aberration of intellect he had well nigh become the murderer of the poor old woman, who was praying for pardon—though too late—to all the saints in Paradise, for having had dealings with the demons in hell. The real facts of the case were these: Fritz, who could not stand very steadily, in attempting to walk on the muddy, slippery ground, lost his equilibrium on being touched by Juana. In falling, his head struck against a stone, and from this very natural incident ensued all that I have just detailed. M. Magnien, who saw Fritz and examined his head, found that the contusion had produced considerable injury, and that it was, indeed, within an ace of being fatal. However, he firmly persisted in his hallucination, and never could be convinced that poor Juana was nothing more than an innocent vender of oranges and pilchers.

" 'She is a great magician,' said he. 'I did wrong to offend her; but she has punished me dearly for it.'

"This affair, which scarcely seems to belong to the nineteenth century, was, thanks to our exertions, brought to a less awful conclusion than the *San Benito* and the *sulphured shirt*. The Nuncio interested himself for old Juana, and the poor creature was sent to a convent at Viseu or Ciudad-Rodrigo."

EMBROIDERY.

EDGING AND CAPE PATTERNS.



THE ADRIATIC BRIDE.

SCARCELY had Ziani, on his return to Venice, made the Doge acquainted with the unfortunate result of his pacific mission, than he went through the city with a throbbing heart, to see if the plague had yet taken possession of Daponte's cottage. Malapiero followed him, for Ziani had disclosed to him the secret of his love, and he now shared the anxiety of his friend. It was necessary to pass through a considerable part of the city, which disclosed many frightful scenes to their view. Many of the most populous streets were desolate; from several open houses was heard the low moaning of its last inhabitant, dying alone, amidst the corpses of those most loved. Dead bodies were lying on the steps of the palaces, whither they had dragged themselves to obtain relief. Children were clinging to their dead mothers, sucking in the poison from their livid, but still cherished lips; and in the midst of this frightful scene of misery and horror, men dressed in black were seen stalking about with cold indifference, silently placing the dead on carts, and affixing tickets to the houses, bearing the frightful word *EXTINCT*.

Ziani's heart was seized with dread and horror, but love and anguish gave wings to his steps—he flew to Daponte's dwelling.—The first object that struck his sight was the appalling ticket on the door.

In vain did Malapiero endeavour to hold back his friend; he rushed pale and like a maniac into the hut, crying out, "Giovanna, Giovanna!" But the hut was empty, the bodies had been taken away—furniture and clothes were lying about in disorder. Ziani would not quit the hut; he wished to die where Giovanna had ceased to exist, and Malapiero was obliged to take him by main force out of this abode of death.

As they quitted the cottage, a frightful noise at some little distance announced a tumult, and they saw an immense crowd of people rushing towards the palace of the Doge.

"Come, Ziani," cried Malapiero, "forget your own sorrows!—come, our presence will be necessary."

The people attributed the whole blame of their misfortune to the Doge; they thought, and with justice, that his imprudent delay on the island of Scio was the sole cause of the destruction of their fine fleet, and had brought death into their houses, instead of the advantageous peace they had expected. They were accustomed to the greatest sacrifices; they did not shrink from shedding their blood in defence of their country, but in their own homes, to see the lives of all that were dear to them falling a sacrifice to the imprudence of one person, was what they could not brook, and they called for vengeance, in the voice of despair and rage. The angry populace surrounded the palace of the Doge: "Down from the throne," they cried; "down with the traitor, who has brought us the plague, instead of peace!"

The Doge placed dependance on the body-guard; but, even amongst these, were fathers and sons, who had lost those that were dear to them, so that the tumult continued to increase. Vitali determined, therefore, to risk every thing, and confiding in the love of the people, who had ever been devoted to him, he left his palace, and endeavoured to tranquilize their minds. With stern dignity, arrayed in his ducal dress and ornaments, he appeared in the midst of the populace, who were preparing to attack his palace.

"Here am I, my children!" said he; "judge me if you will—it is not I, but God, who hath sent the angel of death amongst us!"

At the sight of his venerable figure, the people drew back an instant, and just at that moment Ziani and Malapiero arrived, who endeavoured to appease the enraged multitude. But several voices again cried out, "Down from the throne! No mercy for the traitor!—down with him!" Suddenly a voice was heard from behind, crying out, "make way! make way! where is the man that has murdered my wife and children?" With these words, an enraged old man pressed forward from the crowd, seized the Doge with the fury of a maniac, and plunged a dagger in his heart!—The unfortunate Vitali sunk a victim to his fate, while the assassin walked unimpeded through the astonished crowd, holding aloft his bloody dagger.

But Ziani immediately recognised him to be old Daponte—he hastily pursued him through the deserted streets, and, seizing him by the arm, cried: "wretched man, where is your daughter?"

Daponte looked at him with a frenzied laugh; "has death, then, spared you?" said he: "well, come then, I will lead you to your bride!"

He then, without giving any further answer to his questions, conducted him through several by-streets, to a solitary church-yard. In a corner of it, on a wretched heap of straw, lay Giovanna struggling with death. Daponte, when his wife and other children had breathed their last, quitted his home, and, half-frantic, had brought his daughter to the cemetery. In the madness of despair, he had wished to put an end to the torments of his cherished child, and to his own existence, and for that purpose had gone into the city to procure a dagger. He was there hurried along with the throng of the enraged populace, and, nearly in a state of frenzy, had struck the victim of his vengeance.

Ziani threw himself on his knees by Giovanna, and called loudly on her beloved name.—She opened her eyes, and recognised him, and, while a sweet smile played over her pale, disfigured countenance, she made a sign to him to leave her. He thought not on the frightful danger of contagion, but, raising up the diseased object of his affections, he carried her to his palace, while Daponte followed.

Ziani used every means in his power to save

his Giovanna; he never left her bed, and watched over her beloved existence, as though he would scare away the monster that would rob him of her. His care was crowned with success. The ferocity of death was subdued by such affection, and while himself and Daponte miraculously avoided all infection, Giovanna slowly recovered.

The assassination of the Doge had thrown all well minded people into the deepest affliction. The violent death of their chiefs, had already several times nearly effected the ruin and destruction of their republic; and the dangerous custom of rising against their princes on the least pretext, and requiring justification of their conduct, by the voice of sedition, was found so pernicious that they began to think of powerful means to quell such occurrences. At length the only existing power, the *Guarantia*, instituted a grand council of seven hundred and forty members, who elected from among themselves sixty of their most approved men, called *Pregadi*, in whose hands the business of the state was placed, and out of which body was formed, in later times, the Venetian Senate. The election of the Doge was given up to eleven of these. The people submitted cheerfully to this new regulation, and the plurality of voices decided for *Orio Malapiero*; as it was principally to the activity and prudence of his measures, whereby he exposed his life a thousand times to danger, that the cessation of the plague was finally to be attributed.

But *Malapiero* was totally free from pride and ambition; his country was more to him than glory and renown, and his penetrating glance quickly perceived, that it required a greater mind than his own to hold the reins of government at this important moment. With noble frankness he presented himself before the electors, and modestly declined the honour done him. He convinced them, by the force of his eloquence, that the difficult situation of the republic required a man who should not only inspire all parties with respect for his superior courage and strength of mind, but who should draw the eyes of the people on him by his riches and distinguished name, and concluded by entreating them to transfer the honour they had intended him to his friend, *Sebastiano Ziani*, in whom was combined all these qualities, and who alone could fulfil all these expectations. The electors, struck with admiration at the noble-minded *Malapiero*, and convinced of the truth of his reasoning, elected *Sebastiano Ziani*, without one dissentient voice, but on the express condition that his connexion with *Daponte's* daughter, which was now universally known, should be immediately broken off; for the vacillating populace, which had at first called out loudly for the death of the Doge, now mourned him, and execrated his assassin. It was, therefore, justly conceived that a Doge could never be loved and respected who should unite himself to the daughter of a murderer.

Malapiero hastened, overjoyed, to his friend. "The election is over!" he cried out, on seeing

him, while his eyes sparkled with the consciousness of having subdued himself.

Ziani looked at him, and his countenance beamed with pleasure as he took his hand:—"Heaven has directed the electors!" said he; "for if I can read in your eyes, I think I may venture to welcome you as Doge!"

"Not I!" replied *Malapiero*; "Heaven protect the electors and my country! You are the Doge!"

Ziani's countenance was instantly lighted up with ardour and enthusiasm; he raised his hand, as though taking an oath, and said:—"Since my people have placed their confidence in me, may God grant me energy and wisdom in ruling them!—I swear that I will never render myself unworthy of the throne!"

The enthusiastic friends sunk in each other's arms. "I am a witness of your present oath to Heaven," said *Malapiero*, "and have a sacred right to remind you of its fulfilment!"

The deputies from the Senate came to salute the newly-chosen regent, and to invite him to appear before the electors. *Ziani* went, accompanied by his friend, amid the loud rejoicings of the populace, to the palace, where the election had taken place, and which was now to be confirmed. He was occupied with the delightful sensation of possessing the love of the people, and of rendering himself worthy of it: but *Giovanna's* lovely image filled up the back-ground of the picture; and the sweet thought frequently darted across his mind, of seeing this angel of innocence sharing the sovereignty with him. Agitated by these pleasing emotions, he entered the hall of the electors—but a cold shivering seized him when he heard the conditions. He long stood trembling and silent, incapable of comprehending it. At length he said, "No! you have calculated falsely! Keep your crown, if you wish to purchase with it the happiness of my mind! I do not understand governing a people who would wish to tear such a deep-rooted affection from the breast of their prince: they require a tyrant!"

On saying which, he quitted the astonished electors, with pride and coldness, and returned to his palace. He hastened to the room inhabited by *Giovanna* and her father, and, embracing her with ardour, said:—"You are now perfectly recovered, my *Giovanna*, will you still delay becoming my wife?"

"No!" she answered softly, and clung to his breast; "but I cannot comprehend how I can render myself worthy of you, for I never suspected that it was the great *Ziani* I loved; but I feel that I belong to you alone!"

Ziani now pressed old *Daponte* to allow his union with his daughter to take place in the evening. He would avoid all parade, and would take no farther excuse, as he thought he should be able to act much more freely when once *Giovanna* was his wife. In the mean time, the people had become acquainted with the motive of *Ziani's* open refusal to accept the throne; and the stronger the general wish became to confide

the government to his hands, the more did their hatred increase against the assassin of the Doge Vitali Micheli, who now appeared to attach himself with his guilt to Ziani's fate. A deep murmur passed from mouth to mouth, like the hollow, portentous noise before the eruption of a volcano. The people sent deputies to the electors, requiring that the crown should be again offered to Ziani, and insisting on the imprisonment and punishment of Daponte and his daughter. Fresh deputies came from the Senate: he would not see them, but sent word that on the morrow he would make the electors acquainted with his decision.

In the meantime, Malapiero called on his friend and used every argument to dissuade him from his purpose: he reminded him of his oath, and of the time when he once told him, in Constantinople, that love should be sacrificed for one's country. But all his eloquence was vain.

"You do not know what you require," cried Ziani, much agitated; "you would tear from me the tutelary genius which would make me a father to the people! What has Giovanna to do with the crime of her unhappy parent? She is an angel sent me from Heaven, and it is only by her side that I can fulfil my vow!"

Malapiero soon perceived that he should lose the confidence of his friend, if he urged the subject any farther. He therefore inquired kindly after Giovanna's health. Ziani's heart now opened, and he disclosed to him how near he was to the happiest moment of his life, as that very night she would become his for ever. Malapiero was startled, as he saw but too well that by this rash act the best hopes of his country would be destroyed, and the throne for ever lost to Ziani. He was silent, but quickly formed his resolution.

Scarcely had Ziani left his palace to make the secret arrangements for his marriage, when Malapiero went to old Daponte and his daughter. He found Giovanna, her countenance lighted up with a heavenly smile, forming her bridal wreath, while her father was sitting in a corner of the room, absorbed in deep thought, his eyes seemingly fixed on vacancy. She went cheerfully up to him, gave him her hand, and asked:

"Are you coming to my wedding? Will you now be my friend, as you have ever been my Ziani's?"

"Yes, that will I ever be! Lovely creature," said he, much affected, "I am come hither to prove to you and Ziani the sincerity of my regard. But what is the matter with your father? Does your marriage not please him?"

"No!" said the old man: "no! I shudder at the wedding. In my breast there is no longer place for joy, loaded as it is with the consciousness of murder!"

"Oh, my unhappy father!" cried Giovanna, embracing him; "willingly would I sacrifice my existence, could I restore you to your former peace of mind!"

"Could you also sacrifice the wreath you have made, yonder?" asked Malapiero, significantly.

Giovanna looked at it long, while her eyes

filled with tears, and then said:—"Yes, I would also sacrifice that!"

Malapiero now threw off all restraint, and candidly related to her what had happened. He pointed out to her with enthusiasm, that Ziani alone was capable of saving the Republic from destruction, and that the country had the sacred right of requiring from him the sacrifice of his love for Giovanna.

"Has, then, his great heart not space sufficient for his country and for me?" asked Giovanna, trembling.

"No!" cried Daponte, his eyes sparkling with unwonted animation. "No! you must not be his wife! The people are right; the daughter of a murderer must not ascend the sacred steps of the throne. In the frenzy of despair, I plunged a dagger in the heart of the Doge—will you now, Giovanna, in the frenzy of love, destroy the still greater hopes of your country?"

Malapiero took advantage of the disposition of the old man: he seized Giovanna by the hand, saying:—"You would have sacrificed your bridal wreath to the peace of your father; the peace of your country is now laid in your hands: here stands the friend of yourself and Ziani, but likewise a true citizen, who asks you what you will do?"

Giovanna stood pale and trembling before him, looking fixedly at the wild, rolling eyes of her father. She then walked slowly up to the table, took up the wreath, held it to Malapiero, and said, in a low voice, while scarcely able to support herself: "Here is my sacrifice! Heaven protect my country!"

The old man caught his fainting daughter, and laid her on a couch. In great agitation, he seized Malapiero, drew him towards Giovanna, and proudly said, "See, that is my daughter!"

Giovanna at length recovered. Her strength of mind gave her courage to consent to the plan formed by Malapiero, which was, before night to leave the palace secretly with her father, get on board a vessel, and flee to some distant country. Malapiero promised to induce his friend to accept the crown.

It was scarcely night when Ziani, his heart overflowing with affection and joy, returned to his palace with a priest, who was to unite him to his beloved Giovanna. But he found her apartments deserted: a piece of paper, containing the following words, lay on the table, beside her bridal wreath:

"Ziani! you stand between the throne and my bridal garland. The country is right; you can only choose one of them. The crown is offered you by thousands of our poor, unprotected citizens: the bridal wreath is presented you by the hand of an insignificant girl. Your great mind will easily distinguish which you ought to accept; but, to spare you the struggle, I flee hence. If you really love me, do not endeavour to discover my retreat, but render my country happy!"

Who can describe Ziani's feelings!—So near the moment of fulfilling his most ardent wishes, he saw every thing vanish before him, like the

visions of fancy. "Giovanna!" he cried, "Giovanna! you have not left me voluntarily! But they shall not wrest you from my bosom! Your bridal wreath is worth more to me than all the crowns in the world!"

He called all his domestics together—offered a large reward to any who might discover traces of Giovanna, and rushed out himself in pursuit of her.

During this time, Malapiero had accompanied the fugitives to the harbour and procured them a vessel, in which they instantly set sail, by the clear light of the moon. He then hastened back to Ziani's palace, feeling that he might be of service to his friend. But not finding him there, and having long sought him in vain in every part of the city, he returned again to the harbour, and was alarmed and confounded when he here saw Ziani on board his galley, which was just pushing off, in pursuit of Daponte and his daughter, whose track he had been successful in discovering. To detain him was not now to be thought of: he had scarcely time to jump on board, and accompany his despairing friend. Ziani was determined to sacrifice every thing to his affection: he was deaf to every other feeling, and stood immovable on the bow of the vessel; his eyes fixed on the dark waters, as though he would discover the traces of Giovanna's flight on the bosom of the waves, on which the moon-beams were lightly playing.

At length, when the first rays of morn coloured the ocean, a vessel was discovered at a distance. Ziani was the first to discern it. "Row on!—row on!" he cried, "yonder is my Giovanna!" The oars struck deeper into the waves—the galley cut quicker through the waters, and brought them shortly near the vessel. Ziani soon recognized Giovanna. She stood at the bow of the vessel, as on the morning when she sang to him in the fishing-boat, clad in a white dress, glowing with the crimson rays of the morning dawn; but she made a sign to him to return back; and when he extended his arms towards her, and called on her loved name, she cried to him, in a voice of earnest entreaty, "Desist, Ziani, and listen to the voice of your country, which calls you"

But Ziani heard her not. "Ruin to my country!" he cried. "I despise the throne which dishonours such affection!" He urged the rowers to ply their oars, and they soon reached the fugitive vessel. Neither Giovanna's affecting entreaties, Malapiero's ardent and persuasive eloquence, nor the heavy curses thundered against him by old Daponte, were capable of restraining Ziani, who seized a board, intending to throw it across to the little vessel, when Giovanna called out to him, inspired with the most noble courage:

"Terrible man! why do you thus profane our love? If you force your way into this boat, I shall seek refuge in the arms of death!"

Still Ziani heard her not. "You are my own Giovanna!" he cried; "and no power on earth shall tear you from me!" He threw the board hastily across, and was already half over, when

old Daponte sprang forwards, brandishing a sword, to oppose his passage.

"I will stand here, between my child and my country!" cried he. "Hazard the contest with me if you will."

Ziani was no longer master of himself: he unsheathed his sword, and, overcome by his passions, rushed upon Daponte. When Giovanna saw her father and lover engaged in this fearful strife, and both bleeding profusely, she quickly fastened the cord of a small anchor that was lying on the deck of the vessel, round her slender waist, and calling out, "Farewell, my Ziani! I die for you and my country! render it happy, and think of me!" she cast herself courageously into the sea, pulling the anchor after her, which drew her down to the bottom of the unfathomable deep.

Struck with horror, the combatants let fall their weapons. Ziani would have plunged into the waves, to attempt her rescue, had not Malapiero powerfully held him back. The sailors also wished to save her, but Daponte opposed them. "Leave my child in peace," he cried; "she has chosen her path."

Ziani lay senseless in the arms of his friend; Giovanna remained firmly anchored at the bottom of the sea, and the two vessels returned slowly back to Venice.

The populace were informed, by Ziani's domestics, of the reason of his hasty departure. They had placed all their hopes on this man, and, more furious than ever against Daponte and his daughter, they ran in crowds to the harbour, and had already seized several vessels, to go in pursuit of Ziani and bring him back, when they saw his galley returning, and hailed its approach with an universal shout of joy.

Ziani awakened as out of a dream, and looked with surprise around him. "Do you hear your people call you?" asked Malapiero. "Do not you hear them requiring peace and happiness of you?"

But Ziani was silent—his eyes fixed on vacancy. Daponte then seized his hand, saying—"Have you forgotten Giovanna's last words? Shall she have sacrificed her life in vain?"

Ziani did not answer. He looked fervently up to heaven, while the big tears rolled down his manly cheeks, and stepped silently into the boat which was to take him ashore.

The people pressed round him when he landed, crying out, "Accept the crown, Ziani!—take the crown—you must be our Doge!" They kissed his dress and hands—threw themselves down before him—mothers, with their children, clasped his knees—the tumult was excessive. No sooner did they perceive old Daponte than several voices cried out, "There is Vitali's murderer! Down with him and his daughter! They will also tear Ziani from us!" A number rushed forward to seize him. Ziani then proudly raised his head, and demanded in silence—

"Whoever dares to lay hand on Daponte," he said, with dignified firmness, "is a dead man! I am now your Doge, and will judge him myself. You have chosen me to be your chief, I acquiesce in your wish, but be on your guard, for I ascend

the throne with a heart dead to the tender feelings of humanity!"

He was now conducted in triumph, amid the shouts and acclamations of the populace, to the palace of the Senate, where he informed the electors that he was ready to accept the crown. Thus did Ziani ascend the throne—but his heart remained desolate!

Daponte gave himself willingly up to justice. Ziani submitted his case to the Senate, and Malapiero defended the old man so successfully, that he was acquitted by this august assembly, in consideration of his daughter's noble sacrifice. Daponte then became Ziani's most faithful attendant.

By the firm and wise measures of the new Doge, the republic was soon restored to peace and tranquility, and again attained its former pitch of glory. The people, who idolized their present sovereign, but ever considered his murdered predecessor as a martyr to intemperate fury, now loudly expressed their wishes that Ziani should unite himself to the beautiful Bianca, Vitali's daughter, and thus endeavour to obliterate from her mind the melancholy fate of her father. His friends also pressed him to marry, hoping that the deep grief which constantly preyed on his mind might be soothed by female tenderness. But Ziani, who lived like a hermit in his own palace, remained inattentive to the wishes of his friends and the people, and gave Bianca's hand to Malapiero, who already possessed her affections.

During this time, the Emperor Frederick had never ceased persecuting Pope Alexander the Third, who, finding himself elsewhere insecure from the implacable hatred of his rival, and trusting on the friendship and patriotism of the republic, at length took refuge in a monastery at Vienne, where his wish appeared to be to live retired. But the republic was proud of having the head of the church under its protection; and the Doge, accompanied by the nobles, brought the Pope, with great pomp, out of his solitude, into a palace prepared for his reception. They offered to mediate between him and the Emperor, and sent a splendid embassy for that purpose to Frederick, who dismissed it, however, with contempt, and insisted on Alexander's being given up to him. But Ziani, who knew the strength of his country, answered firmly in the negative to this insulting proposition, and preparations were accordingly made for recommencing the war.

Pope Alexander felt that his fate was now entirely in the hands of Ziani, and thought it politic to use every means in his power to unite the Doge's interest to his own. He had a niece, the Duchess Valdrada, whose excessive beauty being in as great renown as her immense possessions, the richest and most distinguished nobles of the country became her suitors.

Alexander had reserved to himself the disposal of her hand, and as he had already rejected several powerful aspirants, he now ardently hoped through her means to attach the Doge for ever to his cause. He therefore invited her to Venice,

where, her beauty and charms far exceeding the renown which had preceded her, and being also a pattern of every feminine virtue, each was eager to render her homage. Even Ziani acknowledged that he had never seen a more perfect woman, and paid her the most distinguished marks of respect. As the Pope discovered that Ziani's noble figure had made a deep impression on his niece, he considered his plan of the union to have succeeded, and thought it was now incumbent on him to speak with the Doge on the subject. News arriving at this time that the Emperor Frederick was preparing a powerful fleet to send against Venice, under the command of his own son Otto, the republic, inflamed by the exhortations of the Pope, and the glory of protecting his sacred rights, did not hesitate going out to meet him with only thirty galleys. When Ziani went to take leave of the Pope, and ask his blessing, the latter said, "Go courageously to battle, my son! my blessing is stronger than a thousand swords. I have destined an incomparable jewel for the victor, the hand of the Duchess Valdrada."

Ziani went out with his squadron to meet the enemy, and found Frederick's fleet on the coast of Istria, where a dreadful battle ensued. Ziani fought like a lion, with Malapiero and Daponte by his side. The latter fell. The superiority of the enemy was great, but they could make no stand against the bravery and warlike skill of the Venitians. Many of the ships were overpowered, several were set on fire, and when at last Ziani and Malapiero boarded the Admiral's vessel, and made Prince Otto prisoner with their own hands, the contest was decided, and the remainder of the fleet escaped.

The conquerors returned triumphantly to their harbour, laden with booty. Never had the republic gained a more splendid or important victory. The news of it had reached Venice before them. The Pope was overjoyed, for he plainly saw that, after this mighty blow, which had thrown the Imperial Prince into their hands, the Emperor must now humiliate himself before him; in order, therefore, to celebrate the return of the victor, he manned a number of vessels and sailed from the harbour, accompanied by the Senate and the higher order of the clergy, to meet the Doge.

Whilst the warriors of Ziani's fleet were rejoicing and shouting, he stood thoughtful and melancholy on the deck of his vessel, looking down silently on the sea! Malapiero drew near him, and, seizing his hand, said:—"My Ziani, are you now satisfied with your fate?"

Ziani looked at him mournfully; "I am," he answered—"but do you know what day this is?"

It was the feast of the Assumption, the same day on which, two years before, Giovanna had buried herself in the waves. "See," continued Ziani, "we shall soon reach the sacred spot where the angelic girl sought refuge in the arms of death, from the wild frenzy of my passion; and now, without any bridal wreath, adorned only with the cold laurel, I am passing like a stormy cloud

over the watery couch of my beloved Giovanna, who lies slumbering there, the sleep of eternal rest!"

Malapiero endeavoured to divert his mind, by conversing with him on the important advantages of the victory, and ventured to mention the name of the beautiful Duchess Valdrada. But Ziani shook his head calmly, and said: "I plainly see that you are all calculating falsely! My heart, filled with the eternally beloved and sacred image of my Giovanna, and love for my country, finds no place for any other feeling."

They now perceived, at a distance, the splendidly adorned vessels, which were conducting the Pope and his magnificent suite to meet the conquerors. The mariners mutually saluted each other with shouts of joy, and as the vessels drew up together, the Pope went on board the Doge's galley, where he embraced him before all the people.

"You are the greatest hero of your time," said Alexander, "the pride of your country, and the support of the church. I am come to bring you blessings and thanks!"

Ziani sunk on his knee before him, but the Pope, after placing his hands upon him, raised him up, and continued: "But I bring you, also, my son, the promised reward; receive from my hand Valdrada's betrothing ring; she will salute the victor as his bride!" On saying which, he presented an elegant gold ring to the Doge.

Ziani took it, but his hand trembled, and his eyes, which were raised towards Heaven, filled with tears. "Do you know this spot in the sea?" he asked his friend in a whisper. Malapiero answered by a mournful inclination of the head, for the ships were now stationary, exactly on that part where the waves had closed over the lovely form of Giovanna. Ziani at length recovered himself, and, turning to the Pope, said: "The reward you offer me, holy father, is far greater than I merit; but I am already betrothed!—here lies my bride! permit me, in your presence, to affianch myself once more to her!" And so saying, he dropped the ring into the sea, and looked anxiously after it as it disappeared amid the lightly curling waves, and sunk beneath to his bride, who had found a nuptial couch in the vast depths of the ocean.

But the Pope, who put a different construction on Ziani's words, replied, "Well said, noble Duke! The sea shall henceforth be your bride, you have gained her by force of arms. In remembrance of this great day, I command that you and your successors shall annually, on the feast of the Assumption, wed yourselves in this manner with the sea, as a testimony of your sovereignty over her, which I here concede to you!"

The Venitians shouted with applause at the institution of this feast, which so much flattered their pride: but Ziani, with a look of deep melancholy, pressed the hand of his friend, who had alone understood him.

After they had entered Venice in triumph, Ziani sent his prisoner, Prince Otto, as a messenger of peace to his afflicted father, and Venice

had soon the proud pleasure of seeing the Emperor and the Pope brought to a reconciliation within its walls, by the mediation of their great Doge.

Ziani remained unmarried, and celebrated several times the feast instituted by himself and the Pope, on the day of the Assumption; but ever with the sentiment of a sacred, unalterable love for Giovanna, and he cast down the betrothing ring as a testimony that he remained true to her till death.

Ninety-one Doges have ascended the ducal throne since Ziani. During the space of six hundred years they have celebrated the feast of the Marriage with the Sea. But none were acquainted with the deep and tender sentiment which urged the founder to cast the first ring into the waves, and while they all, in their own vain opinions, conceived they were wedding themselves to the sea, as a proof of their power over it, its immense waves were only the silken curtains to Giovanna's bridal bed, whereon she slept, embosomed in the watery chambers of the fearful deep, and received the betrothing rings, only as a testimony of the tender and inviolable fidelity of her Ziani.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

PRAYER is not a smooth expression, or a well contrived form of words, not the product of a ready memory, or a rich invention exerting itself in the performance. These may draw the best picture of it, but still the life is wanting. The motion of the heart Godwards, holy and divine affection makes prayer real and lively, and acceptable to the living God, to whom it is presented; the pouring out of the heart to him who made it, and understands what it speaks, and how it is affected on calling on him. It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition, that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to the king who discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which only he regards. He hastens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer is but the outside and fashion of it; this is the life of it.—*Leighton.*

WERE it not something profane to accuse so glorious a benefactor as Shakspeare of any offence, it might, perhaps, be justly observed, that while his works abound with pithy sarcasms on the foibles of the common people, they have never brought into a strong light their nobler qualities; even the virtues accorded them are the mere virtues of servants, and rarely aspire beyond fidelity to a master in misfortune. But not now, thank heaven, is it the mode, the cant, to affect a disdain of the vast majority of our fellow-creatures—an unthinking scorn for their opinions or pursuits; the philosophy of past times confused itself with indifference; the philosophy of the present rather seeks to be associated with philanthropy.

TO AGATHA.

BY A. C. AINSWORTH.

THEY say I must not love thee, Agatha;
Nor press thy trembling hand, nor taste the lip,
Which meeteth mine with a most passionate
Tenderness.

Yet wherefore should I not?
Thy fingers, when I press them, seem like stalks
From the young breathing flowers, and almost melt
With passion; they have magic—when thy hand
Glides up among the curls of my damp hair,
To press my burning forehead, and to quell
The unquiet throbbings of my troubled brain,
They touch the nerve that leads unto my heart;
And even as the delicate rod conducts
To earth the forked lightning, so there flies,
Quicker than thought, adown that tremulous string,
A fetterless delirium.

The leaf.

Of the red rose in summer, hath no tint
Like that which dwells upon thy pleasant lip;
And the rich pulp of the blue bursting plum,
No sweeter is, nor softer.

Summer streams,

Careering on with a most cunning melody
Through leaves and blossoms, give to me no tone
Like the rich 'wondering music of thy voice;
I lean on thee and listen, till my soul
Is fraught with dearliness—mine eyes grow dim;
And then I sink to slumber, filled and faint,
With a most holy luxury.

I awake,

And find thee clasping me—my hand in thine—
Thy tenderest look is on me, such a look
Might tempt the highest angel to his fall.

Is it so strange, my Agatha, that when
A blight is coming on my early years,
And men bow coldly to me—and heed not
My bosom's lonely yearnings—I should turn
To rest my weary head near thee—and seek
A consolation from thy cherished love?

I have no want with thee; do I wish flowers?
Thou hast a chaplet woven curiously,
By thine own fingers, from the trailing vines,
And the unconscious blossoms, for my brow:
Do I ask music? The rich instrument
At thy command, as at a spirit's touch,
With a sweet prelude trembles—then it fades
Into the melody of voice—thy song
Comes forth in wildness—with each note as clear,
As if it bubbled from the deep cool wave
Of the heart's crystal fountain—then I breathe
But music—all the world seems harmony,
And thou, my Agatha, a living tone!

With me thou sittest to outwatch the stars;
And hear the moan of the uncertain wind;
They hold a deep communion with our spirits—
They touch the links of that mysterious chain,
We feel, yet cannot see—

Still no dark thoughts
Disturb us, as we trace the fading lights
In the blue heaven, whose beauty God hath made
A language unto man—

Oh, Agatha—

Regard our worship holy, and our love
As that on which pure spirits gladly look;
And let us never part—nor ever need
Words that forbid our meeting—nor lay down
Our broken hearts a sacrifice—but live,
And love, as we do now, and bid the world
Defiance.

Original.

LINES

*Written on a Visit to the Fair Mount Water-works,
Philadelphia.*

I.

WHAT beauty and brightness
Inhabit that wave,
Where those swan-birds their plumage
Of purity lave:
Rowing on, rowing on,
With a grace and a glow,
Not brighter above
Than their shadows below.

II.

There, the waters leap up
To the high-visor'd hill,
Their green margin'd fountains,
With freshness to fill:
While away—far away—
Piercing up through the skies,
The eve-gilded spires
Of the city arise.

III.

Those hills in their romance
Of scenery seem,
By the summer's bright wand,
Like a fairy-land dream.
And each maiden with eyes
Full of lustre and love,
Like some Peri just come
From the star-fields above.

IV.

Oh, where are those maidens
So sylph-like and fair,
With brows pure as snow
Touch'd by Ararat's air;
As they who the Schuykill
At evening seek,
And rival the rose
With the love-lighted cheek?

V.

So bright each enchantment,
I fancy me where,
Philosophy dwelt
With Athenia's fair;
That I see all the bowers
Epicurus once wove,
Round the temples of pleasure,
And music, and love.

VI:

Yes, yon is our Athens,
And here are the groves,
Where Beauty, delighting
Philosophy, roves.
Where nature still reigneth
As nature began,
For the pride of the stars
And the pleasure of man.

VII.

Flow on thou bright wave
To thy bridegroom, the sea,
Singing on, singing on,
Like a bird on the tree.
And oh, may our course
To its final decline,
Be all brightness and calmness,
And pureness, like thine!

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH;

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. SINCLAIR.

The Poetry by Thomas Haynes Bayly, Esq.—Music by Henry R. Bishop.

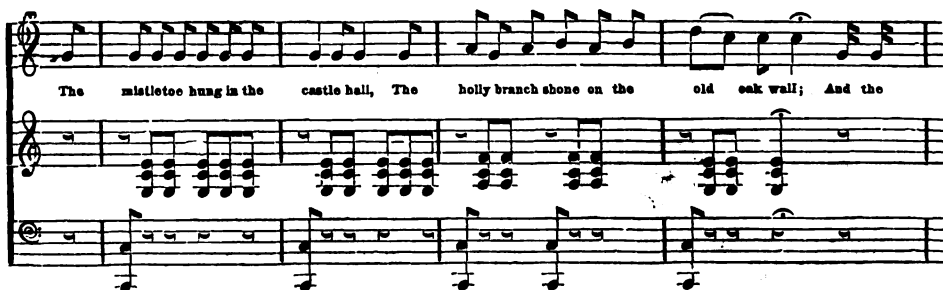
In moderate time, alternately with playfulness and romantic expression.

PIANO FORTE.

Dolce e semplice



The mistletoe hung in the castle hall, The holly branch shone on the old oak wall; And the

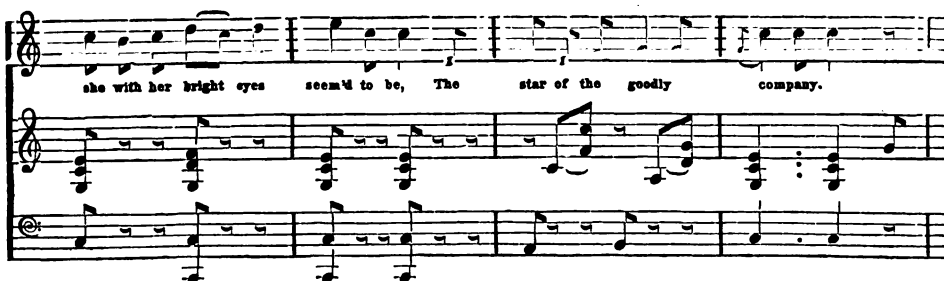


baron's retainers were blithe and gay, And keeping their Christmas ho - li - day; The



baron beheld with a father's pride, His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride; While





she with her bright eyes seem'd to be, The star of the goodly company.



Oh! the mis - tie - toe Bough! oh! the mis - tie - toe bough!

colla voce.



fp *fp* Dim.

II.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
 "Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide:
 And Lovell be sure thou'rt the first to trace,
 The clue to my secret lurking place."
 Away she ran—and her friends began
 Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
 And young Lovell cried, "Oh where dost thou hide?
 I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
 Oh the Mistletoe Bough!

III.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
 And they sought her in vain, when a week pass'd away!
 In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot,
 Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
 And years flew by, and their grief at last,
 Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
 And when Lovell appear'd, the children cried,
 "See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
 Oh the Mistletoe Bough!

IV.

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
 Was found in the Castle—they raised the lid—
 And a skeleton form lay mould'ring there,
 In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
 Oh! sad was her fate! In sportive jest
 She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
 It clos'd with a spring—and her bridal bloom
 Lay withering there in a living tomb!
 Oh the Mistletoe bough!

SUPERSTITIONS OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

NO. 5.

In my last number I attempted to describe the feelings of a being who had imbibed the idea of an endurance of life, beyond all other earthly things. This superstition, it is well known, has existed ever since the time of our Saviour's crucifixion—and arose from a circumstance too well known to require of me a repetition.

Among all ranks and conditions of men—the most learned as well as the ignorant—there has prevailed an opinion, that by some means a few were premonished of approaching death. I acknowledge that, in proportion to the knowledge of the persons who professed this opinion, was the importance of the agent of their premonition; and this circumstance has often been used as an argument against the existence of the fact, and, *perhaps*, with truth. Yet I do remember those whose ideas were in general respected, and who appeared to draw their argument from some certain data, and yet they admitted that we might not only be, but that many within their knowledge actually were, forewarned of their death.

"May not," would they say, "the soul which is an emanation from God, sometimes be permitted to catch a glimpse in prospective? or will not the Being who regards the good of the creatures he has formed, sometimes suffer that the good angel that is about them should announce impending danger?—And, as to the particular medium of information, the most effectual would certainly be that which is in accordance with their belief: so that, admitting the fact, the probability is, that different classes would be differently informed, according to the impressions of their infancy or their acquired belief." But, argument aside, I state it as a fact, that this belief has extensively existed in the Old Colony, and, perhaps, at this time influences a few of its inhabitants.

Some years ago—subsequent, however, to the period in which I placed the existence of the person in my last number—I was informed that a young woman in the neighbourhood was labouring under a delusion which would probably prove fatal to her. On enquiring, I learned that she had been led by a dream, once or twice repeated, to believe that her end was near, and, although then in perfect health, the impression of the dreams was so strong that her mind was ardently affected: instead of directing her attention from the subject, she was continually employed in some means of eliciting a contradiction or confirmation of the fears which her dreams excited.

She had repeatedly turned to the bible, and opened its sacred page to find some satisfaction, and had as often found "thou shalt die and not live," written as with a pen of fire; to whatever source of information she turned, the same intimation of the dark, irrevocable decree, seemed to be made. It is not my object to state the gra-

dation of her misery and its consequences—few who read this article can have any sympathy with an humble being at that distance. I shall barely sketch the operations of her mind, as they appeared in her conversations, or rather soliloquies.

It may be natural to suppose that such a person could have but little intercourse with the beings around her—she was usually in solitude; frequently wandering in the fields at a distance from the house, and would often be absent during the whole day.

It was in one of these wanderings that I met her, for the first time, after the commencement of her mental malady: she had strayed more than a mile from her home, and had seated herself upon a rock, on the edge of the bay, in the most solitary part of that portion of Kingston called, with great propriety, Rocky Nook.

On discovering the unhappy female, I approached as if I had not heard of the change; when the ceremonies of acquaintances were over, she knew me, but appeared to feel that our existence had nothing in common at present.

With a feeling that had more curiosity than sympathy in it, I endeavoured to lead the conversation to her situation, anxious to show my skill at argument—*anxious*, like thousands of phlegmatic scholars, to argue a being out of a belief in the existence of that which they *feel* they possess.

To discourse of that which was all her thoughts, was no difficult task for the unfortunate Mercy.

"You will not," I said, "assuredly, attach importance to dreams, which you must feel, from every night's production, are undefinable and contradictory; and the accidental discovery of a verse in scripture, can be no intimation of a fate, because the passage was there before you opened the book—if these are conclusive, I should have been a good and a rich man long since." But the restlessness of her eye convinced me that I was arguing in vain.

Mercy waited some time, after I had ceased to speak, before she attempted to answer.

"I will answer a fool," said she, gazing across the bay, "'according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit.' I trust not to dreams, nor visions, nor texts; they may intimate, but I am *sure*—and yet why deride any source of knowledge;—that your dreams contradict, is a proof that they do not foretell—but when they come strong and clear, when day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth forth knowledge of the events, shall we despise the facts for the medium through which they were conveyed? No—when the intimation points to a proof, the most incredulous will believe.

"But I, what shall I believe. I feel, and you can see it—I feel that my frame wasted with a more than natural decay. Were my sinews strong as the rocks that are heaped upon these unproductive fields, they would yield to my stronger conviction. I have tried, tried to convince myself it was not so." She arose, and as she stood between me and the thin mist upon the water, her emaciated form scarcely obstructed my sight. She proceeded without apparently noticing my presence: "I have said, I have youth and health; I will enjoy life, and its pleasures shall prolong its term; I will go forth as at other times, and walk in the light of my eyes, and the understanding of my heart; but my fate was on my brow, and mankind paused to read it; I planted the violet and it bloomed, but the saltness of my tears dried up its roots, and it withered as I was gazing upon it. I have asked at every fountain of knowledge, I have looked up to the heavens, I have gazed upon the expanse of waters, I have searched in the sacred scriptures, and it is written in all, in letters to sear the eye and dry up the heart, 'there is but a step between thee and death.' And shall I combat it, shall I oppose an obstinate incredulity to the decrees of heaven, which are written on every cloud that passes? No, I cannot, the mind may oppose, but the body is going down to its habitation;—I have a fondness for life," she continued, "a fondness which, if any earthly love may be admitted, might plead some excuse for its existence. But all hope is blasted, those treasured dreams of pleasure are all dissolved, the dread reality of death forbid their enjoyment.

"The dim smoke that rests upon the blue heights of Monument——"

I would that my readers could catch a glimpse of the being as she stood before me at that moment: we were on a projecting point of the fishing rocks that overhang the north-western part of Plymouth Bay; a flood tide had covered the flats and half islands, whose nudity occasionally disfigures that beautiful basin of water—the bright expanse of waters was rippled as the stronger current of the channel was opposed by a western breeze; large strips of the bay, where the sea grass floated and defended it from the wind, was smooth as the brow of infancy when shielded by the hand of maternal love. Mercy had advanced to the very edge of the rock which topped over the channel, her thin arm was extended and her long hair was swept out by the wind. The luridness, not of anger nor grief, but of deep impassioned feeling was in her eyes, as they alternately rested upon me and the object of their contemplation.

"The dim smoke that rests upon the blue heights of Monument," said she, "is not more evanescent than our life—when the summer heats have passed, the storms of winter shall blanch its top, but, ere then, we may—I must, I must be chilled by other colds than winter's:—moistened not by the blessed dews that I have drank from the dripping herbage. No, the chilliness of the grave shall lie round me, the dark moisture of

the sepulchre shall be on me; my eyes, that have gazed with such joy upon these scenes, that even now look with a mournful pleasure, as they are fading from me, they shall be closed in the darkness of death, nor ever open again in this earthly life."

It was some months before I visited again the neighbourhood of this unfortunate person, but I learned that the melancholy had increased with the diminution of her strength, and that it would be impossible for her to outlive the week.

The next evening I received a message from her, inviting me to the house. With sympathy for her sufferings, and, my heart this moment tells me, with too much curiosity to know how she would appear in her near view of death, I hastened immediately across the fields, and was there before the messenger returned. On entering the house, I learned that a change in her appearance had induced her parents to believe that her end was very near. Could I at this moment express the feelings which I experienced on entering the chamber, it would, perhaps, excite no emotion, if, indeed, they varied materially from those which are common to all who enter the chamber of the dying. The half receding step, the suppressed breath, the fixedness with which we gaze upon the object of solicitude, all these are natural to all who feel; and all who enter such a scene will feel.

"I have sent for you," said Mercy, as she attempted to lay her bony hand on mine—"I have desired to show you that I am changed, not less in mind than in body. Oh, how I clung to life, how I doated on earth and all that it has—the very certainty of my death made me wish to enjoy it more. I have envied the cattle upon the hills, for they had freedom and life—nay, I would have changed with the very flower that my hand had planted; this you know, and I have wished that you should see that my desires are changed. That affection, my friend," continued she, "which was placed on earth, has now a higher object, and I may say that I would not live always. But yet one feeling is earthly that is not yet conquered." Her eye turned slowly toward one who was reclining from the window. "He suffers—but I warned him months since; I urged him by the faithfulness of his love to leave me—but with the devotedness of despair, he has clung to me, although he felt that I was fast passing from his grasp. He has supported me when exercise was beyond my strength, he has watched me with a devotedness that bespeaks a more than human passion; his affection has appeared more than earthly, 'it is passing the love of woman.' Could I forget that, did that not hold me, I should go in peace, 'tis the last tie that binds me to earth, and I feel now that it must be rent asunder. William," said she, the young man turned from the window, and was at once by her side.

She made an effort to extend her hand, he seized it in both of his, and knelt by the side of the bed.

"William, I feel that we must part." "But not now," said the agonized youth, "not now,

Mercy—you will, I hope, be spared to us long.”
 “Even now,” continued she, “I am entering the dark valley of the shadow of death. You have watched, oh, be at peace with him that smiteth, and kiss the rod.”

The young man was attempting to speak, when she said: “Do not reply—if earthly love is sinful, we have sinned much, William; but heaven can witness in your behalf, that what there is of purity in human love you have shown me. But, oh, let my father be called.”

In a few minutes he entered. “Father, dear father,” said the dying daughter, “I must leave you now—oh, let me hear your last, last blessing—pray for me; ’tis the last prayer you can utter in my behalf.”

“Let us pray,” said the father, and he kneeled beside his placid child.

Years have passed since that solemn hour—pains and sickness, misfortunes, and every calamity but vice, has fallen to my lot, but none of these, nor the more Lethæan draught of prosperity, have been able to eradicate one incident of this night from my mind. In solemn contemplation ’tis with me; in dreams and visions of the night I have seen it, with all the imposing distinctness of that impressive hour; its recollection, while it shows how calm and placid may be the dying saint, convinces that *that* serenity and peace must be derived from conscious purity.

The good man’s words were just audible at the extremity of the room, and when he had finished one of those solemn appeals to God, in which the pious resignation of the Christian was conspicuous over the subdued expectations and hopes of a doating father; when he had poured out before that Being the ardent desire of his soul, when he had prayed—and not mingled one *earthly* wish in his petition—no, not even to ask for life—“Strengthen her *hopes*,” said the afflicted solicitor, “increase her confidence—let these, her last hours, be hours of peace, and may our lamentations be hushed, in *knowing* that she is with *thee*.”

When his petition was closed, a new serenity appeared upon the countenance of the dying Mercy, and, for a moment I believed she might yet be spared. Subsequent painful experience has taught me to draw no favourable omen from that new, that almost heavenly brilliancy, which sometimes marks the eyes of the dying.

“Have you any request,” said the yet kneeling father.

“Could I but hear your and William’s voice,” said she “joining in my favourite tune.”

To some, it may be supposed that this was an hour in which the afflicted father could scarcely join in music; such, however, would do well to remember, that singing makes with the Christian, in that land, a part of *real* devotion. With tuneful, but trembling voices, William and the submissive father commenced the tune which Mercy had almost sanctified to them, by her recent frequent repetitions of it. It was slow and mournful, and derived much of its applicability from the words to which it was set:

Firm was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presumed ’twould ne’er be night,
 Fondly I said within my heart,
 Pleasure and peace shall ne’er depart,
 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
 That made my mountain stand so long——

The voice of William ceased almost with the first line. The father, however, continued, and even Mercy joined in the exercise, when her voice suddenly ceasing, her father stopped—the pure soul of his sainted child had fled from earthly love and earthly friendship, to the bosom of a heavenly and eternal rest.

Death, however visible its approach, surprises the living, and the father, as he felt that the dearest object of his earthly love had faded from him, joined the less submissive William in well deserved tears.

I turned from this scene to the window; the silence of the night was fitted for the feelings which such an hour must create; the rich light of a harvest moon was resting upon the hills, that rose beyond the neighbouring river, whose gushing current was all that disturbed the hallowed quiet of that eventful hour; a dim wreath of mist, which rose thin and lightly from the stream, for a moment assumed a form that almost cheated my senses—but it faded, and I was aroused to the painful realities of the night by the hysteric sobs of the bereaved William.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

LET this idea dwell upon our minds, that our duties to God, and our duties to man, are not distinct and independent duties, but are involved in each other; that devotion and virtue are not different things, but the same thing, either in different points of progress or circumstances of situations. What we call devotion, for the sake of distinction, during its initiatory and instrumental exercises, is devotion in its infancy; the virtue which, after a time, it produces, is devotion in its maturity; the contemplation of Deity is devotion at rest; the execution of his commands is devotion in action. Praise is religion in the temple, or in the closet; industry, from a sense of duty, is religion in the shop or field; commercial integrity is religion in the mart; the communication of consolation is religion in the chamber of sickness; paternal instruction is religion on the bench; patriotism is religion in the public.—*From a Sermon of Rev. J. Francis.*

It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm and uniform life of a student conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers, which might otherwise assault it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment incompatible with a sedentary life.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

JULY, 1888.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.—A pink watered silk dress, a *colonnes satinees*; body with pointed folds, and bow of gauze riband; short sleeves, with epaulettes trimmed with blonde; white tulle Zephyr scarf. White escape hat, and pink feather.

EVENING DRESS.—A gauze muslin dress, striped green and pink, with a small running pattern over the stripes; body with small pelerines, trimmed with *rouleaux*. Cap open behind to show the hair, and trimmed with green gauze riband.

MORNING DRESS.—A *choly* dress, with small *bouquets* over a white ground; high body, crossed over, and epaulettes on the sleeves. Blue watered silk *capote*, with an *aloca*.

Original.

THE SNOW FEATHER;

A TALE.

To the woods—to the woods, gentle reader. Release your lips from their polished smile. Our path is not on the crowded pavement, nor through the gleam and glitter of stately halls. Nor legend of chivalry, nor tale of fashion is mine. We are going out into the solemn and beautiful woods;—by your patriotism, my lady reader, frown not; for where else should a theme of the olden time be found in the lovely land of our birth? Why marvel that the old world hath her sons of song, and hordes of gifted spirits, who weave from the dark threads of history, the brilliant web of romance? Why should they not, where the eye opens among the ivied relics of other ages, and the past is all a mine of rich material? But for us, nor mouldering wall, nor antique tower clusters its sacred memories. The past—two centuries, and all beyond is mystery. Nor frowning turret of old renown, nor tourney, nor tented field, looks out from its lonely depths. There is a wilderness—a vast dim wilderness, and men turn from its solemn secrets, to the splendid themes of other climes. Yet they who love those lonely wastes, find their reward; the step that would falter on a foreign strand, grows free and strong among their hidden mazes, and now and then there gleams up to the searching eye, some sacred relic of those mysterious ages, whose records of heroic deeds were written on the glowing fancies of each passing generation. Such is our tale. It hath been registered, too, elsewhere, on a sterner page.

It was a summer noontide, but there was no village hum, or din of cities. The music of the wild old woods was going up alone to heaven. The merry brooks laughed out loud and clear as they leaped from rock to rock in their green depths; the voice of the river came like a deep murmur of delight, as it stole onward to the distant sea; while the glad and beautiful language of the woods, rung and thrilled through their green arches, from the thousand nestlers in those leafy shades. Far down, deep among the clustering hills, there lay one little nook of sweet and rare beauty. It was dark with verdure, for the boughs of the lordly oak were laced above it, and only patches of the bright blue sky shone down through the twinkling leaves; even the lustre of that warm noonday as it found its way through those masses of waving green, grew so-

lemn and dim, like a clear twilight. But the waters that came dripping, foaming and silvery, down the angle in the rock, to the basin below, shone up from its pictured and shadowy depths, like living crystal, and gliding out a glossy rivulet, it half circled with its sportive sweep the whole area, breathing through the lonely little glen a glad and sparkling beauty. And yet, at that hour it wore the charm of a brighter presence. There was a light among those clustering leaves, without which palaces are dim, and which can make the lone desert beautiful; the light of those living, mysterious fountains that link the material, to the world of intellect, giving to the deep and subtle thought, a visible existence. Nor bird's nor gazelle's were the wild dark eyes that looked out from that shady recess. A thing of life and thought, a glorious young creature of the woods sat drinking in the music of the wind, as it played in the canopy above. The crimson berry mingled with the fresh oak leaves on that dark young brow, and the rich hair floated down free and beautiful, half hiding with its glossy clusters, the girdle of shells and gold that gathered the rude robe beneath, and gave, with a slight clasp, to its unfashioned folds, the haughty grace, the rich and breathing shape of beauty.

She gazed on the fountain. Sweet violets and clumps of richest moss grew on the low turf at her feet, and purple blossoms, and a thousand nameless flowers sprung all around on the shady bank; and the waters, as they poured out from the still depths of the basin, went talking low and sweet, among the stones and mossy roots, that curled and braided their currents, while ever and anon some strange, wild tone came ringing out from the far depths of the wood, and echoing loud and sweet through its lofty chambers—and yet she gazed on those pebbly depths as though all sights and sounds of beauty had lost their charm. But something in the deep, unquiet eye, and now and then a sudden and brilliant smile told that the spirit was searching out its own hidden fountains.

But they whose thoughts and feelings are prisoned in the channels of the cultured mind, may but ill analyze the gladness, or trace the imaginings, that sparkle over the chaos of an untaught intellect. And she was one whose fine perceptions had been moulded

among the beautiful influences of the woods. The shadow on the sunny turf had dialed her young hours. Nature had been that wild *Lady's Book*. She had learned her music from the leaves and birds, and fashions from every simple flower that brightened her path. That lone wilderness had opened to her the pages of an exhaustless romance, and she had read the language of the stars, and learned devotion from every page in earth or heaven, that whispered of wisdom or might. They had poured their imagery into her young mind, till it needed but a touch to flash forth in song; they had nurtured there the lofty and poetic feeling that, developed into action, might resound in distant lands, and go down through all ages, a bright, undying record of womanly deed. But alas! the gentle influence that had nursed the brilliant flowers of that lonely dell into their rare and perfect beauty, had only taught them to lavish a richer perfume on its solitude. She who sat among them, wasting the light of her young being on the unlettered woods, was only sharing the destiny of those myriads of the bright and beautiful, whose memory scarce lives in the dream of the poet—even his, whose hearth is on their graves.

There were human tones on the rock above. "Snow Feather," muttered a low voice. The young savage lifted her drooping eyelids, for a light slumber had weighed them unawares; she sprang from her listless attitude, and gazed eagerly among the bushes that grew to the edge of the summit above. But the voice went on, and she knew from its low half-whispered tone, that the name which had broken her dream was spoken for another listener.

"Hush father," said another voice; "let us go to the temple;—she sleeps in the glen below, for I flung an offering to the Manitou as I passed, and I saw her asleep by the fountain. Let us go to the temple, father; my strange tale is not for a woman's ear."

"Nay, Vattamatomae," replied the first, "what careth the priest for thy wild tale? Let me hear the message of the Werowanee. For the maiden fear not—if such a tread as thine roused her not, her rest is deep. Say on, Vattamatomae; we have no listener," and the prophet did not know how the faint whispers of a name interlinked with our memories, our fears and hopes, are mightier than the tread of a conqueror.

The young maiden had sunk on the mossy stone, and her eyes were closed again, but the gorgeous links of fancy were broken, and something sadder than dreams wrought the smile on her lip. The voice of Vattamatomae still sounded above, but his cautious recital was heard only in the glen like an unmeaning murmur.

"I say, father," he repeated, his elevated tone suddenly breaking its restraint, "the Monocan hath promised to bury the tomahawk forever, and he will yield too the blue waters of the _____ and the rich hunting grounds beyond. The wampum is woven, and the Werowanee hath but to give"—and he checked his voice again, so that the name of the sacrifice which might purchase these national advantages was only audible to him for whom it was spoken.

"As ye will, father," rejoined Vattamatomae, in reply to the whispered interrogation of the other, "by dream, by spell, or token, as ye best may; so the Werowanee bade me tell you—but, be it done quickly, for ere this moon is old, he will stand by his own council-fire again, with the Monocan for his guest."

"This moon!" repeated the voice of the elder speaker. "These are crooked words," he added, indignantly; "you said but now, that he had gone to the great fight, where the canoes of the Mingoes cover the mighty waters of the north."

"Nay, father," replied the other; "two moons are fled since the council fire was buried on the Lenape Whittuck, and ere this the chief is towards his own bluehills again."

"Then why came ye not hither before?" rejoined the priest in the same elevated tone. "Is it for him, who bears the message of a mighty Sachem to loiter on his path?"

"Father, ye wrong me—I did the bidding of my chief. There came a wild tale to the council house of the nation, from the tribes who dwell on the borders of the great Salt Water Lake."

"And what said the Werowanee?" inquired the priest, after some minutes earnest conference.

"He laughed at their tale, father, and he bade me go thither on my path homeward, that I might shame them with their false words. And—but father, hark! The leaves are rustling in the glen again. If ye would hear my strange tidings, come hither at least to the ledge above." It was evident that the intimation had been obeyed, for the voices were soon inaudible in the distance.

The young maiden still sat by the fountain—she had covered her face with her hands. At last a heavy step marred the sweet melodies in the thicket above. "Snow Feather," muttered a harsh tone, and the same voice which had dispelled her slumbers, now broke in on her waking dreams. A rude path wound along the less precipitous descent beyond the stream, and the eye of a modern heroine might have shrunk from the form of the wild old man, who was slowly winding his way down the crag, with his wolf-skin mantle gathered about him, and the gray hair floating on his brow and shoulders. But the glance with which the maiden regarded him betrayed no nervous disquietude, though there stole over her proud features a slight shade of reverence.

"The priest found a white token in the temple, when he came home from the mountain," said the intruder, as he seated himself on the mossy trunk that crossed the brook, while his glance expressed the interrogation, which neither the tone nor the language had intimated.

"Father," began the maiden—she lifted her down-cast eye—something in the face of the priest checked her words. Some powerful excitement burned in the small wild eye that was fixed on hers; and the mysterious allusions of the messenger to his subsequent communication, seemed invested with fresh mystery, from its visible effect on one not wont to be moved with tales of wonder.

"The young Snow Feather is at sport with the gray-haired prophet," said the old man, scornfully, at last interrupting the protracted silence.

"Father," repeated the maiden, and the voice that rung through the glen was clear and birdlike, "the Snow Feather sat in the door of the Werowanee to-day and wept. Who but the prophet can brighten a heavy spirit? So she sought the temple."

The priest muttered an exclamation of surprise.—"Why should the daughter of the mighty Werowanee be sad? She who speaks, and her will is done. She who roams with her train of maidens all the day, as idly as a warrior? Why art thou sad, daughter?"

The maiden waited a moment in evident embarrassment.

"I had gathered flowers with my maidens, till the mats were covered; we had braided wreaths till the walls were all hung with garlands; we had spread nets for the blue-birds till we were weary, and still it was not noon-day. Then they brought out shells and feathers, and braided a coronal, and wove it with the bright blue and crimson the Eagle-Eye loves best, and that too was done—and yet the sun was only going up the sky—his path down to the blue trees looked long and weary, and the shadows scarce moved upon the turf. Then I thought how to-morrow would come creeping up the hills as to-day, and another, and another, till the days were all fled so wearily—the young girls had gone out to braid their hair by the stream,

and their laugh rung among the trees, but the heart of the Snow Feather was like a weary bird, and she sat in the door and wept."

"And why went ye not out with them? There is gladness among the leaves and waters, even when the spirit of man is bowed with sadness!"

"Father, I have roamed through these woods, till all their bright places lie in my heart like the shadow in the fountain. I have listened to the birds, till I know every voice from the red-breast's to the dove's, and I am weary of these flowers and streams. I thought of the Werowancee and the Eagle-Eye, and I wished I were a warrior, or a chief, that I might sail in my canoe up the blue river. Oh! I would find out some new land, where the shadows never linger; and, father, I came to hear that wild legend ye told me once in the temple of Oppamit. But the prophet was gone—so I strung a white garland for the Manitou of the fountain."

The young speaker paused; her earnest eye drooped beneath the keen gaze of her listener.

"Say on, Snow Feather," said the old man, as he glanced towards the slanting sunbeams that played on the rock. "'Tis but a little while since the shadows crept so lazily. Do they travel swifter because they are turned? Say on, Snow Feather, for by the light in your eye, your tale is not done. You came to the prophet's home, sad and weary—you are neither sad nor weary now."

"I have told you all," replied the maiden, lifting again her sparkling eye, and checking the rich smile that wreathed her lip. "It was only a dream, a beautiful and glorious dream; but, father, you worship not the fair-browed spirit of the glen. When I came to the temple to choose my Manitou, ye told me legends of every bright divinity but him, and when I breathed his name, ye warned me of his snowy mantle, and his fearful brow of light."

"Your dream, your dream," repeated the prophet impatiently. "Even though it were of him, daughter, by that will I unfold the doom the Great Spirit hath ordained for you."

"Many moons have fled," continued the maiden, "since I chose the fair spirit of the waters for my guardian; since then, ye know, I have worn this feathery token on my brow, till the warriors know me afar, by its snowy light, and my own name is scarce remembered. I have worshipped him at the gray dawn, and evening twilight, but never a glimpse of the white mantle, or wreath of snow has paid my devotion; for when I thought I saw them glistening among the leaves, it was only the feathery foam of the waters. And to-day when I came down the glen, I flung my wreath on the rock, with a sad and scornful heart, for I had loved the Manitou better than my father, or the Eagle-eye, and I was weary of serving one who scorned my worship. And while I gazed sadly on the waters above, till they seemed like thousands of beautiful feathers, falling over the mossy patches of the gray rock, there stole a heavy slumber on my eyelids. And still I seemed to gaze as before; I heard the murmuring of the brook, the sunshine played on the moss as ye see it now, but father," and the thrilling tones of the speaker were half subdued; "there, beyond the fountain, leaning against the rock, his feathery mantle all dripping and sparkling with light and foam, I thought there stood a glorious creature. His lips were like the living rose, his eyes like stars, so large and clear, and he smiled with a fearful and glorious smile. Then I thought he came and stood beside me here, all glistening with light and beauty, and the arrows in his girdle glittered like the moonlight, but I was not afraid, for he took the dazling wreath from his brow, and flung it on mine. He bade me say my wish, for he said, and his fearful smile grew deeper as he spoke, 'That mortal maiden

had never yet served in vain, the Manitou of the glen.'"

The prophet frowned. "Then, father," continued the maiden; "I told him how I was sad, I knew not why, and weary of roaming through the forest, with none to love me, and none to love. His smile grew deep again, as he asked me of my maidens, and my father's noble warriors, and the chief of the Wabingoes, and the great Werowancee of the south, who had sent presents to my father to win me for his bride. He spoke of my father, and the Eagle-Eye. Then I told him my maidens were true and gentle, and the warriors of the guard were brave, but their thoughts were not like mine, and for the fierce stranger chiefs, what cared I? The Werowancee, indeed, loved me better than all things else, and I would have died for him, but he came not often to his tent, and then his soul was at the hunt, or the far council-fire; and little time for the mighty chief of thirty tribes to care for a simple maiden. But when he spoke of the Eagle-Eye, I thought I wept; and I told him how our hearts had grown together, when we roamed of old through the sunny glades, but the Eagle-Eye had grown stern and brave, and gone to the great waters of the north, to win him a name that should live like the stars; and left the Snow Feather to string shells, and gather flowers, and be forgotten ere the dead leaf fell on her grave. The Manitou gazed on me a moment with a glistening eye, and I thought I heard his low voice singing, 'Maiden, thou shalt have thy wish!' Then he caught the token from my brow with his bright and snowy fingers, and threw it high above the trees, and upward it sailed, higher and brighter, away and away, till at last it hung in the blue heaven, like a large and beautiful star. The bright spirit shook his plumes, and laughed loud and joyously, and his laugh was clear like the music of the waters as he pointed me to it, and said, 'Will the Eagle-Eye win him a higher name than that?' And then I was sailing with him alone in a fair canoe; the glen was gone, the wooded shores were all behind us, and nothing was left but the sky and the waters. I thought of the spirit-land that lies beyond the Great Salt Lake, for there rose a beautiful strand before us; I saw groves, and temples, and palaces of snow, and spirits like the fair-browed Manitou roamed among them. He leaned upon his oar, and pointed through the trees to his home of light, and told me I should dwell with him forever. Why did he mock me with that blessed vision? For when I would have sprung upon the strand, and the music of a thousand reeds floated on my ear, another voice repeated my name above. Prophet it was thine. And now doth not my weary life seem sadder than before? Father, can ye unfold my dream? Say, was it not too beautiful and glorious for mortal destiny?"

"Listen, maiden," said the old man, solemnly. "The bright-browed Manitou has thrown his snares for you. To-morrow the spell shall be broken, and even in that wild vision I will trace the shadow of thy fate. The Snow Feather shall indeed go to another land," he added, in tones of studied emphasis; "she shall find another home, and another people, but not beyond the waters. To-morrow, maiden, at noon-day, in the home of the priest, the dream shall be revealed."

The prophet moved onward as he spoke. The Snow Feather turned with a hasty step; she gave a single glance at the fountain as she wound around its tufted edge to the path beyond. That glance arrested her step. There is a principle of human nature which has been considered peculiarly incident to savage minds, as well as those of the gentle sex for whom this tale is written, and it will not be deemed improbable that an appeal to the curiosity of one who combined in her own intellect the peculiarities of both, should not have failed of its effect, even in the present moment, of high-wrought feeling. The Snow Feather

had brought that day to the glen, an offering of brilliant shells, that the Eagle-Eye had gathered for her, from the sands on the mighty waters of the north, and as she dropped the sacred mementos of her brother's love down the shining waters of the basin, she had smiled to see that, instead of passing to the dim depths below, they had settled, one by one, on a small ledge of the curved rock, where the falling waters had no power to displace them. To this point that passing glance had been directed, but she paused—the glance grew to a steadfast gaze—she uttered a low, wild murmur. The shells were still lying in the hollow of the rock, but not as before she slept. Then she remembered well they lay alone on the stony shelf of the basin. Was it a token she now saw from him who dwelt, far down, deep in the sunless home of the fountain? They had told her its crystal walls were studded with gold and gems, and well she knew of all the bright and costly treasures, the daughter of a Werowancee might claim, the best and brightest had gone down to deck that silent dome. Had he who sat on its jewelled floor, moulding the pearly drops of the deep, had he remembered his worshipper at last, and wrought her a token while she slept? A strange and brilliant object lay on the stone among the shells, a small bright orb, most curiously wrought, and the rich string lay coiled on the stone beside it. It was surely a childish thought—but to the dazzled eye of the maiden, as it shone through the clear liquid, it all seemed of gold, the chain, and the orb—pure massive gold. Yet, what but the fancy of a child, would picture masses of that rare and rich material, larger than those that shone like specks, in her own princely girdle? The Snow Feather knelt on the edge of the basin, and after a few moments of careful and breathless effort, the strange object of her curiosity lay, wet and glistening, on the turf before her. And something of awe chastened the deep and keen delight that sparkled on her features, as she shook out the rich chain, while her finger carelessly pressed the knob of gold beneath.

In a moment, she had sprung to the other side of the fountain, with a wild deep cry—her face was buried in her robe—the rich gift lay flung on the turf beyond. Was it a dream? That shining thing had opened to her touch—a haughty lip, a strange and beautiful eye, had looked out upon her from within. Was it indeed illusion, or had her hand unlocked the cell of some fair and living spirit? The faith of the young pagan, though deep and enthusiastic, had hitherto found its home in her imagination. It had been roused with legends and dreams, and the waking reveries of her girlish fancy, but till now it had held a distinct and separate existence from the dull realities of her being, nay, the experience of her whole life, had formed as it were a contradictory evidence, to that gorgeous ideal of her hopes. But it was no illusion. She sat in that still summer air; the birds were singing above her, the softened and shadowy light that played around her, was the light of life and day. It was no dream; and yet, there lay the mystery on the turf beyond, glittering, and mocking her very reason, with a reality wilder than dreams. Yet, even then, there shone a slight development of the decision of thought and feeling, which, one learned in the language of human features, might have seen beautifully written on the lip of the royal maiden.

She knelt again, with the beautiful shell on the turf before her; slowly and fearfully she lifted the lid from its mysterious inhabitant. There it lay, like a beautiful shadow, in that small ring of glittering stones, gazing up as with a glance of gentle recognition, with the still curl, on the bright, unbreathing lips; and the brow was like the snowy brow of her Manitou, yet she saw not the wild creature of her dream. They were young and noble features, all bright and fair like

the morning sunlight. The rich hair lay gathered on the brow in brilliant curls, deep as the hue of the ripened chestnut, and the tints of the fresh violet shone in the full eyes like a beautiful and vivid painting. They wore too a gleam of high and chastened thought, that no flight of an unlettered intellect might picture, and worlds of knowledge lay in their calm depths, undreamed of even in the lore of the prophet.

The Indian maiden gazed on the fair features, of the jewelled picture, till all fear was gone. She remembered her dream. The secrets of some high and solemn destiny seemed opening before her. A dim light was straying through the dark and tenantless chambers of the soul; new thoughts were thronging there; and there sprung up then a wild proud hope, such an one as the human heart will sometimes seize in its hour of weariness and yearning sorrow, and lean on through long years, till all its noble wealth, the lofty aspiration, the dim longing for its high inheritance, are clustered on some reed-like promise.

The maiden went out from the shady dingle to the homes of men with a light and springing step, for the joyless future had grown beautiful—the picture was in her girdle, its image had been reared already in the holy places of her heart, and every idle thought and affection came thronging to the worship. From that hour a wild and splendid dream of hope brightened her existence.

Midway down the slope of a noble river, rose the princely hunting lodge of *Werowancee*. The painted mats that covered the royal dwellings, looked out among clumps of stately trees in the midst of the long line of warrior tents, but the gentle slope that fronted them was smooth and verdant, down to the water's edge, with only here and there some lordly relic of the dim thicket above.

Two moons had fled since the messenger of the Werowancee had borne his secret tidings to the dwelling of the priest, and it was still summer. The hour was beautiful. Brilliant masses of vapour lay floating above the rich plumes of the western hills; the mellow light had faded from the bosom of the broad river below, but it still played strong and clear on the tops of the forest that crowned the summit, brightening the gorgeous dyes on the low, arched roof of that ancient palace.

The hunt was done. It was an hour of rest. Little feet pressed the rich, shadowed turf before the dwelling; voices of childhood's frolic rung among the trees; the wife had left her unbraided mat in the tent; the young bright-eyed girls who were weaving their baskets in the door, had flung aside their unfinished toil. There was rest for all, from her, whose bowed shoulders and scanty robe, revealed her stern lot among the rude labours of the field, to those who moved gaily under the trees, with the beautiful tokens of rank on their brows; while the small hand, the idle step, and the delicate ankle, with its beaded chain, showed no rest was needed. Wild sounds rung from the shore below, fantastic forms danced on the slope, thrilling laughs and muttered tones echoed among the fierce groups without the trees; but they marred not the quiet of the scene: to those who sat in the doors on that calm evening, they were old remembered tones—sounds that came loaded with the dim memories of childhood—the fierce eyes and painted faces, the robe of skins with the crimson glare of the *Pocome* were only linked, in those wild minds, with fearless and untroubled thoughts, or dreams of gladness.

But there was one whose haughty step rung on the turf below, before whom the eye of priest and warrior sunk with reverence. The king whose glory is the legacy of his ancestors, may need the gemmed crown, and the robe of purple to point him from his fellow men; but he who moved among those warrior

groups had wrought out his own high destiny, and the royalty was in his withering eye; the chief of a few mighty warriors, who had stretched his domains in the far hunting grounds of his fathers, from hill to hill, and river to river, till from the blue mountains to the blue sea, his hunting house was in every tribe, and every king paid him tribute. Ah, there needed not the feathery diadem, and the gorgeous hues of his regal mantle, to mark him the ruling spirit of the realm. And yet it was told that one gentle hand held the strong reins of that mighty heart, that one low voice could hush its loud passions, moulding at pleasure its sternest purposes. But the Werowancee strode with a haughty step; the bold light of triumph was in his eye. He had finished in that hour a great victory. He had flung the idol from his heart, and ambition sat on her throne again. The young creature of his worship had knelt before him, in all her rich dream-like beauty; that low voice had rung on his ear, startling anew the sweet memories of the dead, she had knelt with the tear in her beaming eye, and words of strange eloquence on her lip; nay, she had prayed him by the name of one whose home was in the far spirit land, but he had called back the dew from his eye—he had choked his voice till it was cold and calm—he had answered—“No”—was he a woman now? Yet there was high passion on his brow, and the pressed lip and hurried tread told that the victory was not all his own.

There was mirth and music above. The beauties of the land were there in the fair array of the festival; the young queens were sporting in their royal beads and beaded mantles, gay girlish voices floated in laughter among the trees, yet one was there who heeded not the mirth or music—one whose soul had no share in the gladness of that hour. She sat alone, on the gay mat of the royal dwelling. The rambles as they passed the door looked in for a moment with hushed voices, and went whispering onward, and a group of wild-eyed maidens stood without, gazing on her with looks of awe and sadness. She sat alone, wrapped in her rich garment, with a single snow-feather bound among her braided hair, and the proud young head was bowed in sorrow; the whole attitude was one of deep and utter hopelessness.

“Princess,” said a low timid voice, “is it meet that the chiefs and warriors should be gathered to welcome the guest, while the bride sits in her tent unadorned?”

The intrusion was evidently painful. The royal maiden lifted her brow with a quick and haughty movement, but her cold glance softened as she met the timid gaze that was fastened on her. The gentlest and best beloved of her favourite train had ventured within the tent, and stood beside her with a freshly woven garland. “Let me call the maidens,” she continued, “the princess must be decked for her bridal.”

“No—no,” replied the other, with a slow and angry emphasis, “ye may sooner deck me for my burial,” and she covered her face and wept.

The young savage knelt beside her mistress; she flung her arm around her with the untaught grace of feeling. She would have soothed her.

“Nay, Metehora, let me weep. Am I not going from my father’s tent, and my own broad land, to dwell with the wild Monocan by the dark streams beyond the hills? I thought there was one who loved me. Hath he not sold me with all my love for the range of a goodly river? did I not kneel to him but now, in mine agony, and he flung me from him, even with my mother’s name on my lips? And oh! my dream, my dream,” she murmured with a new, and deeper tone of anguish, “my beautiful and blessed dream, is it not all fled forever? Go away, Metehora, I will weep till my heart is broken.”

“But, princess,” rejoined the other, “so the priest told you, your dream two moons ago, and you have

moved among us ever since, with a strange light in your eye. The maidens said you rejoiced in your destiny.”

“Listen, Metehora. I believed not the word of the prophet.” An expression of horror rose to the lip of her auditor, but the maiden continued. “I knew he had learned that warning from mortal lips, and then I had never knelt in vain to him who sent it, and my fair Manitou had left me a memorial that told of another meaning. Metehora, I have worshipped one higher and brighter than the stars, and I deemed my destiny was linked with his—he hath mocked me with a vain promise. See here, maiden.”

The look of eager curiosity with which the young attendant had watched her movements as she drew the rich chain from the folds of her robe, displaying its beautiful appendage, at that moment deepened into something more than the startled gaze of wonder, as the lid opened before her. Her face grew solemn with emotion. “I have seen him, I have seen him,” she repeated in fervent tones. “The Great Spirit forbid the doom of the Snow Feather should be mingled with his.”

“Thou hast seen him!” exclaimed the princess, her eye darkening with strong passion. “Hath he mocked thee too with dreams and shadows?”

“Nor dream, nor shadow”—but Metehora checked her voice, and gazed around the apartment with a timid and startled air.

The princess murmured with impatience. “Say on, Metehora. Where saw you the fair-browed Manitou? Say on, maiden.”

“I may not, princess,” replied the attendant. “Ask me no more, if you would not see the fresh and trodden above me,” and the high excitement of her features showed it was no idle language.

“Metehora,” and she spoke reproachfully; “you were the daughter of an humble warrior, and I made you first of all my train, and the sister of my love. Must the Snow Feather pray to you, too, in vain?—Speak, maiden, what of the Manitou?”

“And is it for a simple maiden to reveal the councils of the Werowancee? Princess,” continued Metehora, “it is a light thing for you to die. For you are of a kingly line, and a high and glad home is waiting for you in the hunting grounds of the dead, but you remember well, for you said it but now, that I am of a lowly race, and my life is all here; there is no home for me in the land of shadows. And, princess,” she continued, in a lower tone, “is it a light thing for me to draw on my brow the wrath of the mighty Werowancee?”

“And who hath given you a seat in the councils of the Werowancee?” replied the young princess, proudly.

But her attendant seemed scarce to heed her inquiry. She stood for a moment with her thoughtful eye fixed on the floor of the tent, and then walked rapidly to the entrance. The shadows were deepening without, and only a faint russet tinge above the hills, still showed where the sun had been. Her eye ran rapidly along the narrow level before the dwellings, and she glanced for a moment through the openings in the boughs, to the rude forms on the slope below. There were no listeners. Her companions had indeed withdrawn but a slight distance, for they were grouped beneath the boughs of the chestnut whose shadows fell on the building, but she knew from the close ring in which they sat, and the earnest tones among them, that the curiosity which had led them to the door of the tent, was wholly diverted from its object. She spoke with a subdued voice as she retreated a few steps within the entrance.

“Hear me—the hunters who came yesterday from the chase, brought home living game—they snared a strange deer in their path. Princess, I passed the treasure house to-day. If you would know more, you

must go thither before to-morrow's sunset. But at the dawn, if the Monocan comes not ere then, they will send you and your train to the dwelling of the priest. I heard the Werowance say to him, as I passed the glen, 'The Snow Feather hath a woman's heart—she loves not blood!' They little dream an humble maiden hath their secret." But her voice suddenly dropped to a whisper; "I see the mantle of the Werowance among the leaves," and she uttered rapidly the wild names of her companions, till the whole of the savage train stood gathered around their mistress.

The alarm was needless. The Werowance had only glanced within the tent as he passed, but from that moment the lip of Metehora was sealed. A maiden who had lingered without, soon brought the rumour that the Monocan had not yet arrived within two days' march of Werocomo; and ere the groupings without had darkened in the gathering twilight, there came a messenger from the priest, to bid the princess and her attendants to his dwelling, with the earliest dawn of the morning.

It was night. The broad moonlight strayed through the crevices of the walls, into a darkened room of the palace, revealing the outline of its objects. Aching brows pressed the rich furs of the low couch in its centre; the Snow Feather lay on her princely bed with sleepless eyelids. The young forms on the mats around drooped silent and motionless, as though the chisel had wrought them there, and through the mat that divided the dwelling came the measured breathings of the Werowance, as he lay in the room without, with his guard of chosen warriors. It was midnight, for the sentinels at each angle of the house, had twice repeated their alternate calls. Two more rounds of that wild cry, and those sleeping forms would rise again to the life and bustle of day. Once on her way to the temple and it were vain to dream of unravelling that tissue of mystery. She rose from her couch and stole with a noiseless tread towards the wall where the crevices of light marked the entrance. She lifted the edge of the curtaining mat. The stars looked pale in the white shower of moonlight that fell, bathing wood and turf, and strewn the shadows of the dark river as with snow; while the dim nooks of the distant shore seemed touched with a new glow. A low, constant note trilled from the chestnut boughs—even the soft murmur of the river rose on that still air.

The Snow Feather recalled the words of her maiden. There was but one clue to their mystery. A weary mile from Werocomo, in the heart of the dim thicket that stretched along the shore above, stood a dark and lonely building, the treasure house of the King, that even in the broad daylight men passed with quickened movements, for it was guarded with wild forms, not fashioned in the semblance of things earthly, and there lay those untold riches of gems, and beads, and royal garments the Werowance had gathered in store for the day of his burial. But a single point concentrated the bright hope that had filled her existence. What would not a young heart dare at such a crisis?

In a few moments a light tread was on the turf without, and ere the sentinels had lifted their heavy eyelids, the form of the Snow Feather went stealing like a spirit along the bank of the river. There was no faltering in that rapid step, and yet, as she wound into the dim embrasures of the wood, something like its own chilling shadow fell on her excited feelings. The beautiful radiance of the night streamed but faintly through the solemn arches above, and her own gliding tread was the only sound or motion in all that solitude. But it was not for the daughter of a Lenni Lenape to shrink from the shadows of the forest, and her weary path around marshy beds and over hills and dales was swiftly trodden. And she paused at last on the ascent that was to terminate her path; for the

moonlight that glared among the stately trunks above, announced an opening in the thicket. But any indecision, which some sudden view of her daring enterprise might have produced, seemed soon to have vanished in other and more exciting emotions. She stood the next moment on the brow of the hill. There was a day-like brightness in the broad circular valley below; for the trees were few and scattered, and that lone, ancient house stood like a vast harbour in its centre, while every shadow lay on the lawn-like surface about it with a vivid and perfect outline. And to the eye of the young Indian there was more of gloom than the outward loneliness. Fearful legends came thronging to her memory, as she glanced towards the huge inanimate forms, that stood with bow and arrow, guarding that desolate abode. And where was the promise that had led her thither? Was the daughter of the Werowance the one to be mocked with an idle tale? And as she recalled once more the dark language of her maiden, the undefined expectation that had quickened her step was remembered only as the illusion of a dream.

A shadow moved below; something like the wild tone of an Indian sentinel rose, and thrilled through the woods with a clear and startling shrillness. A few steps along the circular summit placed the astonished maiden opposite the entrance of the dwelling. Then she knew that the words of Metehora were no unmeaning fable. Rude garments lay on the turf, at that strange hour; in the shade of those lonely and desolate walls, she saw a group of armed warriors. The vague fearfulness was subdued; she moved slowly down the bank. A nearer survey revealed the chosen warriors of her father's guard. They lay in the attitude of listless slumber, but her stealing tread had not been unperceived. A human form emerged from the angle of the building, the eyes of the warrior were fastened boldly on her. But her own perplexity at the sudden encounter was evidently reciprocated. He had started back, his brows were lifted, and some loud exclamation seemed waiting for utterance; but the Snow Feather placed her finger on her lip, and pointed to the reclining warriors. "Rouse not these sleepers, and I will give you the gold in my girdle. Listen, Vattamatomae," she continued, suddenly recalling her clue. "Thou art a cunning warrior; the hunters snared a strange deer on their path, and brought home living prey. Now Vattamatomae, unfold my errand."

"Then the Werowance hath betrayed his own council," muttered the warrior, with evident surprise; but he smiled, as he added, "The Snow Feather hath come through the forest to gaze on the victim."

The heart of the maiden throbbed audibly as she signified her assent, and the sentinel obeying her caution, stole carefully towards the entrance of the building. He lifted the mat, and the clear light streamed within: it fell on a human figure. The wild cry that parted the lips of the princess died away unuttered; but she knew at a glance that he whose noble form lay revealed before her was not of the children of the Lenape. She saw the strange attire and the pale brow of that mysterious one, whose voiceless image had filled her soul with a dream of beauty too high for earth; and there, wrapped in the same close and gorgeous array, in the full proportion and majesty of life, lay that lofty stranger. The sentinel still held the mat but she passed him unheeding, and ere he could check her rapid movements, she was kneeling on the floor within, to gaze and to worship. Ah! then she knew it was not her heart's idol; she saw not the bright face of youth that was graven on every hope.

The warrior lay asleep, but it was a hero's slumber, for though the pale cheek was worn with long vigils and suffering, but for the lids on the full orbs, he might have seemed in that pallid light a warrior nerved for the battle. He slept, but there was no relaxing of the

haughty features; the brow wore its contracted frown, the stern lips were bent, and the hand on his girdle rested with clenched fingers, as though it had grasped a weapon. The white forehead lay uncovered in the moonlight; it was bold and high, and every feature wore the perfect outline of the chisel. The high courage, which no extremity of danger and suffering might bow, the dauntless genius that had roamed the world, and won a name among her heroes, had left their traces even in the slumbers of that savage prison.

The maiden gazed in silence; there was no language for that wild delight. She shook back her flowing hair, she bent her eyes to his, and still the illusion, if such it was, had not faded. Lightly and timidly she laid her hand on his forehead, it was no shadow, for the warm touch of life thrilled her fingers, but the stern lips of the warrior relaxed with a mournful smile, and words of a strange language were murmured on her ear. Oh! had that gentle hand reminded the dreaming captive of some fairer, in the far home of his birth?

A familiar voice broke painfully on the rapt senses of the maiden; it recalled the singular circumstances that surrounded her, for the hour, the place, the undefined purpose of her visit, had all vanished in that gaze of admiration.

"No—no, wake him not," said the sentinel. "You know he dies at to-morrow's sunset, but he hath been a brave warrior—break not his last repose."

Had the poisoned arrow of the Mingo pierced her heart, it could not have drawn a wilder, sadder cry. "Die, Vattamatomae!" and she fixed her eye upon the sentinel with a glance that thrilled his nerves, as she slowly approached him; "who dies at to-morrow's sunset?"

"The Snow Feather must surely know," replied the warrior, "that yonder is the chief of the strange tribe—the pale men who have come up from the dwellings of the sea, with the lightnings for their arrows"—but he paused, for his listener was drinking in his words with an eagerness which sent to his mind a sudden suspicion. "But who knows of the hunters' prey that was not of yesterday's council?" he muttered hastily, and the princess turned from his scrutinizing look. The language of wild and passionate sorrow broke from her lips; she saw the strong cords that bound the limbs of the victim, and she knew that he was doomed. "Thou to die! No—no," and the roused energies, the whole might of a high heart lingered in her tones. But they died suddenly away—a full hazel eye met hers.

The noble stranger was gazing on her, and the pleasant sounds on his lip were the words of her native tongue. They were few and broken; but there was a language in the eye that had no pauses, and his rapid and eloquent gestures needed no interpretation. Well did that stranger know the avenues of womanly pity. He told her of a land towards the rising sun, of gentle eyes that would be weeping for him there, and watching for his coming, even when the leaves of that lone forest were gathered above him. And, ere the Snow Feather went out from the shadows of his prison, she had promised him, on the faith of the Lenni Lenape, that he should not die.

The morn was breaking when the young princess stood with her train of maidens before the door of her father's dwelling, and the light of some lofty and beautiful enthusiasm kindled her eye as she lingered a moment under the chestnut boughs to wait the coming of the golden orb whose edge just brightened above the woods. There was a momentary unbending of that wild and singular expression, as the form of the Werowance appeared in the door. "But no, no," she murmured, "last night he flung me from him—not again, the glory must be my own," and yet her eye melted with a look of strange sadness as she stood for

a moment gazing after him, but it passed swiftly away, and when she turned again and moved onward with her savage train, there was a lightning in its liquid depths, and a majesty in her mien that fastened the glances of those wild gazers in silent awe and astonishment.

The day was bright and peaceful, the sun went down his western path as swiftly as though he bore no death on his wing, and the temple above the glen already stood in the long shadows of the western rock. The tread that rung on that sacred floor was hurried with agony.

Among the rude forms that adorned the temple, there sat a bevy of young, light-hearted girls. Two or three, whose forms appeared partially concealed behind the images, were eagerly employed in fastening the loose beads on an embroidered garment, whose loose folds, as they opened with every movement, revealed a workmanship of singular and splendid beauty, and others sat with folded arms lazily watching the shadows, and there were others whose sullen and restless glances seemed to scorn the narrow walls that confined them. Worlds of merriment lay in the wild black eyes that now and then peered up among those ungathered tresses, but some spell of silence seemed breathed within the walls: every gay lip was mute, and now and then a stealing glance at the beautiful young figure that glided through the temple, evidently deepened the restraint. The priest reclined on the large stone without the door so that none might pass unperceived.

"Will he never go?" murmured the princess impatiently, as she passed the maidens who were toiling in the corner. "Go on, go on, Metehora," she continued, for she had met the troubled glance that was lifted to hers. "There is no time for idle gazing; see the shadows—how long they grow—the sun is almost to the rock."

"Many suns must hide beneath that rock ere the Snow Feather wear this garment—say, princess, why should I hasten?" and Metehora gazed again on those proud features with a glance that sought their inmost meaning. But the princess turned away in silence, and with a fearful look that till that day she had never worn—a strange flashing smile, that mocked all scrutiny.

"Ye must stay in the temple till I come again," said the voice of the priest without. "Snow Feather, I will tell you a true tale, and wilder than the legend of the Allegewi ye love so well, if you wait for me here. See, maiden, the sun is low; if I come not when its light is faded, you need tarry no longer." The word the maiden uttered in reply was low and scarcely articulate, but it was interpreted as a murmur of assent, for his eye caught a smile on her lip, and he lingered not to analyze its meaning.

"Bring hither the baskets, Metehora," said the princess, as she turned again within the temple; "nay, linger not, now I must be decked gloriously."

"Not those," replied the maiden, shuddering; "princess, I saw beautiful flowers as I passed through the glen"—

"No, no, Metehora; the flowers would fade on that long journey—I will have gems—bring hither the sacred baskets, the robe is ready, and ye must braid my hair for a great festival."

Metehora came and stood by her mistress; her voice was low, so that none other could hear, and she spoke in the tone of earnest remonstrance. "Princess, will you profane the robe and the coronal that were wrought for your burial?"

"Profane them, maiden! Ere this day's light is gone, I will shed a glory on them that shall not fade even among the suns of the spirit-land. Look at that sun, Metehora; when he sinks behind those trees, I may be on the beautiful shores where he sleeps;" and her voice

melted to a low murmur, as she gazed sadly towards the hills. "My mother hath hung her home with flowers; she stands in the door and listens for my tread; she hath spread the mat, and gathered the fruit. Metehora, I must sleep with her to-night." But the wild light faded from her eye. "Yet, maiden, it is a dark way, and what if that shore be a dream at last! Oh! there is anguish and blood!" and she turned away, and hid her face in her robe, shuddering.

Metehora threw herself at the feet of the royal maiden; her face was solemn with anguish. "What would you do, princess? Take away this fearful darkness."

"I must go, maiden," replied the princess. "I may not linger. Can the daughter of a Werowancee break her kingly word? Metehora, hear me. The glorious one I saw last night—they have doomed him to the death—the warriors, and the chiefs, and the Werowancee have all said it. Yet, the word of the Snow-Feather hath gone—hear it again, maiden, *he shall not die.*"

"Then you have prayed the Werowancee," replied Metehora with a troubled look.

"No, that were vain, then; but I *will*, Metehora, and she shall not scorn my request again. The Werowancee doth love the language of high deeds, and so shall my prayer be made, I will wait till the blow is lifted, and when it hath fallen on my brow, when the blood of his daughter hath been given for the blood of the stranger—will he say *no* again. The noble being I saw last night, he is like the beautiful one I worship; to live with him long years of light and blessedness, that were too high for mortal destiny—but I will die for the pale stranger that wears his robe—better to shield his bright brow with mine, and pour out my life for his; better one moment of glory and gladness than long years with the Monocan. Bring me my burial robes, Metehora."

Slowly and timidly the startled maidens gathered around that charmed one. Trembling hands wrought the dark clusters of her floating hair, yet it lay in shapes of strange beauty; they braided it with amethysts and emeralds, and showers of pearl lay among its waving blackness. The robe they fastened around her was like the bow of the sun, and she stood at last in the door of the temple, like some dazzling and gorgeous thing from the spirit-land; yet, human feeling softened that solemn eye, and mournfully it lingered on each of those young faces.

"To-morrow ye will roam through the sunny glades again—who will lead you then? And *thou*, Metehora; we played together in the far home of the Powhattans, and now where my home must be, thy beautiful eyes may never come."

"Thou wilt not die," whispered that gentle one, "the Great Spirit will shield thy brow, and to-morrow there will be music and gladness again," as she moved forth from that murmuring throng in the wild and beautiful array of the dead.

The sun had touched the western hills when she stood again on that wooded summit. Trees, and clouds, and sky were all tinged most gloriously; it had brightened the mist in the valley, and the rich green of its turf, and glancing leaves shone up as through a shower of living gold. A vast wild crowd were gathered around that lonely dwelling, but all was silent. The stranger had been led forth to die. His calm bold eye was lifted sadly to the heavens, for he was of a race whose hopes had climbed the skies, and found their spirit-land among the stars. The might of woman's heart that had turned the bloody sabre in the far climes of his wanderings, had he trusted it now in vain? And he whose love had been as the shadow of a rock in every weary land, was that to fail now?

But why tell the tale? Is it not written even on the page of childhood's lore, how the eloquence of

beauty and the might of woman's team prevailed at last, even when hope was gone, and the lifted head was bowed to die. Even then there came a beautiful and glorious maiden, all decked for her bower in the spirit-land, and instead of the crash of agony, the captive felt a soft hand on his head, a light breathing form was bowing by him, and the Werowancee saw, instead of the pale brow of his fearful victim, the beautiful head that had slept on his bosom in childhood. Well had that fearful blow been checked—a moment more and he had quenched the light of his home forever. The bowed head was lifted—the deep eyes that had been the stars of his wanderings were looking into his—there was triumph in her glistening eye, a low, rich murmur trembled on her lip, "Strike! ye may strike now, my father, but the white man *must* not die."

The weapon fell powerless; fierce eyes were glistening all around; the Great Chief gave to his victim the hand of a brother as he raised him from the turf; he lifted up his voice, and blessed the Great Spirit that his own hand had not slain his child.

But the tale is old. Why write a legend that has been told in every place, from the furthest streams of the Powhattan to the great waters of the Mengwee? And surely there is no hearth of their pale conquerors, it has not enlivened already.

She stood in a high hall of England—her small foot pressed the flowers of Turkish looms in silken hose, and slipper of damask; the crimson of her rich brocade was flowered with gold; there were pearls on her brodered vest, and jewels in her hair; the knots of its dark folds that were gathered on her brow, the heavy curls that fell on her neck, and every fold of that splendid costume, wore the charmed mould of fashion. The noon-day sun melted through damask curtains, on the rich furniture of that lofty room; it fell like the light of roses over the deep brunette of those exquisitely moulded features, and dark diamond-like eyes lighted their bloom with the gleams of high and chastened intellect.

A noble dame, the mistress of that princely hall, sat in a neat recess, tracing the fair pattern of the embroidery on her frame, and music and voices from a groupe of the gifted and high-born, floated from a distant room of the spacious suite, that opened like a long, dim avenue of magnificence. She sank on a crimson sofa, a gentle damsel came and sat by her side, with a page of thrilling romance for her ear; the beautiful young boy who had climbed from the cushions below, stood on the sofa beside her, playing with the silken tassels of her bodice; there were fairer faces, but every glance that rested on that, grew to the stolen gaze of admiration.

Oh! there are some whose high destinies do mock the dim pictures of hope with their brightness, and yet in every pause of that gentle tone, the dark eye of the lady drooped as though there were some hidden sadness; the deep and beautiful smile the laughing child now and then won from the lips of his young mother, seemed to leave it in sorrow. Ah, why doth joy breathe over on the human heart as though it were an untuned instrument, waking its richest chords with tones of trembling! Yet what hath joy to do with the glitter of rank and fashion; is it not tinsel when the golden dream of the heart has perished? There was something in the contour of that noble brow, and the princely curve of the lip, that often marks the thirst for glory as it is stamped on woman's features; and sometimes the dark eyes were lifted suddenly revealing, as through a glass, the restless search of high intelligence for new and hidden knowledge; and there were traces of another nature, the revealed beauty of those strong and rich affections that better become a woman's destiny. Oh! she who dreams of glory, must count the cost, and throw away the treasures of

her gentle feelings; and if her heart hath not lost all its deep and holy tones, she will know in the hour when the laurel is on her brow it hath been dearly paid for. Was it thus that high spirit had been saddened, that she sat in the splendour of those stately halls, among music and gay voices, and tones of kindness, a creature of beauty and renown that all eyes gazed upon; or, had all the hopes of her young heart perished, that she sat even there with a drooping and ungladdened eye?

"Your gentle lady is sad to-day," said the noble damsel by her side; she lifted her eye as she spoke to a gentleman in the costume of a cavalier, who had just entered the apartment. "My poor efforts to entertain her ladyship have proved somewhat fruitless," and she rose, as if to yield her place to the person she addressed; but her companion at the same moment deserted the sofa, and leaning on the arm of the graceful cavalier, they moved together towards the recess of a distant window.

"In good faith, the Lady Mary hath not spoken idly!" exclaimed the gentleman, a shade of sorrowful concern darkening the pride of his handsome features, as he regarded the splendid young being by his side.

"In Heaven's name, why is this, Rebecca! Now, when your name is ringing in cottage and palace, and all are loading you with gifts and reverence, from the Lady De La War to the queen on her throne, there must be some hidden cause of sadness."

"No, it is nothing, dearest," replied the lady; "and yet I may mourn for this," she added, in a tone that seemed to recall her first assertion. "As I sat there but now, gazing on all these strange and splendid things, the fair brows and the rich garments that flitted by me, I thought of one who first told me of them all. And how can I stand here, in his own beautiful country, with a glad face and a tone of mirth, while he hath only the fearful and narrow home of the dead?"

The gentleman fixed his fine blue eyes earnestly on her features. "And what if my countryman had told you falsely, Rebecca—what if he were not dead? I learned just now, and I came to tell you!"—But he paused; the lady seemed utterly regardless of his words; her ear only caught the tones of a deep, manly voice that sounded in the next apartment.

A fresh arrival of visitors had been announced, and a small groupe of them were now slowly approaching with the Lady De la War, to pay their devoirs to the Indian princess. But the most acute observer would scarce have marked more than the polished manners of a high born English woman, in the simple elegance with which the lady received their greetings, and her proud lips seemed to wear the smile of courtesy as gracefully as though it were their birthright. A thrill of astonishment passed suddenly among those who were gazing on her, so unlooked for, so entire was the change at that instant wrought on her features. The calm eye, darkened with a wild flashing gleam—the deep, inarticulate cry of a savage language broke from her lip, and only the strong arm on which she leaned, withheld the light bound of that fawn-like movement.

"Rebecca," murmured a low, reproachful tone in her ear—it was enough; she leaned again in the attitude of studied grace, the wild cry was hushed on her lip—nay, the sudden revulsion of feeling had left a haughty, but unconscious coldness, as she received the noble officer who now approached the recess. Its influence was evidently not lost on the unconscious cause of her emotion, and his own mien seemed to have caught something of the same stateliness, and the astonished, admiring gaze of doubtful recognition was mingled with regret, as he uttered the language of courtly greeting.

The cold words fell as a harsh sound on that lady's ear, but she pressed her grieved lip silently. Her timid glance was lifted. A full hazel eye gleamed

boldly on her—oh, was it thus it looked in the moonlight of the lonely valley beyond the waters! She saw the stern brow, the bent lips of that pale sleeper, and they wore the same look of mingled haughtiness and sorrow, as when she knelt beside him, a wild uncultured being, in the lone treasure-house of the woods; but, was it thus he looked upon her in the light of that long past sunset, when he rose from the turf with the fresh life her prayer had given him?—The large tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Methinks the Lady Rebecca would scarcely be recognised in the halls of Werocomo!" said the officer; he spoke in a tone of respectful courtesy; but, beyond the seas, he had only called her daughter. It was but the drop in a full cup, yet it was too much. Oh! what cared she for all the splendour and the courtly faces that floated through the dimming tears; she flung away the arm she leaned on, she sunk by the window, and wept loud and wildly.

Stately forms gathered around her; tones of polite concern, and words of great soothing melted on her ear; but she turned from them all; the wild murmurs of her native tongue broke from her lip, "Let me weep—let me weep; I will wear that weary mask no longer. Oh! for the shadows of my father's dwelling. Go away, I will not smile when my heart is breaking."

She leaned alone on the crimson cushions—they had left her to the loneliness she prayed for. Beautiful sounds came through the open windows from the winding avenues of those classic grounds. The murmuring of waters in marble fountains, the prison songs of foreign birds, fair statues and Grecian temples rose among those clustering trees, and the breath of tropic flowers was on the air; but to her who leaned weeping there, it was all as though it had not been. The sounds of a far wilderness were in her soul; she heard the wild cry of the hunters, and the voice of her own gay blue-bird thrilled again; there was a smell of wild violets around her, and faint sweet perfumes of the woods; the dark rivers of her native wilderness went rolling by, and she gazed down the clear and pictured fountain by the feathery waters of the glen; long, loud tones of laughter—rich remembered tones—rang and echoed on her ear; the gay mat of the royal tent rustled to her tread, and light framed maidens with beaded garments, and long, dark hair, floating on the wind, fastened their wild glances on her.

"Rebecca," said a low, calm voice, and the dreaming lady lifted her eye among the gleaming mirrors, and old rich pictures throw around her the sunshine of ancient days, and young and smiling faces of the dead of other ages; that voice had called her back, from the sweet and blessed haunts of memory, and she wept again.

"Rebecca," repeated the cavalier, and he evidently curbed some strong emotion as he slowly paced the floor; "methinks the unlooked-for presence of one you just now mourned as dead, should scarcely have occasioned grief like this. But, haply I owe more to the rumour of his death than I had counted on," and there was something painful in the expression with which he regarded her; "perchance a simple cavalier like myself might otherwise have sought in vain the hand of a princess. No, lady, I blame you not," he continued, as he watched the slow kindling of her eye; "he hath a long list of brave achievements with which to win a lady's ear; and was he not the first of our race that ever claimed your sympathy? You, yourself told me you deemed him some high divinity—and if it were so, indeed, it is not the first heart the noble captain hath won in foreign lands:—the young Fraybigzanda, the Lady Callamata, he boasts a noble list. True, it were better that one who has deigned to accept of my poor name should not so have graced it, but I had heard the tale before I crossed the seas; and if I construed falsely, the seeming emotion with which the

Indian princess first met my eye, it was surely no fault of hers."

Several times, the lady had sought to interrupt the hasty and bitter language of her companion; but, now she waited calmly as if that torrent of stern emotion were not yet exhausted; the cavalier was silent.

"My husband hath wronged me," she said at last, "but Vattamatomae is dead, and I am released from my vow—you shall know all." She drew a golden case from her boddice, and slowly approached the cavalier. "See, here is one I worshipped, aye, worshipped, before even he had crossed my path, or my ear had caught the faintest whisper of the pale strangers." The lady opened the lid of the miniature, and leaning on her husband's shoulder, she watched his eyes, as they bent eagerly to catch the first glimpse of one so mysteriously designated.

It was only a bright face of youth and beauty, richly set in gold and jewels, but the cavalier lifted his face with a quick, loud tone of astonishment. The glance of a passing stranger might have detected there, in a moment, the breathing original of the portrait in his hand. The bright chesnut curls of the picture, were deepened to brown, on the living brow, and the cheek wore a darker hue, but there was the same classic mould of feature, the same intellectual and elevated cast of expression, save that the blue eye of life was like a star to its dim image; and the smile, the glad, beautiful smile that had won and fastened the heart of the young Indian in her native wilds, wreathed his lip at that moment, gloriously.

"It is all mystery, Rebecca," he murmured, "incomprehensible! Surely this is the self-same picture, my mother gave our gentle Anna, when she followed her husband's fortunes even to the shores of the new world; and I remember now, when two years after I crossed the sea, she told me herself it had been stolen from her—but—"

"Listen to me," interrupted the lady. "Vattamatomae was the first of my father's court who saw the English people. A faint rumour of the settlement had reached the ear of the Werowanee, and he sent him thither to prove its meaning. He took the picture from your sister's dwelling, but he deemed it only a rich mass of gold, and when the hidden spring flew open to his touch, he was afraid of the bright spirit of thine eyes. He told me, love, you watched him with that fearful, silent gaze, through all his lone journey, and at last he threw the picture for an offering to the fair-browed Manitou of the glen, as he passed to the temple above—even while I lay sleeping by the shrine. I dreamed of my chosen spirit, and when I woke, and found something like his own fair beauty in the waters—why should I not worship it? You may smile, my loved one, but it was a solemn worship I paid you then. You were with me in the temple and the glen, I saw you among the shadows of the tent, and in the lonely wood path—everywhere. Oh! could I have dreamed that I should ever be thine idol, and yet weep? I did dream, and hope that I might one day dwell with the fair Manitou, in his home beyond the waters, and many high and bright imaginings daily grew around that dream. But, higher and brighter a thousand times hath been my destiny; and yet—I wept when I roamed with my wild maidens in the beautiful woods beyond the sea, for my soul was a sad and vacant thing, till that high hope filled it with gladness, and I wept, oh, most wildly, when my father would have given me to the dark Monocan, and that hope seemed all a mockery—but they were sadder tears I shed to-day. Ah! there is no new world of light and beauty for me now, there is no better love than thine; I have reached the point that was highest and brightest," and she hid her face on his shoulder, shuddering, as she added, "and now my path is downward."

"Rebecca," said her companion, and as he gazed on his young and beautiful wife, something of her own sadness, unconsciously deepened his tones. "It is wrong to trifle thus with happiness. What if you build no hopes upon the future, is not the present enough?"

"But my life is floating on, like a dim and splendid dream," replied the lady, mournfully, "and will it not flee away at last, even like the vision of the glen. Oh! there is one step you cannot stay; it steals as swiftly here, as among the shadows of the wilderness. Nay, the years of this gay land are like the days of my father's tent." Her voice grew low and solemn, and her eye rested on her husband with a strange meaning as she added, "Did you never dream that I might die, even here, amid all this mirth and splendour? Did you never dream that I should stand no more in the shadows of the chesnut boughs, the sweet shades of Werocomo?"

"You are dreaming, indeed," replied her husband, hastily; "that was an idle thought, Rebecca," and he led her towards the open windows, to the marble colonnade without.

"No, no," murmured the lady, and she turned from his words of soothing. "It is no idle thought, for it follows me like a presence, it darkens my dreams; there is no tone of deep music that doth not bear it to my thoughts; I read it in the smiles I love best; it is around me every where, like a chilling shadow, and you, my own beloved one, even you cannot tell me I shall stand again by the streams of my native land. Oh! to die here!" and in all that worshipped beauty, in jewels and splendid robes, among the marble pillars, and leaning on the arm of her living idol, the high-born lady wept in agony.

The hangings of a damask bed were lifted, the windows of a lofty chamber were opened towards the setting sun—a noble lady was lying there to die. One was there whose brow was pale with sadness; and gentle forms were bowing by the couch, with the whispered tones of love and sorrow; a fair, laughing child sat on the bed, pressing now and then his rosy lips on that unconscious brow, while his sportive fingers turned among the long dark hair that fell ungathered on the dying pillow.

It is sad to die, even when the heart is old, and its spring-tide hopes and feelings lie blighted like the leaves of autumn; it is sad to die even when the soul hath no fellowship, but with the mute and lovely things of nature; but it was not thus with her who lay there on that gorgeous couch, gazing towards the setting sun. She was dying in the freshness of life; the beauty had not faded from that young brow; no shade had passed over the brightness of her deep and fervent feelings; she was dying amid all the light and splendour her highest hope had asked for. The dream was fading now:—Oh! what to her, in that hour, was all its fleeting glory; the high game, the new paths of knowledge, the deep worship of human hearts—oh, now were they all indeed "as a dream when one awaketh."

But the lady gazed towards the setting sun with a faint smile on her lip; "He is going now," she murmured, "I shall see him no more; to-morrow he will rise again; but not for me:—Oh! glorious one, thou art shining now on the woods and streams of another shore. Now, it is noonday in the land of the Pow-hattans; the shadows are straight in the tent. Bright one, art thou shining as of old, on the mossy rock by the fountain? dost thou see the wild deer and the painted hunters? and, oh, dost thou see?"—Her tones grew slow and sad as she continued—"Dost thou see a groupe of wild maidens roaming and laughing among the trees? Oh, for a wreath of the flowers they are gathering—no, lady, take away those damask ones; I long for the blue flowers, the little blue flowers of the glen, and Metehora must twine them for me—it is

long since I felt her light fingers on my brow. Will no one tell them the Snow Feather is dying, far from her country and kindred, and Metehora, thou blessed one, shall I meet the love of thy dark eyes no more?" She paused a moment, for her voice was faint and weary. "Oh! there will be weeping in the tents of the Werowanee," she murmured hastily; "the Eagle-Eye will remember the long days when we played on the sands together; and my father, shall I see him no more?" Her voice grew clear. "Away, maiden, the Snow Feather must go to her people—I cannot die here," and even amid the weakness of coming death, she rose from her pillow with the power of that strong anguish.

The arm of a young and noble maiden supported her—she whispered low words of holy comfort, though her cheek was wet with burning tears. The laughing lip of the child quivered with a grieved look, as he gazed fearfully on that changed eye—there was a hurried step on the floor, and a tone of smothered agony.

But that wild gleam had faded; the light of higher, holier feelings kindled the dying eye with gladness. "Nay, grieve not, dearest," she said, in a low, broken voice, "my soul was wandering then—but, that is past, and now the dream is coming on from which there is no waking. Oh! it is a dream of glory; I hear the murmuring of waters afar; yet it is not the living streams, nor the gold, nor the jewelled gates; they have told me, dearest, of the pillared temples, in that high, strange land where there is no sun by day, nor moon by night; yet it is not that, the light and the gladness is in my own soul," but her voice sunk to a whisper, and her head drooped on the maiden's shoulder.

She had spoken truly. The blessed waters of the sacred fount had been sprinkled on her brow, their symbolised purity was in her heart, and a spirit of love had been breathed on all its selfishness; the pride that might weep in heaven was gone; a well of living water had been wrought out in its thirsty depths, to spring up into everlasting life; she was athirst no more.

"I know the sun is shining," said the lady, faintly; "but dark mists are floating around me. Is it death? Oh! my way is through the shadows of a sunless vale, and even *thou* wilt leave me now." But a holy name was on her lip, and low, faint words of prayer. "There is one to lean on, even there," she whispered; "I gave him my heart in the hour of health and safety; I loved him better than all others, even than thee. He will not leave me now," and her eye shone, even through the dull haze of death, with peace and gladness. One moment the dying arms wreathed the child, with such love as hath no language, and ere the light had faded from the clouds, the lips of the beautiful Indian were hushed in the long sleep, and the boy was weeping by his dead mother.

Oh! lady, lady, the tale is for thee; there is a dream of hope in thy heart, be it high, or humble—be it of wealth, or love, or glory, that dream may one day be reality; nay, the dark folds of the future may hide pictures, which its boldest sketches have never equalled. Even then, thou wilt need something brighter.

That dream may flee away, that hope may be crushed in its blossom; there may be anguish and fear around thee, the darkness of death may dim thine eyes; there is a dream that will grow brighter then, and forever.

THE ORANGE FLOWER.

All things have their season—and thine sweet flower!
Comes with the guests at the Bridal hour—
'Tis thine to adorn the fair young Bride,
When she steps forth in her joy and pride—
Thy buds must mix with the snow-white pearls
She twines amid her clustering curls;
Thy perfumed breath is borne on the air,
When she speaks the vow, and breathes the prayer;
The vow which binds, amid smiles and tears,
Her lot to *one* through all coming years—
In youth and in age, in good and in ill—
While life shall endure—unchanging still—
The prayer that calls on Heaven to bless
The object of her heart's tenderness—
'Tis an hour of joy! yet gaze in her eyes!—
A mist of tears o'er their brightness lies;
And her voice is low, and her cheek is pale
As the light folds of her floating veil—
Does she weep because she must bid adieu
To the home where her happy childhood flew?
Does she mourn that her girlhood's glee is gone,
And that sterner tasks must now come on?
Does she send her spirit through coming years,
When the joy of this hour will be quenched in tears?
Does her fancy paint that mournful day,
When one fond heart shall be torn away;
When bitter drops from eyes must flow—
Or else be herself in the grave laid low?
Yes! such feelings will come, unbidden guests—
When all seems gay to human breasts!
But thou, fair Flower! in thy beauty bright—
Bloom'st fairer still in Beauty's light—
Thou baskest in the sun's warm ray,
And smilest thy little life away,
Protected by His bounteous care,
Who made thee in thy beauty there.

HOPE.

Hope, frail but lovely shadow! thou dost come
Like a bright vision on our pathway here,
Making the gloomy future beautiful,
And gilding our horizon with a light,
The fairest human eye can ever know.
Fav'rite of Heaven! 'twas thine to pledge the cup
Of Pleasure's sparkling waters undefil'd;
But, oh! the draught was fleeting! scarce the lip
Touch'd the clear nectar ere 'twas vanished.
The soul of youth confides in thee; thy voice
Is love's own halcyon music; it is thine
To colour every dream of happiness.
I've pictur'd thine a soft ethereal form,
Like to some light creation of the clouds—
Some bright aerial wonder; o'er thy cheek
The rose has shed its beauty; on thy brow,
The golden clusters play, enwreath'd with flowers,
Gay with a thousand transitory hues;
The rainbow tints are gleaming in thy wings;
Thy laughing eyes are blue—not the deep shade
Worn by the melancholy violet,
But the clear sunny blue of summer skies;
And in thy hand a glass, wherein the eye
May gaze on many a wonder—all is there
That heart can pant for; many a glorious dream
Meets the rapt sight, no sooner seen than gone.
False as thou art, O most illusive Hope!
Reproach is not for thee: what, though the flowers
Which thou dost scatter o'er our pilgrimage,
Are evanescent, yet they are most sweet.
Who would not revel in thy witchery,
Tho' all too soon the spell will be dissolved!
The moments of thy reign are blest! indeed;
They are the purest pleasures life can boast—
Reality is sadness.

Miss Landon's "Fate of Adelaide," &c.

THE RENEGADE ROVER.

THE last rays of the summer sun had tinged with crimson and gold the surface of the unruffled Mediterranean, when Diego de Monteverde, absorbed in deep and gloomy thought, landed on the shore of Oran, in the dominions of the Pacha of Algiers. As he watched the return of his boat to the ship, he exclaimed, "Farewell, Spain! farewell, land of my fathers! I loved you once, but henceforth I chase all foolish, tender thoughts of you from my bosom, and will requite your ingratitude with deeds of vengeance!" Despoiled of my birthright for another's crime, I will now dedicate my life to one of reprisal for the afflictions you have despised, and close my heart to pity or remorse."

The father of Monteverde had fallen a victim to political intrigue; his titles had been attained, his wealth confiscated, and even the most remote branches of his family banished to a certain distance from the capital. All his relations had suffered more or less from the persecutions of unrelenting enemies. His mother had early fallen a victim to grief of heart. His paternal uncle, a man of irascible temper and implacable feelings, had withdrawn himself to Algiers, where Omar Pacha was waging fierce war against the Spaniards. There, having adopted the Mohammedan faith, he soon placed himself at the head of the Moorish marine, a profession in which he had been educated, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, became, under the name of Mohammed el Bengali, one of the most formidable Corsairs that ever infested the Mediterranean seas, and to the Spaniards in particular, so dreaded an enemy, that he was generally designated by them as Mohammed the extirpator!

Under these disadvantages of parentage and relationship, the youthful Monteverde was foiled in every scheme of honourable ambition he preferred at the court of Madrid. Disgusted with repulses, and the cold and heartless conduct of an unfeeling world, he resolved to follow in the footsteps of his uncle; and, having escaped from a country which he had so much reason to dislike, he sought employment for an ardent spirit in the dangerous and turbulent life of the pirate warfare, made at that time by the Moors upon Europe.

The first person Monteverde met on landing, was a weather-bitten, grey-bearded Mussulman, whose richly-embroidered dress, splendid yatagan, and highly-wrought pistols, bespoke him a personage of more than common rank. He was anxiously ranging the whole expanse of ocean through his telescope, in search of some wished-for sail, whose lazy pace the profound calm, which scarcely crisped the surface of the sleeping waves, seemed to account for.

Monteverde watched an interval of withdrawing the glass from the eye of the sumptuous Moor, and thus accosted him, "Friend! can you tell me where I shall find the corsair Guzman de Monteverde?"

"Who's he that dares ask that question? That name, young man, lies buried in the deep! I rammed down the charge of my first fire against a cowardly Spanish *Garda Costa* with my certificate of baptism:—my name is now Mohammed el Bengali!"

"What, are you he?" cried Monteverde, with surprise.

"Yes, provided you have nothing to say against it."

"I am then your brother's son, Diego de Monteverde!"

As a single ray of the sun sometimes pierces a thickly-clouded atmosphere, so did a smile of pleasure illuminate the rugged features of the renegade corsair. "Welcome! thrice welcome!" cried he; "have they driven you, too, my boy, from your father-land? By

our holy prophet, if your heart and head but agree, the knives shall rue the day you quitted their shores. Come, sit down here on the beach, and tell me what you mean to do in Africa?"

"Revenge my father's death!" cried the young Monteverde, with wild enthusiasm; "show haughty nobles, and fools in office, that blows are the remedy for contumely! Teach my unjust persecutors, that they may goad to madness the spirit they sought to wound or break."

"Alas! alas! the old song that I have heard so often, your father sang it too, and with so strong a voice, that all Madrid echoed with the strain. He consequently perished.—No! the fixed and determined mind indulges not in sorrowful declamation, it pursues a steady quiet path to retribution, strikes home, and so destroys. That path has been mine, otherwise I had not been here to listen to your wrongs; but if you are steeled as I would have you be, I promise you preferment, and a full payment of all the arrears your country owes you."

The rover chief led the way to a cabin not far from the beach, where several of his Mohammedan sailors were preparing his supper. "Things will not appear to you as elegant here," said he, "as in Spain; nor have we *Val de penas*, or *Aguardiente* to offer you, but thirst will teach you to relish pure water, the drink commanded by the prophet; and hunger will enable you to help eat a joint of meat, though it be divided with the fingers. When worn with toil, you will repose as soundly on a leopard's hide, as on a mattress of dried rose leaves. Should you feel inclined to change the scene, we will land you on the opposite shore of Europe, where you may drink your fill without any fear of the prophet's examining the colour of the liquid with which you slake your thirst, and where you may help yourself to every thing you meet, be it gold or beauty, without the fear of being dragged before ermined rascals, to give an account of the manner or occupation in which it pleases you to pass your time."

Monteverde, to whom this conversation was perfectly new, heaved a deep sigh at its recital, but prudentially repressed any explanation of his feelings. Having partaken of the supper set before him, he retired to rest, with an assurance from his uncle, that, if well disposed, he would soon have an opportunity of proving his mettle.

Early on the following morning, rude unrestrained shouts of joy resounded through the rover's tents; the vessel of the Rais, the "Houri," had arrived, bringing in a handsome Spanish yacht, above whose colours floated the pirate's crescent flag. This was the prize for which Mohammed had been so anxiously looking out on the preceding evening, and in quest of which he had sent his own vessel, in command of one of his sub-officers, whilst he remained on shore to direct the accomplishment of an armament then preparing for some part of the coast of Spain. The corsair, with her prize, had just come to an anchorage in the offing, which the fresh morning breeze had facilitated, and it was this arrival which bestirred, at an early hour, the whole encampment, who came with wild and eager cries to the beach, ready to divide the booty of their fortunate comrades. To the numerous questions of the greedy multitude of inquirers, the answers of the captain, with regard to the value of the prize, were perfectly satisfactory, both as to riches, and prisoners, whose rank promised glorious ransom; but all seemed disappointed when they were told there were no females on board except a black girl, of which race it appeared they had already more than sufficient.

The cargo of the yacht was soon unloaded: it consisted of some boxes of rich merchandise, but its chief value was the diamonds, pearls, and jewels belonging to the passengers, whose costume bespoke them persons of high rank. These were carefully guarded; but the most poisonous articles of the yacht's lading, were some few barrels of wine, which had found their way on shore, and which no authority, nor religious feeling, could prevent the Mussulman sailors from consuming. The consequence was soon seen in the speedy ebriety of those who had drunk of the unaccustomed beverage. The beach became a scene of almost general intoxication, which displayed itself in the fast sleep of some, the ill-poised equilibrium of others, and the disputing, with naked swords, different shares of plunder, from which some subtle and sober philosophers had contrived to pilfer some article, whilst the unconscious owners accused each other of the theft.

Amidst this confusion and turbulence, the negro girl was disembarked. Scarcely had she landed, ere the unruly Arabs assailed her with menaces and insult. The poor timid creature stared wildly around, and gave herself up for lost. Instantly, however, she escaped from those who had brought her on shore, and fled, followed by several of the pirates, to a precipitous rock, which, at no great distance, overhung the sea. Terror lent her wings; but Monteverde, who had witnessed her helpless and pitiable situation, flew after her, and levelled one or two of her pursuers to the ground. The girl gained the most elevated point of the rock; here, wringing her hands in despair, she addressed a prayer to Heaven, and was about to plunge herself into the waves, when Monteverde seized her dress, and prevented the catastrophe. "Unhappy girl!" cried he, "what would you do? all is not so savage here, that you should thus rashly seek destruction." The girl raised her sparkling black eyes, and in the features of Monteverde, saw at once those traits (which women only see) which spoke a soul of feeling for the sex. A beam of confidence broke upon her mind. "You would not, then, save me," said she, "to sacrifice me to the brutality of these pirates?"

"No! by my soul!" said Monteverde, looking about him to see with whom he might yet have to contend; "they shall first trample over my corpse."

"Alas! they come, they come! now, corsair, I take you at your word; let me plunge myself quickly into the sea, and die an honourable death, or protect me to the last."

The freebooters had arrived at the foot of the rock, to which Monteverde, with his drawn sabre, descended. With despicable jests they implored the black lady to come down from her perilous position, and place herself in security with them.

"This girl has put herself under my protection," said Monteverde, "and whoever would dispute the possession of her, must do so at the point of the sword." Weapons leaped from their scabbards, and Monteverde for some time maintained an unequal conflict against three adversaries: he was upon the point of yielding, when the Rais Mohammed arrived on the spot.

"Three to one!" cried he, "and do you dare to call yourselves men? Stand back, or I'll cleave the first in halves who dares to strike a blow."

"We were about to draw lots for the black beauty," said the pirates, "when her ladyship ran away, and this simpleton, who never shared in our troubles, ran after her to take her to himself, which you'll allow, Rais, is quite enough to cause a mutiny amongst the best regulated crew."

"The girl was about to plunge herself into the sea," said Monteverde, with indignation, "to escape from these monsters; I only turned her aside from her fatal purpose, by the promise to protect her, and there-

fore surely I have a right to the life I have saved. Judge, therefore, between us chief; will you award her to me, or drive to her undoing one to whom honour is dearer than life? Behold where she stands! on your decision depends her safety."

The threatened determination of the girl, and the authority of the rover, who promised some additional share of booty to the angry disputants, pacified them; they soon dispersed, wondering at their folly in quarrelling about a black woman. Mohammed now turned an angry look towards his nephew. "I thought," said he, "you came here divested of the leaven of compassion; you may depend on it 'twill not suit our trade; this is a bad beginning, another such a fray will bring certain ruin on your head. It is as well for you the lady is black, else my eloquence would little have served your turn; however, for this time you are gratified, but mind, be this the last of such follies."

Monteverde was now left alone with his black prize, "You appear so brave and honourable," said she, "that I dare hope you will continue your efforts to shelter innocence in misfortune;"—and tears trickled down her well-formed, though hatefully-coloured cheeks. Her high forehead, aquiline nose, pearly teeth, and long glossy black hair, formed a strange contrast to the general traits of the black race. Monteverde felt an unspeakable interest in the girl, and tried every persuasion to attach her to him for life. She related to him the history of the capture of the yacht in which she had been taken, which, it appeared, had become a prize to the corsair, from the convoy, with which it sailed, having been becalmed; she entreated Monteverde, by the nobleness of soul he had already manifested, not to press the explanation of her history any farther than she pleased to disclose, and promising him, if ever circumstances should place it in her power to return his generosity, her life should be the willing sacrifice of her gratitude. She threw herself at his feet, and, clinging to his knees, implored him to send her back to Spain, on which her only hope of happiness depended. Monteverde, after a severe struggle with himself, raised the negress from the ground, and promised her, on his word of honour, to fulfil her utmost wish. But for this purpose, "my lovely *prateege*," said he, "I must banish myself from your sight." He pressed the girl to his bosom, kissed away her tears, and proceeded to take measures to ensure her safe departure.

The means were soon prepared; he lent her a dress in which to disguise herself, and conveyed her the same evening on board a mistic, bound for the Spanish coast, the patron of which he engaged to take especial care of his charge. With a faltering voice, and heavy heart, he once more embraced the creature he had preserved, and bade her adieu! thanking Heaven for the triumph achieved over himself in completing his difficult task.

Mondus rolled on, during which time Monteverde made several cruises with his uncle, the Rais Mohammed; but his heart sickened at the wanton cruelty and brutal conduct of the Moorish pirates, whose only care or humanity towards their captives arose from the hopes of profit to be derived from their ransom. The youth often strove to mitigate the horrors of the warfare in which he was engaged, by interposing to spare unnecessary bloodshed; but his tender-heartedness only obtained him the ridicule and hatred of his comrades, who regarded him with an eye of contempt and distrust. The thoughts of what Monteverde had done for the beautiful negress sometimes came to afford him consolation, for this life of uniform distaste; her image was, indeed, scarcely ever absent from his mind, which dwelt more on it, than on any of the beautiful captives they had subsequently taken. They always made easy terms for their release with Monteverde, whose generosity was perhaps partly to be ascribed to

the total indifference with which the memory of the negress had caused him to regard all other women.

The Rais himself began to get tired of what he termed his nephew's sentimentality; and, calling him one morning into his cabin, he told him the time had arrived for putting his fidelity and abilities to the test. "The Governor of Malaga," said he, "is my most determined and persevering foe; a grudge he owes me from times long gone by, makes him, under pretence of zeal for his king and country, keep a flotilla on those seas, which perpetually mars my projects, and keeps me forever on the watch; even now, he is busied arming a formidable squadron, to attack us in our very port of Oran; to counteract which, some stratagem, as well as the force I now prepare, must be employed. For this purpose, nephew, I have chosen you, and on your address will depend the making of your fortune. The opportunity is an excellent one for a young man of spirit and enterprise; it requires less of the warrior's courage, than wariness and presence of mind, qualities which you will find essentially necessary here, where high-flown notions of chivalry are derided or unknown. For my purpose I require a person prudent, faithful, and bold, and have therefore pitched upon you!"

"Me?" stammered Monteverde, who guessed at the required office, "you seem to forget, uncle, that besides the qualities you mention, experience is also necessary for this business, and in that I am entirely wanting."

"You possess that which richly supplies its place," replied Mohammed; "as far as I have observed, you are totally free from self-interest, and are above a bribe; whilst all around, even the best, are false, and have venal minds; venal, perhaps, at a high price, but if they were once to be convinced that there was more to be gained by betraying, than serving their masters; ay, their own fathers, they are capable of sacrificing all to that end."

"If such be your situation, uncle, I heartily pity you," said Monteverde, who now saw the desperate nature of the people with whom he had formed an alliance.

"The few, however," continued Mohammed, "in whom I might perhaps confide, bear on their faces the marks of their Arab origin, as well as those of their long-practised profession, which will not at all suit my present purpose. Your features are European, and yet bear something of the stamp of innocence and purity, and honourable principle; no malignant feelings seem yet to have furrowed your cheek, you will be therefore very useful to me in this business."

"What," said Monteverde, forgetting himself, "shall I then make use of these features but as a mask to betray and sacrifice my fellow creatures? have I then only preserved a look of justice amongst this foul crew, to turn it in the end to dishonourable purposes? No! even to punish my persecutors, I will not do it. Let me meet them in open and honourable fight; there, hurling defiance in their teeth, you shall see what I am able to do; but, on the unguarded and defenceless, never shall the sword of Monteverde be unsheathed."

"Listen, my boy!" said Mohammed, with ironical politeness; "I am accustomed to be obeyed, and when I am not, know how to enforce my orders—wherefore came ye hither? We are all here plain unvarnished rogues, and for you to be honest would unfit you for our society. Did you come to Africa to preach morality? If so, your mission is a useless one, for here, there is no virtue, therefore there can be no dupes. Don't let your comrades laugh at the fool of honour they have amongst them, and make me ashamed of my own blood. Recollect the compact to which you have sworn, and the unpardonable crime of which you have already been guilty in facilitating the escape of a female, to mention which offence, would in ten minutes cause your body to decorate one of the spikes

that project from the bastions of our city's fortifications; therefore let us not trouble each other with long and unnecessary speeches. I shall prepare your instructions, and the papers which will legitimate your presence at Malaga, which will leave no possibility of detection. I cannot force you to fulfil this embassy; but, say no! and your penetration will easily conjecture the result."

Agitated with shame and remorse, Monteverde remained fixed to the spot where the Rais left him at the conclusion of this speech; nor did he recover, till a messenger brought him a packet of papers, when he rushed distracted from the apartment.

The governor of Malaga, Don Juan de Mondega, was sitting at table, in his superb summer palace, whose extensive gardens stretched along the sea-shore. In vain did all the delicacies of the two hemispheres, served in massive silver dishes of elaborate workmanship, invite his lost appetite. The rich wines of the peninsula, which covered the board, stood before him untasted. He contemplated with horror, the ravages of the Moorish pirates along the whole of the southern coast of Spain, and shuddered at the treatment those prisoners must have met with who were captured in the yacht which the rovers cut off from the convoy in a calm. He was deaf to the cheerful conversation that buzzed around on this day of rejoicing (for such it was) and was engaged in serious conversation with the commander of the expedition (then fitting out at Malaga to scour the Mediterranean seas) on the most effectual means of annihilating the marauders who so harassed the commerce of the country, and stole human beings, to sell them like cattle to the best bidder.

The daughter of the governor, Donna Vincentia, was, by her mirth-lighted countenance, much more agreeably entertained than her father. The confessor of the family, a Carmelite friar, was endeavouring to prove to her that the Moorish rovers were not human beings, but monsters sprung from the centaurs, to which argument Donna Vincentia had nothing to advance but a laugh. The monk was preparing to be angry, when a messenger was announced with dispatches from the governor of Barcelona. A tall, noble-looking youth, splendidly attired in a staff uniform, was ushered in. Don Juan de Mondega read his letters; they contained intelligence that the Moorish squadron, under Rais Mohammed el Bengali, had appeared off the coast, and meditated a descent. They urged the governor to hasten the departure of the expedition from Malaga, whose sudden appearance would most probably place the whole enemy at the mercy of the Spanish admiral. The governor promised to prepare his answer as soon as possible, and in the mean time invited the envoy to partake of the festivities that were going forward. He offered him a seat by his side, and conferred with him on the subject of the governor of Barcelona's communication. The conversation of the youth was highly interesting, and seemingly roused the governor from his melancholy humour, for he poured out two goblets of wine, and invited the stranger to pledge him in drinking "*destruction to the pirate crew!*" The young man's face became deeply tinged as he raised the goblet to his mouth, which was long held there to hide an emotion that might have been otherwise very difficult to conceal; yet did it nevertheless not escape the notice of the prying monk, who kept his eyes fixed on the stranger, from the first moment he entered the room. The governor arose from table, consigning the visitor to the care of his daughter, and requesting her to prevail on him to witness the *fete* prepared for that evening in the palace gardens.

The eyes of the envoy had not, till now, met those of Donna Vincentia. A sensation at this moment arose in his bosom, which seemed to strike him speechless;

a mist was gathering round his brain; he stood like one half roused from a confused dream. The beautiful Spanish maiden appeared some beatification, before which he could have knelt, and have scarcely thought it idolatry: nor did her courteous and affable manner diminish his embarrassment.

The fears and jealousies of the confessor were greatly increased by the attentions Donna Vincenia bestowed on the new comer. He regarded their looks with a significant shake of the head, and uttering some indistinct sentences, with a look in which a funeral pile seemed to blaze, hurried from the room to the cabinet of the governor.

The sun had for some hours sunk to repose on its ocean bed, the small silver crescent of the moon hung in the clear deep azure of a star-spangled sky, whose coruscations lent a magic lustre to the night. There prevailed a silence that sank deep into the soul; it was broken alone by the soft cadences of harmonious instruments, whose dying echoes reverberated along the foliaged avenues of the palace gardens. Thousands of festooned lamps shot their coloured rays on lawns where beauty and grace displayed in the mazy dance their more than seductive charms. At a late hour, the stranger, in whom may be recognised Monteverde, entered a remote part of the grounds, on the dark, fearful mission of the corsair. The sight of the lovely Malaguenas, whose voluptuous forms he contemplated through the long vista, checked his half-formed resolution, and, spite of himself, retarded his nearer approach.

"Alas!" said he, "into what desperate career have I plunged? Shall these yet unstained hands be dyed in innocent blood, or shall they bear the incendiary torch to lay waste, with fire, this scene of pleasure and festivity? Shall I deliver into the hands of fierce barbarians these unsuspecting beings? Never! witness ye heavens, a portion of whose tranquillity I covet, and of which my soul deems itself not all unworthy, never shall Monteverde's eye be turned to thy light in guilt. The moon and stars shine out to proclaim the baseness of my errand here, and show how loosely the garb of spy hangs on me. The task is foreign to my nature—I cannot join yon festal band to betray it; I will retrace my steps, and so count amidst my sins one crime the less."

Monteverde was about to hurry from the garden, when the thought of the destruction which hung over the heads of all within the palace walls, made him yet ponder on the part he should act to prevent the corsair's ripened plan of rapine and violence, which might succeed, notwithstanding his desertion of the cause.

His course was, however, decided by the governor's daughter, who at that moment stood by his side. "Signor," said she, "we have long expected you; I came in search of our pensive visitor, and am not mistaken, in thinking you would prefer these solitary shades to indulge your melancholy, to the amusement of the concert and the dance."

"Dearest lady, far other thoughts than those of mirth occupy my bosom at this moment, Your safety is my only meditation now."

"My safety! Heavens, where is the danger you apprehend—surely it is not from you? Fear not the suspicious monk, whose poisonous tongue is now at work to instil a tale of falsehood into my father's ear, I have a counter-charm for his machinations."

"Hah! does the monk then suspect me? am I betrayed?" said Monteverde; "what crime does he lay to my charge? what counter-charm do you speak of?"

"Fear not," said Vincenia, "'tis I alone know that this costume does not belong to you, none else have penetrated your secret."

"Then, welcome death! for all is over now! Yes, I will proclaim myself villain, and demand to be led to instant execution!"

"What can this mean? By that rash step," said Vincenia, "you might perhaps compromise more happiness than you desire."

"Incomprehensible woman! if then my purpose is no secret to you, whence this regard for a life, intent upon your destruction? By what prescience you have discovered aught that concerns me, I know not, but your suspicions are too well founded. Yet shall my close of life be marked with one act of justice, and you, lady, at least, shall not judge harshly of the—"

The arrival of the governor, led to the spot where stood Vincenia and Monteverde conversing, put an end to this colloquy. The monk pointed to the parties, and asked the governor, if his discovery were not correct?

The confusion of Monteverde on drinking destruction to the pirates, as well as his subsequent bearing, had left an impression on the monk's mind that all was not right; and some subsequent inquiries on the manner of the stranger's arrival, convinced him he was nothing more than a spy, or a seducer. This idea was imparted to the governor, who formed a deliberate and unflinching plan for the stranger's arrest. Guards were quietly stationed throughout all the avenues of the garden, and troops in an outer line of circumvallation hemmed in the palace grounds. The guests were secretly apprized that circumstances rendered it necessary that they should not enter the distant avenues, and that at a given signal, they should retire within the palace walls. These precautions taken, the governor himself, in company with the monk, went in search of the delinquent, and thus, unexpectedly, interrupted the conversation between his daughter and Monteverde.

Fired with rage and vexation to see his daughter's hand clasped by that of a traitor, the governor drew his sword, and was about to pierce Monteverde's bosom, when Vincenia intercepted the blow. This was beyond endurance. Monteverde saw the governor's impatience, and putting Vincenia gently aside, presented himself, undefended, to her father's assault.

"Withhold, proud Sir!" said he, with a dignified and calm air, "withhold for a few moments that sword, till I have done you some service, and then I care not how speedily it commences its work. You may suspect my presence here, but the extent of my mission, you can never guess. That which neither rack, nor dungeon could, dying, extort a single pang to guess at, I will willingly proclaim. Know, then, that I am Diego de Monteverde, the renegade corsair's spy! With that name is associated a story of wrong, familiar to the public ear, with the one under which you know me here;—the tale is short, but may be interesting to you."

"The spy of the rover Bengali! the renegade! the extirpator!" exclaimed the governor, with horror.

"The same, but I must be brief; dangers encompass you on every side. Some long arrears of hatred, of which you will know more than I can tell, and certain active steps for the annihilation of the pirates, which you have induced the government to undertake, have long marked you as a special object of the vengeance of Mohammed. He forced me to put on the contemptible disguise in which you now behold me, in order to pave his approach here, and facilitate the seizure of you and all your guests; he proposes to fire your villa, and subsequently the shipping in the harbour."

The governor's lip quivered with emotion, and the monk drew back in fear and trembling. Monteverde proceeded—"In pursuance of this scheme, I brought you simulated dispatches from the governor of Barcelona, and succeeded in causing myself to be invited to this *fete*—so far has the design prospered. Now, Sir, you are on the verge of hearing that which shall make you wonder; but when heard, let your means of defence be prompt, and remember he who

counsellor you to resistance, abhorred the plotters of the deed, and refused to countenance the work he began. Know, then, at this very hour, the rover and his crew, like bloodhounds in the slips, lie but a short distance from the shore in their well-manned galleys, ready, at the call of this bugle—thrice sounded, to dart upon their prey, and bear all here off to their boats. On their ransom has the rover reckoned to build his fortune; but yourself once within his power, if fear no gold will free you. Now, Sir, is the secret told.—For myself I have no choice but to perish; on the one hand the ban of offended power is on my head, on the other, the corsair's fury is my certain portion!—But let my destruction seal your safety, and I am content."

No sooner had Monteverde finished, than the pirate Mohammed darted from a leafy nook, and presented himself to the astonished group. He had listened to the whole of the conversation which had passed. A demonic smile played upon his lip, whilst all the fire of hell blazed in his eye. "Impotent traitor!" said he, "thinkest thou that the corsair's slumbering confidence yields him a sacrifice to thy soft folly? No! Mohammed trusts not to drivelling enthusiasts, who melt at woman's tears, the lofty enterprises on which depend his fortune and his fame.—Think ye that he would suffer a weak fool to share his glory who would shrink from its dangers? My followers, close at hand, shall show how speedily justice is done on the traitor who would sacrifice them to his fears."

The rover chief applied the bugle which hung by his side, to his mouth; he blew three distinct loud blasts—it was presently answered from the beach, and wild infuriate shouts at the same time rent the air. Vincentia clung to Monteverde for safety. The governor's countenance bore the marks of intense anxiety. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed he, after a few moments' pause, "'tis well." The corsair's signal trapped him in his own lair; it was precisely that

which the governor had agreed to give, in order to disperse his guests, and assemble the troops to seize the spy. From every bush and hiding-place, armed men now sallied forth. Wild amazement spread across the rover's features; he quickly drew his pistols from his belt, and aimed a fatal shot at Monteverde, who sank upon the ground. A hundred bayonets instantly pierced the corsair's breast; with a deep and heavy groan he surrendered up his life.

His followers but hurried on to their destruction; they were overpowered by numbers, and made little resistance; they who fell not, placed themselves at the mercy of their conquerors.

Monteverde's life was ebbing fast. The lovely Vincentia was on her knees bending over him. "But a few minutes more," said he, with expiring voice, "and mine shall be a story of the past. Oh! let me think that my name will live in your remembrance, Vincentia, and I will die satisfied."

"Preserver of my honour and my life!" exclaimed the frantic girl. "to you I owe my freedom and my country, and shall you be snatched away in the moment of triumph? Oh! live but to let me prove to you my gratitude!"

"Quick! quick!" said Monteverde, unravel this mystery, whilst I yet may hear; it grows late—very—very late!"

"Behold in Vincentia, the negress whose life you preserved from the fierce assaults of savages. My colour was a deception suggested by terror. I had prepared a happy surprise for you, seeing that you knew me not."

The dying youth gazed earnestly on the features of Vincentia. "True! true!" said he, "and now, one kiss, though it be the last I lay upon thy lips!"

'Twas the cold embrace of death! Vincentia held the lifeless corse within her arms. The governor melted into tears, and even the heart of the austere monk himself was filled with pity and regret.

THE KISS.

GIVE me, sweet maid, one gentle kiss,
To my fond heart 'twill nectar prove—
Not tamely thus, devoid of bliss—
No—this is not the kiss of love!
So, gentle sisters calm embrace,
So kiss the placid waves the shore,
So zephyrs kiss the floweret's face,
With baby fondness—nothing more.
No; this is not the kiss that wakes
The boiling blood in every vein,
That every nerve with rapture shakes,
Till ecstasy's alive with pain.
Not so did Psyche's fervid lip
Press on the glowing cheek of love,
Nor this the way that roses sip
The dew descending from above;
Not so the quivering ivy grasps,
With clinging arms, the oak her spouse,
Whose form with bridal warmth she clasps,
Just such as bashfulness allows!
Go, lovely Ice!—go, frigid maid!
You know not Love, nor feel his fires,
When all the senses are betrayed,
In new-born, undefined desires!
Stay—stay—forgive, that burning kiss,
That trembling pressure speaks the whole,
Thou didst but feign—and this, and this,
Is nectar to my thirsty soul!
Unheeded now the lightnings flash,
Unfelt the whirlwind raging by,
Unheard the thunder's loudest crash,
Life knows but thou—and ecstasy!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MRS. BRUNTON.

WHEN thou at eventide art roaming
Along the elm-o'-rshaded walk,
Where, past the eddying stream is foaming
Beneath its tiny cataract—
Where I with thee was wont to talk—
Think thou upon the days gone by,
And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
And cloudless skies are purely blue,
And sparkle in the light the fountains,
And darker frowns the lonely yow—
Then be thou melancholy too,
When musing on the hours I prov'd
With thee, belov'd!

When wakes the dawn upon the dwelling,
And lingering shadows disappear,
And soft the woodland songs are swelling
A choral anthem on thine ear—
Think—for that hour to thought is dear—
And then her flight remembrance brings
To by-past things.

To me, through every season, dearest,
In every scene—by day, by night—
Thou present to my mind appearst
A quenchless star, for ever bright!
My solitary, sole delight!
Alone—in grove—by shore—at sea—
I think of thee!

KATE BOUVERIE.

"Well, my dear Harry, I declare you're handsomer than even your father was at your age; if Kate does not love her heart to you at first sight, I shall be much surprised."

Such were the words addressed by the widow of Colonel Bouverie to her only son; and, as she closed the sentence, she dropped the eye-glass through which she had attentively considered his features, and gave a sigh of regret, partly to the memory of her husband, and partly to the recollection of her own past loveliness, which a mirror opposite told her had sadly faded during the three and twenty years which had matured the rosy infant into the young man by her side.

"I hear Kate is rather odd, mother."

"What do you mean, my dear boy? she is a charming girl, with a large fortune, and you have been engaged to her these twelve years: what do you mean?" and again the eye-glass assisted the perception of the fair widow. Harry Bouverie did not explain what he meant; but he bit his lip and looked out of the window, and then his eyes wandered to his two sisters, the younger of whom, Pamela, was lying half asleep on the sofa, her long black eyelashes all but closed on the pinkest cheek in the world; while the elder, Annette, sat apparently reading, but occupied less with her book than the subject of conversation; of which, however, she took no further notice than by meeting her brother's glance with a meaning and *espigle* smile.

"We shall start for Scotland next week," said Mrs. Bouverie, in a displeased tone; fixing her eyes on the piquant countenance of her rebellious daughter. "So soon, mamma?" murmured Pamela; and opening her wide blue eyes in astonishment at the idea of any thing being performed in a week, she again resigned herself to a state of drowsy enjoyment, strongly resembling that in which an Angola cat passes its summer day. Annette made no reply, but the smile which had offended still lurked and quivered round the corners of her mouth. "I wonder how Gertrude has turned out," thought the widow, as she withdrew her glance. "She was handsomer than either of her sisters: no—nothing can be handsomer than Pamela," and the eye-glass was allowed complacently to rest on the exquisitely proportioned form and beautiful face of her youngest daughter, while a vague and rapid calculation of the different sort of match she might expect for each of the girls passed through her mind. Pamela was already a duchess, when a visitor arriving turned her thoughts into another channel. When Mrs. Bouverie ran away with her penniless husband and married him at Gretna Green, as much from love of the frolic as from love of the man, she acted upon impulse; but having her own reasons, in later life, for disproofing of such a motive of action, she had vowed that she never would, and it was her boast that she never did "do any thing without a plan." She had successfully formed and executed a number of small plans, but her expected master-stroke was to marry her son to his cousin Kate, who was to inherit the whole of the Bouverie property. In furtherance of this plan she had sent her daughter Gertrude to stay with General Bouverie and his daughter, during her own residence in Italy, for Pamela's health; in furtherance of this plan, her letters to her absent child had always contained the most miraculous accounts of Harry's sweet temper, talents, and anxiety to return from the continent; and, in furtherance of this plan she was now about to visit Scotland, for the treble purpose of reclaiming her daughter, introducing her son, and paying a visit to the old General, who, pleased with the prospect of marrying his child to a Bouverie, and thus

keeping the property in the family, looked forward with eager satisfaction to their arrival. Kate, too, anticipated with tranquil joy the fate which had been chalked out for her in infancy, and which appeared to promise all human happiness. She was already in love with Mrs. Bouverie's descriptions of her cousin; and forgetting that he was but a little fair shy boy when she had last seen him, believed the ideal Harry to be the counterpart of the object of her affections.

Lady Catharine Bouverie, the General's wife, ran away from him soon after her marriage, and her husband was, for a length of time, inconsolable. He gave up all society, shut himself up in a wild and romantic place he had in Northumberland, and devoted his whole time to his little girl. Kate Bouverie became, in consequence, at a very early age, the companion and friend of her father. She would sit with him when he had letters to write, and copy, in a clear, neat hand, dry directions respecting farm business and show cattle, without ever wearying, or appearing to consider it as a task. Latin, geography, and arithmetic, were the studies pointed out to her by her father; she had no governess. (General Bouverie cursed accomplishments, as the cause of a woman's ruin;) but she was an excellent French scholar, and took sketches from nature, without any other assistance than what was afforded by intuitive talent. Such studies, however, occupied but a small portion of her time.—Slightly formed, but well knit and vigorous in limb, her naturally good constitution, strengthened by constant exercise, and the enjoyment of Heaven's pure air, she would follow her father, with a light step and a merry heart, in most of his shooting excursions; and when that father caught her glowing cheek and fearless eye, he felt as much tenderness and pride in her beauty as ever monarch in his newly-crowned child. Kate was also an incomparable horsewoman: no road was too dangerous, no steed too spirited, for her nerves. The risk was to her a source of wild and intense enjoyment. With this being, strange and eccentric in her habits, romantic and enthusiastic in her disposition, Mrs. Bouverie's second daughter, Gertrude, had spent the four last years of her girlhood. Taken from among very worldly people, at an age when the youthful heart is most susceptible of strong impressions, no wonder if Gertrude, whose feelings were naturally warm, became ardently attached to this strangely fascinating being, the first she had ever seen who was perfectly natural. The merits of Kate Bouverie—and she had many—were perfections; her faults were not such in the eye of her youthful companion. Indeed, the latter became gradually as much the objects of imitation as the more worthy points of her character; for Gertrude, with the same degree of ardent feeling, had few of her cousin's better qualities; headstrong, rebellious, gifted with intense vanity, and with something peculiar of harshness and coarseness in her ill-trained mind, she copied the habits, without being able to seize the virtues, of Kate Bouverie; and the consequence was such as might be expected. The same words and actions, which acquired a wild charm from the native sweetness and originality of Kate, became perfectly odious, when copied by Gertrude; and the utter want of tact she displayed, joined with her strange manners, made her conversation as galling to the feelings, as it was revolting to the delicacy, of those who were her occasional associates. Even Kate, who had sighed for a female companion, to share her tasks and her sports, could scarcely be said to be fond of her present associate. Before Gertrude had been a fortnight at Heathcote-lodge, Kate heartily wished herself alone again, in spite of flattery, open and ex-

pressed, and the more silent and more gratifying flattery of imitation. What did Kate care whether others thought her handsome, when her father's eyes silently told her how much rather he would look on her countenance, than on any other in the universe? What did she care that her horsemanship was admired, as long as her little Arab, Selim, carried her over the wild moor with the speed of lightning—the blue arch of heaven over her, and the free air of heaven round her head?

At length, the day of meeting arrived. Mrs. Bouverie and her family (after being twice overturned) drove up the long avenue, and never, perhaps, did so uncongenial a party assemble round the dinner table as met that night. The affected, worldly mother; the conceited, talkative, half-French, half-English Annette; the foolish, languishing beauty, Pamela; and, opposite to these, the wild, but graceful and kind-hearted Kate, the shy, handsome Captain Bouverie, and Gertrude, half-contemptuous, and half-jealous, as she looked at the manner and attire of her sisters. Every day increased the mutually repellant nature of the qualities each was endowed with, by making them more known to each other; and it was with difficulty that Mrs. Bouverie concealed her dislike in order to forward a marriage so much to the advantage of her son. Her daughters were not so cautious: Annette, with a keen perception of the ridiculous, and considerable talent, occupied herself daily, almost hourly, in ridiculing—not Kate—she had tact enough to see that it would be a dangerous attempt—but the clumsy imitation of Gertrude she visited with unsparring satire; and the consequent coldness between the sisters drew the two cousins more together, and opened Kate's heart more towards the faulty Gertrude than four years of constant companionship. The unheard of insolence of her niece, who christened the younger Miss Bouveries "the squirrel and the dormouse," made their affectionate mother ill for two days; and the ejaculation of the old General, who said, on seeing Annette and Pamela enter the apartment in their batiste dresses, "I wish to God, Mrs. Bouverie, you would put something decent on those girls," at length determined the crafty widow on making her own escape, at least, and leaving her son to pay his court to his eccentric bride at his leisure. To Captain Bouverie she spoke of the errors of her niece in a kind, indulgent, *motherly* way, assuring him she was convinced that time and instruction, and her own valuable society, would make his wife all he could wish. Captain Bouverie's only reply was a deep sigh; and they parted. It was agreed, after much entreaty, that Gertrude should still remain at Heathcote-lodge, and return under her brother's escort. Mrs. Bouverie comforting herself with the reflection, that, when once Gertrude was at home again, she should be able to re-model her manners.

After the departure of the trio, the party at Heathcote-lodge were more happy, more companionable; but Harry Bouverie was disappointed, and he could neither conceal it from himself nor from his sister, nor even in a degree from Kate herself. Shy, vain, and with an insupportable dread of ridicule, the impression made by the beauty, warm-heartedness, and evident affection, of his cousin, was always painfully contrasted in his mind with what *others* would think and say of her. He figured her introduced to the world—*his* world—as his wife. He imagined to himself the astonished stare of his well-bred friends, the affected disgust of his *fine* female acquaintances, and at such moments he loathed the sight of Selim, hid his face from the sunshine and the breeze, and groaned when Kate past her fingers through the short curls of her distinguished-looking head—though that hand was small and white, and her hair bright and glossy. Annette's letters were by no means calculated to improve his feelings in this respect. "I see her," said this amiable sister, "en-

tering the rooms at D—e House; all eyes bent upon her; all tongues murmuring her praise; I see her in the Park, Selim not quietly entering the ride by the posts intended for that purpose, but *franchissant les bornes* (as his mistress does) at one free leap, from long habit, which, as you know, is second nature. I am practising the song, '*Mien schatz ist ein reiter*,' as I doubt not it will become a great favourite of yours, and only beg of you to be careful not to go more than forty miles a day, as it will be sadly injurious to your health and looks, frere Adonis; and you know that any alteration in the *latter* would bring the (grey?) hairs of my mother with sorrow to the grave."

The slave to the opinions of others retired to rest, full of recollections inspired by that letter. "From the force of habit, which is second nature," muttered he, as he turned for the twentieth time on his restless pillow. He fell asleep, and dreamed that he was married, and that his brother officers rose from the moss-table to drink Kate's health. Just as he was lifting the glass to his lips, he saw Kate enter; she was dressed in a long green riding-habit; she passed her taper fingers rapidly through her hair: he remonstrated; he entreated her to leave the mess-room; but she only laughed: he rose from his place, and, walking to the spot where she stood, endeavoured to persuade her to go. Suddenly, he thought she turned and kicked him, and the little well-turned, firmly-knit ancle, was unaccountably transformed into Selim's hoof. He started in violent pain and woke.

Full of mingled irritation and sadness, Harry Bouverie sat alone that day in his uncle's library, leaning his aching head on his hand, and gazing listlessly from the window on a long avenue of lime trees, which opened on the moor. He was interrupted by the entrance of Gertrude, who, tapping him lightly on the shoulder with her whip, exclaimed, "Why, Harry, what are you musing about? Come, come, and take a ride with us." Harry shook his head. "Oh come, there's a good fellow, cheer up, drive away black thoughts, and let Romeo be saddled quickly; for my horse and Selim will take cold standing so long." "For God's sake," said Captain Bouverie, impatiently, "do strive to be less like that anomalous being they intend for my wife." Then suddenly turning, he added, "Oh, Gertrude, if I marry that girl, we shall both be miserable!"

There was a breathless silence; for, as Harry turned, he beheld, standing within two paces of him, his cousin Kate. The eloquent blood rushed as rapidly to that glowing cheek as if the sun had never touched and mellowed its original tint of pure rose, and the big tears stood for a moment in those clear, kind, blue eyes; then a deadly paleness overspread her face, and Captain Bouverie thought she would have fainted. He sprang forward, but the moment his hand touched hers she started from him, and before they could follow her to the door, the fleet foot of Selim had borne his mistress far over the wild moor which was her favourite ride.

For long weary miles she galloped on at full speed, till even the little Arab relaxed its exertions, and, unchecked by the bridle, slackened its pace. The alteration recalled Kate Bouverie to herself. She stopped and dismounted, and gazing far round on the barren heath, as if to assure herself that no human eye could witness her weakness, she flung herself on the ground, and wept bitterly. "My God!" exclaimed the unhappy girl, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes to heaven, "What have I done to make him hate me?" and as the speech she had heard again rung in her ears, she contrasted the affection she had borne him, ever since she could remember—the pleasure with which she looked forward to sharing his home—the many resolutions never to suffer her past liberty to tempt her to dispute his will, and to keep a careful watch over that rebellious heart, which was his alone

—with the sentiments of dislike, almost of disgust, which he had openly expressed towards her. Again she repeated to herself, "What have I done?" and again she wept, till, weary and exhausted, she sunk into a profound slumber.

When she woke, the calm glow of sunset was on the moor, and Selim was feeding quietly at a little distance. She mounted her favourite, for the first time without a caress, and for the first time she turned towards home with a slow step and a heavy heart.

At dinner, Kate Bouverie was in wild spirits, and though her cheek was pale and her eyes dim, her manner repelled all attempt at explanation or consolation even from Gertrude. She retired early to rest, pleading a bad headache to her anxious father.

The next morning, the following note was brought to her by her maid:

"MY DEAR KATE—For God's sake see and hear me patiently for a few minutes, and be to me what—except in my hours of madness and folly—I have always hoped to see you. HARRY BOUVERIE."

She was just struggling against the temptation of once more conversing with her beloved cousin, when a tap at the door announced Gertrude. "Come in," said she, in a low voice. Gertrude obeyed the summons. "Heavens, Kate, how ill you look," exclaimed she, "and you have not been to bed last night. Oh, Kate, how can you be so foolish for a little quarrel."

"A little quarrel, Gertrude," said her companion; and a slow, bitter smile, crept round her mouth—"but sit down, and say what you came to say, for I must go to my father."

Gertrude came as her brother's ambassador, and earnestly did she endeavour to promote peace, for she loved Harry, and almost worshipped his betrothed wife; but she had none of the tact necessary for the performance of such a task. While she wounded the feelings of the sensitive girl she addressed, by the constant allusion to her brother's distaste for her manners and habits; she also bluntly reasoned upon the impossibility of his feeling otherwise, when he looked forward to presenting her to the world; because he *knows* that the world would judge harshly of her; and with natural coarseness of mind she seemed to suppose that nothing more than a mutual concession of certain points, an apology on the part of Harry, and a sort of "kiss-and-be-friends" ceremony, was necessary to establish them exactly in the situation they were before. But she spoke a language Kate Bouverie did not understand. What could it signify to Harry what the world, that strange world thought of her, as long as he himself was satisfied of her affection and pleased with her society? What had the opinions of others to do with the comfort of his home? The opinions of others, too, none of whom he appeared to respect, and many of whom he openly avowed to be worthless? No, that could not be the reason of his dislike—and she resented the supposed attempt to impose on her understanding.

Had Gertrude had to deal with one of her own disposition, the task would have been comparatively easy. Had her cousin been angry, she could have soothed her; but vanity had no place in Kate Bouverie's heart—it is the vice of society, and she had lived alone almost from childhood. It was her heart that was crushed, and it would have required a tenderer and far more skilful hand to have healed the blow.

By his sister's hands, Harry received an answer to his appeal; it was as follows:

"After what passed yesterday, dear Harry, it can serve no good purpose to comply with your request, but will only give great pain to both of us. I shall tell my father I cannot marry you, as it would grieve

him were he to know how differently others can think of his only child. I am at a loss to know how I have forfeited your good opinion; but of this I am very sure, that I have never *voluntarily* given you a moment's displeasure. We are not likely to meet often again, but I shall always be glad to hear good news of you, and always feel an interest in all that concerns you. I would not wish to end with a reproach, but I would fain you had *told* me what chance discovered to me. Did you intend to marry me under the conviction that our union would tend to the misery of both? If it is because you are attached to another that you have dealt thus strangely by me, I will hope your present freedom may conduce to your future happiness. If it is really and truly for the reasons Gertrude gave me, may that world, dear Harry, of which you are a worshipper, be able to repay you for your submission to its opinions."

It was with tolerable composure that Kate Bouverie wrote and despatched this note, but with her father the fountain of her tears again burst forth. The General was electrified—he had never seen her weep before; for in that happy home she had, had no cause for sorrow, and her tears made an impression on him that erased from his memory the long-cherished plan of continuing the property in the family by this much-desired union. He himself informed Captain Bouverie of his daughter's decision, and that information was accompanied with expressions of regret.

Years rolled on. Kate Bouverie continued unmarried, in spite of the offers of more than one suitor for her hand. Gertrude remained at home, under the auspices of her careful parent. But though self-love and vanity did what her mother's advice would most assuredly not have done, and she soon began to conform in some degree to the tastes of the people she was amongst; still her real and acquired faults were not indicated, and "*as odd as Ger Bouverie*," became a by-word by no means pleasing to the rest of the family. Taunted and reproached at home, alternately caressed and sneered at abroad, Gertrude always entered a ball-room with a vague spirit of defiance against uncommitted injuries. At once affecting to scorn, and making faint endeavours to conciliate the world; beautiful in person; harsh in manner; fearless by nature; she said every thing, and did every thing that came into her head, and the consequence was as might be expected. She was flattered by those she amused; courted by those to whom her notice gave a sort of notoriety; admired by many; and abused by the whole of her acquaintance.

Pamela's drowsy existence was by no means interrupted or disturbed by her sister's strange ways; but Annette, while, by dint of mocking, she unconsciously caught something of the gesticulating manner and audible tone of voice, which accompanied Gertrude's speeches, resented as an injury the notoriety she thus obtained, and visited it with the whole force of her wit; while forgetting how far different the copy was from the original, Harry Bouverie never ceased to congratulate himself on his escape from the matrimonial snare prepared for him.

While things were in this state, Mrs. Bouverie received a letter one morning, which forced an ejaculation even from her little, cold, compressed lip, and sent a momentary flush of emotion to her faded cheek. "Your cousin Kate is dead," said she, turning to her daughters; and then, as if seeking to excuse her own emotion, as she felt the rush of tears to her eyes, she added "but—she is dead in such a shocking way." The letter was read, and it was with bitter feelings that Harry Bouverie listened to its contents.

Since the departure of her cousin, poor Kate's whole character seemed to have changed. Wild with a sort of delirious gaiety at one time—dejected and incapable

of occupying herself at another, she seemed always the slave of some unintelligible caprice. Her eye grew dimmer, her figure thinner and less graceful; her very voice—that low, laughing voice which had given a charm to all she said—acquired a sharpness and shrillness which was foreign to it. Gloom sat on her brow like shadows in a sunny place, and while her father merely remarked that Kate's temper was not so good as it had been—the old nurse declared that her child was dying of a broken heart. But it was not by slow degrees—by the sapping and mining of grief—by the wasting away of the body's strength under the soul's weakness, that one so full of life and energy was to die. Suddenly, in the flower of her youth, she was to be cut off, as if it were vain to wait till decay should creep into so light a heart, and within so bright a form. Amongst other changes, Kate had become very absent; frequently she forgot she was in the presence of others, and with a low, moaning exclamation, would hide her head and weep: frequently she would remain out on the sunny moors for hours, and wander home, unconscious that the day was drawing to a close, and that her father was waiting her return. At such times she would fling her arms around his neck, and give way to an hysterical burst of mingled tears and laughter at her own thoughtlessness, and then put on the wild gaiety of a child. There came a day when her father waited in vain; when the look that pleaded for pardon—the voice that soothed—the laugh that cheered him—were lost to him for ever; and that hurrying step, which was the signal for the old man to rise, and advance to fold his daughter in his arms, was silent in the desolate corridors of his house. All that was ever known of Kate's death was told by a peasant girl, who, while waiting for her young sister to cross the moor, saw a horse, with a lady on it, flying at full speed down the narrow road which skirted it. She ran as fast as she was able to the foot of a little bridge, which made a sudden and short angle from the road. She stood still and listened, but the dashing and murmuring of the waters prevented her hearing the approach of the horse's hoofs. She called, but nothing except the faint echo, muffled, as it were, by the branches which shadowed the wild and rocky stream, answered her cry. She waited, knowing that the road had no other turn, but all remained sleeping in the quiet sunshine as before. Suddenly a sick and horrible fear crossed the girl's heart—she turned, and looked far down into the bed of the stream, and there among the broken granite and white stones, she distinctly saw some dark object; and while her heart beat so loud as almost to stifle the sound, she fancied that a faint wailing cry swept past on the wind. Slowly, and with cautious steps, she crept down round by the bridge, over the bank, swinging by a branch, or letting herself slip down the steep and broken ground. At length she descended into the torrent, which ran meagre and half dried up by the summer sun—struggling over and under and round the stones in its course, murmuring and complaining as it went. There lay the little Arab, Selim, with the last life-pulse faintly quivering through its limbs—and there, with her face hidden, and the stream rippling through the curls of her golden hair, lay poor forsaken Kate. The girl stopped; a natural and unconquerable horror made her pause before she would venture to turn round and lift what she doubted not was the face of a corpse, bruised and horrible. At length she approached, and with shuddering hands raised the head of the unhappy girl from the waters. No bruise was there—pure and calm, with closed eyes and parted lips, and the glistening drops hanging on the still fresh pink of her cheek—she lay—but death was in her face!

Years rolled on; Annette's more successful plan for her brother's advancement was put into execution, and Harry became the easy husband of the all-accomplished

and beautiful Lady Sarah Davenot, the chosen companion and confidante of the sprightly Miss Bouverie. Lady Sarah was a duke's daughter; she therefore thought herself entitled to treat her husband as her inferior. She was a beauty and a spoilt child, and she therefore conceived herself at liberty to accept the homage of those around her, and to show off sundry little airs of wilfulness and vanity, just as if she had not married the handsomest man in England, as she was in the habit of calling Harry. She was headstrong and violent; and the same adherence to her own fancies, which led her to oppose her doting father on the subject of her marriage, led her now to oppose her husband. She was frivolous and heartless, but she was a strict observer of the rules of etiquette. Maradon Carcon made her dresses, Cavalier dressed her hair, and the world declared she was a charming woman.

Five years after his marriage, accident brought Harry Bouverie to the spot where his young cousin, with whom from his infancy he had expected to pass his life, had died unseen, alone, without one to hear her last word. He was with a party of pleasure, and their loud laughing voices rang in his heart, as he bent over the little bridge, and with straining eyes looked downwards, as if he could still see the light form which for years had mouldered in the grave.

"Is that a good trout stream, Bouverie?" asked one of the gentlemen.

Harry turned hastily away, and catching Lady Sarah by the arm, he muttered, "Come away—it was here that Kate died—they will drive me wild."

"You are always sentimentalising about that girl," said his wife, pettishly; "I am sure it is no great compliment to me, the way you regret her." She moved on, and joining the party, walked forwards.

"Oh! Kate, Kate," exclaimed Harry Bouverie, as rushing tears dimmed his view of that death scene, "was it for such a heart I scorned you?"

USE OF PERFUMES.

Look upon it ever as a sign of masculine intellect and a strong understanding to neglect the voluptuous gratification of this sense (of smell.) This is a folly which should be left altogether to the masculine imitators of the weaker sex. They are shameless slaves to it, whose chambers are filled with wasteful odours; who expend on vials of expensive perfume that wealth which is committed to them for the advantage of their fellow-creatures, and whose study appears to be that they may leave no breath unpoisoned or unpolluted of the fresh and wholesome air that surrounds them. A man that is wrapped up in perfumes is surely a pitiable creature. This fashion which was once disgustingly prevalent, is now confined, in a great measure, to persons of vulgar and mean habits, who are not only heedless of their religious obligations, but ignorant of the customs of good society. Still, however, the folly is not wholly banished from even the better informed classes of mankind; and it is a hideous cruelty, that a gentleman of moderate fortune will keep in his desk, for the purpose of perfuming note-paper, a vial of perfume, the price of which would pay the house-rent of a poor peasant, in our provinces for a whole year. There is, besides, a manifest rudeness in the use of artificial odours, which no well educated person ought to offer to society. Predilections in this sense are as various as in that of taste; and it seems as unreasonable, that a man should compel every person he meets to inhale that single odour which he thinks agreeable, (but which to many may be quite the reverse,) as if a host should measure the tastes of his company by his own, and oblige them all to partake of a certain dish because it happened to be his favourite.—*Tales illustrative of the Five senses.*

THE POET'S DYING HYMN.

— Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Bear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship here and every where.—*Wordsworth.*

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight,
By noontide blaze, or sweeping storm of night:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expanse,
I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
Touching death's features with a lovely glance
Of light, serenely solemn and divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,
And the low thrillings of the forest-shade,
And the wild sounds of waters uncontroll'd,
And upon many a desert plain and shore,
—No solitude—for there I felt *Thee* more:
I bless Thee, O my God!

And if thy Spirit on thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep moanings spread,
To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure—a consecration unto Thee:
I bless Thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by Thee been fraught
With an awakening power—if Thou hast made
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies at home:
I bless Thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer!—for this alone
I bless Thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet, with a colouring halo from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with Thee:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the o'erflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine:
I bless Thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt, or
dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,
Whereby its torch-light for the race was led;

That passing storms have only fanned the fire,
Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire!
I bless Thee, O my God!

Now art Thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day!
Thou leav'st me not, though earthly life grows pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
I bless Thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain-sanctuaries for poets' dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes;
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that my foot-prints on its dust appear:
I bless Thee, O my God!

And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
No longer vassals to the changeful hour:
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring:
I bless Thee, O my God!

Yes, the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but wandering past mine ear,
Seem heralds of the eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, unperturb'd and clear:
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
—Let me too, joining those pure strains, adore!
I bless Thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—To Thee I come,
Make Thou my dwelling where thy children are!
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for thy Son, the bright and morning Star,
The Sufferer and the Victor-king of Death!
I bless Thee with my glad song's dying breath!
I bless Thee, O my God!

SPRING.

WHEN the wind blows
In the sweet rose-tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me;
'Tis not for any one here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
To the rich man's poor.
Where cometh sleep?
To the bed that's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;
That is a fate that none can cure;
Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow:
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
For all below!
O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

COUSIN MARY;

A CHARACTER.

ABOUT four years ago, passing a few days with the highly educated daughters of some friends in this neighbourhood, I found domesticated in the family a young lady, whom I shall call as they called her, Cousin Mary. She was about eighteen, not beautiful perhaps, but lovely certainly to the fullest extent of that loveliest word—as fresh as a rose; as fair as a lily; with lips like winter berries—dimpled, smiling lips; and eyes of which nobody could tell the colour, they danced so incessantly in their own gay light. Her figure was tall, round, and slender; exquisitely well proportioned it must have been, for in all attitudes, (and in her innocent gaiety, she was scarcely ever two minutes in the same) she was grace itself. She was, in short, the very picture of youth, health, and happiness. No one could see her without being prepossessed in her favour. I took a fancy to her the moment she entered the room; and it increased every hour in spite of, or rather perhaps, for certain deficiencies, which caused poor Cousin Mary to be held exceedingly cheap by her accomplished relatives.

She was the youngest daughter of an officer of rank, dead long ago; and his sickly widow having lost by death, or that other death, marriage, all her children but this, could not, from very fondness, resolve to part with her darling for the purpose of acquiring the commonest instruction. She talked of it, indeed, now and then, but she only talked; so that, in this age of universal education, Mary C. at eighteen, exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of a young woman of high family, whose acquirements were limited to reading, writing, needlework, and the first rules of arithmetic. The effect of this let-alone system, combined with a careful seclusion from all improper society, and a perfect liberty in her country rambles, acting upon a mind of great power and activity, was the very reverse of what might have been predicted. It had produced not merely a delightful freshness and originality of manner and character, a piquant ignorance of those things of which one is tired to death, but knowledge, positive, accurate, and various knowledge. She was, to be sure, wholly unaccomplished; knew nothing of quadrilles, though her every motion was dancing; nor a note of music, though she used to warble, like a bird, sweet snatches of old songs, as she skipped up and down the house; nor of painting, except as her taste had been formed by a minute acquaintance with nature into an intense feeling of art. She had that real extra sense, an eye for colour, too, as well as an ear for music. Not one in twenty—not one in a hundred of her sketching and copying ladies could love and appreciate a picture where there was colour and mind, a picture by Claude, or by our English Claudes, Wilson and Hoffland, as she could—for she loved landscape best, because she understood it best—it was a portrait of which she knew the original. Then her needle was in her hands almost a pencil. I never knew such an embroideress—she would sit “printing her thoughts on lawn,” till the delicate creation vied with the snowy tracery, the fantastic carving of hoar frost, the richness of Gothic architecture, or of that which so much resembles it, the luxuriant fancy of old point lace. That was her only accomplishment, and a rare artist she was—muslin and net were her canvas. She had no French either, not a word; no Italian; but then her English was racy, unhackneyed, proper to the thought to a degree that only original thinking could give. She had not much reading, except of the Bible and Shakespeare, and Richardson's

novels, in which she was learned; but then her powers of observation were sharpened and quickened, in a very unusual degree, by the leisure and opportunity afforded for their development, at a time of life when they are most acute. She had nothing to distract her mind. Her attention was always awake and alive. She was an excellent and curious naturalist, merely because she had gone into the fields with her eyes open; and knew all the details of rural management, domestic or agricultural, as well as the peculiar habits and modes of thinking of the peasantry, simply because she had lived in the country, and made use of her ears. Then she was fanciful, recollective, new; drew her images from the real objects, not from their shadows in books. In short, to listen to her, and the young ladies her companions, who, accomplished to the height, had trodden the education-mill till they all moved in one step, had lost sense in sound, and ideas in words, was enough to make us turn masters and governesses out of doors, and leave our daughters and grand-daughters to Mrs. C.'s system of non-instruction. I should have liked to meet with another specimen, just to ascertain whether the peculiar charm and advantage arose from the quick and active mind of this fair Ignorant, or was really the natural and inevitable result of the training; but, alas! to find more than one unaccomplished young lady, in this accomplished age, is not to be hoped for. So I admired and envied; and her fair kinswomen pitied and scorned, and tried to teach; and Mary, never made for a learner, and as full of animal spirits as a school-boy in the holidays, sang, and laughed, and skipped about from morning till night.

It must be confessed, as a counter-balance to her other perfections, that the dear Cousin Mary was, as far as great natural modesty and an occasional touch of shyness would let her, the least in the world of a romp! She loved to toss about children, to jump over stiles, to scramble through hedges, to climb trees; and some of her knowledge of plants and birds may certainly have arisen from her delight in these boyish amusements. And which of us has not found that the strongest, the healthiest, and most flourishing acquirement has arisen from pleasure or accident, has been in a manner self-sown, like an oak of the forest? Oh, she was a sad romp; as skittish as a wild colt, as uncertain as a butterfly, as uncatchable as a swallow! But her great personal beauty, the charm, grace, and lightness of her movements, and above all, her evident innocence of heart, were bribes of indulgence which no one could withstand. I never heard her blamed by any human being. The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her clothes caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey cart up a hill one sunny windy day, in September. It was a gay party of young women, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect

from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence. She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front with her bright face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown, strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects; but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

After this I lost sight of her for a long time. She was called suddenly home by the dangerous illness of her mother, who, after languishing for some months, died; and Mary went to live with a sister much older than herself, and richly married in a manufacturing town, where she languished in smoke, confinement, dependence, and display, (for her sister was a match-making lady, a manœuvrer) for about a twelvemonth. She then left her house, and went into Wales—as a governess! Imagine the astonishment caused by this intelligence amongst us all; for I myself, though admiring the untought damsel almost as much as I loved her, should certainly never have dreamed of her as a teacher. However, she remained in the rich baronet's family where she had commenced her employment. They liked her apparently—there she was; and again nothing was heard of her for many months, until, happening to call on the friends at whose house I had originally met her, I espied her fair blooming face, a rose amongst roses, at the drawing-room window—and instantly with the speed of light was met and embraced by her at the hall-door.

There was not the slightest perceptible difference in her deportment. She still bounded like a fawn, and laughed and clapped her hands like an infant. She was not a day older, or graver, or wiser, since we parted. Her post of tutorage had at least done her no harm, whatever might have been the case with her pupils. The more I looked at her the more I wondered; and after our mutual expressions of pleasure had a little subsided, I could not resist the temptation of saying—"So you are really a governess?"—"Yes."—"And you continue in the same family?"—"Yes."—"And you like your post?"—"O yes, yes!"—"But my dear Mary, what could induce you to go?"—"Why, they wanted a governess, so I went."—"But, what could induce them to keep you?" The perfect gravity and earnestness with which this question was put, set her laughing, and the laugh was echoed back

from a group at the end of the room, which I had not before noticed—an elegant man in the prime of life showing a portfolio of rare prints to a fine girl of twelve, and a rosy boy of seven. "Why did they keep me? Ask them," replied Mary, turning towards them with an arch smile. "We kept her to teach her ourselves," said the young lady—"We kept her to play cricket with us," said her brother—"We kept her to marry," said the gentleman, advancing gaily to shake hands with me. "She was a bad governess, perhaps; but she is an excellent wife—that is her true vocation." And so it is. She is, indeed, an excellent wife; and assuredly a most fortunate one. I never saw happiness so sparkling or so glowing; never saw such devotion to a bride, or such fondness for a step-mother, as Sir W. S. and his lovely children show to the sweet Cousin Mary.

Original.

THE CID.

RODRIGO DIAZ DE RIVAR, surnamed the *Cid*, famous for his amour with *Chimena*, and his duel with *Count Gormas*, has been the subject of various poems and romances. Although we should refuse faith to the wonderful stories which romance has propagated concerning this hero; yet, it is certain from the testimony of historians, that the *Cid* was not only the bravest knight of his age, but the most virtuous and generous of men. He had already signalized himself by his exploits, in the reign of Ferdinand the First, King of Castile. When, in the year 1050, Sancho Second, son to that prince, sought to deprive his sister Urraqua unjustly of the city of Zamora; the *Cid* boldly remonstrated against the injustice of the deed; representing it as a violation equally of the rights of consanguinity and the laws of honour. The haughty and passionate Sancho banished the *Cid*, but was soon after obliged to recall him. When, by the death of Sancho, who was treacherously slain before Zamora, the crown devolved to his brother, Alfonso VI., the Castilians required their new monarch to declare by a solemn oath, that he had no concern in his brother's death. None other durst propose the oath to the monarch; but the *Cid* made him swear it at the very altar before which he was crowned; intermingling with the appeal to God the most dreadful imprecations upon perjurers. Alfonso never forgave him. The *Cid* was soon after sent into banishment, on pretence that he had entered the territories of Almamón, King of Toledo, with whom Alfonso was then at peace; *Rodrigo* had indeed pursued some fugitives beyond the boundary between the two kingdoms. The time of this banishment turned out the most glorious period of the *Cid's* life. It was then he made his greatest conquest from the Moors, aided only by those brave knights whom his reputation had attracted to join his standard. Alfonso recalled him, and seemingly restored him to favour; but this monarch's favour could not long be preserved by a man of *Rodrigo's* open dignity of mind. Being again banished from the court, he went upon the conquest of Valencia. Making himself master of that strong city, and of many other towns, with an extensive territory; he might have assumed sovereign honours; but he never would: continuing still the faithful subject of Alfonso, although Alfonso had often injured and offended him.

The *Cid* died at Valencia in 1099, full of years and glory. He had only one son who was slain, young, in a single combat. His two daughters, Donna Elvira and Donna Sol, married two princes of the house of Navarre; and through a long train of alliances, are among the ancestors of the Bourbons.—*Histoire d'Espagne, Mariana & Garibai.*

THE BURIAL OF THE MIGHTY.

BY MRS. HEWANS.

—Many an eye

May wail the dimming of the morning star.—*Shakespeare.*

A GLORIOUS voice hath ceased!—

Mournfully, reverently—the funeral chant
 Breathe reverently!—There is a dreamy sound,
 A hollow murmur of the dying year,
 In the deep woods:—Let it be wild and sad!
 A more Æolian melancholy tone
 Than ever wail'd o'er bright things perishing!
 For that is passing from the darken'd land,
 Which the green summer will not bring us back—
 Though all her songs return.—The funeral chant
 Breathe reverently!—They bear the mighty forth,
 The kingly ruler in the realms of mind—
 They bear him thro' the household paths, the groves,
 Where every tree had music of its own
 To his quick ear of Knowledge taught by Love—
 And he is silent!—Past the living stream
 They bear him now; the stream, whose kindly voice
 On alien shores his true heart burn'd to hear—
 And he is silent! O'er the heathery hills,
 Which his own soul had mantled with a light
 Richer than Autumn's purple, now they move—
 And he is silent!—he, whose flexile lips
 Were but unseal'd, and, lo! a thousand forms,
 From every pastoral glen and fern-clad height,
 In glowing life upspring—Vassal and chief,
 Rider and steed, with shout and bugle-peal,
 Fast rushing through the brightly troubled air,
 Like the Wild Huntsman's band. And still they live,
 To those fair scenes imperishably bound,
 And from the mountain-mist still flashing by,
 Startle the wanderer who hath listen'd there,
 To the Seer's voice: Phantoms of colour'd thought,
 Surviving him who rais'd.—O, Eloquence!
 O, Power, whose breathings thus could wake the dead!
 Who shall wake *Thee*? Lord of the buried past!
 And art thou *there*—to those dim nations join'd,
 Thy subject-host so long?—The wand is dropp'd,
 The bright lamp broken, which the gifted hand
 Touch'd and the Genii came!—Sing reverently
 The funeral chant!—The Mighty is borne home—
 And who shall be his mourners?—Youth and Age,
 For each hath felt his magic:—Love and Grief,
 For he hath communed with the heart of each:
 Yes—the free spirit of humanity
 May join the august procession, for to him
 Its mysteries have been tributary things,
 And all its accents known:—from field or wave,
 Never was conqueror on his battle-bier
 By the veil'd banner and the muffled drum,
 And the proud drooping of the crested head,
 More nobly follow'd home.—The last abode,
 The voiceless dwelling of the Bard is reach'd:
 A still majestic spot! girt solemnly
 With all th' imploring beauty of decay;
 A stately couch midst ruins! meet for him
 With his bright fame to rest in, as a king
 Of other days, laid lonely with his sword
 Beneath his head. Sing reverently the chant
 Over the honour'd grave!—the *grave*!—oh! say
 Rather the shrine!—An altar for the love,
 The light, soft pilgrim-steps, the votive wreaths
 Of years unborn—a place where leaf and flower,
 By that which dies not of the sovereign Dead,
 Shall be made holy things:—where every weed
 Shall have its portion of th' inspiring gift
 From buried glory breath'd. And now what strain,
 Making victorious melody ascend
 High above sorrow's dirge, befits the tomb,
 Where He that away'd the nations, there is laid,
 The crown'd of men!

A lowly, lowly song.

Lowly and solemn be
 Thy children's cry to thee,
 Father divine!
 A hymn of suppliant breath,
 Owning that Life and Death
 Alike are thine!

A spirit on its way,
 Sceptred the earth to sway,
 From thee was sent:
 Now call'st thou back thine own—
 Hence is that radiance flown—
 To earth but lent.

Watching in breathless awe,
 The bright head bow'd we saw,
 Beneath Thy hand!
 Fill'd by one Hope, one Fear,
 Now o'er a brother's bier,
 Weeping we stand.

How hath he pass'd!—the Lord
 Of each deep bosom-chord,
 To meet thy sight,
 Unmantled and alone,
 On thy blest mercy thrown,
 O Infinite!

So, from his Harvest Home,
 Must the tired peasant come;
 So, in our trust,
 Leader and king must yield
 The naked soul, reveal'd
 To thee, All-Just!

The sword of many a fight—
 What *then* should be its might!
 The lofty lay,
 That rush'd on eagle-wing—
 What shall its memory bring!
 What hope, what stay!

O Father! in that hour,
 When Earth, all succouring power
 Shall disavow;
 When spear, and shield, and crown,
 In faintness are cast down—
 Sustain us, Thou!

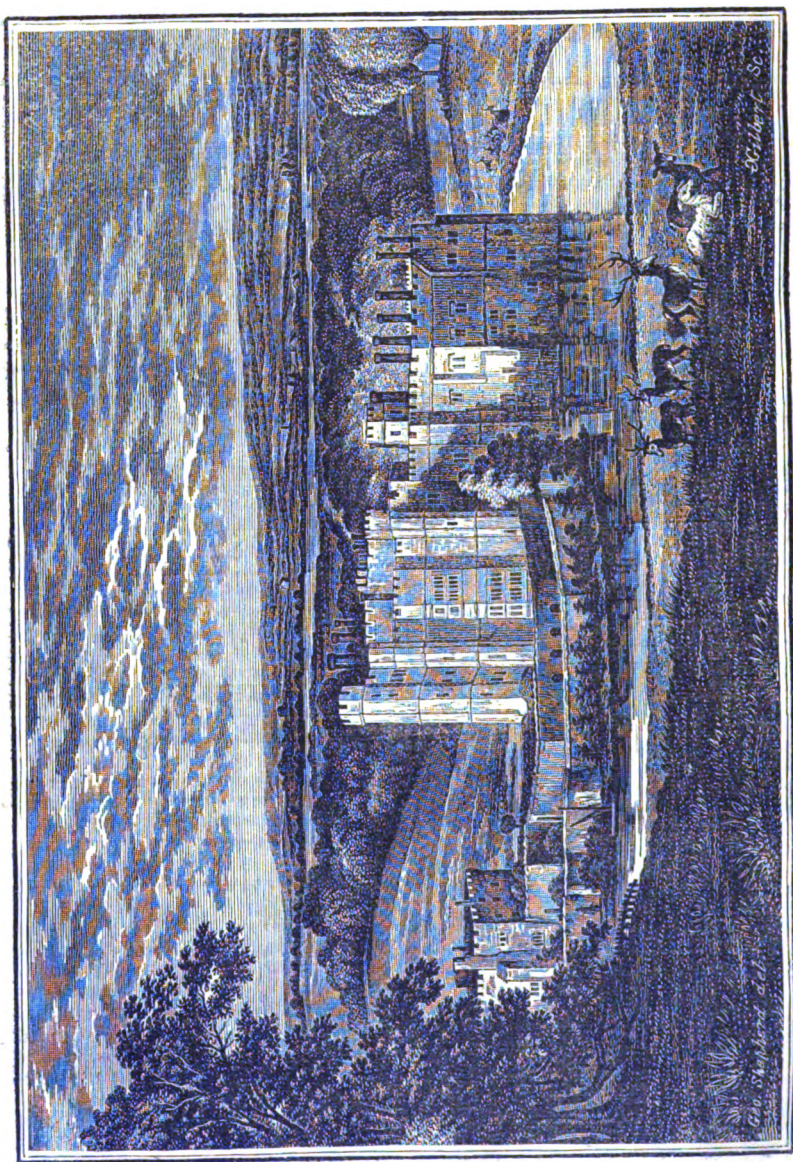
By Him, who bow'd to take
 The death-cup for our sake,
 The thorn, the rod;
 From the last dismay
 Was not to pass away—
 Aid us, O God!

Tremblers beside the grave,
 We call on Thee to save,
 Father divine!
 Hear, hear our suppliant breath,
 Keep us, in Life and Death,
 Thine, only Thine!

TO JULIET.

A THOUGHT AT NIGHT.

In yonder taper's burning light,
 An image of my heart I see;
 It burns amid a lonely night—
 Its life the love of thee.
 The steadfast light its passion takes,
 But slowly wastes while it illumines;
 And while my very life it makes,
 My life itself consumes.



LEEDS CASTLE.

LEEDS CASTLE.

ABOUT three miles from the village of Lenham, in the county of Kent, (England,) stands Leeds Castle. It is a turreted and magnificent stone structure, but having been erected at various periods, and under the direction of various tastes, it exhibits different styles of architecture. Its situation is delightful; standing in a well-wooded park plentifully supplied with deer, and commanding a prospect of the far-stretching fields and undulating hills which terminate the horizon. It is surrounded by a spacious moat, supplied with running water which rises at Lenham, and empties its current into the river Medway. This current abounds with fish, particularly the pike, which thrives here remarkably well, and is frequently taken weighing from thirty to forty pounds. At the principal entrance to this castellated pile are the remains of an ancient gateway, razed to within about one yard of the ground; these ruins, together with the grooves formed for the portcullis, which are still to be seen there, indicate its original strength and importance. At a short distance, in a northerly direction, are the vestiges of a very ancient structure, supposed, and with much probability, to be that portion of the castle where Robert de Crevequer established three chaplains when it was originally built.

The approach to the castle is by a bridge of two arches, after crossing which you pass under a second gateway, which, with the part already described, appears to have constituted a portion of the ancient fortress raised by the Crevequers, and suffered to survive the demolition under which the residue of the fabric was scattered to the ground. After passing the latter gate you arrive at a quadrangular courtyard of a very handsome appearance; to the right of which stands a building which the style of its architecture leads us to suppose it to be of the period of William of Wickham, and most probably part of the pile erected by that celebrated ecclesiastic. The portion at the further side of this quadrangle contains the principal, or state chambers, with the more recent addition of a handsome uniform front of rustic stone-work: the windows are arched in the Gothic style, and the parapet is embattled. Behind this edifice, over a bridge composed of arches, there is a large fabric, constituting the extremity of the castle; it is now, however, built upon and enclosed as a passage-way. It presents a very handsome pile of excellent workmanship, combining beauty and strength, and seems of the period of Henry the Eighth; in which case it was, most probably raised by Sir Henry Guildford, who acted in the capacity of constable of this fortress under that monarch, and beautified the castle at the direction and expense of the crown; from the strength and situation of the place we would here believe the ancient keep of the castle to have once stood.

Sir Thomas de Colepeper was Castellan of Leeds Castle, under the famous Lord Bladesmere in the time of Edward the Second; but, in the fifteenth year of that monarch's reign he was hanged to the chain of the drawbridge, for having refused admission to Isabel, queen of that monarch, when in the act of performing a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. Upon that occasion Leeds Castle and its manor were forfeited to the crown, but, either by the royal indulgence or by family entail, were subsequently restored to the son of the unfortunate Sir Thomas. In this castle, Ivan of Navarre, second consort of Henry the Fourth, being accused of having conspired against the life of her son-in-law, was held captive under Henry the Fifth; and here also Archbishop Chicheley presided, during the process instituted against Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, accused of sorcery and witchcraft.

Independent of the historical associations established by ancient records connected with this grand structure,

George the Third and his consort Queen Charlotte, after reviving the grand encampment at Cocksheath, honoured Leeds Castle with their presence on the 3d of November 1799: and on the following day received the congratulations of the nobility, general officers, and leading personages of the county of Kent, with the mayor and corporation of the neighbouring town of Maidstone. This famous and picturesque residence is now in the possession of — Frickham Esq., but the venerable line of the Colepepers seems to assert some dormant claim to this beautiful estate and castle, which is said to arise from a matrimonial union between a female of that family and the celebrated parliamentary general Fairfax, who, in her right, enjoyed the estate, which would have reverted to the male line of the Colepepers, had not the loss of the marriage settlement prevented it. The pleasure grounds attached to the castle are, as may be inferred from our accompanying plate, very extensive, but sufficient exertion is not given to the preservation of the pile; which would be the more desirable, as the immediate and distant scenery is luxuriant and picturesque in the extreme; and capable of such improvements as would render it one of the most enviable residences in Great Britain.

Original.

CORRILLA, IMPROVISATRICE.

THIS celebrated female was born in Italy; her peculiar talent developed itself at an early age: she had cultivated it by a close, and regular course of study, not confined to literature, but embracing every branch of human knowledge.

Her splendid success throughout Italy induced the Emperor, Francis the First, to solicit her to visit Vienna. She was there received with every mark of distinction, and returned to her country overwhelmed with honours and wealth, lavished upon her by the Emperor.

The Empress of Russia, Catherine the Second, who gave great encouragement to the arts and sciences of every description; and who wished every thing great to be attached to her court, proposed to Corrilla to visit St. Petersburg; but her dread of encountering the severity of such a climate, her own private attachments, and tastes, prevented her from accepting the flattering and magnificent offers made her by the Empress.

In 1776, Corrilla visited Rome, where the highest honours that can be bestowed upon poetic talent, awaited her. She was received by the Academy des Arcades under the name of Olympia: where having spoken upon a given number of subjects—after twelve examinations, appointed by the Academy—she was judged worthy of the laurel; before she was crowned, the Roman Senate declared her, *nobile cittadina*.* After this event, the first subject proposed for the display of her eloquence, was her thanks to the Senate; the second, a refutation of the doctrine that Christian humility has a tendency to destroy courage, and the enthusiasm necessary to the advancement of the fine arts. The next subject given her was, the superiority of modern philosophy over that professed by the ancients. She spoke on all these subjects with a facility, a perspicuity, a brilliancy of ideas, a warmth of imagination, that excited the utmost enthusiasm in her audience; but this wonderful success laid her open to the malignant attacks of jealousy and malevolence.

Corrilla published some of her small poems; but like most *impromptu* pieces, they do not enhance the reputation of their author.

* Noble citizen.

THE CAPTIVE SCHEIK.

Niesuhr relates the history of a captive in Yemen who seeing a bird through his prison grate, was inspired to make lines, which, being heard by his keeper, and spreading from one to another till they reached the ears of the *Sheik* who had confined him, procured his liberty.

RIVER! whose waters murmuring stray,

Oh! could I by thy side,
Mark, how like joys that steal away,
Thy waves in music glide;
Oh! might I watch thee glittering by,
Without these bars that mock my eye,
As welcome, and as blest to me,
Thy cool and sparkling waves would be,
As those which lead to Aden's* shore,
Where he who drinks shall thirst no more.
Thy course is onward, wide and free,
When will such course return to me!
At liberty!—how blest art thou,

Whilst I, in fetters bound,
Press 'gainst these bars my fever'd brow,
And listen for a sound
That stills one moment's space the sigh
Of hopeless, sad captivity.
And thou, fair bird, whose notes arise
Sweet as the bells of Paradise,†
That chase the slumbers of the blest,
Or soothe his soul to dreams of rest;
What art thou?—from what pleasant home
Of ceaseless music dost thou come?
Say, if amidst the Sudru's shade‡
Thy nest of perfumed leaves is made?
Art thou of those of spotless wing
That round the throne of glory sing;§
Or art thou come a messenger
To bear me tender news of her,
Whose truth no absence can impair,
Who loves, like me, amidst despair!
The dew of pearl on Yemen's waves||
That sparkles pure and bright,

Ere yet in foaming ocean's caves
Its gems are form'd of light,
Is not so pure, so fair, as she,
So precious as her heart to me.
But what am I?—my mem'ry now
Would cloud the sunshine of her brow;
My fame is past—my glory fled—
My name enroll'd among the dead—
Forgot by all I ever knew,
Why should not she forget me too!
Go, soaring bird! thy lays are vain—
They add new torture to my chain;
Attendant on thy notes appear
The shades of many a buried year,
Whose glittering colours charm my sight
Then fade and leave me deeper night.
They show when from my desert home
Free as my steed, I used to roam;
How, even then, the future's dream
Made present good of no esteem;
By custom too familiar grown
I slighted joys that were my own;

* Al Aden or Jannat, the garden of Paradise. See *Koran*.

† The trees in Paradise will be hung with bells, which will be put in motion by the wind, proceeding from the sacred throne, as often as the blessed wish for music.

‡ The Sudru is a tree of Paradise.

§ The souls of the good dwell in the form of white birds under the sacred throne. See *Koran*.

|| The *Mata es Seif* is a rain which is believed in Persia to ripen the pearls in the oyster, when it descends on the waters. It falls in the month *Nisan*.—NIESUHR.

Alas! since then a life of pain
Has proved their worth; but proved in vain;
Oh! that I could recall the past
Hours, days, and years, I dared to waste—
But vain repentance, vain regret,
My only task is to forget!
No more I'll seek my prison grate
With straining eye and heart elate,
To welcome stream, and wood, and plain,
Which never may be mine again:
I turn from scenes so bright, so dear,
And find my only world is here!

THE SHIPWRECK.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

A NOBLE ship, all gallantly,
Over ocean's surge was dashing,
And far and wide, the sounding tide
Like serried hosts was flashing.

On her high deck, while showery spray
From his locks of jet was streaming,
The sailor lay in the sunny ray,
Of home and childhood dreaming.

His father's cot!—beneath its eaves,
The ring-dove's song is swelling;
And the robin weaves, of earliest leaves
And velvet moss, his dwelling.

His fireside bright! the babe smiles there
On the breast of her who bore him;
And sisters fair, with long loose hair,
Dance merrily before him.

Vain! vain! He hath lost that magic sleep,
He hath heard the cordage creaking;
The wild winds sweep across the deep,
The storm birds' fitful shrieking.

But his ship the rocking surge doth scale,
Still with her proud flag waving;
Each shattered sail still fronts the gale—
Each spar the blast is braving.

Vain! vain! Her quivering masts are broke,
With a ponderous peal like thunder;
The lightning's stroke her limbs of oak
Hath cleft like reeds asunder.

Oh! burning youth, and manhood brave,
And brows with Time's frosts hoary—
They found a grave in the deep, deep wave,
Alike for their woe and glory.

Of their dear homes thought they, where loud and free
Their native rills were gushing;
And the young rose tree that woo'd the bee
On its myriad beauty blushing.

And the vine-bound roof, beneath whose eaves
The ring-dove's song is swelling,
And the robin weaves, of earliest leaves
And velvet moss, his dwelling.

And the babe that slept—they thought of these;
And the loved, who with bosom yearning,
Whene'er the breeze shall curl the seas,
Will look for them returning.

LOVE AT COLIN MAILLARD.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

THE moment that she looked up from her drawing, I remembered her at once by her eyes. It was full three years since I had seen them, during a tour in vacation, on entering the *diligence* from St. Omer to Paris. She was then a mere girl in her teens, but far more interesting than Misses generally are at that dubious period; a curly-headed, rosy creature, arch and good-natured, with a pair of blue eyes which I must describe, for they were absolutely unique. Their colour was extremely full and deep; the outline that of a prolonged oval; and usually seeming half shut, and shaded with dark eye-lashes, they gave a sly or pensive expression to the curl of a red upper lip; but if aroused by surprise or mirth, they opened out beneath her arching brows with such a brightness of blue as was quite dazzling. They were eyes to sit and gaze upon, as you gaze upon the sky, for hours. She was travelling under her father's escort to Paris, to enter a *pension* there; and as there were no passengers in the *diligence* beside ourselves, before nightfall I was already on good terms with both. The sire was a gentlemanly old *militaire*, on half-pay, as I conjectured, from his style of travelling. As it grew dusk, the shyness of the little maid gave way to the vivacity of her spirits; and as papa already gave tokens of drowsiness, she gradually addressed herself to me, in that vein of innocent communicativeness which flows so beautifully from young lips, and which is one of the first of their utterances that the world perverts. I listened as though I had been a friend of ten years' standing, while she prattled on of her school friends, of her flowers and pigeons at home in Leicestershire, of her joys and sorrows upon leaving it, of her curiosity as to her new companions, &c., so that in a very short time I knew most of her little history. When it grew chill at night, I folded my gay travelling cloak around her, and observed, almost with fondness, her little head begin to nod and her narrative to falter; until, at length, quite wearied, she fell into a slumber, so deep that it was not disturbed when, at the first jolt which occurred, I laid her head on my shoulder, and, passing my arm around her, kept it in that position. I could never sleep in a stage. In those days, moreover, my imagination was in great force; so as we lumbered along, and I sat listening to the queer cries of the *conducteur*, and postilion, and the gentle breathing of my young fellow-traveller, to which the paternal more furnished a very tolerable counterpoint, I amused myself with various reveries concerning the destiny of the pretty creature then slumbering on my bosom. Sometimes a fanciful idea arose, that our intercourse, so recently begun and so soon to terminate, might be resumed on a future day; and I busied myself with imagining the lively girl expanded into the loveliness of womanhood, and again crossing my path by some accident, such as had already brought us together. There is, I am persuaded, a truth of prediction in these impressions, especially in those which visit us in the night season.—“Dreams,” says a great poet, “come from God.” When day broke, the girl looked so beautiful and quiet, nestling in my cloak, that I could not abtain from impressing a morning salutation upon her brow; so lightly, however, as not to disturb her slumber; nor did she awake until the rattling of the vehicle along the pavement approaching the *Barriere de St. Denis*, announced our proximity to Paris. When the *diligence* stopped in the *Rue de l'Enfer*, I felt quite sad at parting from my charge; and as I lifted her down the clumsy steps, I asked her

to tell me her name, and not to forget me. She told me that she was called Isabel Denham, and said that she had a good memory: but I little expected, on giving her the farewell *au plaisir*, that I should ever see her again.

Trifling as was this adventure, I was, at my then age of nineteen, so full of the dreamy visions of youth, and so great a stranger to the better part of her sex, that during my short sojourn in Paris, and long after returning to Oxford, the picture of those rich black curls waving on my shoulders, and the pair of blue eyes that opened on mine when she awoke in the *diligence*, perpetually recurred to my imagination. How angry was I at my stupidity in neglecting to ask of the “whereabouts” of her Leicestershire home! Indeed I tormented all the men from that county with whom I had any acquaintance, with inquiries concerning the name of Denham, until silenced by the ridicule they excited. The dissipations and studies of college life did not, however, impair my memory; although, when I re-visited the Continent, after taking my degree, it was only at leisure moments that I would ask myself—“I wonder what has become of that pretty Isabel; by this time she must be full woman, and I doubt not a fair one! I should like to know if she recollects her companion of the *diligence*.”

A delightful summer ramble had terminated amongst the slopes and vineyards of the *Pays de Vaud*. On the afternoon of a day too sultry for walking, I was descending, on *mule-back*, a steep hill in the neighbourhood of Vevey, by an unfrequented road which overlooks the lake. The clouds began to creep heavily upwards from behind the western Alps; and I urged my lazy beast, in the hope of regaining my quarters before the storm should break. But mules are impracticable animals; and mine, upon a smart application of the whip, came to a full stop at the angle of the road; and began to indulge himself in one of those intolerable howls which none but mulish organs can perpetrate, to the great alarm of a young lady who was seated, quietly sketching, at the corner I had just turned. When she looked up, startled by the hideous bray, and amusement succeeded to her surprise, she opened to their full extent a pair of laughing blue eyes, which I felt certain I had looked into before. Yet of their splendidly beautiful owner I had no recollection. At once a thought—an inspiration, it must have been—recalled my former companion of the *diligence*. I was sure it must be she. As I detect ceremony in investigations of this kind, I at once dismounted, took off my hat, and accosted the fair artist:

“*Madame*,”—a delightful language is the French; you can address a lady so respectfully, without knowing her name—“*Madame, veuillez bien me pardonner pour l'avoir derangé? Mais, je supplierais qu'elle me permit de l'engager a descendre au plus vite. Tout annonce un orage.*”

She coloured, and bowed slightly. “*Remercie, Monsieur;*”—then, looking around, called “George!” The accent was of my native land; I was confirmed in my conjecture, and addressed her in English:

“If that be your servant, Madam, I fear he is scarcely within call. It must have been the white-headed old person whom I passed as he was plucking grapes in the *clos* of La Blaye, a full quarter of a mile from hence.”

She gathered up her pencils, and appeared perplexed. At this moment a few heavy drops of rain,

and a far-off muttering of thunder, came on very opportunely. I assumed a most humble and respectful mien:—"Will you honour my quadruped by suffering him to bear you home before the storm descends?"

She blushed again, and seemed to hesitate: but a loud clap of thunder aided my eloquence materially; and the preparation of a few moments beheld her seated upon my mule, wrapped in the very cloak which had kept her warm three years before, and me trotting at the animal's bridle, or occasionally seizing the apology of a steep descent or a rough patch of road, for supporting her in the saddle. However, before we reached her home, at a short distance from the suburb of Vevay, the rain came down with true Alpine fury; and I delivered my fair charge, dripping wet, into the care of an anxious-looking old gentleman, who was watching for her in the verandah, and in whom I at once recognised the papa of the *diligence*. From her I received a host of pretty thanks; and from him, what I valued far more, the permission to call on the morrow, and inquire whether she had taken injury from the exposure.

"George," said I, to the old blue-bottle, whom I met hurrying toward, "how long has Captain Denham been at Vevay?"

The man seemed surprised, but answered respectfully, "Sir George Denham, you mean, sir; he is Sir George, now that the baronet in Yorkshire is dead."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact: and my lady?"

"My lady! God bless you, sir, she died before my master came into these foreign parts!"

"Indeed, I had not heard of that accident;—and is no one with your master but Miss Isabella?"

"No, sir; the young people were all left in Leicestershire, when Sir George came abroad for his health."

"Do they see much company?"

"O no, sir, master lives quite retired like: besides, there are few English about Vevay."

"Very good: now go home and dry yourself;" (slipping an ecu into his hand.)

Here was full and pleasant information. My conjecture was assured: no troublesome mamma or brothers; father invalid, and a baronet; nothing could be more delightful! I returned to my quarters in the highest spirits, and in a rich stream of Utopian visions, and engaged my apartments in the town for "two months certain."

My call on the following day was kindly received; my dear countrymen, heaven bless them! are not quite so surly when you meet them abroad: especially if they happen to be in want of assistance or amusement. Sir George appeared to me to stand in the latter predicament; and certainly rather encouraged than acquiesced in the approaches I made to become an *habitué* under his roof. I gathered, both from his establishment and my dialogue with George, (the blue bottle), that with title, fortune had also flowed in upon him; and therefore cautiously abstained from recalling to his memory our former meeting. But with the fair Isabel, I was not so scrupulous; and as soon as we became tolerably good friends, and I was installed in the place of *cicerone*, and permitted to escort her to views which papa could not reach, I took an opportunity of approaching the subject, although cautiously at first. The moment, however, that I touched upon it, the expression in Miss Denham's eye, and perhaps a little heightening of colour, convinced me that she had not forgotten the circumstances of our previous meeting: and I ventured to speak of it, and of the many recollections it had left, without reserve. Why I had hitherto hesitated to make the inquiry I should fail in attempting to explain: those alone who have been fascinated, as I then was, will understand the reason. Henceforward, we became as old friends, and, I need not add, constant companions. Never did I pass a

more blessed summer: it was, indeed, a happiness almost too keen, to ramble, day after day, without a thought of the future, in that paradise of a country, by the side of sweet Isabel Denham: to read to her passages from Rousseau and Byron, in the very spots where they were composed, and which they describe, or to sit at her feet throughout long summer evenings, gazing into those strange blue eyes, as she sang to her guitar, for papa, whole garlands of gay little French and Swiss romances. Yet I never spoke to her of love, although my heart was almost oppressed with its sweetness. But our intercourse grew so entire and affectionate, as we read, or sailed, or sat together, or loitered amidst the heavy fragrance of the garden, to watch the glory of an Alpine sunset, that nothing but a rising sense of self-reproach, when I considered my doubtful prospects in life—or perhaps, likewise, a fear to disturb, even with a word, a relation so delicious as had silently established itself between me and this fair girl, could have stifled the confession and the entreaty which at times actually quivered on my lips. O, she was such a soft, bright creature, with all the grace of a French girl, and the pensive sweetness of an English maiden; glad, but deep-hearted, and now and then disposed to be tyrannical: with small white hands, and tripping feet; and then those indescribable eyes! I wonder how I was enabled to keep silence: for there was a something in Isabel's manner that whispered, at times, as if she would have forgiven my presumption, had I broken it.

But autumn was nearly past; its close recalled Sir George, with restored health, to England: and me to the fulfilment of a promise made to an invalid friend at Naples. At parting, the old baronet gave me a kind invitation to his seat, when I should return to England; and when, in his presence, I essayed to bid farewell to his daughter, my self-possession so nearly left me, that I could barely say, "Good-by!" That last day was a miserable one: and when evening came, and I had completed my arrangements for departure on the morrow, I could not restrain my desire to say one kind word to Isabel before leaving the place. It was in vain that reason hinted the folly of indulging a pursuit, that, in my then circumstances, appeared hopeless: equally vain was the appeal of conscience, urging that it was using a young creature unfairly to suggest a claim that I could not prefer;—before the sun had quite set, I was standing once more at the gate, from whence we had so often looked down upon Leman. Would she come? I was sure of it.

I stepped aside for a moment; she slowly approached the wicket, and stood leaning, for a few instants, on the espalier, gazing on the water; and then she buried her face in both hands. I stole to her side, and whispered "Isabel!" At first, I feared that she would faint, so pale did she become; but the colour directly returned to her complexion, until cheek, brow, and even neck, were glowing with a crimson flush. She held out her hand, smiling, but with eyes full of tears.

"I could not bear to leave you, my sweet friend, without taking a kinder farewell than the few cold words spoken this morning." She looked downwards, and I could see her lip quiver, but no answer came.

"It will be a long, long time, ere I see you again: will you let me thank you for these happy months, or will you add one other treasure to all your gifts of gentleness and condescension? Will you repeat that sweet promise you once gave me, as a child? Say, that you will not forget me, beautiful Isabel Denham!"

"Did I break that promise?" she replied, in a low voice.

"Ah! but you are now to enter the world, where you will be sought, and caressed, and loved; but no one will love you there so fondly as an old friend, dear Isabel!" (What would not I have then given for the power to ask her to be mine!) She made no answer,

but wept. At that moment, the voice of Sir George was heard, calling her name: she slightly pressed my hand, in which I still held hers, and whispered, hurriedly, "Good-by! I will not forget you."

Had Mephistopheles himself then stood at my elbow, I could not have abstained from kissing the lips that uttered these kind, musical words. She struggled, escaped from my embrace, and ran towards the house.

For two long years I remained on the Continent, busied with projects which I need not relate, or engaged in adventures that would little interest you. Need I say what was now the pole-star of my endeavours? Those dear words, "I will not forget you," were for ever in my ear, and supported me in moments of anxiety and disappointment, of which, God knows, I had my full share. But I kept my resolution to avoid Isabel Denham's presence, until I could appear before her in the character of a decided suitor—yet how dearly did it cost me! How could I expect that her memory, to which I had preferred no direct claim, would survive the effects of absence, silence, and the assiduities of others?

In the winter of 18—, I returned to England. My difficulties, at last, were smoothed away: and away did I post to Yorkshire, the moment I was free from the importunities of agents and papers. I have already hinted, that of Sir George or his daughter I had not heard since their departure from Vevay. Chance happily directed me to an old friend in the neighbourhood of Beverley, from whom I obtained, at the same time, an invitation to pass my Christmas under his roof, and the welcome information that Sir George Denham was his neighbour and acquaintance. I arrived at Thornton's on Christmas Eve. "You are come at the right moment," said my friend: "The party from Denham Hall join our merry-making to-morrow; and you will have a good opportunity for renewing your Swiss acquaintance." Between fear and expectation I had no sleep that night.

In this fair district, the dear old English custom of hearty Christmas rejoicings, and the genuine ancient hospitality, are retained in much of their original glory. Under any other circumstances, the cheerful hum of preparation throughout the night, the carols chaunted by the village choristers under the hall windows; and on the morrow, the chambers green with laurel, and variegated with holly; the holiday faces of the tenantry, and a certain blending of solemnity and joy in the performance of church service in the stately old minister, would have affected me powerfully, after returning from so long a sojourn abroad: but in church I was devoured by impatience, vainly attempting to detect one familiar face amidst the congregation, and returned to dress, nervous and disappointed. A few words to Thornton, indeed, would have put an end to my suspense; but I had resolved to conceal every indication of peculiar interest, until I had learned how Isabel would receive me. I was actually trembling when I entered the drawing-room, half-an-hour before the early dinner: the guests were nearly all arrived, but still the face I sought for was not there. A carriage dashed up to the door—Sir George and Miss Denham! I started forwards. *Cent mille tonnerres!* The old gentleman was, indeed, the same; but instead of the beautiful girl I expected, there appeared a thin aged lady, with all the vinegar look of a maiden sister.

Sir George greeted me heartily. I forbore to inquire, at the moment, after his daughter; it had, indeed, been needless, for he was hardly seated before "Where is Miss Isabel?" rained upon him from all sides.

"Poor Bell! I was afraid to bring her out on a bitter day like this, even to a Christmas revel: she has been so delicate of late." Here he looked at the villanous old sister in the lace cap and spectacles, who nodded assent. I could have strangled them both.

The dinner, *malgré*, all its abundance and solemn-

ties, "right merry and concealed;" its flowing healths ample cheer, and gay faces, was a bitter ceremony to me, moody and taciturn as the disappointment had made me. One determination engrossed all my thoughts; and in the bustle caused by the ladies' departure, I proceeded to execute it, by slipping quietly into the hall, seizing the first hat I could find, and running down the avenue as fast as the frozen snow allowed me. "Show me Sir George Denham's house," said I, to a child at the lodge: "It's the big white house yonder, across the field." In three minutes I was halting under the windows of Denham Hall.

The necessity of a pause to take breath, a consciousness of my proceeding being rather a queer one, added to an habitual love of reconnoitering before any "onslaught," arrested my hand, as it was already upon the bell. I therefore began to encompass the house, after the manner of the besiegers of Jericho, (only that I used no trumpet,) until I reached a bay window, level with the flower-bed without, which was brightly illuminated from within. The curtain was partially drawn aside, and the ringing sounds of youthful laughter attracted me nearer. I stepped on to the flower-bed, and looked in upon a scene which Wilkie or Jan Steen's rare fancy could not have embellished. It was a long room, fitted up with rich oaken pannels, alternating with portraits in the antique style, and now thickly hung with evergreens. The chief light proceeded from a vast yule log, which lay glowing and flickering in a wide chimney. The place was full of boys and girls from twelve to seven years old; two stout little fellows had just succeeded, by the help of two chairs, in attaching a bunch of Christmas to the chandelier, in the centre—taking advantage, as it seemed, of the moment, while a girl of about ten years of age was busy binding up the eyes of a young lady, (the only grown-up person of the party,) who was seated upon a stool, with her back turned towards the window, amidst shouts of merry laughter. I drew closer, and as soon as she rose to begin the game, I knew, by the little white hands extended to catch the fugitives, the elegant form, the rich black locks, and the dimpled chin, even though her eyes were covered, the person of sweet Isabel Denham.

From an involuntary impulse, I tried the clasp of the window: it opened, and there I stood within the curtain, gazing with tremulous delight and eagerness upon my beautiful mistress. It required a pause of several minutes before I could summon courage to intrude upon this scene of innocent merriment. The little folks, the while, were skipping about in the fire-light, like so many brownies, shouting with rapture; and Isabel bounded amongst them as gracefully as though she had been Titania herself. She had little success in the game: the mischievous crew, who seemed to take especial delight in pulling about her curls, escaped from her gentle hands, whenever she essayed to lay hold upon any of her assailants. At last she came running towards my hiding-place, with both hands outstretched, crying, "I am sure there is some rogue hiding here, who shall not escape quite so easily as he did the last time!" I cannot describe how this random speech affected me; but I internally blessed the omen, and, coming forward as she approached, quietly possessed myself of her two hands, and pressed them to my lips. Startled, if not alarmed, by a touch so unexpected, she gave a sudden cry, exclaiming, "Papa! it is not you!" and, freeing one of her hands, hurriedly removed the bandage from her forehead. It was a nervous moment for me; the unwarrantable liberty I had taken just flashed upon my mind at the instant when I had fully committed myself.

On recognising my face, Isabel almost shrieked, changed colour, tried to speak, and burst into tears. I was terribly alarmed; the little people stood aghast, as though Satan himself had stepped from behind the

curtain. I supported Isabel to the sofa, and knelt at her side.

"Forgive me, dear Isabel! I little thought I should alarm you so much. I was not master of myself on seeing you so near me! will you suffer me to entreat your pardon?" Her eye slowly unclosed, and rested on mine, troubled, but full of sweetness.

"Oh, Mr. Vernon! It was not kind to frighten me thus. I do not know whether I shall ever forgive you for causing me such a shock."

"I shall never forgive myself if I have distressed you; but hear my excuse: I hoped to have met you at Thornton's; you came not; I hastened hither to find you; I beheld you through the window, and could not restrain my eagerness to approach you! and now, have you not forgotten; will you forgive me?"

"I do not know," she said, blushing deeply, "whether I ought to listen to you at all or no. You deserve that I should send you away at once."

"You would not be so unkind, did you know how I have longed to cast myself on your mercy."

"Well, I forgive you!" I was in the seventh heaven! The blindman's buff party appeared sorely disconcerted. "Had we not better set the little people to play again?" said I; and, without more ceremony, seizing upon the biggest boy of the party, I bound up

his eyes; and after a few minutes romping with them, the merry uproar became as loud as ever. Returning to Isabel's feet, I then told my tale, explaining, as well as I could, my past silence, sued for her pardon and her fair hand. She was too naturally sincere, perhaps too much hurried, to tyrannize over me at such a moment; and when, after an ardent expostulation and entreaty, I raised her from the sofa, and slyly leading her under the little rogues' bush of salutation, covered her eyes, brow, and lips with kisses—she had already breathed the sweet word that made her mine for ever.

In the course of that evening's converse, I learned how faithfully the dear girl had kept her promise, although my silence had so little deserved it; and how just had been my instantaneous feeling of antipathy towards the maiden aunt, from whom poor Isabel had suffered a long persecution on behalf of a *protege* of hers, recommended as a suitor to my peerless mistress.

It was very late ere I regained Thornton Priory. The revel, fortunately, was not yet over, and I found Sir George in a charitable mood; so that before his carriage drove away, I had obtained from him a permission which completed the happiness of the most exciting, yet most delightful Christmas day I had ever spent, or may hope ever to spend again.

Original.

TO JULIA.

Oh, there are eyes whose living light
Seems kindred to another sphere,
As if twin stars had left their bright
And distant home, to wander here:
Yet still they shine as coldly on,
As if to be *adored* alone;—
But thine, thine are the gentle eyes,
Both love and homage from us stealing,
Where mingle all love's wiseries,
With rays of beauty and of feeling:
Their azure depths, through dew-like tears,
Still glisten with a light more tender,
And thine unspoken hopes and fears
Now light them up, now dim their splendor.

And gracefully the chestnut hair
Is braided on thy placid brow—
Oh, may time's withering touch forbear
To cloud its snow so stainless now!
What though upon thy dimpled cheek
The varying tints of beauty speak,
As delicate as those which rest
Upon the rose-bud's opening breast—
It is not *these*, though fair thou art,
That win thee love from every heart!

Not these—we know, by many a token,
How quickly beauty's charm is broken.
The perfumed lily of the vale,
Gleaming amid its shadowing leaves,
The pearl of flowers, is scarce so frail
As the light spell that beauty weaves.—
But *thou* hast more to grace thy youth:
The spirit's gentleness and truth,
In every soul-lit smile, we see,
Unstained as aught of earth can be.
Thine is the pure and lofty thought,
That hath from heaven its impulse caught—
Thine the warm heart that fain would bind
In bonds of love, all human kind.
These are thy jewels—and they twine
The link that draws all hearts to thine!

G***

ORIGIN OF THE RED ROSE.

It was the sultry noontide hour,
When Bacchus revell'd in his bower.
Rare was the wine, by Tuscan hands
Express'd with care, in Tuscan lands!
Wild was the dance, for cymbals beat
The clamorous time to cloven feet!
And many an ho loudly pealing,
And mirth-shout shook the leafy ceiling;
And flushed bacchantes, headlong reeling,
Crash'd the white roses with quick tread,
Till all the air was essenced.

"Bring me," quoth he—the crowned with vine,
The ruddy god of radiant wine—
"Bring me yon pallid flowers, and lave
Them in this generous wave!—
Wan and virgin looks be theirs
Who unto Dian pay their prayers;
But flowers that woo the fiery sun
Should take the tint by which he's won:
And these, ere half my rite is done,
Shall wear the blush this nectar wears,
And be as beautiful to see
As Ariadne, when that she
Is fairest and most pleases me!
Bright Apollo, when his tent
Opens on the Orient,
Or when his glorious head he lays
Where Thetis wets his dusty bays,
Cannot boast so fair a flush
As these honour'd flowers shall blush."

He ceased, (while all the sylvan rout
Hung attentive round about)
And pledged them, laughing, in a flood
Of the red grape's luxurious blood;
And o'er their snowy paleness spread
A tint like that which stained the breast
Of her who Collatinus wed,
When to her heart the weapon prest,
To vindicate the holy pride
For which she lived—for which she died.

The Red Rose, since that festive hour,
Is queen of every summer flower.

From the "Wild Sports of the West."

THE LEGEND OF KNOCK-A-THAMPLE.

In the valley of Knock-a-Thample, beside a ruined church and holy well, the shattered walls of what had once been a human habitation, are still visible. They stand at a bow-shot distance from the fountain, which, instead of a place of penance for ancient crones and solitary devotees, was visited, two centuries since, for a very different purpose.

The well, although patronized by Saint Catharine, had one peculiar virtue, which, under her special superintendence, it might not have been expected to possess. Indeed, in everyday complaints, its waters were tolerably efficacious; but, in cases of connubial disappointments, when the nuptial bed had been unfruitful, they proved an absolute specific; and in providing an heir for an estate, "when hope deferred had made the heart sick," there was not in the kingdom of Connaught, a blessed well that could hold a candle to that of Knock-a-Thample.

Numerous as the persons were, whom the reputation of the fountain had collected from a distance, few returned without experiencing relief. Occasionally, a patient appeared, whose virgin career had been a little too protracted, and to whom the rosary, rather than the cradle, was adapted. And so thought Saint Catharine; though the water was unequalled, yet she had neither time nor inclination to work miracles eternally; consequently those ancient candidates for the honours of maternity returned precisely as they came; to expend holy water on such antique customers was almost a sinful waste—their presumption was unpardonable—it was enough to vex a Saint and put the blessed Patroness of Knock-a-Thample in a passion.

Holy water, like prophecy, was then of little value at home, and hence the devotees usually came from some distant province. The soil, indeed, might then have possessed the same anti-Malthusian qualities, for which it is so remarkable at the present day. Certainly, the home consumption of Knock-a-Thample was on a limited scale—and the herdsman and his wife, who then occupied the ruined cottage near the church, owed their winter comforts to the munificence of the strange pilgrims, who, during the summer season resorted in numbers to the well.

It was late in October, and the pilgrims were over for the year—winter was at hand—the heath was withered, and the last flower had fallen from the bog-myrtle—the *bouilles* were abandoned, and the cattle driven from the hills. It was a dark evening; and the rain which had been collecting in the mountains began to fall heavily, when a loud knock disturbed the inhabitants of the cabin. The door was promptly unbarred, and a young and well dressed stranger entered, receiving the customary welcome, with an invitation to join the herdsman's family, who were then preparing their evening meal. The extreme youth and beauty of the traveller did not escape the peasant's observation, although he kept his cap upon his head, and declined to put aside his mantle.

An hour before the young stranger had arrived, another, and a very different visitor, had demanded lodgings for the night. He belonged, also, to another country, and for some years had trafficked with the mountain peasantry, and was known among them by the appellation of THE RED PEDLAR. He was a strong, under-sized, and ill-visaged man; mean in his dress, and repulsive in his appearance. The pedlar directed a keen and inquisitive look at the belated traveller, who, to escape the minister scrutiny of his small, but piercing eyes, turned to where the herds-

man's wife was occupied in preparing the simple supper. The peasant gazed with wonder at her guest; for never had so fair a face been seen within the herdsman's dwelling. While her eyes were still bent upon the stranger, a fortuitous opening of the mantle displayed a sparkling cross of exquisite beauty, which hung upon the youth's bosom; and more than once, as it glittered in the uncertain light of the wood fire, she remarked the rich and sparkling gem.

When morning came, the pilgrim took leave of the hospitable peasants, and, as he inquired the road to the holy well, slipped a rose-noble into the hand of the herdsman's wife. This was not unnoticed by the Red Pedlar, who proffered his services as a guide, which the youth modestly, but firmly, declined. The pilgrim hastened to the fountain, performed the customary ceremonies before noon, and then took the mountain path, leading through an opening in the hills, to a station, which, though particularly lonely, was usually selected by good Catholics for a last act of devotion, when returning from visiting the blessed well.—The pedlar, who on various pretences had loitered near the place, soon afterwards departed in the same direction.

That night the herdsman's family sought repose in vain: wild, unearthly noises, were heard around the hovel; and shriek and laughter, awfully mingled together, were borne upon the breeze which came moaning from the mountain. The peasant barred his door, and grasped his wood-axe; his wife, with trembling fingers, told her rosary over again and again. Morning broke; and harassed by alarms, they sunk to sleep at last. But their slumbers were rudely broken; a grey-haired monk roused them hastily; horror was in his looks, and with difficulty he staggered to a seat. Gradually he collected strength to tell his fearful errand:—the young and lovely devotee lay in the mountain glen, before St. Catharine's Cross, a murdered corpse!

The tidings of this desperate deed flew through the country rapidly. The body was carried to the herdsman's cabin. For many hours life had been extinct, and the distorted countenance of the hapless youth, bespoke the mortal agony which had accompanied the spirit's flight. One deep wound was in his side, inflicted, evidently, by a triangular weapon; and the brilliant cross and purse of gold were gone.

The women from the adjacent villages assembled to pay the last rites to the remains of the murdered pilgrim. Preparatory to being laid out, the clothes were gently removed from the body, when a cry of horror burst from all—the pilgrim was a woman! Bound by a violet ribbon, a bridal ring rested beside her heart, and from unequivocal appearances, it was too evident that the fell assassin had committed a double murder.

The obsequies of the unhappy lady were piously performed; the mountain girls decked her grave with flowers; and old and young, for many a mile around, offered prayers for the soul of the departed. The murder was involved in mystery; the peasants had their own suspicions, but fear caused them to be silent.

A year passed—the garland upon the stranger's grave was carefully renewed; the village maidens shed many a tear as they told her melancholy story; and none passed the turf which covered the murdered beauty, without repeating a prayer for her soul's repose.

Another passed—and a third anniversary of the pilgrim's death arrived. Late on that eventful evening, a tall and noble-looking stranger entered the herdsman's cottage. His air was lofty and command-

ing, and though he wore a palmer's cloak, the jewelled pommel of his rapier glanced from beneath the garment, and betrayed his knightly dignity. The beauty of his manly countenance forcibly recalled to the peasants the memory of the ill-starred stranger. But their admiration was checked by the fierce, though melancholy, expression of the handsome features of the stranger; and if they would have been inclined to scrutinize him more, one stern glance from his dark and flashing eye imperiously forbade it. Supper was prepared in silence, until, at the knight's request, the herdsman detailed minutely, every circumstance connected with the lady's murder.

While the peasant's narrative proceeded, the stranger underwent a terrible emotion, which his stern resolution could not entirely conceal. His eyes glared, his brows contracted till they united; and, before the tale was ended, he leaped from his seat, and left the cabin hastily.

He had been but a few moments absent, when the door opened, and another visitor entered, with scanty ceremony, and though unbidden, seated himself upon the stool of honour. His dress was far better than his mien, and he assumed an appearance of superiority, which, even to the peasants, appeared forced and unnatural. He called authoritatively for supper, and the tones of his voice were quite familiar to the herdsman. With excited curiosity, the peasant flung some dried flax upon the fire, and by the blaze recognised at once the well remembered features of the Red Pedlar!

Before the peasant could recover his surprise, the tall stranger entered the cottage again, and approached the hearth. With an air which could not be disputed, he commanded the intruder to give place. The waving of his hand was obeyed, and with muttered threats the pedlar retired to the settle. The knight leaned against the rude walls of the chimney, and remained absorbed in bitter thought, until the humble host told him that the meal was ready.

If a contrast were necessary, it would have been found in the conduct of the strangers at the board.—The Knight ate like an anchorite, while the pedlar indulged his appetite largely. The tall stranger diluted the *aqua vite*, presented by the host, copiously with water, while the short one drank fast and deep, and appeared anxious to steep some pressing sorrow in the goblet. Gradually, however, his brain felt the influence of the liquor—and unguarded, from deep and repeated draughts, he thus addressed the host:

"Markest thou a change in me, fellow?"

"Fellow!" quoth the peasant, half affronted; "three years ago we were, indeed, fellows; for the Red Pedlar often sought shelter here, and never was refused."

"The Red Pedlar!" exclaimed the tall stranger, starting from his reverie, as if an adder had stung him, and fixing his fiery glance upon the late visitor, he examined him from head to foot.

"You will know me again, I trow," said the pedlar, with extraordinary assurance.

"I shall," was the cold reply.

"Well," said the new comer, "though three years since I bore a pack, I'll wage a rose-noble, that I have more money in my pouch than half the beggarly knights from Galway to Athlone.—There!" he exclaimed, as he flung his cloak open, "there is a weighty purse, and here a trusty *midgage*, and a fig for knighthood and nobility!"

"Slave!" said the stranger, in a voice that made the peasants tremble, "breathe not another word until thou hast satisfied my every question, or, by the mother of heaven! I'll cram my rapier down thy false throat;" and, starting on his feet, he flung his mantle on the floor.

Though surprised, the pedlar was not discomfited by the dignity and determination of his antagonist.

"Yes!" he sullenly replied, "I wear no rapier; but

this *midgage* has never failed me at my need;" and drawing from his bosom a long triangular weapon, he placed it on the table. "Sir Knight," he continued, "the handle of my tool is a simple deer-horn; but, by the mass! I have a jewel in my breast, that would buy thy tinselled pommel ten times."

"Thou liest, slave!" exclaimed the knight.

"To the proof, then," said the pedlar; and, opening a secret pocket, he produced a splendid cross.

"Villain!" said the tall stranger, under deep emotion, "surely, then, thou hast robbed some hapless traveller."

"No," replied the pedlar, with a cool smile; "I was beside the owner of this cross when his last sigh was breathed!"

Like lightning the stranger's sword flashed from its scabbard. "Murderer!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder, "for three years have I wandered about the habitable earth, and my sole object in living was to find thy caiffiff self; a world would not purchase thee one moment's respite!"

And, before the wretch could more than clutch his weapon, the knight's sword passed through his heart—the hilt struck upon the breast-bone, and the Red Pedlar did not carry his life to the floor!

The stranger for a moment gazed upon the breathless body, and having with the dead man's cloak removed the blood from his blade, replaced it coolly in the sheath. The pedlar's purse he flung scornfully to the peasant, but the cross he took up—looked at it with fixed attention, and the herdsman's wife remarked, that more than one tear fell upon the relic.

Just then the grey-haired monk stood before him.—He had left the convent to offer up the mass, which he did every anniversary of the pilgrim's murder. He started back with horror, as he viewed the bleeding corpse; while the knight, having secured the cross within his bosom, resumed his former cold and haughty bearing.

"Fellow!" he cried to the trembling peasant, "hence with that carrion. Come hither, monk; why gazest thou thus? Hast thou never seen a corpse ere now? Approach—I would speak with thee apart."—And he strode to the farther end of the cottage, followed by the churchman. "I am going to confide to thee what——"

"The penitent should kneel," said the old man, timidly.

"Kneel!" exclaimed the knight, "and to thee, my fellow mortal! Monk, thou mistakest, I am not of thy faith; and I laugh thy priestcraft to derision. Harken, but interrupt me not. The beauteous being whose blood was spilled in these accursed wilds, was the chosen lady of my love. I stole her from a convent, and wedded her in secret; for pride of birth induced me to conceal from the world my marriage with a fugitive nun. She became pregnant, and that circumstance endeared her to me doubly; and I swore a solemn oath, that, if she brought a boy, I would at once announce him as my heir, and proclaim my marriage to the world. The wars called me for a time away. Deluded by the artifice of her confessor, my loved one was induced to come hither on a pilgrimage, to intercede with thy saint, that the burthen she bore might prove a son. Curses light upon the shaveling that counselled that fatal journey! Nay, cross not thyself, old man, for I would execrate thy master of Rome had he been the false adviser. Thou knowest the rest, monk. Take this purse. She was of thy faith; and thou must say masses for her soul's health. Yearly shall the same sum be sent to thy convent. See that all that prayers can do, be done; or by my hopes of grace, thy hive of drones shall smoke for it! Doubt me not—De Burgo will keep his word to the very letter. And now, farewell! I hurry from this fatal spot for ever; my train are not distant, and have

long since expected me." As he spoke, he took his mantle from the floor, and wrapped it round him carelessly; then, as he passed the spot where the murderer lay, he spurned him with his foot, and pausing for a moment, looked at the monk.

"Remember!" he said, in a low voice, which made the old man shudder, and, passing from the cabin, he crossed the hearth and disappeared.

But the terror of the herdsman's family did not abate with his departure: a dead man lay before them, and the floor was deluged with his blood.—No human help was nigh—before daylight, assistance could not be expected; and no alternative remained but to wait patiently for the morrow. Candles were lighted up, the hearth was heaped with fuel, and a cloth thrown over the corpse, which they lacked the courage to remove. To sleep was impossible—and in devotional acts they endeavoured to while the night away. Midnight came: the monk was slumbering over his breviary, and the matron occupied with her beads, when a violent tramping was heard outside, and the peasant, fearing the cattle he had in charge were disturbed, rose to ascertain the cause. In a moment he returned. A herd of wild deer surrounded the cabin, and actually stood in a threatening attitude within a few paces of the door. While he told this strange occurrence to the monk, a clap of thunder shook the hovel to its centre—yells, and shrieks, and groans succeeded—noises so demoniac as to almost drive the listeners to madness, hurled through the air, and infernal lights flashed through the crevices of the door and window. Till morning broke, these unearthly terrors continued, without a moment's intermission.

Next day the villagers collected. They listened to the fearful story with dismay, while the melancholy fate of the young pilgrim was bitterly lamented. To inter the pedlar's corpse was the first care; for the monk swore by his patron saint that he would not pass another night with it over ground to be made a "mired abbot." A coffin was forthwith obtained, and, with "mained rites," the murderer was committed to the earth.

That masses were requisite to purify the scene of slaughter was indisputable—and, with the peasants who had flocked from the neighbouring villages, the monk determined to pass that night in prayer. The blood-stains were removed from the floor—the corpse had been laid in consecrated earth, and the office had

commenced at midnight, when, suddenly, a rushing noise was heard, as if a mountain torrent was swollen by the bursting of a thunder cloud. It passed the herdsman's cabin, while blue lights gleamed through the casement, and thunder pealed above. In a state of desperation, the priest ordered the door to be unclosed, and by the lightning's glare, a herd of red deer was seen tearing up the pedlar's grave. To look longer in that blue infernal glare was impossible—the door was shut, and the remainder of the night was passed in penitential prayer.

With the first light of morning, the monk and villagers repaired to the pedlar's grave, and the scene it presented showed that the horrors of the preceding night were no illusion. The earth around was blasted with lightning, and the coffin torn from the tomb, and shattered in a thousand splinters. The corpse was blackening on the heath, and the expression of the distorted features was more like that of a demon than a man. Not very distant was the grave of his beautiful victim.—The garland which the village girls had placed there, was fresh and unfaded; and, late as the season was, the blossom was still upon the bog-myrtle, and the heath-flower was as bright and fragrant, as though it was the very month of June. "These are, indeed, the works of hell and heaven," ejaculated the grey friar. "Let no hand, from this time forth, pollute itself by touching you accursed corpse."

Nightly the same horrible noises continued—Shriek and groan came from the spot where the unburied murderer was rotting, while, by day, the hill-fox and the eagle contended who should possess the body. Ere a week passed, the villain's bones were blanching in the winds of heaven, for no human hands attempted to cover them again.

From that time the place was deserted. The desperate noises, and the frequent appearance of the pedlar's tortured spirit, obliged the herdsman to abandon his dwelling, and reside in an adjacent village. The night of the day upon which he had removed his family and effects, a flash of lightning fell upon the cabin, and consumed the roof; and, next morning, nothing remained but black and rifted walls. Since that time the well is only used for penance. The peasant approaches not the desecrated burying-place, if he can avoid it.—The cattle are never known to shelter underneath the ruined walls; and the curse of God and man have fallen on Knock-a-Thample.

ANCIENT NORWEGIAN WAR-SONG, &c.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

ARISE! old Norway sends the word
Of battle on the blast!
Her voice the forest pines hath stirr'd,
As if a storm went past;
Her thousand hills the call have heard,
And forth their fire-flags cast.

Arm, arm! free hunters for the chase,
The kingly chase of foes!
'Tis not the bear, or wild wolf's race,
Whose trampling shakes the snows!
Arm, arm! 'tis on a nobler trace
The Northern spearman goes.

Our hills have dark and strong defiles,
With many an icy bed:
Heap there the rocks for funeral piles
Above th' invader's head!
Or let the seas that guard our isles,
Give burial to his dead!

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SONG.

Sit by the summer sea,
Thou whom scorn wasteth,
And let thy musing be
Where the flood hasteth;
Mark how o'er ocean's breast
Rolls the hoar billow's crest—
Such deem his thought's unrest
Who of love tasteth.
Griev'st thou that hearts should change?
Lo, where life reigneth,
Or the free sight may range,
What long remaineth?
Spring with her flowers shall die,
Fast fades the gilded sky,
And the pale moon on high
Ceaselessly waneth.
Smile, then, oh greatly wise!
And if love sever
Bonds which thy soul doth prize,
Such was it ever.
Deep as the rolling seas
Soft as the twilight breeze,
But of more truth than these
Boast could it never.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

BY JOHN MACKAY WILSON, ESQ.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of Nature; crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the plains below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp rivetting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, gray-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm indeed were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general landmarks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's table.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw house, which unfortunately was built immediately across the "ideal line" dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who, it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as his birth place.—They, however, were not involved in the same perplexity as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England; his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and therefore were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debateable boundary line, which crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was. What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman; all his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *burr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was for many years the best runner, leaper and wrestler, between Wooler and Jedburgh. Whirled from his hand, the ponderous bullet whizzed through

the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the Borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrank back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire forever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire, who are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire! My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or any body's man, at whatever they like!"

Peter's soul was free, bounding and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane upon his native hills, and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh, steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl, offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening the darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly twenty years had passed over them, but Janet was still as kind, and in his eyes as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngest of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He had become richer than his fathers. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yea, no man envied his prosperity.—But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was a Christmas day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose on the 25th of December. One vast sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the heavens. For weeks the ground had been covered with clear, dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche upon avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers, the broader streams were swollen into wide torrents, and, gushing forth as cataracts in fury and in foam, enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But at Marchlaw the fire blazed blithely; the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honour of its being the birth-day of Thomas, his first-born, who that day entered his nineteenth year. With a father's love his heart yearned for all his children, but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our border hills; and, as all knew that, although Peter admitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was nevertheless no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted

without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and, the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long, clear, oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding studded with temptation and a smoking sirloin; on Scotland, a savoury and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's head and trotters; while the intermediate space was filled with the good things of this life common to both kingdoms and to the seasons.

The guests from the north and from the south were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled—save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied. He had raised his hand before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table. Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet, where is Thomas?" he enquired "have none o' ye seen him?" and without waiting an answer he continued, "How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I just step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as many o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand in that very chair, and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it is empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a pert young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrives."

"Ye are not a father, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became angry, peevish and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove by every possible effort to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to have gone to seek him when he kenned the dinner wouldna keep. And I am sure Thomas kenned it would be ready at one o'clock to a minute. It is sae unthinking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting." And, endeavouring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper, "Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth, hinny?"

The maid blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had for some time been an unwilling prisoner in the brightest eyes in the room; and the monosyllable "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible to the ear of the inquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot dispatched one of her children after another, in quest of the father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and observing that, "Thomas' absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin."

No second invitation was necessary. Good humour appeared to be restored, and sirloins, pies, pastries and moorfool, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart fell heavily within her; all the mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising

from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning o' this!" said she, as she hurried with a troubled countenance towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where have you been, Peter?" said she eagerly; "have ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no cast up yet!" and, with a melancholy glance his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue faltered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he: "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I could think on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbours," he added, leaving the house; "I must away again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by myself, friends," said Adam Bell, a decent looking Northumbrian, "that a father's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his ee; and I think we would show a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbour, if we didna every one get his foot into the stirrup without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly out o' the common that could tempt Thomas to be a-missing. Indeed, I needna say *tempt*, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills," he concluded in a lower tone, "are not ow'r chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts came stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely sighing about my heart, without being able to tell the cause—but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff o' my life—is lost to me forever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliott," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself, for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But at the same time, in our plain country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my father say, and I've as often remarked it myself, that, before any thing happens to a body, there is a *something* comes ow'r them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort of dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And though I trust there is nothing o' the kind in your case, yet, as ye observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body!—'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say, 'there is ow'r muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bed-time;' and I never in my born days saw it to fail."

At another period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on presentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that had been handed down to the company from the days of their great-grandfathers; but, in the present instance, they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen and some half-dozen pedestrians were seen hurrying in divers directions from March-law, as the last faint lights of a melancholy day were yielding to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountains. The wives and daughters of the party were alone left with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her ear their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter

of Adam Bell, who sat by Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room. Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively; and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and, taking her hand tenderly within both of hers, "Oh, hinny! hinny!" said she, "your sighs go through my heart like a knife! And what can I do to comfort ye? Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before you a sorrowing mother, that fondly hoped to have seen you and—I canna say it!—and am ill qualified to give comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But O! let us try and remember the blessed portion, "Whom the LORD loveth, he chasteneth, and inwardly pray for strength to say, "His will be done!"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one of the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no, no!" cried the mother again and again, with increasing anguish, "It is not the foot o' my own bairn!"—while her keen gaze still remained riveted upon the door and was not withdrawn, nor the hope of despair relinquished till the individual entered, with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all were returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghostliness to their sepulchral silence. For they sat, each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners, "Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what is this come upon us at last!"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame, as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day and we will wait to see what it will bring forth; but, in the mean time, let us read a portion o' the Divine word, and kneel together in prayer, that whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing on his wings, upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, and upon the hearts o' all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the "Ha' Bible," read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy

calm; but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished in the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that "he was a wild, venturesome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birth day of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterized the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But as the younger branches of the family advanced in years the remembrance of their brother became less poignant. Christmas was with all around them a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook in their enjoyment with a smile, half of approval, and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come; it was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, although shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness; and the clear, blue sky was as tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon.—Many visitors had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot and the young men of the party were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep-farmer, whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two-and-thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would have thrown his heart's blood after the hammer, before he would have been beat by ever a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sunburnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets, by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temple and forehead; and whiskers of similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty.—Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and, swinging it around his head, hurled it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made!—my own!—lost Thomas!" The tear burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house to conceal his emotion.

Successively at every game the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dinner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering; and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noon tide of her beauty; but sorrow had passed over her features like a veil before

the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crest-fallen and out of humour at the defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, he yet prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table; and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns," said he, "did none o' ye ask the sailor to come up and take a bit o' dinner with us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering; "and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye are a stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye lasses," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman, indeed!" muttered Johnson between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman: "this will do." and before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied chair! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation than did this filling the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, sir! excuse me, sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue, "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take any chair in the house!—but dinna sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it filled by another is a thing I canna endure!"

"Sir! sir!" continued the father, "ye have done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas' seat! Twelve years this very day—his birthday—he perished, Heaven kens how! He went out from our sight like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And, oh, sir, spare a father's feelings, for to see it filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul!" exclaimed the seaman: "I revere, nay, hang it, I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing; but, as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you, all I have to say is—that Tom ain't dead."

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "Oh, sir! sir! tell me, how?—how?—Did ye say living?—Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead, do ye say?" cried Mrs. Elliot, hurrying towards him, and grasping his other hand; "not dead! and shall I see my bairn again? Oh! may the blessing o' Heaven, and the blessing o' a broken-hearted mother, be upon the bearer o' the gracious tidings;—But tell me—tell me how it is possible! As ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping with impassioned earnestness their hands in his— "Never! never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is alive and hearty!"

"No, no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "he does not deceive us; there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible:" and she also endeavoured to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land-lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them, "or, shiver me! I'll show day-light through your timbers in the turning of a hand-spike!" and, clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Betty! Betty, my love!" he cried, "don't you know your own Tom? Father! mother! don't you know me? Have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have made some change in his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brothers, clung around him, weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and, in answer to their enquiries, replied—"Well! well! there is time enough to answer questions, but not to-day, not to-day!"

"No, my bairn! my bairn!" said his mother, "we'll ask no questions—nobody shall ask ye any!—But how—how were ye torn away from us; my love! And, oh himney! where—where have ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, however, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; they left, muttering revenge, and they have been revenged. This day twelve years, I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a party of the gang concealed in the King's Cave. In a moment half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, tying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow, rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night, they cut through the snow, and, hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse between two, and before daylight found myself stowed, like a piece of old junk, in the hold of a smuggling lugger.—Within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man-of-war; and for six years was kept dodging about on different stations, till our old yawning hulk received orders to join the fleet which was to fight against the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen, my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o'-nine-tails; and, under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Never, never shall I forget the moment that my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate! My nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from her mast head. I was as active as any one during the battle; and, when it was over, and I found myself again among my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language, I fancied—nay, hang it! I almost believed, I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate. I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest; but, instead of returning to old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us. As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French port, a packet was lying alongside ready to sail; I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and says he, 'Elliot,' says he, 'I know you like a little smart service; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we board some of those French bum-boats under the batteries.'—I couldn't say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly shower of small-shot

from the garrison scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners.—It is no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from the French prison. We did escape; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish further acquaintance with our friends, all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

DINING,

AS IT IS PRACTISED ABOUT BEDFORD SQUARE.

THE clock struck seven, and I congratulated myself upon the character I should acquire for punctuality, as the hackney-coach, which had conveyed me from my chambers, drove up to No. — Upper Woburn Place. I knew that I could not as yet be supposed to be detained by multiplicity of business; and I thought it would speak well for me, in the outset of my legal career, to be an exact keeper of hours. On this occasion, however, I was mistaken; and I could see by the bustling manner and turned-up cuffs of the footman who admitted me, that I had made my appearance somewhat too soon. He attempted to snatch my hat from me, and would also have deprived me of my favourite cane, but I managed, with some difficulty, to remain master of both, and then gave him an opportunity of vociferating my name to another domestic, who had posted himself at the foot of the stairs during the skirmish, and whose ink-ingrained fingers led me to surmise that he sometimes served my host in a more professional capacity.

On being ushered into the drawing-room, I found the mistress of the house prepared to receive her guests. As I advanced to make my bow, she rose in all the full-blown dignity which the present style of female dress is calculated to impart. She was young, and rather pretty, but somewhat new to dinner-giving; and while her flushed cheeks and awkward manner betrayed the real state of her mind, she thought it necessary to assume an easy, languishing manner, which, no doubt, she would herself have described by no other term than that of fashionable. My friend Dewitt had taken care not to encumber himself with a wife, until he had insured the means of giving, with becoming splendour, the weekly entertainments at which she was to preside. This desirable end being attained, and feeling himself competent to vie with any one in those banquets, which are at once the pride and solace of the tired votaries of the law, he had, a short time before, chosen a partner whom he thought fitted to share in such pleasures with him. Amongst her other qualifications, she had the merit of being a native of the *West-end* of the town; and this was a circumstance which she did not suffer to escape the recollection of her friends.

"What a warm day it has been, considering the season, Mr. H—," she began; "I really thought I should have been overpowered in Grosvenor-Square. Lady A— was quite distressed to see me in such a state." I assented to the first part of this speech with the proportion of sympathy which was becoming, and the respect which the end of it was intended to call forth. A silence ensued; during which Mrs. Dewitt looked interesting; and I, thinking it was my turn to volunteer a remark, glanced round the room in hopes of picking up a subject. The apartment, however, though as neat as a scanty allowance of smart furniture could make it, did not furnish many ideas; but a piece of pink tape, peeping from under the sofa, afforded a suggestion. "I suppose Mr. Dewitt is perpetually busy at this time of the year; at least he always appears so when I see him in court." "Indeed," answered the

lady, with an expression which proved to me that I had not been fortunate in my topic, "I believe that he has a great deal to do, for I see but little of him; but fortunately for me, although our house is not exactly in the situation which I have been accustomed to, it is out of the reach of that tiresome business. But, by the bye," added she, smiling graciously, "I ought not to disgust you with the profession. You are a novice in these things, as I was a few months ago, and I can enter into your feelings."

Just as this sympathy of souls was established between us, I was prevented from exhibiting my sense of it, by the entrance of her husband. He hurried into the room, rubbing his hands, and looking like a boy released from school. My hand, and indeed my whole arm, immediately received a dislocating swing. "Here you are, H—! punctual as usual. I saw you make your appearance in court to-day, just as the Chancellor came in. A great many remarks upon your wig, I can tell you. You youngsters have time to study the becoming, but you won't always—I prophesy that."

Two other guests were at this moment announced; and the mode in which they were welcomed, assured me that they were intimate friends of Dewitt. "Well, Marsden," said he, inflicting on him as severe a shake as the one he had bestowed on me, "this is friendly. I was afraid those heavy papers in Pringle and Hopkins, would have taken up all your time, and kept you from us." The gentleman thus addressed was an elderly person, with a short, square figure, and a complexion that spoke plainly of long attendance in unwholesome courts. He had a voice and manner that would have tired the patience of Sir William Grant himself. He answered in the most deliberate tone, which contrasted strongly with the smart, eager manner of my friend. "Indeed the case is a very complicated one——"

"But," interrupted the heavy barrister's companion, "we were determined not to miss coming to your very first dinner, whatever might be the consequences." The last speaker was a fat, elderly lady, with a face and manner as jolly and unrestrained, as her husband's were solemn and measured. Her dress (for a lady's mind betrays itself in her dress, and I am, therefore a careful observer of it) appeared to have seen many changes of fashion before it had arrived at its present amplified condition:—an immense structure, between a cap and a turban, surmounted her head, and a huge black pannela foot protruded from beneath her orange silk petticoat.

To do the lady justice, she did not appear to bestow more thought upon her attire than was sufficient to prompt an occasional hasty and coachman-like shrug of her shoulders, when her rebellious garments seemed disposed to fall off. In this respect she formed a striking contrast with Mrs. Dewitt, who looked as if cut out of the *Court Magazine*, and was ever and anon occupied in the contemplation or unrequired arrangement of her toilette. Her smiles were soon called up for the reception of a new guest. The moment he appeared, I perceived that the poor young gentleman had been despoiled of his hat; and he twisted his unhappy, un-

occupied fingers about most unmercifully, while making his obeisance to the lady of the house, and saluting the rest of the party. Dewitt, perceiving his forlorn condition, thus attempted to relieve him: "Aha, King! I know how we have succeeded in getting you. You found out that the fair Emily W—— was to favour us with her presence, and so you have come to get a sight of her." Mr. King looked confused and embarrassed at the supposition of such a thing; and his fingers received a more severe twist than they had yet undergone. "Well, well," resumed his tormentor, "we can forgive you: her beauty is a sufficient excuse." "Her beauty is, indeed, unrivalled," solemnly answered the young barrister. "Aye, that it is," said the other, "so take care of your heart, H——, and see! here she comes."

At this moment the unrivalled beauty in question made her appearance, attended by her brother. She was tall, slim, and fair, with a profusion of yellow locks arranged somewhat in contempt of the fashion; but there was a coarseness in her expression, if not actually in her features; and every movement of her figure, while it suffered one to perceive that the symmetry was very incomplete, betrayed a vulgarity of mind still more offensive. But what pleased me less than all, was the assumption of the airs of a beauty; and I turned from the contemplation of the lady to her brother, who evidently did not think himself a person to be overlooked. A delicate olive-coloured coat, with a broad black velvet collar, adorned his upper man, affording an ample prospect of a black and scarlet waistcoat, and retiring modestly into a point behind, so as to conceal as little as possible of the dark green *trousimes*.

The longer I looked upon this sprig of legal ton, the more I was disgusted, and ill humour was fast creeping upon me, when the door opened, and the master of the ceremonies announced in a tone which had acquired more than usual importance, "Mr. Justice Melbourne and Miss Melbourne." If a spirit had descended in the midst of obsequious clouds, and to the sound of soft music, I could not have been more joyfully surprised. A well-known figure entered the room and glided past me, and a bright face gave me a smile of recognition as she made her way into the circle. A general disturbance took place; what was to be done?—The seat of honour, that is, a most unluxurious sofa, the chief ornament of the room, was already quite filled by the fat, taper, and tall persons of the Mesdames Marsden and Dewitt, and Miss Wallace; Mr. Justice Melbourne's niece must have a place of distinction; Mrs. Dewitt stood up, still the vacancy was not very apparent; Miss Wallace stuck fast: Mrs. Marsden good-humouredly bustled away, and plunged into an arm-chair, saying, "For my part I don't care where I sit: now Marsden, he is so very fond of sitting easy." But before this diversion could be accomplished in Miss Melbourne's favour, she had taken up a less honourable position, and I was at her side. She seemed glad to meet somebody whom she had seen before, for every other person in the room was unknown to her, as she was new to these scenes, and had been invited in compliment to her uncle, whom she had come to London to visit. He bore outward marks of being what fame reported him, a person who might do honour to any profession. I was comparing Miss Melbourne with Miss Wallace, and thinking of the advantage of beauty without vulgarity, and of good breeding without affectation, when Serjeant and Mrs. Oldfield were introduced. While Mrs. Oldfield (a neat and spruce-looking little woman) was whispering to Mrs. Dewitt, an excuse for her late arrival, some little nursery anecdote not intended for the public ear, the proper functionary proclaimed dinner.

Dewitt led off Mrs. Oldfield, the Serjeant had the honour of supporting Mrs. Marsden's portliness, and then came (as I had been carefully calculating) Miss Wallace's turn: I trembled, for I thought there could be

no doubt as to the event; but *the beauty* stood forward to assert her claim, and Mr. Marsden seemed to think himself happy to uphold it. They marched on; Miss Melbourne drew nearer to me, but just then the insufferable and presuming dandy thrust himself forward, and bore her off! Mr. Justice Melbourne and Mrs. Dewitt followed, and I disconsolately brought up the rear with Mr. King. The coxcomb who had *done* me was my senior at the bar by a few months, and thus had right on his side.

With some degree of confusion and eagerness the whole party took their places, and the business of the day began. The two attendants, of whom I have already made honourable mention, had been reinforced by two others, and if noise and bustle constituted the art of serving, they certainly performed their part to admiration. "Do you take soup or fish," reiterated Mrs. Dewitt to every one in succession (a question which by the-by I always think rather disagreeable, as implying that one is not entitled to both of those preliminaries;) and while I was awaiting my turn, I had leisure to look around me. I found myself placed near the languishing Mrs. Dewitt and the merry Mrs. Marsden, but I had also the advantage of being almost opposite Miss Melbourne, whose supporters were the beauty's brother and Serjeant Oldfield. The beau was assiduous in his devoirs, but notwithstanding the superiority of his costume, he found to his mortification that his fair neighbour was more inclined to give her attention to Serjeant Oldfield.

The joys of feasting were now at their zenith. "Pray, allow me to offer you some turkey, Mrs. Oldfield," said Mrs. Dewitt, elevating her voice somewhat above the subdued pitch to which she had hitherto confined it; "you do seem to be making a very poor dinner of it!" "Why, really that mock-turtle of yours," said Mrs. Marsden, "is so very stuffing, one can't relish any thing else after:—Marsden, he would make nothing of two good helps of it." Mr. King's tragical voice next attracted my attention: with the most profound gravity he inquired if he might offer Miss Wallace a glass of champagne. By looking beyond the intervening heads I had a full view of the bow which followed. He still held it essential for a well-dressed gentleman to have the chin firmly propped up. This certainly might add to the dignity of his appearance, but it did not facilitate the manœuvre which he was now going through, and the prolonged bend of his whole person contrasted oddly with the slight nod or rather toss which Miss Wallace vouchsafed him. Indeed, I soon perceived that his homage was but ill repaid; the lady even gave some slight signs of disdain across the table to her brother; and a few inquiring glances were actually directed towards me to ascertain if I had any claims to her attention.

Mr. Justice Melbourne being engaged in stating a very interesting *nisi prius* case to Marsden, while Serjeant Oldfield was evidently pleasing Miss Melbourne by a dissertation on rural delights, I made a foolish attempt to hear both; listening attentively to the Judge and the Serjeant. Of course I gathered nothing but detached and incomprehensible scraps of discourse for my pains; and had, therefore, determined on devoting both ears to the Serjeant, when Dewitt exclaimed, "What's that Oldfield—what was your last remark?" "I was only saying," replied the Serjeant, "a few words in favour of a country life, such as this young lady usually leads, when contrasted with the workaday world in which we are compelled to toil." "Ah! but you are overstating the case, my good friend," said Dewitt; "I must shew Miss Melbourne the right points of it, or rather perhaps I had better leave it in the hands of some younger advocate,—eh, Wallace? surely you are able to conduct it yourself, and to lay before Miss Melbourne the joys of a lawyer's life, and of a lawyer's lady too; eh, my dear Sarah?" Mrs. D.

answered the appeal with a languid smile, which could not have been very satisfactory to her good-natured husband; but Mrs. Oldfield came in to his support, and to the relief of Mr. Wallace, whose gallantry had been converted into sheepishness by so sudden an appeal. "Indeed, I think," said she, "there can be few situations so comfortable; the gentlemen always out of the way, as they ought to be, in the morning; and then so glad to see one at dinner, and no interfering with the children, except to play with them when they have time! To be sure one does want a little air for their meagre little things, sometimes; but then comes the long vacation, which sets all to rights. Pray, where do you go next autumn, Mr. Marsden?" The words which Mr. Marsden uttered in reply were almost the first which had escaped his lips since he had sat down to table, and indeed I perceived that his fair lady had done him no wrong, when she informed us of his capacity for consuming a large share of good cheer, a talent which is rarely evinced in the *profession*, as, excepting on the happy Saturdays, they dare not cultivate one so inconsistent with mental labour.

The subject of the long vacation not only lasted throughout the remainder of the repast, but for some time after its close. The ladies at length gave it up, and Mrs. Marsden said to the fair hostess in subdued tones, "Well, my dear Mrs. Dewitt, I must say that a more elegant dinner I never saw set out. Pray, where did you get those magnificent silver side-dishes? Marsden, he says that I shall never have a bit of plate, more than spoons and forks, till he gets a silk gown, and that will be soon, I do hope." "I really cannot exactly remember about the side-dishes," replied Mrs. Dewitt. "I only recollect that I made it a point with Mr. D. to have every thing in *proper style*." "You had better luck than some of us," said Mrs. Oldfield; "the Serjeant was not a very rich man when I married him, but now I believe no body has better business in the Common Pleas than he has; though we do want it all to be sure, with nine children to provide for!" "But then there's a great deal in good managing," observed Mrs. Marsden, "and you always had such a way with you. Now, how much table-beer do you allow your servants? I never could tolerate any ale in our house, for even if the man has not enough to get drunk, the maid-servants do get so *upish* there's no bearing them!" Mrs. Oldfield having satisfied her friend as to her arrangements in this matter, Mrs. Marsden proceeded: "Well now, that is liberal, very liberal, too liberal I think; but they are so difficult to please, and then, if you'd believe them, they have always too much work. There's my housemaid (you know I took her from Mrs. Henry,) she complains, forsooth! To be sure she waits on me; but then there's very little scrubbing up stairs, and what's the drawing-room? nothing, for I always sit in the *parlour*; it keeps the room above clean, and one's nearer the servants. I must tell you a story about that slut Sally —" "Ahem!" murmured Mrs. Dewitt, with a warning gesture, as the conversation of the gentlemen was evidently about to flag. A dead pause ensued: Dewitt was uneasy, but in a few moments a bright idea occurred to him, and turning to Mr. Justice Melbourne, he said, "Apropos, of the old new trials." The words had scarcely passed his lips, when Mrs. Marsden, under cover of the fertile topic thus started, prepared to open her batteries upon "that slut Sally;" but Mrs. Dewitt, anxious to start a more refined subject, dexterously cut in before her. "I hope you like my schallis, Mrs. Oldfield," said she: "Madame D — says it's just come from Paris." "Very pretty, I must say," replied Mrs. O.; "but that's a lady to beware of; indeed I never go near the French milliners." "Oh, I never could employ any other," said Mrs. D.; "I am sure that you patronize them, Miss Melbourne; that gown looks like it." Here Mrs. Marsden interposed, "Why, black velvet is very gen-

teel to be sure; but it's all up with it if you sit much."

Mrs. Dewitt, having now ascertained that Mrs. Oldfield had taken enough wine, gave the usual bow with much intended grace, and the ladies withdrew. For the next hour we had plenty of argument, lots of law, a few professional jokes, and some remarks on fees. Mr. Justice Melbourne wondered that they had not fallen with other things: it astonished him to see gentlemen at the bar still getting war prices. He thought they should have been reduced. He felt satisfied that the attention of suitors would soon be aroused on the subject, and that a change must ensue. Mr. Dewitt certainly felt disposed to favour the abolition of half-guinea fees, for the signature of counsel as a mere matter of form to motion papers. Mr. King ventured to object, because young barristers principally subsisted on the proceeds of silent motions. Serjeant Oldfield pared an apple, and Mr. Marsden's mouth was overflowing with orange. Mr. Wallace attempted to bring in the opera, but it was coldly received, and soon withdrawn. Marsden, with more success, started the subject of promotions, public and private; and this lasted until coffee was declared.

On entering the drawing room a little in advance of the other gentlemen, I found Mrs. D. and her fair guests congregated on the hearth-rug. One of Mrs. Marsden's substantial legs was inside the fender, and one of her hands occupied in keeping her garments aloof from the fire. Mrs. Dewitt "swam, swan-like," to her seat; the other ladies took chairs, and I had the felicity of being able to locate myself in the immediate vicinity of the black velvet gown. About half an hour after, the footman burst into the room, pompously announcing "Mrs. Marsden's carriage;" then approaching the lady's ear, he whispered, "your servant says, ma'am, that he can't find never a chariot, ma'am, not nowhere on the stand, ma'am." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. M., feeling that the announcement had been extensively overheard, "I do dislike those coaches; one don't see where one's going, and I am so afraid of an accident — don't you prefer a chariot, Miss Wallace? but I forgot, your mother keeps her own coach now." Miss Wallace reddened up to her temples. Observing this, Mrs. Marsden remarked in a semi-whisper to Mrs. Oldfield, while shouldering on her cloak, "I don't see why one should feel ashamed of not riding in one's own coach." The other guests gradually departed with gracious smiles from host and hostess, and just as the Temple bell tolled one, I found myself in the solitude of my own chamber.

LADY POETS.

MRS. HEMANS is still residing in Dublin, occupied in the education of her sons: she will shortly publish a volume of sacred poetry. Hannah Moore is alive, but in a state that would render death a blessing; a Memoir, by a "constant friend," is already prepared. Miss Landon has been staying at Oxford on a visit to her uncle, the head of Worcester College: a new novel from her pen is nearly finished. Miss Mitford sojourns at Three Mile Cross: her tragedies laid by till a more fitting season. Mrs. Howitt, a member of the Society of Friends, who resides at Nottingham, has prepared a series of tragic dramas, with the highest moral tone. Of Mrs. Joanna Bailie the world hears nothing; she resides at Highgate, in comparative solitude, but enjoying daily intercourse with a few chosen friends. Miss Bowles is unhappily not in good health; she lives at Leamsington, in Hampshire. Miss Jewsbury (Mrs. Fletcher) is on the wide sea, with her husband, voyaging to India. Mrs. Norton is deserting the muses for the Court Magazine, and a novel which we believe will shortly appear. Mrs. Opie lately disposed of her house at Norwich, and is now residing in Cornwall.

A FAVOURITE GREEK AIR,

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE.



Original.

THE TEMPTATION AND EXPULSION.

SUGGESTED BY A VISIT TO DUBUFE'S SPLENDID PAINTINGS ON THE ABOVE SUBJECTS.

TRANQUIL and silent is the balmy air,
 Unsullied by the lightest vap'ry wave,
 Breathing among the emerald-garnish'd groves.
 The trees, in forms majestic, raise on high
 Their lofty spires, and foliage, ever new,
 Torn by no blast, and withered by no frost.
 The smooth and stainless earth is mantled o'er
 With young and tender grass luxuriant,
 Respiring grateful fragrance in the dew—
 The dew of eve that erst began distil
 On hill and valley, and each silver stream.
 I heard a sound of voices; and behold,
 In joyous group disporting, ev'ry thing
 That God, the Good, by His almighty hand,
 Formed from the meaner dust, gamboll'd and play'd:
 The tiger wantoned with the sportive lamb,
 And lov'd to lay his monstrous head among
 The fleecy honours of the patient sheep.
 But more remote, where rose a turf-clad bank
 Beneath the tree of knowledge, good and ill,
 Of mortals the primeval, sat the lovely pair.
 The god-like Adam upright raised his form,
 And Eve, reclining, fixed her fond regards
 Lustrous with purest virtue, on his face;
 While in her open ear, not indisposed,
 The subtle poison crept, exhaled malign
 From the accursed serpent's venom'd jaws.
 Beneath their feet dispread a crystal lake,
 Whose glassy surface, which the angered breeze
 Had never yet to gentle ripple moved,
 Smiled that it bore the fair impress of those
 In raiment and motion e'en till now unmatch'd,
 Whom God in his own image made to be,
 Whose spirit was of Deity the breath,
 The fiery essence of th' Omnipotent.
 But why does thus the Father of mankind
 Half-bend to rise, and half-unwilling stay?
 Why stands that cloud of sorrow on his brow,
 And wreathes around his lip? His upturn'd eye,
 Dark with an awful presage, filled with fear
 Of present anger, beaming with desire,
 The stolen good still longing to enjoy—
 Dares not to look upon the charmer's face,
 That far reclined mid floating ringlets peers
 With voice most eloquent, though calmly mute.
 An upward furtive glance he casts, if yet
 Some word—some sound may rend the magic spell
 That binds, and hurries him he knows not where.
 But now the precious fruit is in his hand—
 Through every vein he feels its influence creep—
 He fires beneath the glowing touch of her
 Whose ruddy arm, buoyant, and round, and warm,
 About his sterner hand infolding twines.
 All nature rests—the lion at his side,
 His huge head drooping o'er his bloodless paws,
 In slow and heavy measured breathings sleeps.
 The song of birds is still; the sun descends,
 And universal silence holds her sway.
 A whisper startles him—quick, Adam turns,
 And Eve's soft eye, swimming with heavenly dew,
 Upon the bosom of his fault'ring soul,
 With sweet caresses hangs—Could earth-born man
 Against that fascination steel his heart,
 Deaf to the pleadings of his angel bride?

* * * * *
 'Tis done—the guilty pair, in mutual arms
 Enfolded, for a few short moments lie;
 But soon a hollow murmur on the air
 Steals mournfully and slow. The forest trees
 Bend their proud heads, then lower still they stoop,

Tremble, and on the flying hurricane
 Abroad their ravished honours strew profuse.
 The lake, till now transparent and serene
 From boiling depths, with thousand whirlpools raves,
 Tost into tumbling torrents—torn on high—
 Filling the air with misty foaming clouds,
 And lashing with its billows the set earth
 That shudders mid its ocean energy.
 Nature inanimate, springs all to life;
 The rent and crashing air, with hideous screams
 From myriad tribes of feathered warblers, rings,
 Their tuneful notes to harsh discord transformed.
 Nor yet alone this race their shrill voice raise:
 The deep and awful tones of many a beast—
 Roused from his peaceful lair—his nature changed—
 With madd'ning terror blind, and furious hate
 At such rude shock of elemental war—
 Like blast of clanging trumpets numberless—
 Rush'd on the pregnant ruin-teeming air,
 And swelled the horrid chorus. Night came down,
 Hurling her sable mantle over all;—
 And with her came a sound—a sound sublime—
 Profoundly terrible—foreboding death.
 It came upon its chariot, the clouds
 Black'ning with curling frown—with mutter'd voice
 Outbreking. His eye was there, and His voice spake.
 In that sharp lightning-glance, there seemed to dwell
 The mingled fires of thousand suns combined:
 E'en Etna's bellowing roar, or Naples curse,
 With all its deaf'ning clamour—both conjoined,
 Might seem a whisper to the voice of God,
 That hushed the raging of th' infuriate world—
 The whiles it spake, and uttered forth its curse
 On guilty—false—ungrateful—fallen man.
 Ah! where—ah! whither fled the sinful pair?
 See, to the ground with suppliant knee low bent—
 His sinewy arms outstretched against the storm—
 His hair disordered—bristling up with dread—
 His haggard face, pale, motionless, and drear—
 Imploring, Adam kneels. His fixed eye
 Yet speaks a pardon to the cowering form
 That weeping bitter tears, for shelter clings
 And firmly and more resolutely hangs
 Beneath her lord's broad bosom. Oh! the glance
 That from her anguish'd eye resistless shoots!
 The love—the sorrow—the repentant soul
 That beams in tenderness unspeakable,
 From ev'ry lineament and ev'ry look.
 The flashing eye and loud vindictive roar
 Of the now savage lion, keen for prey—
 The battle of the winds—the riving bolt
 That cleaves th' impending tree—she neither hears
 Nor heeds. His love her only care to gain,
 On whom, and on whose race, to farthest time,
 Her crime irrevocable death hath drawn.
 In him join all her joys: the desert wild,
 As Eden's fairest bower is brightly gay,
 If his forgiveness cheer her mourning heart.
 Alas! the fatal bourn is past; no more
 In virtue's purest garb, the face of God
 Shall they in peace behold, and pure delight,
 But pain and death their wand'ring footsteps haunt:
 Destruction, like a cloud, hath hemmed them in,
 And the foul fiend, with proud exulting, dares
 Proclaim his vict'ry o'er the fallen race,
 And lift his red right hand in triumph high,
 And bitter scorn, against the Almighty arm,
 E'en while he sinks, by thousand tortures gnawed,
 To his own fires, forever there to burn.

Æ.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TALE OF THE FINE ARTS.

—the good die first,
But those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the sockets.—*Wordsworth.*

SOME time since, at one of the artists' conversazioni which are held in London, I recognised an individual whom I had previously known at Rome. He was considered, in that metropolis of the arts, a young man of first-rate genius; and certainly those of his productions which had come before my notice, I thought fully entitled him to lay claim to so exalted a character. We became intimate and were much in each other's society. I found, as I listened to his observations on his favourite study, which he idolized with an exalted enthusiasm, that to the exquisite taste and mature judgment he evinced on every subject connected with art, he joined a highly poetical imagination, and a mind well stored with the treasures of classical literature.—When I left Italy we parted with mutual regret, and I proceeded on my travels, leaving him to continue his studies with every probability of his soon becoming famous. Since then I had not heard from him, although I was frequently an ear-witness of his praises: the joy, therefore, with which we met may easily be imagined.

I observed a strange alteration in his person and features. When I left him he possessed a handsome, athletic form, eyes flashing with animation, and a countenance whereon the hues of health and manly beauty had been mellowed beneath the influence of a southern sun. He now appeared thin and pale, a shadow of deep melancholy enshrouded his features; and his gaze, which used to make all glad on which it fell, forced the spectator to participate in the wretchedness it expressed: he was evidently suffering from illness.

"Good God! Arthur," I exclaimed, as I approached him "what has caused this fearful change. Have you been ill?"

He seemed pleased at meeting me, but did not answer my question. I repeated it, and with a forced laugh he answered me that he was very well, laying an emphasis on the two last words. He then changed the subject, and we talked of old times and old adventures; our troubles after Raffaeles and Salvators among monasteries and palaces; and our dangers in search of the picturesque among mountains and brigands. He entered into the conversation, but he had lost all that sparkling vivacity which had always made him so agreeable a companion. He smiled occasionally, when I brought to his recollection any old incident which had previously given us food for many hours' laughter; but the smile was so faint, that it only showed more vividly the suffering it attempted to conceal. It was quite painful to me to observe the change which had taken place, and my heart ached as I listened to his broken voice.

I received the most pressing invitations to visit him frequently, of which, on the first opportunity, I gladly availed myself; for all my sympathies were awakened for his appearance, and I thought if I could find out the cause of the alteration, I might possibly discover some remedy which would restore him to the health and happiness he had previously enjoyed. On my first visit he showed me several of his productions. Many of them were grand, some remarkably beautiful, and all gave signs of extraordinary genius. The subjects

were mostly historical; but there were some landscapes and imaginative compositions, and a few portraits; they possessed a richness of color, and a correctness of drawing, rarely equalled in modern painting. His figures were designed in a masterly style—his females particularly; they were worthy of the highest praise, and possessed a character of intellectual beauty which made one feel disposed to worship them as beings of superior order. One painting only he neglected to show me; it was in his *studio*, carefully veiled with a green curtain. I thought it at first rather strange that he should pass it unnoticed; but imagining it to be unfinished, I made no remark upon the subject.

I afterwards visited him frequently. The only real pleasure he seemed to enjoy was, when I sat by his easel while he was busily employed, and read to him the best classic authors; but his health did not improve. He seemed declining rapidly, and I began to fear he was labouring under the effects of some malady which was secretly undermining his constitution; yet he never complained, and when I asked him if he was ill, he would always reply in the negative. He took but little nourishment, and drank very sparingly of wine. At last he seemed wasting away so rapidly, that I found it impossible any longer to restrain myself from interfering, and determined, at any risk, to get at the knowledge of the hidden mischief, whose effects appeared every day, to me, becoming more dangerous.

One day after I had been reading Plato to him in the original, to whose philosophy he listened as if his soul was bound up in the words, I laid the book aside, and addressed him in the most kind and persuasive language I could use, while I watched to observe what effect my discourse produced.

"Arthur," said I, "it is evident to me that you have some secret which is raining your peace of mind, and destroying your health."

I observed that he trembled, and changed colour, but did not speak.

"Pardon me," I continued, "if I am intruding upon your private thoughts. I am influenced by a regard for your welfare, and I cannot retain the sacred name of friend, if I see that you are miserable, and attempt nothing to render you happy."

"Happy!" he exclaimed involuntarily, but with such an expression of anguish as can scarcely be imagined; and then relapsed into silence.

"I knew you," I proceeded, "at one time, when you seemed not to have a care in the world; when your heart was buoyant and your step light. I now find you like one who in the world, has no occupation, whose soul is oppressed with a multitude of griefs—and whose foot clings to the earth as if the limbs were rooted to the ground. I am certain that some heavy disappointment has fallen upon you, on which your happiness chiefly depended. I do not desire to participate in your secrets from feelings of idle curiosity; I am actuated by motives of a far higher character; but I must say that I consider you very wrong in keeping your afflictions to yourself, when there is one beside you who is ever ready to share them, and to offer whatever consolation it is in his power to bestow."

He shook his head mournfully, as if to intimate that the remedy was beyond my aid.

"You ought to be convinced, my dear friend," I continued, "that the encouragement of any secret grief is wrong; there is a selfishness about it; it generates misanthropic feelings; it is often followed by consequences of a debasing character to the moral excellence of the human heart; and I must think that mind little influenced by the golden truths of philosophy, that can continue in a practice so contrary to social love and generous fellowship. I know that you will not take offence at any thing I can say to you on such an occasion as this, when I can regard nothing but the human wreck which I see before me, and can desire nothing but a speedy return to "all its original brightness." You may reply, perhaps, that there is a luxury in the sole enjoyment of grief; but it is one that should not be indulged in. Any thing carried to excess is injurious—the feelings and passions of humanity particularly so; they create a delirious poison that runs through the blood, infecting all the channels of vitality, till the heart and soul are deprived of all their social qualities under its withering influence. For what are we endowed with reason, my dear Arthur, but to show how far we are superior to the rest of the creation, and to keep us from acting under the blind impulses of passion? You have allowed your feelings to get the better of your reason, and a morbid sloth has overpowered your better nature. Shake off this incubus—shake it off, I implore you." I observed a slight twitching of the muscles of the face as I concluded; his eyes glistened; he laid hold of one of my hands with a convulsive grasp, and nature, after a short struggle, triumphed. He turned away to conceal the weakness he had evinced, and I returned him a cordial pressure of the hand. I allowed him the full indulgence of his feelings, knowing that their influence would go farther towards producing the state of mind in which I was disposed to keep him, than all the eloquence of which I was master. At last he broke silence.—

"I had thought," said he, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "that the secret would have gone with me to the grave; but it is for the best, perhaps, that it should be divulged—therefore I will tell you all."

He seemed as if he was preparing himself for an effort, and then continued—

"In my early youth I became acquainted with a young lady, whose beauty I will not eulogize, because you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself. I loved her; we were both young, but I was, by a few years, her senior; and in a short time she returned my affection with all the devotedness of woman's first love. We lived within a short distance of each other. My family had once moved in a sphere of the highest respectability, but misfortunes had humbled them, and they were obliged to find associates in a different community. Her father had amassed a considerable fortune by the most industrious habits, and in his old age continued the same employment with as much perseverance as he had practised in his youth. As long as he saw his family comfortable and his business productive, he cared not how the world went, and never interfered in domestic matters. Her mother was a vulgar and ignorant woman, of a tyrannical disposition, who considered wealth the only sign of respectability; she ruled every where. She took care that her children should be educated as well as money could make them, in the hope of their forming alliances that would increase her importance. Laura was the youngest of them all; it was strange that a form and nature of such rare workmanship should have been produced from such materials; but nature loves to disappoint the calculations of philosophers. She had but one brother, who was a few years older than herself; he was the counterpart of his mother in all

things, and consequently her idol. It is almost needless to say that I was objected to by them; but this rather strengthened Laura's affection than the contrary, and we met clandestinely, and corresponded through the agency of her servant.

"At a very early age I had given evidences of a talent for painting, and I was educated for that profession. I have already told you that my family had been unfortunate; another reverse of fortune occurred, which obliged them to leave that neighbourhood for ever. At that time, having, I knew, nothing to depend upon but my own exertions, I thought that the world might suspect me of interested motives in retaining the affections of a young girl whose expectations were so far superior to my own; therefore, after a long and painful struggle with my feelings, I came to the determination of discontinuing the connexion rather than throw myself open to such debasing suspicions. I wrote, and resigned all claim to her hand and heart; as from my situation in society I was unable to offer her those advantages which I felt convinced she had a right to expect. Then, in language that can never fade from my memory, she replied—'When you have lost all affection for me, then, dearest Arthur, tell me that you cannot offer what I have a right to expect; and she who now feels in calling herself only *your* Laura, will no longer style herself by so enviable a name.' This silenced my scruples, and I resigned myself to the delightful enjoyment of loving and being loved.

"Some envious wretch, like the Evil One, when he beheld the felicity of our first parents, had witnessed our happiness only with a design to mar it—he told her family of our secret meetings. They were of course very much enraged, took advantage of Laura's absence to break open her writing desk, and there discovered several of my letters. Laura was instantly sent for, overwhelmed with abuse, which she bore with the meekness of an angel, and made to indite a very angry letter to me, the purport of which was to reprove me for my presumption in daring to aspire to an alliance with her family, and to forbid any further correspondence. When I received it, it caused me much anxiety, and I began to believe in the general fickleness of womankind, but the next post brought me a letter full of womanly tenderness, and of words—

'Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.'

It cleared up the mystery.

"Although she was watched with the most rigid espionage, and suffered every indignity from the family, because she would not promise to renounce me, for two years we continued to correspond with, and at intervals to meet each other. She improved in beauty, and I in my profession. I studied long and earnestly for improvement, for I thought that only by attaining eminence I could prove myself worthy of her love. About this time her letters began to be less frequent, and our interviews at longer intervals. Yet in speech and in writing she seemed as kind as ever. At last she told me that our correspondence must be discontinued, as her mother had quarrelled with the faithful servant by whose agency it had been carried on; and as she had been dismissed from her service, no letters of mine could come to her without being discovered; she concluded her letter by saying—'I allow that time does make changes, but it never—never will in my regard for you; and I tell you dear Arthur, that while I can hear that you still remain firm in your affection to your Laura, no power on earth shall force me to give my hand to another.' Although I could not but regret that the only channel of communication between us was no longer available, those assurances of her unalterable attachment convinced

me of her sincerity, and I felt assured that the absence of my letters would make no difference in her regard for me. I placed the most unbounded confidence in her truth."

As he concluded the sentence, Arthur linked his arm within mine, and led me before the picture which I have noticed as the one concealed by a curtain.

"So deeply," he continued, "were her features fixed upon my memory, that wanting to paint a picture from the story of Abelard and Heloise, I made her as a study for the latter, and endeavoured to trace upon the canvass those charms which had made so lasting an impression on my heart. I had then no opportunity of seeing her, but she was ever in my thoughts; therefore, from memory I am indebted for the strong resemblance which the portrait bears to the original.—There is no composition with which I have taken so much pains; I lingered over it like a mother over her first-born; I touched, and retouched it, and endeavoured to bestow upon it all the exquisite finish of a Gerard Dow. I have lately closed the painting from view, because it became too painful a mockery for me to bear."

With a trembling hand he drew aside the curtain, and I never beheld any thing so lovely as the being before me; the atmosphere seemed to grow bright, as if a burst of sunshine had flashed upon the room. Heloise was designed as rising from a couch on which she had been reclining, while her lover, kneeling at her feet, had, in the passionate eloquence of verse, declared the eagerness of his love. Her hair was light and of a glossy hue, parted off her fair and open forehead, and rested in luxuriant tresses upon her dazzling throat and swelling breast; her eyes were of that deep rich blue that seem born to Heaven, from their resemblance to the fair clouds which veil it from our sight, and were filled with that deep and earnest expression of womanly tenderness that subdues the heart on which it falls. Beauty seemed to breathe in the swelling outline of her form, and passion appeared to dwell in the melting fondness of her looks. Her dress was in the picturesque costume of the twelfth century, allowing the graceful shape of the limbs to be seen beneath its folds. The room was decorated with tapestry, on which were delineated subjects from scriptural history, and the rich light which fell upon the eloquent features of Heloise came mellowed through a window of painted glass, whereon a virgin and child were drawn in clear and fadeless colours.

I looked upon the painting with unconcealed rapture: it was a master-piece. It appeared to possess all the flowing richness of color which belongs to the Italian school, united with the exquisite finish of the Flemish painters. I think I should have gazed at it till nightfall, entranced in admiration, had I not been startled by a heavy sigh. I hastily let fall the curtain, and turned round; my friend had sunk into a seat; his face was buried in his hands, and his attenuated frame shook with violent convulsions.

"Arthur!" said I, taking his thin hand in mine, "what ails you?"

"Nothing," he replied, faintly, catching his breath at intervals, as if something impeded his respiration, "nothing—nothing—my friend; 'tis a slight attack to which I am sometimes subject, but it will soon be over; there—there—I am better now—I am much better—I will now go on with my narrative."

"No, no, Arthur," I exclaimed, observing the agitation he was endeavouring to control, "you can continue it at some other time."

"Perhaps not, my friend—perhaps not," he replied; "I dare not trifle with time." He made a violent effort to conquer his weakness, and then with assumed composure, continued, "Soon afterwards my productions attracted the attention of a certain nobleman, well known for the liberality with which he patronizes the

fine arts, and he was so pleased with my compositions, that, after a short acquaintance, he offered, at his own expense, to send me to Italy to pursue my studies.—This was a temptation I could not resist, and I soon accepted his generous offer. Although I sought frequently, I found no opportunity of having an interview with Laura before I left England; but when I arrived in Rome I determined to confine myself to one object: that of rising in my profession, for the sole purpose of becoming worthy of her affection.—The name of my noble patron was a passport to every *palazzo* in Rome, and I quickly availed myself of its influence. I studied the glorious creations of the antique till I felt imbued with the spirit of their beauty, and the immortal designs of the great painters I had before my eyes, till I became familiar with every excellence they possessed. There I found the best living models to draw from—women as lovely as the *Madonnas* of *Raffaëlle*, and men as finely shaped as the *Deities* of *Canova*.

"Three years I remained in Italy, seeking for eminence, and in some degree—in a degree which gave me a proud and happy consciousness of having succeeded in my endeavors—I obtained it. Yet Laura was never absent from my remembrance. I fed my heart with hopes of creating a name and fortune worthy her acceptance. I yearned for distinction, only for her sake. I was happy with the world and all around me. I had obtained honors and rewards above my expectations, and I looked forward to the possession of Laura as the crowning gift which would give a value to the rest. She was present with me at all times, and in all places, and shed a line of beauty and excellence over all I did. If I wanted to design any figure possessing extraordinary grace, I thought of her, and creations of more than earth-born loveliness rose upon the canvass. It was her to whom I looked for inspiration; and all bright thoughts and glorious imaginings were centered in her remembrance. Visions of beauty thronged upon my mind, freshly bathed in the sunshine of her delicious smiles, or newly glorified by the soft brilliance of her enamoured eyes.

"The time drew near for my return to England, and I busied myself, during my voyage home, with delightful anticipations of my coming felicity. I thought of the joy with which she would welcome me after so long a separation, and seemed to behold the lustre of her dove-like eyes dwelling fondly on my own. I hailed the white cliffs of Dover, shining through the mist, for bringing me nearer to her presence. My fame had travelled before me; and I discovered when I landed, that I was in as high estimation among my fellow-countrymen, as had followed my efforts in Italy. At the first opportunity I made inquiries for Laura and her family. I found that her father had died during my absence, leaving an immense fortune to be divided amongst his widow and children, who, with the exception of the son, had retired into the country. It was sometime before I found out her residence, and when it was discovered, I had still greater difficulty in seeing her. At last I met her by accident in town. She appeared glad to see me, pressed my hand with ecstasy, and looked up into my face with all her usual tenderness; yet, afterwards, she blushed, hung down her head in silence, and seemed fearful of being seen in my company. I would not leave her until she had given me permission to write to her, and had received her promise to answer me. I was too much wrapped up in the happiness I felt in her society, short as the period was in which we were together, to observe, at the time, those signs of estrangement, which afterwards came before my memory with all the bitterness of disappointment. My friend—it was the last time we met!"

In the few last sentences his voice faltered, and at the conclusion it was so broken as to be scarcely audible; but, with a supernatural energy, he struggled

with his feelings, and, in a few minutes, resumed his narrative with apparent composure.

"I wrote,"—he continued—"yes, I wrote to her; I told her how long I had loved her—how faithful had been my affection, and that my attachment could only cease with my existence. That to me all the glory I had obtained was worthless, unless she for whom only it was sought made it valuable by sharing it with me; and I implored her, by all her gentle endearments, and by all the happy moments we had passed in each other's society, to assure me, at once, either of the certainty of my happiness, or of my misery. I waited long and anxiously for an answer. When any suspicion entered my mind of her inconstancy, I thought of all she had endured for my sake. I recalled to mind the letter she had written to me from the country, where she had been sent by her friends for the purpose of preventing any communication between us, in which she stated that the persecutions of her relations had become quite insupportable, and the waters of a lake, round which she was in the habit of walking, looked so clear, so tranquil, and so beautiful, that she had been tempted to put an end to her misery and her existence at once; but that the thoughts of possessing my love held her back, and she felt that she could not give up my affection, even to possess peace and happiness, and heaven. Yes, I thought of these things, and my heart smote me for suspecting her of deceit. I waited without a murmur; laid the fault of the delay on a variety of different causes, and felt assured of my coming happiness. My friend! imagine my feelings when I received this letter."

With a trembling hand he gave me a note which appeared much crumpled, and felt damp to the touch; it was dated more than three months back, and I read as follows:—

"You have, perhaps, before this, accused me of neglect for not having answered your note before, but I have been unable to do so. Your letter was what might have been expected from you—noble and disinterested. I am grateful for your kind affection for me, though I can never repay it as you merit. Forget me, Arthur—I ask you to forget me; I am still your friend, and shall never cease to be so, but you will meet with those more likely to make you happy; you can then remember me as the friend of your adversity, and as one who would never have forsaken you in the day of trouble.

"Your sincere well wisher,

"LAURA."

I was wondering, within myself, at the extraordinary fickleness of this girl, when my friend, with more composure than I could have expected from him, proceeded:—

"When I had perused that letter," he continued, "its meaning came with such a sudden shock upon my brain, as to derange, at once, every faculty it possessed; I was sensible only of a sudden and intense pain about the region of the heart. The rest I heard from my attendants; they were alarmed by hearing a noise in my room; they rushed in and found me extended on the floor. For several months I was delirious; my life was despaired of; but I recovered to the state in which you now see me, to linger by a painful and declining death. What are to me fame, and name, and honor, and glory, now, she for whom I sought them requires them not? What are to me the riches of the world, now her for whom I struggled to obtain them, refuses to share them with me? I have no occupation, I have no incentive to occupation. The world holds out to me no prize worth struggling for, and the stimulus of earthly passions has no power over me. I am wasting away, gradually, but surely; all the functions of the body have lost their energy, though the soul still lives in the immortality of its youth."

I went home in a most melancholy state of mind from hearing my friend's eventful history. The next morning I called upon him at an early hour. I had left him tranquil and resigned; indeed, I felt surprised and delighted at his composure. When I was taking my leave, he pressed my hand with more than his usual kindness of manner, while the tears were tracing their way along his haggard cheeks. I knocked at the door as I recalled these things to my mind; the servant opened it, his look alarmed me; I rushed up stairs into my friend's bed-room, and there I beheld the unhappy man extended lifeless on his bed! On the table, near him, lay a small bottle, which had contained poison of the deadliest nature. I saw how bitterly I had been deceived by his composure of the previous evening; he had evidently premeditated self-destruction, and had assumed tranquillity to avoid suspicion. He seemed to have died without a struggle. As I was examining the corpse, I observed something glittering between its bony fingers; it was a gold locket, containing her hair, and on the back of it was engraved the name of Laura. He died as he had lived.

I witnessed the last honors paid to his remains, and then proceeded to examine his papers. He left his pictures to be sold for the benefit of his relations, except a few, which he bequeathed to me as a testimony of his friendship; and one, which was "the Veiled Picture," he begged me to take to Laura after he was buried, and to give into her hands at the same time, the following letter:—

"I do not write either to complain or to reproach; I am as much above the one, as I am superior to the other. Before these lines meet your gaze, the hand which now traces them will be cold, and the heart from whence they spring will have ceased to hold communion with the world: the dead complain of no injuries, and feel no wrongs. I write to assure you of my forgiveness, and that my last words may express, with heart and soul, and in spirit and in truth—God bless you!

ARTHUR."

With some difficulty I discovered her dwelling, and I learnt that she was going to be married the following week. After asking for the young lady, I was told by the servant she would be with me immediately, and was desired to walk into a handsomely decorated room. I placed the picture in the most advantageous light, and awaited her coming. In a short time she appeared. She was fully as beautiful as she had been described; but there was a trace of melancholy in the features of the original, which the portrait did not possess. I wondered not at the infatuation of my unfortunate friend, as I gazed on the charms with which this Circe had bound his existence in her love. I said nothing to her, fearing to trust my voice in her presence, but gently undrew the curtain of the picture.—As soon as she beheld it, a flood of sweet recollections seemed to rush upon her heart, and her whole soul appeared absorbed in the scene before her. As she gazed upon it, she drew in her breath eagerly, so as to make her respiration distinctly audible, and her looks were expressive of the most intense interest. I gently put into her hand the letter; she took it almost mechanically, but without taking the least notice of my presence; her eyes fell upon the characters, which she recognized and read. As soon as she had perused it through, she turned her gaze upon me with a glassiness of eye that riveted me to the spot. Her beautiful mouth became momentarily distorted; her lovely features underwent a sudden and complete transformation, expressive of deep and silent agony—she dropped the letter at my feet—uttered a long and horrid laugh, and sunk down upon the floor in violent hysterics.

For several days she was in a state of raving madness; and though the fit left her in a precarious state of weakness, on her first return to sensibility she sent for me. She bade me relate to her all I knew of her

lover. I did so; and she continually interrupted my narration with execrations on her cruelty and falsehood. After she had heard me out, she told me she was the victim of her mother's ambition. During Arthur's absence, she had tried every scheme to thrust him from her affections, and to bring about a marriage which she considered more advantageous. She had succeeded but too well. Laura's heart had been humbled by threats, and her life had been rendered miserable by unkindness. Receiving no intelligence of her lover,

in a moment of weakness she agreed to all her mother proposed. She now exclaimed against her inhumanity, her falsehood, and her treachery, and accused herself of being the murderer of her lover. Although great attention was paid to her by her friends, she received a shock from which she never recovered; and before the day arrived which was to have seen her a bride, the grave possessed all that remained of one of the loveliest forms that ever death had disrobed of beauty.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

To write an anonymous letter is ungentlemanly: of this there can be no doubt—nay more, it is mean—dastardly—skulking—depraved! But what could I do? Colonel Plinth was about to marry his cook—

To write an anonymous letter is degrading, to say the least: it would require the skill of a Sophist to render it justifiable—perhaps; and yet when Colonel Plinth was going to marry his cook—

A vixen—a perfect Saracen of a woman behind his back; and he a man of nice honour—who had gained golden laurels at Seringapatam—an aide-de-camp to Sir David Baird—my friend! The intelligence had come like a thunder-bolt.

To write an anonymous letter, except under the most imperative circumstances, is unquestionably atrocious. I felt that, even posited as I was,—with the most benevolent intentions,—conscience—my conscience, as a gentleman and an officer, would hesitate to approve of it. I paused—I determined to weigh the matter well;—but the conviction fell upon me like an avalanche that not a moment was to be lost!—Colonel Plinth was on the eve of marrying his cook—

Rebecca Moggs! And he my brother-in-law—the widowed husband of my sainted sister—a K. C. B.—a wearer of four medals, two crosses, and the order of the golden fleece—a man who had received the thanks of parliament—the written approbation of my Lord Clive—two freedoms in gold boxes!—a man who, had he nobly fell on the ramparts of Tippoo's capital, would have been taken home in rum, and buried in St. Paul's.

His fragment—his living remains—(for he possessed only one organ of a sort—having lost a leg, an arm, an eye and a nostril)—had resolved on what I considered a sort of demi-post-mortem match, with—what?

A blowsy, underling menial, whose only merit consisted in cooking mulligatawny, and rubbing with a soft fat palm the wounded ancle of his partially efficient leg;—the illegitimate offspring of a Sepoy pioneer's trull;—a creature whom my lovely and accomplished sister had taken from the breast of her dead mother (the woman—a camp-follower—received an iron ball in her brain from one of Tippoo's guerilla troops in the jungle)—one whom Evadne had brought up, with maternal care, in her kitchen;—a scullion!—And such a one to be Colonel Plinth's wife—to take the place of Evadne! Good God!

To write an anonymous letter is rather revolting; much may be said against it; it is one's *dernier resort*: still it has its advantages—and why neglect them?—Had Colonel Plinth not been what he was—were he but a casual acquaintance or a mere friend—then indeed—

But he was my brother-in-law—my brother in arms—in a word Colonel Plinth.

Had he been a man who would listen to reason—who was open to conviction—to whom one might venture to speak—why really—

But he was hot as curry;—yet not deficient in sense;

but dreadfully opinionated—tetchy—easily susceptible of feeling himself insulted—careful as to keeping his pistol-case in such a state as to be ready at a moment's notice—a being inflamed in body, soul, and complexion, by the spices and sun of the burning East.

To remonstrate with him would have been absurd; he would have cut me down with his crutch—he had amassed three thousand a-year.

To write an anonymous letter was not exactly the sort of thing: but why see him rush into a match which would dishonour himself, and shed a sort of retrospective shame on my sainted sister?

The cook was far from immaculate. A native-servant, whom I discharged at Calcutta for repeatedly staying out all night—but why expose the weak side of humanity?—

And another young fellow of her acquaintance, whom I pardoned for having robbed me, on condition of his frankly confessing all his misdemeanours—

Besides, there was Larry the trumpeter—And one or two more.

Under such circumstances—conscious of his infatuation, I ceased to waver: the end sanctified the means; and I wrote him an anonymous letter.

She, of course, would make a point of having children—and then where were my expectations?

Evadne had never been a mother: the colonel was the only Plinth in the universe; and, posited as I was—Evadne being the link—I naturally had expectations.

To say nothing of being nine years my senior, he was a wreck—a fiery wreck, full of combustibles, burning gradually to the water's edge.

The sun of his happiness, would, as I felt, set for ever, the moment he married such a creature as Moggs—inately vulgar—repulsive—double chinned—tumid—protuberant—

Social festivity was every thing to Colonel Plinth: but who would dine with him, if his *ci-devant* cook were to carve?—Evadne's adopted—Larry the trumpeter's love!—I couldn't.

Therefore, under a sense of overwhelming duty to Colonel Plinth, I wrote him an anonymous letter.

Every precaution was taken: the hand was disguised—the paper such as I had never used; and, to crown all, I dropped the important document in a distant and very out-of-the way post-office.

Conscious of perfect security—animated by the cause I had espoused, I played away upon him, from my masked battery, with prodigious vehemence. Reserve was out of the question; in an anonymous letter, the writer, of course, speaks out—this is its great advantage. I took a rapid review of his achievements—I recalled the accomplished Evadne to his mind's eye—I contrasted her with his present intended.—Larry the trumpeter figured in, and the forcible expression as to Caesar's wife was not forgotten. I rebuked—I argued—I ridiculed—I scorned—I appealed to his pride—I mentioned his person. I bade him consult a *cheval*

glass, and ask himself if the reflection were that of a would-be bridegroom. I told him how old he was—what the Indian army would think—in short, the letter carried upon the face of it the perfect conviction of a thirty-two pounder. Here and there I was literally ferocious.

I dined alone that day, and was taking my wine in the complacent consciousness of having done all in my power, when Colonel Plinth knocked. Of course I knew his knock: it was always violent; but on this occasion rather less so than usual. I felt flurried: as he ascended, my accurate ear detected a strange footstep on the stair. Hastily pouring out and gulping down a bumper, I contrived to rally before my friend entered.

Commonly his countenance was turbid, *billowy*, rufous, the red sea in a storm; now it was stony, pale, implacable: he was evidently *white hot* with wrath. His eye, usually lurid as that of a Cyclops at the forge, was cold, clear, icy; his look froze me, I had seen him thus before, in the breach at Seringapatam.

His salute was alarmingly courteous: he begged leave to introduce a friend—Baron Cahooz, a noble Swede in the Prussian service. Never before had I beheld such a martinet: where could Plinth have picked him up!

The Baron, in very good English, expressed his concern at making so valuable an acquaintance as that of Major Mocassin under such infelicitous circumstances. Colonel Plinth had been insulted: but as I had so long been his most valued friend, as we had fought and bled on the same fields; as those arms (his right and my left) which had been so often linked together, were mouldering, side by side, in the same grave; as I was his brother-in-law, Colonel Plinth would accept of the amplest possible apology: with any other man than Major Mocassin, Colonel Plinth would have gone to extremities at once.

I was petrified during this speech; but at its conclusion some sort of an inquiry staggered from my lips.

Baron Cahooz did not understand.

I declared myself to be in the same predicament: would he be so good as to explain?

In reply, the Baron hinted that I must be conscious of having written Colonel Plinth a letter.

Fearing that Plinth's suspicions had been aroused, and that this was a *ruse* to trap me into a confession, remembering my precautions, and feeling sure that nothing could, by any possibility, be brought home to me, unless I turned traitor to myself; I denied the imputation point blank! Indeed, what else could I do?

Colonel Plinth uttered an exclamation of bitter contempt, and hobbled towards the door.

Baron Cahooz handed me his card: nothing further could be done: he hoped the friend whom I might honour on the occasion would see him as early as possible, in order to expedite the necessary arrangements.

I made a last effort. Advancing towards the door, where Plinth stood, I begged to protest that I was mystified, that he must be labouring under a mistake.

"A mistake!" shouted he in that tremendous tone, which for a moment had once appalled the tiger-hearted Tippee—"A mistake, Major Mocassin! There's no mistake, sirrah! Will you deny your own hand writing?"

So saying he threw the letter in my face and retired, followed by Cahooz—

In another moment the veil was torn asunder. Having never before attempted an anonymous letter, and acting under the influence of confirmed habit, I had concluded the fatal epistle, without disguise, in my customary terms:—"Yours, ever, JOHN MOCASSIN!"

NOTE.

The foregoing paper was drawn up and sent to his cousin in Kentucky by Major Mocassin, a few hours af-

ter Colonel Plinth and Baron Cahooz had quitted him. On the inside of the envelope appears the following:—" 'Tis now midnight; Rear Admiral Jenkinson has settled every thing with the Baron, to their mutual satisfaction: we are to be on the ground by six in the morning. If I fall—"

After considerable research we have discovered two announcements in the public prints which form valuable appendages to Major Mocassin's document. The first extract is from a London journal published in 1819, the second from a Bath paper of two years later date.

No. I.

"Yesterday at his own residence in Wimpile St. by special licence, Colonel Plinth, K. C. B., to Rebecca Louisa Moggs, a native of Masulipatam. The Gallant Colonel went through the ceremony with his only remaining arm in a sling,—having a few hours before exchanged shots—both of which took effect—with Major Mocassin."

No. II.

"The busy tongue of fame reports that a gallant Major, who served with distinction, and lost an arm, under Sir David Baird in the East Indies, is about to lead to the altar the dashing relict and sole legatee of a brave and affluent brother officer who recently died at Cheltenham. A mutual attachment is supposed to have been long in existence; for the bridegroom elect fought a duel on the lady's account with her late husband, on the very morning of the marriage. Pecuniary motives may perhaps have influenced the fair one in giving her hand on that occasion to the gallant Major's more fortunate rival."

SCRAPS FROM A COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

WHOSOEVER has black frizzly hair and beard, will put his barber to much trouble, and will be liable to scratch his head often, unless he makes great use of a comb.

He who has a low forehead, full of wrinkles, will look like a monkey, ten to one.

He who has a high forehead, will have his eyes under it and live all the days of his life. This is infallible.

A great mouth from ear to ear signifies much foam and no bridle. These are not hard mouthed but all mouth.

A little mouth, drawn up like a purse, denotes darkness within, and hides a bad set of teeth.

He that has great hands will have large fingers; and as if he strikes hard it will fall heavy.

Sparkling eyes will be almost certain to shine.

Whenever you see a man that has but one eye, you may certainly conclude he has lost the other.

Those who squint will put others to much trouble to decide which way they look.

Left-handed men are very ignorant, for it seems they don't know their right hand from their left; since the one has the office, the other the place.

Never have any thing to do with a crooked man, for he never can be upright so long as he goes bowing.

Those who have little or no noses, will chance to look like death's heads while living. They will scarcely ever be detected in sneezing, because it will puzzle them to take snuff.

Much rain is a sign of wet weather.

The full moon signifies she can hold no more, and this may be reckoned for certain.

If you are going to buy any thing, and when you should pay for it, cannot find your purse, it is the worse thing that can happen, and unlucky for your marketing.



LOUIS PHILIPPE.

LOUIS PHILIP, KING OF THE FRENCH.

SELDOM indeed has fortune exercised her dispensations more capriciously than in directing the existence of Louis Philip, the present king of the French, through its various phases. A prince, a conqueror, a refugee, a martyr, an exile—a lieutenant general to-day, a king to-morrow! His triumph, now a trophy to the country—and now, his exile an exultation: his name, now an abomination; and now, his assumption of royalty the very safety of "*le grand nation*." Once the most remote aspirant to the throne of his ancestors; now, enjoying what was sacrificed by the imbecility of Capet, and the ambition of Napoleon; now content with the simple security of a republican asylum, and now dispensing the fortunes of a monarchy.

Louis Philip, the eldest son of the unfortunate Egalite, by Marie Adélaïde de Bourbon Panthievre, was born in Paris on the 6th of October, 1773; so that he is now in the sixtieth year of his age. Louis Philip first bore the title of Duke of Valois, but on his father's accession to the title of Duke of Orleans, he became the Duke of Chartres; and in the enjoyment of this title all his subsequent sufferings commenced and progressed. In the year 1778, he was placed under the tutorship of De Bonnard, where he remained until the year 1782, when his tuition was confided to the surveillance of the celebrated Madame de Genlis; under whom he obtained no inconsiderable portion of that philosophy which distinguished his subsequent career. When he had attained his 18th year, a decree was issued by the constituent assembly, requiring all proprietary officers to surrender the military profession, or immediately and effectively to join their respective regiments. He, true to the glory of his country, and possessing the abstract ambition to serve her reputation and her interests, placed himself at the head of the 14th regiment of dragoons, which he joined at Vendôme, where it was stationed. Here his humanity and courage, in saving a nonjuring clergyman from the violence of the populace, and an engineer from drowning, obtained for him from the city the offer of a civic crown, and the entire respect of the inhabitants. In the month of August 1791, he went with his regiment into Valenciennes, where he wintered and performed the duties of the oldest Colonel of the garrison. In the year 1792, when he had attained only his 19th year, he received from the celebrated Kellerman, who had been just reinforced from the army of the Rhine, the honour of the command of twelve battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of cavalry, at whose head he fought in the battle of Valmy, plucking laurels from the brows of veterans, and astonishing the experience of age with the daring chivalry of youth; and rendering his bravery not more remarkable for the perseverance with which it was exercised than the judgment with which it was directed. He shortly after accepted the offer of a command in the army of Dumourier, who was about to proceed to Flanders to undertake the invasion of Belgium: little, at that time, was his present important connexion with that nation anticipated; a connexion which, notwithstanding the amicable relations of other interests, is pregnant with most important consequences. On the 6th of November he distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes, and contributed to the triumph of the French on that day under Dumourier. When the decree of banishment was passed by the Convention against the members of the Bourbon family, Louis Philip was at Tournay; and became desirous that his father and family should emigrate with him to the United States; but before he could complete the necessary preparatory arrangements the decree was revoked. In February, 1793, he was re-

called to the army, and served at the siege of Maestricht under Miranda; when too openly manifesting his hostility to the revolutionary excesses in France, he soon saw that a decree had been hurled against himself, and immediately resolved on quitting both the army and the country. He accordingly went to Mons, where he obtained passports for Switzerland, whither he went in the year 1793; and there, passed as a fugitive, through the countries which, a short time since, he passed over as a conqueror; and here he first became acquainted with his family's arrest. In September he arrived at Basle, and finding no place safe for him, he was advised, by the refugee, General Montesquieu, who lived in Switzerland, under the name of Chevalier Rionel, to wander in the mountains, but not to tarry for any considerable time in one place; until the progress of time would tame the aspect of political severity. This advice he adopted, and travelled into the interior of Switzerland and the Alps; and under these circumstances exhibited a philosophic courage in contending against misfortune and poverty, which would have been worthy of the most stern of the stoics. In a short time he was recalled to Brengarten by Montesquieu, who provided him with a professorship in the college of Richenan, for which he was examined and appointed under a fictitious name. In this college Louis Philip, the King of the French, taught for eight months, his name and his rank equally unknown; and here he first became acquainted with the fate of his unfortunate father. Some political changes having taken place in the Grisons, Montesquieu deemed it no longer hazardous to give the ducal pedagogue an asylum; and consequently invited the Duke to his dwelling, who left the college with the regret of the professors and pupils, and repaired to Bremgarten, where, under the name of Corby, he remained until the decline of 1794, when, his retreat being no longer a secret, he again resolved on quitting Europe for America; and went to Hamburg, as the most convenient and agreeable place of embarkation; but not having sufficient means to sustain his intentions, he procured a small letter of credit on a banker at Copenhagen, with the intention of visiting the north of Europe. This banker succeeded in getting him passports from the king of Denmark, as a Swiss traveller; and Louis Philip forthwith travelled through Norway and Sweden; journeyed on foot with the Laplanders, passed along the mountains to the gulf of Tys, and reached the north cape on the 24th of August 1795, where he remained for a few days situated at 18 degrees from the Pole: he then repassed through Finland to Torneo, and thence to Abo and Stockholm. In the month of August 1796, he received a most admonitory letter from his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, requesting him to leave Europe and take up his residence in America; he accordingly sailed from the Elbe in September, 1796, and arrived in Philadelphia in the October following. In the course of the year 1797, he was joined by his brothers, the Duke of Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, and, accompanied by them, set out for Baltimore; he passed from thence into Virginia, where, according to an invitation given before the expiration of his presidency, they had the honour of meeting General Washington at his Mount Vernon residence. Here the Father of his country and his amiable consort treated the princely wanderers with their characteristic kindness and hospitality; and they, after a short stay, proceeded southward; they thence returned northward, and visited the falls of Niagara, and in July 1797, returned to Philadelphia during a fearful prevalence of the yellow fever. It was their desire,

but not their ability, to leave this city. They, who had been born princes and educated to their birth, had not the trifling means of removing from their pestilential residence, and they must have severely felt the mutability of fortune's favours. In the following month they received from their mother a remittance which enabled them to proceed to New York, from which place they went to Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. On their return to Boston, they received the mortifying intelligence of their mother's banishment, and immediately returned to Philadelphia, with the intention of joining her in Spain, the place of her exile. In the month of December, 1797, they left Philadelphia; and, travelling down the Ohio and Mississippi, reached New Orleans, where they sojourned for five months, at which time, tired of the expectation of a Spanish ship, they went on board an American one, which was captured by an English frigate. The Duke now discovered himself to the captain, and he and his brothers were landed at Havana on the eleventh day of March, 1798. Here they in vain attempted to procure a passage to Europe, and though regretting their exile, were at last contented in obscurity, if they could obtain an honourable livelihood.

The hopes which their reception at Havana inspired, were disappointed by the Court of Madrid, by which they were forced to leave Cuba; and an order was received by the Captain General of Havana, to send the three brothers to New Orleans, without providing them with any means of support. They, however, refused to go, but went to the English Bahamas, where they were received by the Duke of Kent in the kindest manner. They sailed thence for New York, whence they sailed for Falmouth, and arrived in London in February, 1800. He took up his residence at Frickenhall, and visited every thing curious in Great Britain, and attentively studied the political economy, and laws and manners of the country. In the month

of November, 1809, he was married at Palermo to the Princess Amelia, daughter of the King of Sicily. On the fall of Napoleon he repaired to Paris, where he remained until the return of Napoleon from Elba, when he sent his family to England, and joined them there in March, 1815. After the final overthrow of the Emperor, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., the Duke returned to France, and took his seat in the chamber of Peers; where he distinguished himself by the liberality of his sentiments and the purity of his principles. In the year 1824, he received the title of *Royal Highness*, and in 1830, after the events of the revolutionizing, *trois jours*, he was invited to assume the executive power, under the title of Lieutenant General of the kingdom: this invitation he accepted, and immediately issued a proclamation in that capacity.

On the 3d of August he opened the Chambers, and announced the abdication of the throne by Charles X. and his son. On the 6th and 7th of that month he was invited by the Chamber of Deputies to fill the throne which they had just declared vacant, and under certain conditions, which he accepted, he assumed the title of King of the French. On the 9th he took his oath to the new charter as Louis Philip I., and in a short time the new dynasty received the acknowledgment of all the foreign powers. Whether the French nation gained by the accession of this new dynasty, comes not within the proposed limits of this article; but the affirmative is very generally questioned. The object of this memoir was to exhibit the mutability of fortune, to which all hold an equal inheritance; and with a perfect confidence in the truth of the introductory sentence, we in conclusion repeat that "seldom, indeed, has fortune exercised her dispensations more capriciously than in directing the existence of Louis Philip, the present king of the French, through its various phases;" to-day the protege of an individual, and to-morrow the crowned choice of a nation.

BALLAD ROMANCE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

THE lady sat in her lonely bower,
When the glitt'ring stars shone bright;
And the dew fell soft, on each folded flower,
That slept 'neath the moonbeams' light!
But her bower was sad, and her heart was drear,
For her lover's step she did not hear!

"He comes!—ah! no!—'twas the nightingale
Breathing her plaintive song;
Or the last faint sigh, of the dying gale,
That murmurs the leaves among!"
Still her bower of love is sad and drear,
For no lover's voice salutes her ear!

"Again! 'tis the tramp of his gallant steed,
The promised hour is past!
And he urges his course with a lover's speed,
And a bridegroom's ardent haste!"
Ah! lady! the faithful steed draws near,
But his master lies sleeping on death's cold bier!

He knew each path, of the forest's way—
And the hour that path was trod;
And he broke from his stall and trappings gay
And bounded the well-known road!
Else, none in the halls of pride and power,
Had guess'd of the bride, in her lonely bower!

WHEN ROSY MORN, &c.

AIR—"Pensez a moi,"

WHEN rosy morn her grateful beam
Is shedding o'er the freshened earth,
Why do I chide the sunny gleam
That wakens me to pain or mirth?
'Tis that in dreams of ecstasy
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie!"

And oft at twilight's placid hour,
While gazing on the evening star,
My thoughts, despite its witching power,
Will turn to something brighter far—
Thou art that brighter light to me!
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie."

And, if when hopes of storied name
Urge me to seek proud learning's prize,
(Pale watcher at her holy flame,)
Should then a thought of thee arise,
Lost in the maze of memory,
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie."

But fare thee well! thou must not know
The curbless thoughts that fill my heart—
Though still in sickness, weal or woe,
Of all those thoughts art thou a part,
Ever! in joy or misery,
"Je pense a vous, ma chere amie!"

THE CHAPLET OF PEARLS.

SIR EMERIC DE PAVIA, a valiant Lombard, whom King Edward the Third had made Governor of Calais, was walking moodily on the ramparts of that town; his step was hurried and impatient. He often raised his hand and passed it rapidly across his brow, as if he would by that act wipe away some torturing recollection from his brain. Sometimes he stamped furiously on the ground, and at others sat down on the battlements; and while he leaned his head on his clenched hands, the sweat poured from his brow and his whole frame shook convulsively. At times he looked towards the sun, which had nearly attained his meridian height, and was gilding the broad of ocean, the town and castle of Calais, and the distant plains of Picardy, with the full effulgence of his beams. At others, he stretched his eye across the Channel, and looked wistfully, yet fearfully, towards the white cliffs of Dover. So entirely absorbed in his own reflections was the governor, that he did not observe a person near him wrapped in a long black cloak, who seemed narrowly to watch his motions. The stranger's face was enveloped in his cloak. At first he seemed to avoid coming in contact with Sir Emeric; afterwards, however, he crossed his path repeatedly, evidently intending but not being able to attract his notice. At length, during one of the most violent of Sir Emeric's paroxysms, the stranger approached him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a low distinct tone of voice, "Then the tale that was told to me is true."

"Ha!" said the governor, starting and grasping his sword, "who and what art thou? What is the tale that has been told thee?"

"That Sir Emeric de Pavia is a traitor!" said the stranger.

"Dastard and liar!" said the governor: "who and what, I say again, art thou that dardest to call Emeric of Pavia a traitor?"

"Behold!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle and exhibiting the fine majestic features of a man about thirty-five years of age, which were well known to Sir Emeric. The latter fell on his knees, and in a suppliant tone exclaimed, "Guilty, my most gracious liege, guilty; pardon, pardon!"

"Emeric," said King Edward, for it was he, "thou knowest that I have entrusted to thee what I hold dearest in this world, after my wife and children,—I mean the town and castle of Calais, which thou hast sold to the French, and for which thou deservedst death."

"Ah! gentle king, have mercy on me!" said the governor; "all that you have charged me with is true, most true; but there is yet time to break the disgraceful bargain. I have not yet received one penny of the filthy lucre for which I agreed to deliver this town and castle to your grace's enemies."

"Emeric," said the king, raising him from his suppliant posture, "I have loved thee well, and even from a child have loaded thee with marks of my favour. Your plot, well and secretly contrived as it was, could not be kept hidden from me. I had certain intelligence of it a month ago. News were then brought to me at Westminster, that thou hadst sold this place to Sir Geoffrey de Charni for twenty thousand crowns, and that this day he is to proceed from St. Omers with his forces, and arrive here at midnight, for the purpose of receiving possession from thee. Was my information true or false?"

"It was most true, my liege," said Emeric, again attempting to throw himself at the king's feet.

"Listen to me," said the king, preventing him: "it is my wish that you continue on this treaty. When Sir Geoffrey's forces arrive, lead them to the great

tower; and on this condition I promise you my pardon. I have just arrived from England with three hundred men-at-arms, and six hundred archers; but have arrived so privily, that no one but thou knowest that I am here. The Prince of Wales and Sir Walter Manny are with me. Go with me, that I may give you directions for placing the men in ambuscade in the rooms and towers of the castle. Sir Walter Manny shall conduct this enterprise; and my son and I, who would at present remain unknown, will fight under his banner."

Again did the repentant governor throw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and again did the latter raise him from his suppliant posture, and assure him of his pardon and of his entire oblivion of the intended treason, if he remained faithful to him at the present crisis.

Sir Geoffrey de Charni, accompanied by the Lord of Namur, the Lord de Crequi, Sir Odoart de Reny, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the French lords and knights, arrived from St. Omers, with all the forces he could collect, crossed the bridge of Neuillet, and sat down about midnight before that gate of the castle of Calais which is called the gate of Boulogne. Here he halted, to give time for his rear to come up, and here he found Sir Emeric de Pavia anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"My gallant Lombard," said Sir Geoffrey, "is all well, and are you ready to deliver up possession of the castle?"

"All is well, Sir Knight," said the Lombard, "and the castle is yours on payment of the twenty thousand crowns."

"Then Sir Odoart de Reny," said Sir Geoffrey, addressing that knight, who stood by his side, "take with you twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms, and possess yourself of the castle. That once in our power, we shall soon be masters of the town, considering what strength we have with us—that strength, should it be necessary, may be doubled in a few days. Myself will remain with the rest of the army here in silence; for I mean to enter the town by one of the gates, or not at all."

Thus saying, he delivered to Sir Odoart the twenty thousand crowns in a bag, with instructions that he should give them to the Lombard as soon as the French forces had crossed the drawbridge.

"Thou art a very knave, Sir Emeric," said Sir Odoart to the governor, as they rode together towards the drawbridge, "to turn recreant to so gallant and chivalrous a king as thine. Thou hast earned the crowns, doubtless, but Heaven save me from entitling myself in the like manner to such a booty."

"Thou art marvellously honest on a sudden," said the Lombard; "but to a plain man's apprehension, there seems to be no such wondrous difference between the tempter and the tempted, the briber and the bribed, especially when the former is breaking a solemn truce, as should entitle him to plume himself on his superiority to the latter."

"Lead on, lead on, Sir Emeric," said his companion, "we are e'en haggards, and thou art but a coystil; so, as thou sayest, we need not quarrel as to which soars highest."

At a sign from the Lombard, the drawbridge was let down, and one of the gates of the castle opened. Sir Odoart, having entered with his detachment, placed the bag in Sir Emeric's hands, saying, "The twenty thousand crowns are, I believe, all there. I have not time to count them, for it will be daylight presently." Sir Emeric, taking the bag from his hand; flung it into a room, the door of which he locked.

"Now, Sir Odoart," he said, "follow me, and I will

conduct you to the great tower, that you may sooner possess yourself of the castle. Behold it there!" he added, pointing to a door before them. "Push back the bolts and enter." Thus saying, he disappeared. Sir Odoart and the French advanced: the bolts gave way at their touch, and the door of the great tower flew open.

At that moment, a cry of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" rang in their ears, and above three hundred men, armed with swords and battle-axes, rushed upon Sir Odoart and his little band. They seemed to be commanded by a knight in green armour, who advanced before them.

"What!" said he, to Sir Odoart, who, seeing the impossibility of resisting so disproportionate a force, had given up his sword to him, while his followers imitated his example; "do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?"

"Sir Knight," said Odoart, "that double villain, the Lombard, has betrayed us, or the standard of King Philip of France had floated on the towers of this castle ere now."

"The standard of King Edward," said the green knight, "King of France and England, floats there now, and ill betide the hand that shall attempt to pluck it down. But let us onward to the gate leading to Boulogne—guard well the prisoners. Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" Thus saying, the captives were shut in the tower, and the English, mounting their horses, made for the gate of Boulogne.

In the mean time, Sir Geoffrey, with his banners displayed, and surrounded by his forces, was awaiting at the Boulogne gate, with some impatience, the return of messengers from the castle. "If this Lombard," he said, to the knights who stood next him, "delays opening the gate, we shall all die of cold."

"In God's name," replied the knight, "these Lombards are a malicious sort of people; perhaps he is examining your florins, lest there should be any false ones, and to see if they be right in number."

The day was now breaking, and the gate of the castle was distinctly visible to those outside, when on a sudden it burst open, and, amidst deafening shouts of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" a numerous troop of armed warriors, well mounted, galloped towards the French forces. The Green Knight led them on, preceded by the banner of Sir Walter Manny; and numerous other banners, such as the Earl of Suffolk's, the Lord Stafford's, and the Lord Berkeley's, were seen among the English troops.

"Betrayed! betrayed!" said Sir Geoffrey de Charni, to those who stood about him. "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all; it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, in the hope that the day may be ours."

"By St. George!" said the Green Knight, who had approached near enough to hear De Charni's words, "you speak truth—evil befall him who thinks of flying!" Then, retreating a little, the English dismounted from their horses, and advancing on foot, for the most part armed with battle-axes, they attacked the enemy.

The battle was short, but desperate and sanguinary. The English, incensed at the treachery of the French, and the latter infuriated at the unexpected opposition which they encountered, vied with each other in the fury and zeal with which they contested the victory. Six banners and three hundred archers left the main body of the English army, and made for the bridge of Neuillat, where they found the Lord Moreau de Fienness, and the Lord de Cregui, who guarded it. The cross-bowmen of St. Omer and Aire were also posted between the bridge and Calais, and met a furious assault from their enemies. They were immediately discomfited and pursued to the river, where more than six hundred of them were drowned. The knights of Picardy for a long time maintained their post against

very superior numbers; but reinforcements still pouring in to the English from the town, the French were at length obliged to surrender, or seek their safety in flight.

The Green Knight performed prodigies of valour. He was frequently seen surrounded by the enemy, but hewing his way through them with his battle-axe. Sir Geoffrey de Charni, Sir Henry du Bois, and Sir John de Landes, were all made prisoners by him; and scarcely had one knight surrendered to him, before he was seen attacking another, or defending himself from the assault of numbers. He had many times, during the engagement, attempted to come in contact with a French knight, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whose extraordinary prowess struck as much terror among the English, as that of the Green Knight's did in the opposite ranks; they were scarcely able even to exchange a blow, before two large bodies meeting where they were fighting, compelled them to break off the engagement. At length, however, the Green Knight and his opponent met without the intervention of any obstacle. The conflict around them was suspended, as if by the mutual consent of the combatants, and the two armies stood by and gazed at the contention between their respective champions. Twice did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont fell the Green Knight to the ground; but he rose, like another Anteus, from his fall each time, apparently with renewed strength and vigour. Their battle-axes were struck from each other's hands; their spears, which were then resorted to, shivered into a thousand splinters; their swords were the only weapons left to them. With these they held for a long time a doubtful conflict, until at length that of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont broke against the shield of the Green Knight; and the latter, pressing irresistibly upon him, threw him to the ground, and planted his knee upon his breast. A tumultuous shout of applause immediately burst from the ranks of the English; and the French, who had already, although fighting with the utmost valour, been defeated at every point, threw away their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

"Brave knight," said Sir Eustace to his conqueror, "I yield to your superior prowess, nor blush to be overcome by strength like yours."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, raising his fallen antagonist and returning him the sword which he presented him, "you of all men have least cause to blush for the events of this day. By St. George! I have encountered many a tall and stalwart knight in my time, but never one who gave me so much trouble as you have done."

"May I crave your name, courteous knight," said Sir Eustace, "that when the friends of Eustace de Ribeaumont learn that he has been vanquished, they may know that it was by the hands of one who has doubtless distinguished himself in many a fiercer field than this."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, "fear not that the most fastidious of your friends will think your fame for honour or valour tarnished by surrendering yourself to me. As for my name," he added, lifting his beaver, "when next you see these features, you will know it. Shall you remember them?"

"They are features, Sir Knight," said De Ribeaumont, "which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten; but I would speedily pay my ransom money and regain my liberty—when, therefore, I pray you, shall we meet again?"

"To-night at supper, in Calais castle," said the Green Knight; and as he spake, the conquerors and the prisoners simultaneously moved towards the gate of Boulogne.

That evening a superb banquet was given in the castle of Calais, to which the French and English knights were alike invited. There was no distinction

made between the guests of the two nations, except that the tables of the prisoners were more superbly decorated and more profusely supplied than those of their captors. A table was placed on an elevated platform at the end of the room, the seats at which were not occupied at the time that the principal part of the company was assembled; but the astonishment of the French knights was extreme when the doors were thrown open and the King of England, the Prince of Wales, and a numerous train of the most distinguished barons and warriors of England, entered the room. As yet they had imagined that the most eminent person in the ranks of their opponents had been Sir Walter Manny. The wonder and interest of Sir Eustace de Ribeumont were, however, the most intense of all; for, as he gazed on the features of him who wore the crown and held the sceptre, he recognized the Green Knight, and perceived that he had been opposed in single combat to the King of England.

The banquet passed off cheerfully, with many expressions, on the part of the Frenchmen, of wonder and delight at the distinguished rank of the persons to whom they had been opposed, and the courtesy with which they were treated. At its conclusion, King Edward rose from his seat, and having laid aside his crown, advanced bareheaded, except that he wore a chaplet of fine pearls around his head, down the hall, attended by his son and the lords who sat down at the table with him, for the purpose of retiring from the assembly. As he moved down the hall the knights rose up, and he entered into familiar and courteous conversation with them, especially with his prisoners. As he approached Sir Geoffrey de Charni, his countenance altered and assumed a severe expression.

"Sir Geoffrey," he said, "I have but little reason to love you, since you wished to take from me by stealth last night, and during the continuance of a solemn truce, what had given me so much trouble and cost me so large a sum of money to acquire. I am, however, rejoiced to have detected and frustrated your attempt. You were desirous of gaining Calais town and castle at

a cheaper rate than I did, and thought that you could purchase them for twenty thousand crowns; but through God's assistance you have been disappointed."

This rebuke was given with so much dignity and feeling, that Sir Geoffrey was unable to utter a syllable in his defence, and the king passed on unanswered. The last person whom he addressed, was Sir Eustace de Ribeumont, who stood at the hall door through which the monarch was about to make his exit, and fell on his knees before him.

"Sir Eustace de Ribeumont," said the king, extending his hand to him and raising him, "of all men living you are the knight whom I have found most valiant, as well in attacking his enemy, as in defending himself. I never found any one in battle who gave me, body to body, so much to do as you have given me to-day. I adjudge the prize of valour to you, above all the knights of my court, as what is justly due to you."

The knight would have expressed his sense of the honour conferred, but the king stopped him by taking the chaplet of pearls, which was very rich and handsome, from his own brows, and placing it on Sir Eustace's head—"Sir Eustace," he added, "I present this chaplet to you as the best combatant this day of either party, whether French or English; and I beg you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake. You are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted among the ladies; wherefore, if you will only wear it at all public balls, and declare un to them that the King of England gave it to you as the reward of your valour, I will now release you from your captivity, quitting you wholly of your ransom."

Thus saying, the king left the hall, after the knight, whose feelings could not find utterance, had knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of gratitude and acquiescence. Not only did Sir Eustace de Ribeumont, as long as he lived, wear the chaplet in remembrance of the gift of so renowned a prince, but his family ever afterwards bore for their arms three chaplets garnished with pearls.

LIBERTY.

Oh, Liberty! thou plant of fickle birth!

Cradled in storms and nursed upon the wild!

Of in their prime thy blossoms fall to earth,

Like early violets sensitive and mild;

Which if they miss the gale, when snows are piled,

On peevish April's shy, uncertain hours;

Their blossoms, by drenching rains and floods defiled,

Die ere the green leaves thicken in the bowers—

Yielding their fair abodes to more enduring flowers.

Thy tender lineaments are seldom seen;

And, like the meteor, beautiful and brief!

Man just beholds thee in thy dazzling sheen,

And thou art gone, and he is left in grief!

Say, does the monarch find thee? or the chief,

To whom dismembered nations bow the knee?

Thouallest from their grasp as falls the leaf,

When Autumn winds assail the bending tree—

Scattering its fading robe in fragments o'er the lea.

Crowds have possessed thee for a little space—

Brief hast thou been by multitude adored!

Soon has licentiousness usurped thy place;

And then has sunk beneath the uplifted sword.

Man must be virtuous, ere thy smiles afford

Nerve to his arm or counsel to his mind;

Then shall the tyrant sicken at the board,

Like proud Belshazzar, when Heaven's hand design'd

The scroll upon the wall—the mystery undefined!

LILLIAN MAY.

Oh, where is Lillian May,

With her eye of bonny blue,

And her lip like op'ning rose,

Giving odours to the dew.

Why comes she not to greet me,

Upon my homeward way.

Oh, where is Lillian May?

I see the well-known spire,

That crowns her peaceful bower;

Why hear I not the swelling peals,

That tells of happy hours?

The path is here—the path of all

Who meet on Holy-day—

But where is Lillian May?

Her step was like the fawn's,

And as she tripp'd along,

The very birds would welcome her,

So thrilling was her song.

That fairy foot is laggart now,

And silent is the lay—

Oh, where is Lillian May?

And tell me, oh, ye sad ones,

Who point amid the gloom,

To where those offered flowrets lie,

And where this grassy tomb;

Be still my heart, poor Allan sigh'd—

Thy rest is here for aye—

For here lies Lillian May.

THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year —, there lived at Cologne a rich burgo-master, whose wife Adelaide, then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doating husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety, the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the line to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Balthasar—the third black, for Melchir. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness, to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to show their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and, where Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a-year, and shows the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Peter Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favourable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed: the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend no monish on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hard-heartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall; and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-top presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then, a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour—or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly, a thought struck him like lightning; he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, Heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could, with this opiote, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress, wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow-bar to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried the consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key—he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropped down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections, he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought, and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eye fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces—a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he startled round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that when he found that this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—oh no!—it is for my wife and children."

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spake thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its finger: but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp!—his hand was clutched—aye, firmly clutched,

though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. Thus much is certain—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a death-like swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view, he hurried across the market-place to the burgomaster's house, where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window, and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour?

"It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer.

"And who are you?" again asked Adolph.

"Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you."

Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to admit Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed.

"Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton—"not here; we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time, he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial.

"I would rather," he exclaimed—"I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead."

This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the

influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty, with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living."

"Indeed?" said the Burgomaster. "Do you, then, think that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"

"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans—"not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph.

"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"

"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night; it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple-window."

"I see how it is," answered Hans: "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."

"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps, but the old man, who went before him to show the way, delayed him with his reflections, so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopped, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent," replied Adolph: "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his

odd, wayward habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass, without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of frequenting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humours of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience; for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master: "I see nothing—hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man: "there sits our deceased lady on the altar, in a long white veil, and drinks out of a sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand, he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver.

"Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph, I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—
THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

NAPLES.

The ocean-wave's innumerable smile
Glow'd with th' invigorating beams, which fell,
Like golden shafts, from heaven's blue citadel:
The winds were sleeping in their caverns, while
Sky, air, earth, ocean, summer's garment wore,
From the resplendent sands upon the shore,
To distant Caprea's purple blooming isle.
The lagging ships seem'd the voluptuous spoil
Of the soft air, whose radiant censers spill'd
Odours on earth, and earth with incense fill'd.
Naples! my heart shall in its depths retain
The passing splendour of that summer day;
Like light from love's sweet grave it shall remain,
When love has pass'd, with all its dreams, away.

THE OLDEN TIME.

Ye reminiscences of olden time,
Ye dwell upon my memory like a dream.
Ye come and go, like bubbles on a stream;
Or like those clouds that float around the moon.
I listen—for to me there comes no chime
Without its echo; and all voices seem
To speak in words of some familiar rhyme
I listened to of old.—Ah, me! as soon
Shall winds forget their minstrelsy, the trees
Forget the sunshine in the month of June,
The tranquil waves forget the stormy breeze,
And the cold lakes of mountain-tops to freeze,
As the unhappy one, while life may last,
Shut from his heart the memory of the past.

THE JILTED.

"Beware how you loiter in vain
Among symphs of a higher degree."

MARK ANTHONY SNUBBS was the youngest son of a respectable butcher in Leeds. Even in childhood, young Snubbs was remarkable for an ambition, which soared beyond the narrow sphere to which his birth threatened to confine him. He disdained to associate with the young butchers of the neighbourhood, and attached himself to the genteeler society of attorneys' clerks and mercers' apprentices—a circumstance which excited the indignation of his father, who threatened to disinherit him, on pretence of his being too fine a gentleman to do credit to an honourable calling. But, fortunately, the young man's maternal uncle, a silk weaver in the place, viewed his character in a more favourable light, he admired his nephew's spirit, and, resolving to encourage it, obtained for him the place of a shop-boy with an eminent haberdasher in London. In this situation, young Snubbs neglected no opportunity of cultivating the graces; and as he, at the same time, had tolerable parts, a modest assurance, and a ready tongue, he rose so rapidly in his master's favour, that he was appointed to travel for the house to the north of England, and to Scotland. This appointment had long been the aim of our hero's exertions, and the object of his ambitious wishes; and Alexander of Macedon felt not greater pride, when he had first tamed the fierceness of Bucephalus, than did Snubbs, when he found himself master of a stout hackney, trotting on the high-way to happiness and Carlisle. It was here that he met, for the first time, the accomplished Miss Geraldine Snooks, the daughter and heiress of a rich attorney. He had the honour of dancing with her at the charity ball; he afterwards met her at a tea party, and took the liberty of offering to accompany her next morning to a concert. His attention now became more particular; he visited her at her father's house—stole her fan—wrote verses upon her French poodle—and, in short, had made a strong impression upon her affections, when he was discovered, one morning, kissing his mistress's hand, and trying to prevail with her to accompany him upon his northern excursion, as far as Gretna Green, by old Snooks, who kicked him down stairs, and forbade him his house for ever. This was a severe blow to his hopes; and Snubbs, in the height of his indignation, meditated claiming satisfaction from the attorney, either by the duello or an action for assault. Upon further reflection, however, he adopted the more prudent and Christian resolution of overlooking the affront, in consideration of his love for the fair Geraldine.

He immediately quitted Carlisle, where he had lost his heart, and, we are sorry to add, his book of patterns: the latter loss, however, was scarcely felt before it was relieved, by the restoration of the article, with a hastily written and indifferently spelled note from Miss Snooks, expressing sympathy for his sufferings, and swearing unalterable attachment to his person and fortunes. The truth is, the patterns had slipped from the pocket of Mark Anthony's inexpressibles, during his somewhat precipitous retreat before the enraged Octavius Snooks. The constancy of his mistress greatly consoled our hero under the indignity he had just experienced, and he comforted himself with the thought, that "the course of true love never did run smooth"—a truth which was farther confirmed in his own experience, by his horse stumbling on a piece of new-laid road, and depositing the unhappy lover in a dry ditch. Snubbs did not allow this accident to ruffle his lately recovered equanimity; on the contrary, as he disco-

vered that his nag had lost his shoe, he led him, with much tenderness, to a neighbouring smithy; and while the grim master of the forge was performing his office, our lover availed himself of the unavoidable delay to pen a few stanzas to his mistress, in imitation of Shenstone's "Pastoral Ballad." In this piece he paints the pangs of absence, threatens to break his pipe and crook, and pathetically recommends his sheep and his goats to the care of his brother swains, as he is entirely occupied with his passion for the divine Snooks. After despatching this effusion by a ragged little cyclops, whom he bribed with a sixpence and a glass of purl, he resumed his journey, and arrived safe in Glasgow; where he, for a time, forgot his love, in transacting the business of his employers. But a short excursion which he had occasion to take into the Highlands, effectually recalled his attention to love and the muses. During his passage by steam, from Balloch to the head of Loch Lomond, he composed a long elegy, of which the following stanzas are a fragment:

"While hapless exile, on a distant shore,
I wander far from joy and Geraldine:
Still mid the torrent's rush, the tempest's roar,
Angelic Snooks! my heart is ever thine.

* * * * *
Ah! should my bark, when winds too rudely blow,
Be doom'd to perish in this boundless sea,
Wilt thou, my Snooks—I know thou wilt—bestow
A tear for him who died for love of thee?"

It does not clearly appear that Mr. Snubbs was entitled to consider himself as dying for love of Miss Snooks, even in the event of the catastrophe which he here contemplates, seeing that the exclusive object of his excursion on Loch Lomond—which, by the way, he somewhat absurdly mistakes for boundless sea—was to make a descent on Glenfalloch, and thence pass to Inverary, for the purpose of collecting certain sets of tartan. But poetical license must be allowed to a bag-man and a lover. On his return from this highland excursion, Mark Anthony had a short satisfactory interview with his mistress, who gave him a lock of her hair, which we may here mention was of that shade of red which is commonly called *rudy-colour*. In return, Mr. Snubbs presented her with an elegant tweezer-case; vows of the most lasting attachment were mutually pledged between the lovers, and a day fixed for their elopement. In the mean while, Mr. Snubbs considered himself bound, in honour, to return without delay to London, and give his employers an account of his northern journey. This account was found to be highly satisfactory; and the manager of the commercial house to which he was attached, was so pleased with his diligence and success, he promoted him, from a trotting galloway and ninety pounds per annum, to a higher salary, and the luxury of a gig.—Greatly elated with his promotion, our traveller lost no time in writing to his innamorata an account of his brightened prospects; nor was he long in receiving an answer, as warm as he could have wished, and earnestly pressing him to return immediately to Carlisle, where his anxious Geraldine was expecting him with open arms. But the gifts of fortune are not only fallacious in their own nature—they are also very apt to exert a mischievous influence on the character and feelings of individuals. We cannot say that Mr. Snubbs' love was now less warm than when he was

less favoured by the capricious goddess; but finding himself more flush of ready money than usual, he resolved to make the most of his bachelor liberty, by mixing freely in the gaieties of the metropolis. He spent much of his time at Astley's, the Hay-market, and even ventured once or twice to the Opera. Such a life of pleasure could not be expected to last, and Mark Anthony's superfluous funds were soon exhausted. But in proportion as his finances began to be impaired, his love revived; and he was seriously meditating a northern excursion, with the intention of acquiring a husband's claim over the person and fortune of his Geraldine, when, fortunately, his employers resolved to send him thither on commercial business. Hitherto we have contemplated Snubbs as the *enfant gâté* of fortune; but the mutability of human affairs extends to bagmen as well as to kings and heroes; and Mark Anthony Snubbs, like his great namesake, the triumvir, was destined to be the sport of a woman. Though naturally sanguine, and free from superstition, he felt oppressed with a presentiment of evil as he approached the ancient city of Carthage. It was night before he arrived at his inn; yet the anxiety which he felt would not permit him to call, as usual, for his slippers and night-cap; he, therefore, hurriedly discussed a pound and a half of minced collops, with a cut of salmon, for his supper; and having swallowed half a quart of distilled waters, by way of security against the night air, he sallied forth to reconnoitre Mr. Snooks' premises, and obtain, if possible, an interview with his mistress. The wealthy attorney's house, with the retiring modesty which is supposed to characterize its owner's profession, stood a little back from the line of the street, and was surrounded with a small, but neat orchard. An iron gate, which was secured only by a latch, afforded ready access to this second paradise, and Mr. Snubbs succeeded in stealing round to his mistress's window unobserved. Here, however, he tapped and whispered in vain; he even ventured to hum, in a disconsolate tone, the words of a Scotch song:

"This ae night, this ae night,
O rise and let me in."

Still no Miss Snooks echoed back the cadence of his song. In a fit of desperation, the love-sick bagman now approached a window, through which streamed a flood of light. The shutter was only half closed, so that our traveller could easily perceive what was doing within; but what pen can describe the horror of the unfortunate bagman, when he saw, in Mr. Snooks' best parlour, which was splendidly lighted up for the occasion, with wax tapers and argand lamp, Miss Geraldine Snooks in her bridal dress, and smiling from ear to ear, leading down a dance with an elderly gentleman in tights, with huge golden buckles, and a George the Fourth wig, and whom he readily recognised as old Oronoko, the rich tobacconist, for whom the fickle Miss Snooks had often expressed a particular aversion. At this unexpected sight, Snubbs could not suppress an audible groan, which instantly interrupted the festivities within. The attorney, snatching a horse-pistol from the mantelpiece, rushed to the door, followed more leisurely by the bridegroom, armed with the fire-shovel. Our hero now endeavoured to effect his retreat, but unsuccessfully, as one leg was caught in a man-trap, which Snooks had placed near a favourite apple-tree, and the other was held fast by a large house dog, who had rushed forth upon the first alarm. The bagman's cries guided the company to the scene of action. Lights were procured, and poor Snubbs was at last rescued from his perilous situation. He had fortunately received little bodily harm, but his fright was excessive, and his clothes were torn. He was speedily recognized, and his sufferings excited rather merriment than sympathy; but what affected him most was, that his mistress, instead of showing any signs of remorse or pity, joined very heartily in the mirth which his deplorable plight had provoked. Old Snooks, indeed, threatened a prosecution for trespass; but the good natured tobacconist interfered, and even Mrs. Oronoko joined in interceding for her unfortunate lover.

The jilted bagman is now a respectable mercer in his native town of Leeds, and, in the arms of an affectionate wife, has forgotten the disdain of Miss Geraldine Snooks.

VISIT TO THE CAPOUDAN PACHA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I had heard of the external beauty of Constantinople, yet fatigued and nerve-worn as I was after passing five days and nights in an open boat in traversing the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, my anticipations were fully realized on approaching that ancient metropolis. It was midnight, and a broad autumnal moon bathed sea and city in a flood of light; her beams were thrown back from many a mosque and gilded minaret, emerging from the impenetrable gloom of the dark groves of cypress trees which stand like giant watchmen round the Turbehs* of the departed saints of Islamism. The plaintive cry of the stork, and the deep voice of the Imam calling the faithful to the last Namaz, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night.

As the city gates are closed an hour or two after sunset, it was impossible to land, and the caique moored his little vessel under the wall of the Serai to wait the morning. I thank my kind fortune for

thus prolonging to me the beautiful vision which the moment I set foot on shore disappeared forever, giving place to the disgusting realities of narrow alleys rendered almost impassable by dogs and dirt. I landed as soon as it was day, and without obstruction of any kind I got my passport *visé*, and my kit inspected by the proper authorities, a ceremony which I believe is only gone through for the purpose of demanding a fee, for I never heard of any exception being taken to a passport, or of any duty imposed upon luggage. The Turkish officials are at their post a little after daylight, and in this respect set an example which might be advantageously followed by some functionaries nearer home.

Having dismissed my boatman, I made a sign to a Hamal† to take my luggage and follow me, and being on the city side, I crossed the Golden Thorn, and landing at Topkhana, (the cannon foundry,) directed the Hamal to lead the way to Pera. "Upon my head be it," said he; and notwithstanding the load that actually was upon his head, in addition to the moral responsibility he had taken upon himself, he climbed up one of the steep lanes leading to the European suburb of Pera—or, as the Turks call it, the "deurt

*Turbeh is a magnificent building appropriated exclusively to the reception of the remains of a sultan or a saint.

† There is a very strict police in Constantinople; no person is allowed to walk the streets after sunset without a lantern.

‡ Hamal, a porter.

you," literally the four ways—with a rapidity that put me to considerable pain to keep up with. I was in some trepidation lest he meditated a sudden disappearance, which he could have accomplished with the greatest facility. Having however reached the Galata Serai, the palace of the Sultan's pages, where there was a fountain, he very unceremoniously threw down his load, and exclaimed, "This Inghilis Giasour has his sanduki full of gold."

"What is the matter?" said I, as soon as I could speak.

"You put upon the back of a man a load that would squeeze the hump of a dromedary into para.* You may carry your yoke yourself—I will go no further with it."

"My good friend," said I, "you mistake; the chest is not so heavy or you could not have mounted the hill so fast with it; but come I am in a hurry, an extra grush will lighten the load."

"Gently, gently," said he, waving his hand to and fro, to stay my impatience, "there is no hurry. If it please Allah there is time enough. The Deurt Yol is but a five minute piece from hence." I thought this was cool enough; but so it is in Turkey. A Mussulman when serving an infidel always does it at his leisure; and so my Hamal, after taking some powdered coffee,† which he washed down with a draught of water from the fountain, drew forth his *tchibouque*, and striking a light with a *chakmak* and a piece of *kav*,‡ an apparatus the Turks always carry about with them, sat himself down on the marble basin of the fountain, and with an air of most imperturbable gravity began to ply his pipe. He was a grim-looking, well-made vagabond, with huge naked legs, bearing a *dolphin saillant vert*, which shewed him to have been a Galionghi—a sailor in the Ottoman fleet. As I saw there was no chance of frightening him into compliance, I had recourse to a *ruse*—"Come," said I, "you must be quick—I am the bearer of despatches for the English ambassador."

"*Mashallah*," said he, "will you throw dirt in my eyes? Is the Inghilis Eltgee like this saccal§ that he shall rise at this hour?" The individual to whom he pointed was toiling up the hill with a curiously shaped leather-bottle on his back, capable of containing four or five gallons of water.

"*Salam al hakim*," said the Hamal, as the water-carrier arrived; to whom the latter responded, "*Al hakim salam*."

The Turks have almost invariably fine voices, and they are never heard to better effect than in the deep tones in which they are accustomed to pronounce their saluta. Whenever the vowel *a* occurs, it is produced a *gorge deployee*, rich, deep, full, and harmonious; and amongst the causes of the contempt which the Turks feel—from the Soldan to the meanest of his subjects—and seldom fail to express for the "*Frenk kepecilleri*," that is to say, Frank dogs—may be reckoned—next perhaps to our dress, which puts them in mind of a pair

of scissors—the hissing, whistling, and fixing of our pronunciation. I have heard the vaunted "*lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*," and from a very pretty "*bocca Romana*" too, but the Turkish, with the same advantages, is a thousand times before it. The "*Al hakim salam*," which may be translated "peace be with thee," is never used but to the faithful. If a Turk salute a Frank, it is "*Sabahnes hierolsun*," (good morning,) or "*Akhamnes, hierolsun*," (good evening,) as the case may be.

The water-carrier filled his bottle, and imitating the example of my friend the Hamal, sat down to his pipe. They then entered into the most friendly communion together, in the course of which the saccal reproached his friend for doing any service at all to a Frank. "Wait a while," quoth the latter, "I carried the Giasour's accursed sanduki with my left hand." "That," interrupted I, is the reason you found it so heavy." Upon which the saccal interfered, and after lifting the trunk, began to revile me for placing on the shoulders of a Mussulman a load only fit for the back of a camel.

"Allah is great," said he, "but he is gracious; I wonder Moustapha is not dead. I advise him to go to the Cadhi and see if he will allow a Frank dog thus to treat a greenhead!"†—for Moustapha pretended to the green turban, for which, in all probability, he got well thrashed every time he met another greenhead either stronger or richer than himself.

Heaven knows how this controversy might have ended, had it not been for the arrival of an individual of an anomalous appearance, who immediately addressed himself to me in the following terms:—"Nom de Dieu! what has brought you to Constantinople?"

It was not without difficulty that I recognized my friend Captain S—, of the Greek regulars, clad as he then was in the costume of the Nizam djedid:—a large red cloak reaching from his neck to his ankles; blue jacket, braided with silver; blue pantaloons, tight to the knee, but very capacious upwards; red morocco hemians; an Egyptian riding whip of Hippopotamus skin, and, to crown all, a red quilted caouk of the form an dimensions of a pint basin. "What harlequinade is this," inquired I, "and how comes it that you have abandoned the cross for the crescent?" "Oh," said he, "those ungrateful scoundrels, the Greeks, would have starved me; but here I am well paid, and generally speaking, well treated. I hold the office of military instructor to the new troops in the household of the Capoudan Pasha, *qui, entre nous, est un imbecile*; but nevertheless, the third subject in the empire; and on state days is allowed the honour of kissing the Sultan's slipper. But come," said he, "I see you are just arrived. Moustapha, take the gentleman's trunk to my konak."

Greenheaded Moustapha, to my utter astonishment, put both hands to the sanduki, and turning to Captain S— exclaimed, "By my eyes," and darted off alertly. The water-carrier had already disappeared.

"What," said I, "does this mean? I have been endeavouring to persuade this rascal to go on for this last half hour, and just now he was talking of taking me before the Cadhi for overloading him."

"Oh," said S—, "he knows me; and, moreover, do you see those two solemn looking gentlemen with white sticks in their hands? Moustapha is very well

* This renders the service less odious in the eyes of Mahomed.

† An Emir; wearing light green is the peculiar privilege of the descendants of the prophet of which they are exceedingly jealous. It is not long since the lady of an English ambassador was knocked down and beaten by some Yenicheria, for wearing a green veil.

‡ New institution. The regular troops of Sultan Mahmoud are so called.

* Para is a small copper coin so thin that the lightest wind will blow it away.

† Coffee to a Turk is absolutely indispensable—rather than not have it at all, he will take it in powder. The Turks have a saying, that a cup of coffee and a pipe form a complete entertainment. Some of the religious contend that both are constructively forbidden by the Koran as coming under the ban pronounced against intoxicating drugs.

‡ Chakmak and kav, a flint and steel, and a very peculiar kind of touchwood.

§ A water-carrier. The water-carriers, as do also the porters, form a very numerous class in Constantinople. Each has its Bashi, or chief, and in cases of emergency is called upon to act as police under his orders.

acquainted with their summary method of settling disputes of this kind. Let us go into Kaffene and make our keff, and then, if you like, as I am going to the morning drill, at which the Pacha is always present, I will present you to him."

I very gladly assented to his proposal, and after having passed under the hands of an Armenian barber, we adjourned to a coffee-house. Here were a number of Osmanlis reclining on cushions and otherwise enjoying themselves; that is, smoking their pipes, drinking coffee, stroking their beards, playing with their beards, and maintaining a profound silence. On our entrance, one meagre, sallow looking fellow, clad in a loose, drab coloured benesh, or gown, and wearing a curiously stamped felt cap, in shape exactly resembling a gigantic extinguisher, got up, spat upon the floor, and rushed out of the apartment. I afterwards ascertained, that he had a great character for sanctity, and belonged to a Mehdersh* of Spinning Dervishes,—gentlemen who, on stated days, entertain the public by turning round with a wonderful rapidity, "*a qui mœzus*" for hours together, or, till they actually faint away, a most execrable din being kept up the whole time by tom-toms and other abominable instruments; the greater the spinner, the greater the saint.

We took our places in the divan, and S— commenced a conversation with an aged respectable looking Turk who sat next him.

"Is your keff† good?" "So, so; and the keff of your worship?" "Very pretty keff."

"This gentleman," said S—, pointing to me, "brings news that the Roumelie Gisors have been cut into cababs‡ by the wonderful Reschid."

The old Turk laid down his pipe, raised himself on his knees, and slapping both thighs, exclaimed, "Praise be to Allah! how many heads have they taken?"

As this was the first I had heard of the victory, I was rather puzzled for a reply, but my inventive friend S— extricated me from the difficulty, by saying that the slain were so numerous they could only take the ears, some bushels of which were on their way to Constantinople, and would be found, in all probability, nailed to the walls of the Sultanum Serai on the following day. This news immediately set the whole conclave in motion, and S— being pestered with questions, found it prudent to beat a retreat, pleading his duty at the Capoudan Pacha capuri, that is to say, the Captain Pacha's gate, by which name the palace of that dignitary is known. We descended to Topkhana quay, and getting into a yetch-chifflee—a wherry rowed by three pair of sculls—directed the boatmen to the tersana, the arsenal, in the neighbourhood of which is the residence of the Captain Pacha.

I was surprised to find the dock yard a scene of considerable bustle and activity; there were several magnificent vessels on the stocks, and artificers busily employed about them. It was a scene that accorded ill with all I had heard of Turkish apathy and indolence.

On our arrival at the divan, we found the Capoudan Pacha impatient for the presence of his instructor. He was seated in a small keschk,* overlooking an in-

* Mehdersesh is a college or monastery. The one here mentioned, is a beautiful building in Galata, said to be richly endowed. On Friday, one of the spinning days, infidels are admitted on condition of taking off their shoes.

† Keff may, perhaps, be translated "comfort." A Turk who has not had his pipe and coffee in the morning, under which circumstances he is very ill-tempered, is excused, because he has not made his keff.

‡ Cababs are pieces of roast meat, cubes of about an inch square.

* Keschk, is a light, airy, summer apartment, generally very fancifully painted in arabesque.

ner court of the palace, in which were about two hundred lads in military uniform, that might be called European, if we except the caouk and red morocco papouches, or slippers. The Pacha was a little, round, fat, fiery-looking personage; and his appearance would have been contemptible, but for his very handsome, jet-black, curly beard. Altogether he looked not very unlike a butcher—which epithet was neither unfrequently nor undeservedly applied to him. He wore on his head a crimson cashmere shawl; and although the day was warm, he was wrapped up in a superb caftan, lined throughout with sables. He looked hard at me, but took not the slightest notice of S—, till the latter presented me to him as an officer, late of the Greek service. I am free to confess that I thought this was a piece of intelligence not at all necessary to be communicated to his excellency; and I felt that I held my head by a very precarious tenure, being no other than the will and pleasure of the Pacha, about whose humanity I had some scruples.

"He is welcome," said the Pacha; "bid him sit; and say we are glad he has left those infidel dogs, the Greeks. He is now in Istanbul, and when he goes home to his countrymen, he will be able to tell them the difference between true Musslemen and those Roumelic pesivencklerri."

Having made this speech, he ordered his Dragoman to be summoned; and while S— put his Asiatics through their evolutions, the Pacha entered into a conversation with me—the object of which was to prove that one Turk was more than a match for ten infidels of any denomination; and that Sultan Mahmoud would inevitably make those red-beards, the Russians, eat dirt.

As I took good care to assent to all his proposition he gradually became familiar, and told me several tales of a former Vizier, renowned alike for his gallantry, and his wonderful despatch of business. I made the best comments I could; but the interpreter, who was evidently a wag, took the business into his own hands, and so diverted the Pacha with his interpolated translation of my replies, that he almost laughed himself into convulsions. He made me sit next him, and ordered me sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee; swore I was a merry fellow, and said what a pity 'twas, I was an infidel. Having exhausted his stock of anecdotes, which, in truth to say, abounded more with obscenity than wit, he turned his attention to S— and his recruits.

"Bismillah Bre Capitan," said he, "in the name of Allah, what are you doing there? I am tired of this. Can you not invent something new?" "Please your highness, I am teaching them the manual exercise." "What an ashec!—what an as thou art!—I tell you I want my Cheris to amuse me—I do not want them to fight." "Please your highness, it is my business to form soldiers for the field—not for the parade." "Bakallam, we shall see. Inshallah shalla, I will command them myself." And then turning to me, "Sit you there," said he, "and I will shew you a thing." So saying, his highness jumped up, and putting on his slippers, he hastened down into the court.

"Now," said he to S—, "form them into two columns—you lead one and I will lead the other—you march round that way, and I will march this—and when I order the clarinet to play, let them march as solemnly as they can; but at the sound of the tom-tom, let them run like greyhounds. Let it be done. Give me a sabre."

His highness placed himself at the head of his column, and having ordered the clarinet to play, the two parties marched round like mourners at a funeral; but when the tom-tom sounded, "*saive qui peut*," the devil take the hindmost! The only thing that impeded their progress, was the person of their august chief, who, enveloped as he was in his caftan, and incumbered with slippers, in spite of his prodigious exertions,

was evidently unable to keep up with his "beau ideal" of double quick time. The alternations of *maestoso* and *presto prestissimo*, were continued for some time, till the Pacha, getting tired, seized upon an unfortunate—who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, had outstripped his fellows, and so got clear of the ranks—and ordered him to be tied up to one of the pillars which supported the *keschk*. This being immediately done, he took a ramrod, and, with his own hands, beat him over the calves of his naked legs till the blood ran down from them: the poor wretch uttering all the while the most agonizing cries: but the Pacha only seemed to enjoy his amusement the more, and continued to strike till fairly exhausted. I was so wrought upon by this inhuman exhibition, that I dared not again trust myself in his highness's presence. So I took my departure without ceremony; leaving S—— to make what excuse for my absence he might think fit. And so ended my visit to the Capoudan Pacha.

ARCHERY.

ARCHERY!—there is something peculiarly joyous and spirit-stirring in the word,—it revives the memory of bye-gone pleasures, of the exploits of our youth, of friends and associates in whose society we practised this excellent and fascinating exercise, within the sunny glades of one of the most romantic glens of which merry England can boast. The prospect is still before me in all its original freshness. It is a scene, Nanmyth would have delighted to paint.

The manly and truly princely amusement of archery has, in all ages and nations, attracted the notice and engaged the support of the highest order of men. The celebrated Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, wrote an express treatise on the practice of shooting with the long bow, and enumerates many emperors and kings who were proud of exhibiting their skill in the art. Among other great personages, he particularly praises Henry VIII. of England who took every opportunity, and used every means to encourage archery, himself affording an example of great skill. Hollinshed observes, that this prince shot as well or better than any of his guard; and Monfaucon, the French chronicler, says, in his description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, "Après, ils allerent tirer de l'arc, et le Roy d'Angleterre luy-même, qui est merveilleusement bon archer et fort, et le faisoit bon voir."

To young persons, Ascham strongly recommends the practice of archer, not only as a happy and honorable substitute for many unworthy amusements and expensive follies, (particularly gaming, the great bane of the age in which he lived,) but also on account of the manliness of the diversion, and of the share it may fairly claim in the preservation of the health. For this exercise evidently tends to raise the spirits, to invigorate our nerves, and to increase our bodily strength; while the gracefulness of the attitudes, and elegance of the implements of the archer, furnish additional inducements. Indeed, of so much importance to youth was deemed the exercise of the bow, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that in the "orders and statutes" for the government of Harrow School, it was a condition that every child should be allowed by his parents, at all times, a bow, three arrows, bow strings, and a bracer. In consequence of this regulation, there was, till within the last three or four years, an annual shooting with the English bow for the prize of a silver arrow.

This dreadful weapon, in the hands of the English yeomen, was used with a dexterity and skill truly astonishing. The extreme range of the ancient war bow, may be estimated at about four hundred paces; and an arrow, at that great distance, would often inflict fatal wounds. When in closer contact with his enemy, the archer was of course still more formidable.

The strongest and best tempered armour was pierced like paper by his steel-headed arrows. Neither shield nor breast-plate could resist its force, nor flight avail to protect the fugitive from the winged death that pursued him. At the battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, ten thousand bowmen overcame an enemy six times their own number, slaughtered the whole of the French cavalry, the flower of their knighthood, who were protected by coats of Milan steel, the best armour of the period.

In the destruction of wild animals, and in the chase, the Bowman was of course equally skilful. The ancient archer would pierce a deer in his swiftest flight, at the distance of two hundred yards.

As regards the modern practice of shooting, the most magnificent bow meetings in England are those celebrated at Eaton Hall, the seat of Earl Grosvenor, where meetings are held at intervals during the whole summer. The arrangements are of the most splendid description. Several pairs of targets are erected in the park, and all the fashion and beauty of Cheshire, and of the adjoining counties, assemble to contest the prizes awarded by the noble host on the occasion; consisting of gold arrows, medals with suitable inscriptions, superb jewelry, &c. The ladies tastefully attired, like the gentlemen, in an uniform of archer's green, with caps adorned with eagles' plumes, contend at separate targets, and are, at these, as at all other bow meetings with which I am acquainted, by far the most dexterous and successful competitors.

There is, besides, a vast number of archery societies in other parts of the kingdom; among these, the Royal Edinburgh Bowmen, now styled "the King's Body Guard," from their having acted in that capacity when his late Majesty George IV. visited Scotland, are pre-eminent. They claim by ancient charter, the privilege of guarding the King whenever he comes within a certain distance of Edinburgh. The society consists of at least eleven hundred members, comprising in its list of names, those of the chief nobility and gentry of the kingdom. The costume is very picturesque and elegant, and their shooting reminds us of the best days of archery.

"The Woodmen of Arden," as they romantically and appropriately term themselves, are a society of great celebrity in Warwickshire, patronized by the amiable Earl and Countess of Aylford. His lordship handles the bow with astonishing strength and dexterity. At their grand annual meetings called *wardmoets*, he has repeatedly shot into the centre of the target, at the distance of twelve score paces. This was the usual distance at which the marks were placed when the stout yeomen of England practised for the purpose of acquiring dexterity in war, as will be seen in the following quotation from Shakspeare's Henry IV.

"*Shallow*. Is old Double, of your town, living yet?"

"*Silence*. Dead, sir."

"*Shallow*. Dead!—see, see—he drew a good bow. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head—Dead! he would have clapped into the clout (white mark) at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft, a fourteen and a fourteen-and-a-half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see."—*Act III. Scene 2.*

TRAVELLING to boobies is of great use. It changes them from stupid blockheads into prating coxcombs; it improves them as bottling does small beer, which then becomes brisk without growing stronger. On the other hand, it gives an ease and polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment.

THE SMILE SO SWEET,

A SONG,

SELECTED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK—COMPOSED AND ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY W. W. WADDEL, M. D.

8va.

pp

ADAGIO—con anima.



LOCO.

ff



The smile so sweet, the soft dark eye, On which I hung in ec-sta-sy, in



ec-sta-sy, Oh! I re-mem-ber yet, Oh! I re-mem-ber yet, Oh! I re-



mem - ber yet, The waving ringlets graceful twine, The blushing lips

deep carmine, I never can for - get, No, no - ver can for -

get.

f

II.

Though brighter stars are in her sky,
 And softer strains of minstrelsy,
 Than one perhaps forgot;
 No look is there, no silvery tone,
 No love wreathed smile though she is gone,
 "Which I remember not."

III.

My bosom's charm when others sleep,
 Is one to smile, is one to weep,
 In love's deep, holy spell;
 And she, perhaps, thinks not on me,
 Whose soul was all too much her own,
 But yet farewell, farewell!

PRAYER OF THE LONELY STUDENT.

BY MRS. HERMAN.

Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
Sustain—Thou only can'st—the sick at heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine.—*Wordsworth.*

NIGHT—holy night!—the time
For Mind's free breathings in a purer clime!
Night!—when in happier hour the unveiling sky
Woke all my kindled soul,
To meet its revelations, clear and high,
With the strong joy of Immortality!
Now hath strange sadness wrapp'd me—strange and deep—
And my thoughts faint, and shadows o'er them roll,
E'en when I deem'd them seraph-plumed, to sweep
Far beyond Earth's control.

Wherefore is this?—I see the stars returning,
Fire after fire in Heaven's rich Temple burning,
Fast shine they forth—my spirit-friends, my guides,
Bright rulers of my being's inmost tides;
They shine—but faintly, through a quivering haze—
Oh! is the dimness *mine* which clouds those rays!
They from whose glance my childhood drank delight
A joy unquestioning—a love intense—
They, that unfolding to more thoughtful sight,
The harmony of their magnificence,
Drew silently the worship of my youth
To the grave sweetness on the brow of truth;
Shall they shower blessing, with their beams divine
Down to the watcher on the stormy sea,
And to the pilgrim, toiling for his shrine,
Through some wild pass of rocky Appennine,
And to the wanderer lone,
On wastes of Afric thrown,
And not to *me*?
Am I a thing forsaken,
And is the gladness taken

From the bright-pinion'd Nature, which hath soar'd
Through realms by royal eagle ne'er explored,
And, bathing there in streams of fiery light,
Found strength to gaze upon the Infinite?
And now an alien!—Wherefore must this be?
How shall I rend the chain?
How drink rich life again
From those pure stores of radiance, swelling free?
Father of Spirits! let me turn to Thee!

Oh! if too much exulting in her dower,
My soul, not yet to lowly thought subdued,
Hath stood without Thee on her Hill of Power—
A fearful and a dazzling solitude!—
And therefore from that radiant summit's crown,
To dim Desertion is by Thee cast down;
Behold! thy child submissively hath bow'd,
Shine on him thro' the cloud!

Let the now darken'd earth and curtain'd Heaven
Back to his vision with Thy face be given!
Bear him on High once more,
But on Thy strength to soar,
And wrapt and still'd by that o'ershadowing might,
Forth on the ethereal blaze to look with chasten'd sight.

Or if it be, that like the ark's lone dove,
My thoughts go forth, and find no resting place,
No sheltering home of sympathy and love,
In the responsive bosoms of my race,
And back return, a darkness and a weight,
Till my unanswer'd heart grows desolate;
Yet, yet sustain me, Holiest!—I am vow'd
To solemn service high;
And shall the spirit, for Thy tasks endow'd,

Sink on the threshold of the sanctuary,
Fainting beneath the burden of the day,
Because no human tone,
Unto the altar-stone,
Of that pure spousal Fame inviolate,
Where it should make eternal Truth its mate,
May cheer the sacred solitary way!

Oh! be the whisper of thy voice within,
Enough to strengthen! Be the hope to win
A more deep-seeing homage for Thy name,
Far, far beyond the burning dream of Fame!
Make me Thine only!—Let me add but one
To those refulgent steps all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled
Thro' bright self-offering, earnest, child-like, low,
For mounting to Thy throne!
And let my soul, upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find, in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own deep recompense.
The dimness melts away,
That on your glory lay,
Oh! ye majestic watchers of the skies!
Through the dissolving veil,
Which made each aspect pale,
Your gladdening fires once more I recognize,
And once again a shower
Of Hope, and Joy, and Power,
Streams on my soul from your immortal eyes,
And, if that splendour to my sobered sight
Come tremulous, with more of pensive light;
Something, tho' beautiful, yet deeply fraught,
With more that pierces thro' each fold of thought,
Than I was wont to trace,
On Heaven's unshadowed face;
Be it e'en so!—be mine, tho' set apart
Unto a radiant ministry, yet still
A lowly, fearful, self-distrusting heart;
Bow'd before Thee, O Mightiest! whose blest will
All the pure stars rejoicingly fulfil.

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

Is not woman's fond heart a fathomless mine,
Affection's securest, her holiest shrine?
There it blooms in its beauty, luxuriant and free,
As a flowret of fragrance, though lowly it be.
The blast may be bleak, and bitter the storm
Of adversity's wind sweeping over its form;
It can ne'er be destroy'd, but its beauties will fade,
If aside as neglected it ever be laid.

If the hopes that have nursed it should wither and die,
The stream that refreshed it prove shallow and dry,
Warm sighs will oft fan, and tears will bedew
The cherished exotic, in hopes to renew
The fragrance, and beauty, the heart-thrilling glow
That o'erspread every sense when it opened to blow:
Then the thorns were unseen, unlooked for the blight,
For the dazzling of hope hid the future from sight.

Though the chill of unkindness should rob it of bloom,
Or the frailty of life lay it low in the tomb;
Then the past that is human will moulder and die,
But the *brightest* and *best* will ascend to the sky;
For e'en woman's affection would be robbed of its worth,
Were its joys and its fears alone centred on earth.
It must rest upon God—then will all be secure,
And the love of His creatures be constant and pure.

HENRIETTA OF FRANCE.

"MARKED you the handsome Englishman, maidens!" said a lovely female, suddenly raising her form from the velvet cushions on which she had been reclining, to a small coterie of young women, one of whom immediately replied—

"By 'r lady an' I had not, the description these silly maidens gave of him, one to another, would have moved St. Bridget herself to love."

"Peace, Maguire," replied the same silvery tones that had first spoken; "know you who he is?"

"Noble lady, I do not; but a knight of no small degree, for he hath a marvellously noble smooth-spoken 'squire with whom I held a trifling converse this evening: he would, no doubt, remove the fair Henrietta's ignorance. By my troth, the 'squire might be Prince Charles himself."

"Tush, Maguire! dismiss these maidens; I would be alone with thee," responded the Princess.

The maidens had scarcely retired, when Henrietta, leaning back on her couch, whispered to the arch-looking, but silent Maguire—

"Maguire, should you meet the 'squire, again question him of his master's rank; but you need not mention who willed you to do so."

"No, lady. I had promised to listen to a few words from him to night. I will then question him, as well concerning his master's as his own rank."

"Maguire, be wary of this man's conversation."

"Lady, I will only question him of his master; you know that cannot be wrong," said Maguire, her bright eyes dancing with mischief under her raised brows, speaking truths themselves, and drawing truth from the now blushing Henrietta.

"Wild, silly girl, touch thy lute. That romantic mind will lead thee astray."

Maguire instantly swept the strings of her lute to a merry tune of chivalry and love; but her fair mistress's mind was not attuned to mirth, and she turned pettishly to her, saying,

"Cease thy trifling; I like not such childish ways."

Then quickly recovering her usual urbanity of manner, she smilingly continued—"But, go; thy misanthropic strains, and witching eyes, are sadly wasted on our presence; and by the Holy Virgin I will arraign this said 'squire for depriving me of my minstrel."

"Then fare thee well, royal lady; doubt not my abilities in cross questioning, till I return to thee without the wished-for news."

"Farewell! summon my tire-women: I will to my couch, for I feel sadly fatigued."

The tire women were summoned: and Maguire, casting one more laughing glance on her loved mistress, disappeared through the long door into a garden, humming the tune she had begun to the fanciful Henrietta; till at length she was answered from one of the portals of the castle in the same strain, only in a gruff voice.

"Here, by the holy saints! I began to curse my believing heart, when the promised hour struck, that had made me vain enough to think those mischievous eyes had told truth, when they looked on me with favour."

"Looked on you with favour—on a stranger? No, marry, if you would be looked on with favour, I must know thy name."

"And so you shall; but I must breathe it on those ripe lips;" and he proceeded to put his promise in practice; but Maguire, with one bound, was some yards from his outstretched arm, when she replied, firmly—

"Come not near me! keep thy distance, bold one, or as this is our first meeting, it shall be our last. One step nearer, and I am gone."

The cavalier's almost contemptuous curl of the lip, and licentious glare of the eye, did not bespeak him to be the unassuming character his first speech would have made him. But the curled lip and the glaring eye were quickly repressed, as he again spoke—

"Nearer I must come, for my name is not to be proclaimed in this place, but must be whispered even in thy ear, nor go beyond it—yet glance not again such lightning; by 'r lady it hath seared my heart. but tell me first, hast thou not a name?"

"I need not fear to tell thee mine, since shame has never yet touched it. 'Tis Maguire."

It would have been difficult to define the expression of the features, as she concluded this last sentence; but it seemed to be a compound of triumph and doubt, if she might be able to say this long. However, be it as it may, his voice had still the same insinuating tone as before, when he exclaimed,

"Now, by my soul, I know not if I ought to tell thee, but—" he drew close to her and whispered the remainder. Maguire started as he did so, threw her cloak close round her, as though with an intention of departing; yet she still lingered, her voice trembling as she asked—

"Then, whom is it you call master?"

"That, sweetest, is not mine to tell."

"Farewell then; we meet not again; if I had known to whom I had given my word to meet at this hour, we had not met."

"Nay, we do not part thus. The fairest of England's dames do not scorn me; yet, believe me, I would not have done as much for them. I will tell thee whom I call master; but, mind, it goes not beyond you. Question for question, you know, is all fair; tell me, then, is it for your fair mistress, the lovely Henrietta, you ask?"

"Can you not answer a fair lady's question, but you must be paid for it? I will not answer thee, dallier."

"Yet, 'tis said a woman cannot keep a secret; if 'twere not dark, I would read it in thine eyes. But thou shalt know his name, too, and then, mayhap, thou wilt not be so chary of thy words, sweet one." And again he drew nigh her, and whispered, and again she started, and exclaimed,

"Ah!"

"'Tis even so," he replied, to her exclamation; "and now wilt thou not let me press thy sweet cheek? and I will tell thee, too, that it is not only thy lady that loves; it is returned."

"Then, our Holy Lady bless thee for that news," replied the affectionate hearted French girl; and she held towards him "the prettiest hand," as he said, "he had ever pressed to his lips."

"And now, Monsieur, we part—"

"To meet again; when?"

"I know not;" and away she bounded, light as a fairy, to her mistress's room.

"By —, this girl hath moved me to some purpose. Why, what a poltroon am I turning to—a blabber too—but I am deceived if those black eyes do not love mischief too well to tell Henrietta what she knows; an' if she does, what matters—only 'twill spoil all his plans; and to a love-sick, romantic boy, this would be vexatious—let it go as it will, I care not, so I can still make women believe themselves angels, while I know them to be fools."

Thus he soliloquized, as he turned towards the gay city, in a jeering, self-satisfied tone, and stopped at a dirty, low looking house, which from the number of voices, and lighted windows, seemed to be an hotel; and as he ascended the narrow creaking stairs, and

opened the door of a room at their head, he chuckled to himself, and even when he had entered it, and stood before a second person, he was minutes ere he composed his features to their usually sly, daring look.

"Ay, dallier, is it you? where hast been, now, hunting out the prettiest damsels of merry France? You look merry—canst thou not pour the mirthful subject into our ears?"

The speaker appeared of noble birth and handsome person, and there was a sort of mournful persuasiveness in his eyes and manners, that made him still more interesting to the beholder. A smile of the sweetest meaning curved his cheeks, and lighted his deep blue eyes, as his companion, in a half audible whisper, communicated his news.

"Sayest thou true?" he exclaimed; "then by my hopes of heaven, we will no further."

"Stay," replied his companion; "that will not do—we must finish our journey."

"Well! be it as thou wilt," said the other mildly, and they separated.

When Maguire entered the palace, she found her mistress had retired; but morning had scarcely lifted her dusky eyelid, when she was summoned to the side of her couch. She entered with the same sweet laugh dancing in her eyes, and dimpling her cheeks, and the same arch elevated brow, but she spoke not.

"Maguire!"

"Yes, Madam!" answered that lover of mischief.

"Last night—"

"What, lady?"

"Provoking girl! you know for what purpose you left me. Explain, then, what you learnt."

"Royal Henrietta, I grieve to tell, I cannot give you his name, but—"

"How, Maguire—so taken up with thine own silly fancy, that thou couldst not do this little errand? By the Holy Virgin we must part."

"Oh, no, lady!" replied Maguire, as she stood weeping at her mistress's side; "no, you took me because I was an orphan, keep me then for the same cause; whither should I go, were I to leave you? Forgive me!"

"Tush, Maguire, I did not mean it, thou weak hearted girl; but tell me what thou learnt."

"I cannot tell you more than that he is of noble birth, and untarnished courage."

"Dost thou know his name?"

"Lady, I do, but I gave a promise not to reveal it."

"Then, what use was the learning it, girl?"

"I could then tell you if you might receive his advances as a true knight—and, lady, thou mayest—"

"Tush! I wanted not to know that—did you learn the 'quire's name?"

"Yes," exclaimed Maguire, her face and neck blushing a scarlet that seemed to dry her tears, for her eyes were again flashing mirth. "Yes! and by my troth, he might be Prince Charles himself," she continued, casting a keen glance on her mistress, but she read nothing there.

"What makes thy silly head run on Prince Charles, thinkest thou he would come in disguise to woo our maidens?"

There was a tone of pique in her voice, as she said so, which Maguire easily discovered.

"No, lady, but I had hoped his master might have turned out some such person," she replied.

"And he is not! Maguire, this was one of your romantic moments; how could you imagine Prince Charles would be here, when he is contracted to the Infanta of Spain? and if he were, would he come disguised to our court, when his own rank would insure him a welcome! This time, Maguire, thou seest how silly thy fanciful head makes thee; but I hope yet I may know the rank of this unknown knight. Yet I would not have thee break thy promise."

"I cannot, Madam."

"I would not wish thee, Maguire, but thou wilt yet see thy favourite 'quire again—thou must then see what thou canst do."

"Lady, I will. I wish thee pleasant rest," said Maguire, and proceeded to her own room; but, as she closed her lady's door, she heard a deep-drawn sigh.

"Ah! is it so?" she murmured, as she crossed the winding galleries.

"Is what so, sweet one?" exclaimed a rough, yet fine voice.

"Bu—"

"No names!" said the same voice. It was the same 'quire Maguire had met in the palace yard.

"How came you here?" she asked, timidly, and shrinking some distance from him, as for safety.

"How came I here? Why, then, as you have made me confess before, I will tell you; 'quires know 'quires, you know, and I made bold to be seeking another word or two from you, when I heard you had been seen in the Princess's room." If he had told truth, however, he might have said, "He had won favour in a lower part of the palace, but not from 'quires."

"Be brief!" replied Maguire. "Say, then, does your royal lady know whom she favours?"

"She does not; but I should have sought you to request I might be allowed to tell her. Have I leave?"

"If there were only my word depending, sweetest, you should have it; but you know there is another, and that one I cannot obtain. I have sought thee to have thy promise renewed, and thou must do it. We go hence to-day, and I would not leave without a promise of thy favour."

"Waive that subject, Sir Knight. Thou wouldst not look honourably on a poor maiden like me, and otherwise I scorn thy love. I know whither you go—where thy master and thyself will forget they loved, or thought they loved, in France."

"By my soul no!" exclaimed her companion; if thy royal mistress and thyself love but as true as we do, a few months will prove it. But now farewell; if that silly boy had not set his mind on this journey, not one inch farther would I go," said the deceiver, hastily snatching the same little hand to his lips, that had suffered the same penance on the previous evening.—"Farewell, till we meet again on more open terms!" and he bent a deep scrutinizing glance on her blushing face, and moistened eye, and with a conscious glance of triumph left the palace.

"Is he gone?" she thought, "is he true? his words say yes! but there is something in his glance that makes me shrink—and his name—oh no, Maguire, you must not think of him. And my poor mistress, how shall I satisfy her? she has not the high spirit that will make me forget—I can, I know it—I would not have spoken but for my mistress's sake!"

Yes! thus reasoned Maguire, the tears coursing their way on her velvet cheek all the time. Yet, when she next sought her royal lady, her cheek was dry, and her eyes brilliant as ever; but a close observer might have traced something within, that sometimes dimmed her eye and made her lip quiver. She had mistaken her mistress, for she did not even question, or reply to a word that Maguire had told her of their interview. She seemed, indeed, to struggle a little with her pride, when, after a long silence, she said—

"Maguire, you did not say I loved, or I had asked those questions?"

"No, fair mistress."

"Then all is well. Ay, wench, let them go. The proud Englishman shall not say—let him be whom he may—that the Princess of wide spreading France loved an unknown knight. Yet, Maguire, my affectionate girl, I will own, if ever there were man I could love, it is he. Rank cannot alter that, Maguire. But enough

of this. I will to the King. Let this be the last time our converse turns this way."

"Even so," replied Maguire, and attended her mistresses.

Months had sped quickly by, and Maguire and her mistress had kept their resolution not to speak of the absent; but they were continually reading each other's looks, and with woman's lynx eyes they saw what each termed weakness in the other, and prided herself that she was free from.

It now, however, began to be rumoured in Henry's court, that the young Prince Charles was gone to Spain, to ratify the contract with the Infanta; then, that it was broken off; and many were the surmises as to the reasons, but few came near the fact.

Henrietta had been sitting with Maguire one morning, listening to the merry strains she could not but smile at, and then dropping a tear when Maguire altered the tune to a sad strain, for she had lately learned to sweep its strings slowly, and even to let her eyes fill with tears at her own minstrelsy. She had scarcely changed it to a soft strain, when a maiden entered to bid Henrietta to the King's presence.

"I come," she said; then, as she leaned on Maguire, and proceeded to the presence chamber, she softly whispered—"Maguire, I know not what hangs over me, but I feel strangely at this summons. I fear I have imbibed thy romantic disposition. Wait me here," she said aloud, as she entered the room and closed the door.

Maguire had been waiting nearly an hour, when the door again opened, and an officer of state ushered out the pale, weeping Henrietta. She took her arm in silence, and gained her apartments; then, throwing herself on the couch, burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Lady-mistress, what has happened? Let me weep with thee," said the already tearful maiden.

"Oh, Maguire! I have been deceiving myself—fancying I loved not—but, girl, look well into your own heart, and tell me, have you quite torn him you favoured from your heart? If you have, I do, indeed, envy you. Ah! thou art even as weak as I am, else why that crimsoned cheek? Maguire, that Prince of whom thou thinkst so much, hath made proposals for me, and the King, my brother, hath said yea! and I was sent for to ratify the word—and then, girl, I found—I knew my heart—I have said no! but it will not avail me: how happy art thou, that canst say yes or no, as it wills thee. Smile you when you see me thus? Then, indeed, I am deceived." Thus spoke the distressed Princess, her whole frame shaking convulsively, and her tears dried in the burning glance she threw on Maguire, as she now smilingly answered—

"No, I smile not because thou art unhappy; that is not Maguire—but thou wilt yet be happy—think, royal lady—Queen of England!"

"Girl, thou dost not love, or if thou dost, 'tis for gain. Begone! I will not listen to thee. Ah! art thou weeping? I am passionate, girl. I did not mean what I said. But you know not how I love."

"Yes, yes! I know thou lovest; but wilt thou not then go to England? And where art thou more likely to meet him thou lovest than there?"

"Aye, girl, to my sorrow. You form conclusions without thought. Should I not then be another's bride?"

Maguire seemed to struggle with some powerful inward feeling, and did not answer.

"Ah! I see you think I should love the empty title of Queen! but you are deceived. Say, girl, what would you do—would you wed one man when you loved another?"

"No, lady, no, that I would not; but I prophesy you will love the Prince, and—"

"You might as well think to put fire in water, and make it retain its heat." And thus the conversation terminated.

It was renewed almost every day, for on no other subject could the mind of the Princess turn. Maguire thought she was composed, and consented to the match readily; but she was deceived again, it was pride—wounded pride, that caused the eye of the Princess to be tearless; not that she felt less; no, her heart was full to bursting, "but should it be said she loved one who scorned her?—no!"

The time was now quickly approaching that was to seal her fate; 1625 had already begun its course; the splendid presents of the Prince were come, and several of the English nobility had arrived, to witness her nuptials.

"And I am to be married by proxy, Maguire? Not even to see my future husband. Maguire! Maguire! I cannot but envy thee," she said, as the eventful day approached.

It came; and, pale and trembling, Henrietta stood, surrounded by her maidens, in the chapel of the palace. Maguire stood nearest her, and her English attendants ranged behind her. Her royal brother, Louis XIII., graced the nuptials. At length the Prince's proxy entered, attended by Buckingham, and several 'squires, who bowed lowly to Henrietta, and took their respective places.

Maguire turned from pale to red successively, and grasped the altar for support as she recognized Buckingham, but as quickly recovered herself at a glance from his eye.

As Henrietta went through the ceremony, the bold glances of Buckingham made her tremble, and when the service was concluded, and she was hailed as the Prince's wife, she took Maguire's arm, and followed by her attendants left the chapel.

"Maguire, 'tis done! the trial is over; but did you observe that bold man they called the Duke of Buckingham? Tell me, is it not him, of whom we have heard so much? of his gallantry—I mean? But you tremble, Maguire—are you ill?"

All this was whispered, and Maguire, in the same manner, answered—

"Royal Princess, I am well; but I did not notice him much—he is that same man of whom you have heard so much licentiousness;" and she thought, "I fear, lady, we shall prove it ere we reach England. How much fitter he looked for her bridegroom, than mine. Yes! lady, you think your fate hard—then what would you think of mine? But he will not dare offer the wife of his Prince any indignity."

That night neither Maguire nor her mistress slept much. Each pondered on their relative situations; one, indeed, was splendid; but how was its splendour increased when the morning brought despatches from England, and she learned that, through the death of her father-in-law, James I., she was Queen of England, and she would in a month be in her husband's court! Yet she felt not pleasure; and, when Maguire entered the room, she had knelt to pray that "God would make her to love the King, her husband, as she ought to love."

Buckingham waited on her each day, and his disgusting attentions increased. Maguire he still flattered with, but she saw through him now, and despised him with the same ardour that she had loved him.

The ship mounted her gayest colours, when the Princess, weeping from the last embrace of her royal brother, stepped on her deck. Maguire accompanied her, but she left not any one in France she would have cared to take with her; she loved only her Queen, and with her she was. It was true, Buckingham was in the ship; but he was hateful to her, and he, piqued by her scorn, treated her as one beneath his notice.

Henrietta landed amidst the cheers of her subjects, and her mild, pale face increased their love for her, and she was followed to the palace by rich and poor.

Yet, that woman's foible, vanity! made her seek her

bridal dress to appear in, for she knew its spotless white became her.

Buckingham gazed a long look on her as he led her to the presence of her husband. She trembled violently, and buried her face in her veil, as though to hide her husband's face from her view till the last minute; but, as she approached closer, her knees refused to support her, and she sank trembling into outstretched arms, and those arms were King Charles's!

"Henrietta, our consort, look up!" said a voice that seemed to act as magic on her; for she opened her eyes, and fixed them, 'midst the sweetest blushes, on him.

She looked from Buckingham to Maguire, and then on her consort; and tears, but different from what she had lately shed, fell thickly from her eyes, and they were kissed away by her disguised lover, Prince Charles, and King Charles I.

"Maguire, thou naughty one! I will punish thee: tell me, now, where is thy lover?"

"That was him, my Queen; but I throw him from me: I would not now accept him;" and a tear trickled from beneath her long silken lashes.

"Right, right, girl!" said Henrietta; but Buckingham, the usual haughty smile curling his mouth, repeated—"Right," and turned on his heel.

Charles was not in the humour to sue for an explanation, and the scene passed.

"We will be crowned to-morrow, Buckingham," said he; and he sealed the promise on the lips of his wife. Maguire soon after became the bride of one of the King's gentlemen, and continued in her loved Queen's train; and her simple, light-hearted manner soothed the unfortunate Henrietta's soul in more trying moments than had yet passed over her youthful head.*

* It is in the recollection of every reader of history, that at the period in which the above little sketch is laid, Prince Charles and Buckingham travelled through France in disguise, under the names of Jack and Tom Smith—that they went to a ball at Paris, where the Prince first saw the Princess Henrietta—that they were received at the court of Spain with all possible demonstrations of respect—and that Buckingham filled the whole city of Madrid with adventures, serenades, challenges, and jealousy. D'Iræli, in his *Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First*, throws considerable light on the secret history of the proposed Spanish match, and also on that of the courtship and marriage of Prince Charles with the royal Henrietta. D'Iræli, too, is, in some respects, an apologist for Buckingham. "A royal favourite," he observes, "whatever he may be, has the two great divisions of mankind arrayed in hostility against him: the great, into which class he has been obtruded; and the obscure, which he has forever abandoned—and still his most formidable enemy has usually been found in himself. Many have been torn to pieces by the triumphant people; for whether the unhappy man be a *Sejanus*, a *Marshal d'Ancre*, or the *Pensionary De Witt*, the populace in every age, agitated by the same hatred of the abuses of power, imagine that they are satiating their vengeance on the single state-victim which has been cast out to them. We may, however, be struck by this curious fact, that there is hardly one of these renowned favourites but has found an unimpassioned apologist: and on a calmer investigation than their contemporaries were capable of exercising, they have been considerably exculpated from the errors, the crimes imputed to them, and some better designs have been manifested in these condemned men, than the passions of their enemies could discover.

Good manners is the art of making easy those people with whom we converse—whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred in the company.

HINDOO PASTIMES.

AMONGST the various pastimes resorted to for the purpose of wiling away the hours which the sultry heats of Hindoostan doom the inhabitants to pass, in what might otherwise prove wearisome confinement, within doors, there is none of which the natives, particularly of the higher classes both male and female, Mussulman and Hindoo, seem more fond than that of listening to entertaining stories. Of these, under the several names of *Charitra*, *Keest'hee*, and *K'haunie*, many are legends of the devout lives, austere practices, and instructive discourses of celebrated *Durweish*, *Fakirs*, and other religious characters; many relate the adventures of the most remarkable personages—rulers, warriors, and statesmen—who figure in their annals; some partake of the romantic cast, which distinguishes the well-known "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," while others are simple fables, or mere tales, which serve the purpose of lighter amusement. Scarcely is there a *zennanah* in which one or more women companions are not entertained, whose chief business is to tell such stories and fables to their lady employer, while she is composing herself to sleep; and, among persons of rank and opulence, the males also pretty generally indulge in the same practice, of being talked to sleep by their male attendants; and it is a certain recommendation to the favour of the employer, of either sex, when one of these dependants has acquired the happy knack of "telling the *k'haunie*"—fable—with an agreeable voice and manner. There are, also, many individuals who practise this species of story-telling as a profession, deriving their means of subsistence, principally from the exercise of their powers of amusing in this way, parties assembled on festive occasions, in the private residences of persons in easy circumstances, or in the inns, and places of entertainment for travellers, or at the great public fairs: and the more they embellish the narrative with brilliant flights of their own creative genius, the greater their merit in the judgment of their hearers."

GROTTO OF SAKOUE.

NOT far from Manfalout, and towards the end of the long marsh which closes Upper Egypt, on the plateau of the Arabic chain, and close to the surface of the ground, is the entrance to this grotto, still but little known to Europeans, and excavated in the centre of the mountain by the unaided hand of nature. It consists of a suite of vast and lofty saloons, connected with passages so narrow, that you are forced to crawl on your knees, and separated from one another by partitions of stalactites, which are now blackened by the smoke of the torches, and the soot which accumulated during a long conflagration; but which originally must have shone with all the brilliancy of crystal. It is a serious and profound retreat, of which the termination, after a four or five hours' investigation, has not yet been discovered. At a period too remote to be known, the mummies of crocodiles, of all sizes, have been carried into this gloomy cavern; the largest are ranged in successive layers, from the ground to the roof of the immense halls; those of middling size in separate packages of fifty and sixty, intermingled here and there with human mummies which were once gilt, and large strata of rosin, in which are piled up, in all directions, millions of small crocodiles. A curious circumstance is the enormous quantity of linen in which these animals are wrapped; several vessels might be loaded with it. These melancholy remains are clothed better than the Egyptian peasantry of our days. Whether from accident or design, fire was set to these dried linens, and burnt slowly for several years. At the sight of the heap of ashes which the fire has left, we conclude all has been destroyed; on looking at what remains, we imagine that nothing has been lost.

THE FIRST ROMANCE.

SOLYMAN, the emperor of the Turks, surnamed by his subjects, *Ranani*, or *Institutor of Rules*, and by Christian historians. The Magnificent, ascended the throne in the year 1520, from which time, until the period of his death in 1566, he continued the terror of Europe. In execution of his avowed purpose to overturn the German empire, he opened a way into Hungary by the capture of Belgrade, totally defeated the army of the Hungarians, (whose young King *Lewis* fell in the retreat) and subsequently took Buda, Pest, and other important places. After the death of *Lewis*, the *Waywode* of Transylvania, prevailed by intrigues with the Hungarian nobility, to get himself elected king; but his title was disputed by *Ferdinand*, Archduke of Austria, who claimed the crown in right of his wife *Anne*, sister of the late king, and putting himself at the head of an army in assertion of his rights, marched into lower Hungary, and invested Buda.

Among the feudatory chieftains whom the Archduke had summoned to his assistance, was *Casimir*, Margrave of Brandenburg, in whose ranks there served, as a private soldier, a native of Anspach, named *Leopold*, not less remarkable for his personal strength than for his dauntless intrepidity. *Leopold* distinguished himself during the siege of Buda, and when that place was taken in a desperate night assault, he was one of the first who escalladed the walls, and entered the city. Finding all further resistance useless, the mass of the Turkish garrison made their escape by one of the gates, but several detached parties, being intercepted in their retreat, hurried tumultuously about the streets. A band of these fugitives burst into the noble palace built by *Matthias Corvinus*, a former king of Hungary, and rushing into the chapel, clung to the altar, imagining that no Christian soldier would violate so holy a sanctuary. In this, however, they were woefully mistaken. *Leopold* and some of his comrades followed close upon their heels, and without staying to expiate the desecration by any more lengthened process than that of kissing the cross hilts of their swords, assaulted the wretched *Mussulmen*, put them to death without compunction, rifled their persons, and then dispersed about the palace in search of other plunder.

Treasures of art and literature, which even the ignorant Turks had respected, were now doomed to be rifled and destroyed by still more ignorant Christians, if that name could be justly applied to the rude and infuriated soldiery, who were making havoc of every thing in the palace. It had been the pride of its builder to import from Italy for its decoration, not only the most precious statues, vases, and antiques, but the rarest books and manuscripts for the formation of an extensive library. In the confusion of indiscriminate pillage, many of the former were overthrown and broken, but the ravagers had not yet made their way to the library, which was detached from the main building, and approached by a corridor. Along this, *Leopold* was the first to pass. It was terminated by a closed door, which, with the assistance of his sword, he wrenched open, hoping that he had stumbled upon the treasury of the palace. Not less to his disappointment than surprise, he found himself in a spacious apartment, stored from the floor to the ceiling with books and manuscripts, surmounted by busts, vases, and *patere*. Lifting up his torch, he made a hasty survey of the library, which he was about to quit, as containing nothing of sufficient value to tempt his cupidity, when the light flashed upon the cover of a book richly decorated, emblazoned with gold, and fastened with clasps of the same costly metal. Our soldier could not read, nor would his scholarship have availed him in this instance,

even had he received the rudiments of education, for the work was a Greek manuscript. Estimating its value by its costly exterior, he thrust it into his half armour, and hastened to the other rooms of the palace in search of further and more attractive plunder. How far he succeeded in this object we have no means of ascertaining, but it appears shortly after the capture of the city he sold his manuscripts to *Vincent Obsopeus*, of Basle, who published it in 1534, and in his dedication to the senate of Nuremberg, briefly related the foregoing circumstances.

The work thus singularly rescued from destruction, proved to be a romance, composed by *Heliodorus*, bishop of Trica, in the fourth century, of whom *Nicophorus* relates, that a synod having given him his choice either to burn his "love story" or to renounce his bishoprick, the paternal regard of the author for the offspring of his brain, prevailed so far over his sense of episcopal duty, that he chose rather to lose his mitre than to throw his romance into the fire. It bore the title of *Αἰθιοπικά*, or the *Ethiopics*, and contained "the adventures and amours of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*," by which latter title it is generally known to modern readers.

Many writers doubt the fact of *Heliodorus* having sacrificed his bishopric rather than his book. Whether or not their suspicions be well founded, we may conclude that, at the decline of literature, when the Greek language fell into desuetude, controversial theology superseded every other reading, the work in question was consigned to a long oblivion on the dusty shelves of some monastery, where it slept all through the dark ages, until in the fifteenth century, it was rescued from oblivion by some agent of the Hungarian king, *Matthias Corvinus*, who it is known, despatched emissaries both to Italy and Greece, for the purchase of curious manuscripts and rare works of art. In the library of its new proprietor at Buda, though doubtless known to the few literati who had access to that collection, and were masters of the Greek tongue, it might still be said to have been buried in a comparative obscurity. On the capture and pillage of the city and library in 1526, most of the other works were dispersed or destroyed; but the loves of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, snatched from the general doom, and given to the world in a variety of translations, were destined to enjoy a subsequent celebrity, which might well atone for their long previous oblivion.

Who would have thought that the volume thus casually preserved by a succession of lucky chances, should be the primary source of those innumerable and redundant streams that are fed by the romances and novels of modern literature? The mighty waters of the seven-mouthed Nile seem less disproportioned to the insignificant Abyssinian springs whence they proceed, than does our present wide world of fictitious narrative to the little Ethiopic volume of *Heliodorus*: yet from this must all our novels be deduced. Bishop *Huet*, a contemporary and admirer of the *Scuderis*, and too apt, perhaps, to judge after the models of that time, pronounced the work in question to be the most ancient monument that has reached us, of adventures, suppositions and yet probable, conceived artfully, and written in prose, for the amusement and instruction of the reader. A Latin translation, by *Stanislaus Warszewicki*, a Polish knight, was published at Basle in 1551; since which time, versions have been made in most of the modern languages.

Opening in a very striking and spirited manner, the incidents of the romance succeed one another with rapidity, and the interest of the first part is tolerably well sustained: but the second is somewhat tedious and

wire-drawn. The unexpected meetings of the lovers after their separations, though by no means deficient in the marvellous, cease to excite or surprise us; and we feel far from dissatisfied when their long desired nuptials terminate the work. Is it to be presumed that the romance of real life always ceases with marriage? Our novelists seem to think so—for the great majority have, in this respect, been imitators of Heliodorus.

In the Ethiopic romance there are observations that evince a considerable insight into human nature, generally viewed; but there is little attempt at that marked and faithful portraiture of individual character which constitutes the charm of modern fictitious narrative. As in the Arabian and other Oriental tales, the parties introduced are rather distinguished by their professions and stations in life, than by personal and peculiar traits. Heliodorus, and the other ancient tale writers, described with tolerable accuracy the different divisions of mankind; but they had no idea of isolating a member from his class—they attempted no idiosyncrasy. This is the great distinction between the ancient and the modern schools.

From internal evidence, it might be presumed that the Ethiopic romance was written not only before its author obtained the mitre, but even previously to his being converted to Christianity: for it is composed throughout in a Pagan spirit, though free from indelicacy, and often affecting a high moral tone. At the conclusion of his work, the writer informs us that he

is a Phœnician, a native of the city of Emessa, and a descendant of the sun, as, indeed his name implies, although it is a boast which a Christian would hardly make. Bayle, however, pertinently remarks, that this vaunt is by no means conclusive evidence of heathenism, since it might be merely adduced to establish the honorable antiquity of his family, just as St. Jerome makes St. Paul a descendant of Agamemnon; and Bishop Ignésius was proud to reckon Hercules among his ancestors. There must be something natural to men in this family pride, absurd as it may appear to philosophers, when we find saints and bishops referring with such complacency to their progenitors among the Pagan heroes and demigods, and thus obliquely admitting the heathen Polytheism, even while they claim to be the champions of Christianity.

Some writers assign a more ancient origin to Romance than the age of Heliodorus, and refer to the Milesiæci of Aristides, a collection of short licentious tales, which found imitators among the Greeks and Romans, more especially in Apuleius and Lucian, who flourished in the second century. Their compositions, however, were rather tales and allegories, than romances. Macrobius has allotted, *The Golden Ass*, and all such rhapsodies, to the perusal of nurses; and the emperor Severus expresses great indignation that the senate should bestow the title of learned upon Claudius Albinus, who had only stuffed his head with idle tales taken out of Apuleius.

OPHELIA.

A DIRGE.

SOFTLY to the earth restore
One whom for an hour she gave;
With gentle steps, as though ye bore
Virtue's self unto the grave;
In this darkness cold and deep,
Lay her silently to sleep.

Pilgrims to a vacant shrine,
O'er the desert slow we toil;
Busy workers in a mine,
Reaping but the barren soil;
Care and grief besiege the breast,
Motion ever—never rest.

But this fairest girl hath won
Sleep that breeds no troubled dream,
And the earth we heap upon
Her virgin bosom ne'er shall teem,
However bright before it fade,
With sweeter flow'r than here is laid.

Water blind and brooding ooze,
Which, in silent death, conceive,
Yielded back what now we lose,
In the dumb chill ground to leave;—
Never more while Time shall be,
Earth, must she be rais'd from thee!

All the pleasure thou canst give,—
All the bliss thou tak'st away;
Springs still flowing while we live,
Lie frozen in that heart to-day.
Cold and dry may be their bed,
Yet warm as sunshine to the dead.

For virtue shall the mould perfume
With odour of her sacrifice,
And love shall shed his softest bloom
On the verdure where she lies,—
And peace, the child of hope and pray'r,
Shall bend the knee, and worship there.

THE RECALL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Alas! the kind, the playful, and the gay,
They who have gladdened their domestic board,
And cheer'd the winter hearth—do they return?
Joanna Bailla.

Come home! there's a sorrowing breath
In music, since ye went:
And the early flower-scents wander by
With mournful memories blent;
The sounds of every household voice
Are grown more sad and deep,
And the sweet word, Brothers, makes a wish
To turn aside and weep.

Oh, ye beloved, come home! the hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone!
And darkly, heavily it falls
On the forsaken room,
Burdening the heart with tenderness,
And deepens midst the gloom.

Where finds it you, our wandering ones?
With all your boyhood's glee?
Untamed beneath the desert's palm,
Or on the lone mid sea?
Mid stormy hills of battles old,
Or where dark rivers foam?
Oh! life is dim where ye are not—
Back, ye beloved! come home!

Come with the leaves and winds of spring,
And swift birds o'er the main!
Our love is grown too sorrowful—
Bring us its youth again!
Bring the glad tones to music back—
Still, still your home is fair,
The spirit of your sunny life
Alone is wanting there!

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MRS. NORTON.

I KNEW, I knew the end would come,
And thou hast willed, and we must part,
But, oh! though banished from thy home,
Thou canst not thrust me from thy heart.
No; vainly wide with all its storms,
Between us rolls the distant sea,
Though many a mile divide our forms,
Thy soul shall still be full of me!

When the glad daylight shall arise,
And wake to life thy troubled breast;
Oh thou shalt miss the laughing eyes
That hung enamour'd o'er thy rest;
When from the midnight blue and deep,
The sad moon gleams o'er land and sea,
The night-winds in their rushing sweep
Shall bring thee back the thought of me.

And thou shalt shrink before my name,
And sigh to hear the lays I sung;
And curse the lips that dare to blame
Her, whom thine own reproaches wrung.
Thy life is charm'd! a weary spell
Shall haunt thy spirit day by day;
And shadows in thy home shall dwell
Of scenes for ever past away.

Years—chilling years—shall slow glide by,
And find thee lonely, joyless, still;
And forms more fair shall charm thine eye,
But have no power the heart to fill.
Even while they pledge thee passion's vow,
The sudden pang that none may see,
Shall darken on thine altered brow,
Thou'lt answer *them*—but think of *me*.

When languid sickness numbs each limb,
Fancy shall bring my stealing tread,
And weary eyes, with watching dim,
To visit thy forsaken bed.
Go, rove through every clime on earth,
And dream thy falsehood sets thee free;
In joy, in pain, in love, or mirth,
I still will haunt thy memory.

INFANCY.

How beautiful is Infancy!

The bud upon the tree
With all its young leaves folded yet,
Is not so sweet to me.
How day, like a young mother, looks
Upon the lovely thing,
And from its couch at her approach,
How rosy sleep takes wing.

O this makes morning's toilette-hour
So beautiful to see;
Her rising wakens all young things,
The babe, the bird, the bee.
The infant sun-beams from the clouds
That curtain their blue bed,
Peep forth, like little ones that fear
Lest darkness be not fled;
Till morn assures them, and they waive
Their saffron wings and take
The rapture of their rosy flight,
O'er lea, and lawn, and lake;
Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies
That float about like flowers,
And the bee abroad on busy wing
To seek the budding bowers;
And breezes upspring from the sea,
And hurrying o'er the hills,
Brushing the bright dews as they pass,
And rippling all the rills.

But Infancy! sweet Infancy!

Thou'rt sweeter than all these,
Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,
Or bower, or beam, or breeze;
Far sweeter is thy blooming cheek,
Thine eyes all bland and bright,
Thy mouth, the rosy cell of sound,
With thy budding teeth all white;
Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,
Thy gushes of glad mirth,
The clapping of thy rosy hands,
Thou merriest thing on earth!
Thou gift of Heaven—thou promise-plant—
On earth, in air, or sea,
There's nothing half so priceless, or
So beautiful as thee!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

PASTIME is a word that should never be used but in a bad sense: it is vile to say such a thing is agreeable, because it helps to pass the time away.

When the tax on newspapers, proposed by Mr. Pitt, in 1789, was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Drake said that he disliked the tax, and would oppose it from a motive of gratitude. "The gentlemen concerned in writing for them had been particularly kind to him: they had made him deliver many well-shaped speeches, though he was convinced that he had never spoken so well in his whole life."

The general principles of urbanity, politeness or civility, have been the same in all nations, but the mode in which they are dressed is continually varying. The general idea of showing respect, is by making

yourself less; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, prostration, pulling off the upper part of your dress, or taking away the lower, is a matter of custom.

The news of the declaration of war, in 1812, did not reach Michilimacinae under two months. The journey is now performed in nine days.

One would suppose that bigamy might have escaped the lash of the law, since it is a crime that always carries its own punishment with it.

Correction may reform negligent boys, but not amend those who are insensibly dull. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it.

Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent: nothing good, for that is *vanity*; nothing bad, for that is *affectation*; nothing indifferent, for that is *silly*.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions: when they establish their fortune on the ruin of others—when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection—when they expect to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure—when they seek friends without making advances of friendship—and when they are unwilling to succour their friends in distress.

Next within the entry of the gate,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To die by death, or 'venged by death to be.

It was said of a rich miser that he died in great want—the want of more money.

In the year of Rome 695, the Roman senate decreed that Ptolemy, King of Cyprus, should be publicly sold as a slave habited in his royal robes.

The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

A contented mind and a good conscience will make a man happy in all conditions.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance; nay, more than upon all external things put together.

Where the sympathies of the heart have not been encouraged to expand, no cultivation of the understanding will have power to render the character eminently great or good.

Artificial wants are more numerous and lead to more expense than natural wants; for this cause, the rich are often in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competence.

In every situation of life there are comforts. Find them out, and enjoy them.

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valour limited: she sits serene
In the deliberate council; sagely scans
The source of action; weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Some men of talent and merit are only pleased with the society of their inferiors, where they find it easiest to shine. This is to calculate very foolishly; since, in striving with a man of ability, we sharpen our own powers—but always degenerate in exercising ourselves with fools.

Coffee, first brought into England by Nathaniel Cowpeas, a Cretan, 1651.

Recipe for being universally beloved.—Lend, and never ask to be paid; make presents, give treats, bear and forbear, do everybody a good turn, hold your peace, and suffer yourself to be cheated.

The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front of show.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

All the worth of some people lies in their mighty names; upon a closer inspection, that which we took for merit disappears. It was only the distance which imposed upon us before.

Be careful how you charge another with weakness or inconsistency; he may be governed by motives beyond your apprehension; it is the *final result* that stamps our conduct with wisdom or folly.

In many occurrences of life, genius and fancy discover evils which dullness and insensibility would escape—and delicacy of feeling mars that pleasure which thoughtless vivacity would perfectly enjoy.

'Tis not the wholesome, sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satiric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter; who will distort, and strain
The general scope and purpose of an author,
To his particular and private spleen.

Temperance indeed is a bridle of gold; and he who uses it rightly, is more like a god than a man; but the English, who are the most subject to melancholy, are, in general, very liberal and excellent feeders.

Pleasure is no rule of good; since when we follow pleasure merely, we are disgusted and change from one port to another; condemning that at one time, which at another we earnestly approve; and never judging equally of happiness whilst we follow passion and mere humour.

Laziness beget wearisomeness—and this put men in quest of diversions, play and company, on which, however, it is a constant attendant; he who works hard, has enough to do with himself otherwise.

RECIPES.

FOR DISCHARGING COLOURS.

THE dyers generally put all coloured silks which are to be discharged, into a copper in which half a pound or a pound of white soap has been dissolved. They are then to be boiled off. The copper beginning to be too full of colour, the silks are taken out and rinsed in warm water. In the interim a fresh solution of soap is to be added to the copper, and then proceed as before till all the colour is discharged. But for those colours that are wanted to be effectually discharged, such as greys, cinnamon, &c. when soap does not do, tartar must be used. But for slate colours, greenish drabs, olive drabs, &c. oil of vitriol in warm water must be used; if other colours, roche alum must be boiled in your copper, then cooled down and your silks entered and boiled off, recollecting to rinse them before they are again dyed. A small quantity of muriatic acid, diluted in warm water, must be used to discharge some fast colours; the goods must be afterwards well rinsed in warm and cold water to prevent any injury to the silk.

HOW TO DISCHARGE CINNAMONS, GREYS, &c. WHEN DYED TOO FULL.

Take some tartar, pounded in a mortar, sift it into a bucket, then pour over it some boiling water. The silks, &c. may then be run through the clearest of this liquor, which will discharge the colour; but if the dye does not take on again evenly, more tartar may be added, and the goods run through as before.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

AUGUST, 1888.

and was accordingly endowed as the princess of a fairy tale. Even the one thing wanting (a deficiency calculated to waken all a mother's anxieties) passed unregarded amid the multitude of her good gifts:—she was portionless. Mrs. Wyndham was aware that a rapacious heir-male was looking eagerly to her jointure, derived from an estate rigidly entailed which she had brought forth no son to inherit; and that a paltry pittance of

rest to push him forward in his profession," said the mother. "He has talent and energy," observed the daughter. "Arthur Burlinton is a man of low connexions." "He has the feelings and sentiments of a man of honour." And the spirited girl blushed while, for the first time, she ventured to oppose a mother's authority.

Mrs. Wyndham now attempted a different mode of

persuasion. "My child," said she, "you have been tenderly and delicately reared. Think what it would be to me to leave you exposed to the privations of penury, to the uncertain destinies of a soldier's wife!" But Caroline's heart was bright with the sunshine of youth; and though, at her mother's bidding, she looked forth into futurity, she could regard no privation as afflicting connected with the fortunes of the beloved Arthur. Penury was a mere word to a creature reared in the lap of luxury; economy a pleasing branch of minor morals; and as to the perils of a military career, her notion of warring armies was purely historical;—the dragons of that epoch seemed made to grace the splendid pageantry of reviews and parades. In short, her heart beat so quick whenever Arthur Burlinton's name was mentioned, that she had but little philosophy at her disposal for the consideration of their mutual prospects. She wept, indeed, while listening to her mother's appeal; and Mrs. Wyndham augured wonders from her tears, without suspecting that they flowed from the consciousness of having already entangled herself in a solemn betrothment with the object of her mother's repugnance. Dreading a still more express and sacred prohibition, she even consented to fulfil the engagement by a secret marriage: Arthur having assured her that the mother who had dealt towards her with such undeviating indulgence, could not and would not withhold her benediction from a vow already solemnized. And so far he was right in his calculations; Mrs. Wyndham *did* consent to bless the penitent bride; she *did* extend her hand in pledge of peace to her unwelcome son-in-law; she *did* even hasten to slay the fatted calf, and make merry in honour of these ill-omened nuptials. But there was a touch of bitterness in her voice, and a glance of anguish in her eyes throughout all these rejoicings:—it was plain that she was only labouring to spare the feelings and the good name of her rebellious girl. Within a few weeks she sickened, died, was buried, without any ailment beyond the secret pang, betraying—

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Perhaps of the three, Arthur Burlinton was most to be pitied. He knew himself to be the active cause of Caroline's disobedience, the passive cause of Mrs. Wyndham's untimely end; and whenever he sat watching the tears that stole down the cheeks of his wife, seemed to note anew that mournful waive of the dying mother's head, which was ever present in the daughter's memory. His means were too small to afford to the delicate Caroline those luxuries or rather necessities of her station, which the loss of her cheerful home now rendered doubly necessary; and, worse than all, his own parents were still living, and far more bitterly incensed by his improvident marriage than the mild and affectionate woman whom it had hurried into the grave. The letter in which they acknowledged the avowal of his rashness was, in fact, of too harsh and sordid a nature to be shown to his wife. She was aware that her Arthur's father was a man of mean extraction, engaged in commercial life in a manufacturing town; that he had placed his handsome son in a hussar regiment in the hope that he would achieve greatness and have greatness thrust upon him, both professionally and matrimonially; but she did not know that on learning Arthur's alliance with a portionless girl instead of the heiress anticipated by his cupidity, he had rendered a curse for a blessing, and forbidden the young couple his house.

For some time Captain Burlinton managed to persuade his wife that the peremptory nature of his military duties alone prevented him from introducing her to his family; and she, who was so accustomed to the endearments of family affection, vainly sighed after

those unknown parents who, she trusted, would some day or other deign to replace her own lamented mother. But she was not yet fully sensible of the importance of that bereavement. It is in the day of our humiliation, rather than in the triumph of our pride, we turn our hearts to God; it is in our season of sorrow, rather than in the fulness of prosperity, we miss the tender hand that sheltered our infancy from harm, and wiped away the transient tears of youth. When herself on the eve of becoming a mother, when "fear came upon her soul," she recollected the possibility that the little being about to see the light might see it motherless; and wept anew for that kind parent who would have loved and sheltered her babe for her sake. Then, for the first time, a terrible sentence seemed whispered in her ears—"That tender mother is in her grave;—and thou, even thou, didst lay her there?"

Fortunately, her evil auguries were premature; she survived to press a living child in her living arms. But even the joy of that most joyous hour was damped by the same morbid self-upbraiding. While she listened in ecstasy to the feeble wail of her infant, and felt her heart grow big with rapture beyond the relief of tears, beyond the expression of words—the thought glanced into her mind that—Even so *thy* mother rejoiced in thy birth; thy mother, whom thou didst hasten to the grave!"

It was in vain that Arthur attempted to combat this afflicting notion. Whatever evil awaited her, Caroline's first impulse was to recognise the blow as a chastisement for her disobedience; and from the period—and it came but too soon—when poverty made itself apparent in their little household, she seemed to feel every privation and every humiliation as a sacrifice due to the memory of the departed. She struggled, indeed, against such evils as operated against the comforts of Arthur and his child as well as against her own; laboured diligently, and laid aside all the dainty repugnances of her gentle breeding. She felt that no task could be degrading to the hand of the mother or the wife; learnt to limit her hours of rest, to habituate herself to activity; and, but for that one corroding reminiscence of filial rebellion, would have been happier than in the days of her more brilliant fortunes. Arthur was a man of simple tastes, of high honour, of intellectual pursuits, of equable temper; and above all, of the most generous and ample devotion to herself; and with such a companion, how could his wife be otherwise than happy, and proud of her destiny?

A second year brought a second child, to diminish their stock of comforts, and amplify their sense of happiness. But although Caroline was patient and cheerful throughout all their domestic vexations, her husband had no longer fortitude to mark the wasting of her beautiful form, the sharpening of her lovely features. He saw that she was overtasked, feeble, and sinking under the excess of her exertions; and hastily penning a letter to his father, described in vivid colours the weakness and sufferings of his wife, and asked but for as much pecuniary aid as would afford her an additional servant.—*He was refused!* "A woman who could break the heart of her mother to gratify her own selfish predilections, deserves to reap the punishment of her disobedience," wrote Mr. Burlinton to his son. "And he is right!" ejaculated Caroline, who was not only present at the arrival of the letter, but as usual too near her husband's heart to be kept in ignorance of its contents. "My mother forewarned me against the miseries of poverty and want. It is but just that I should fulfil the denunciation incurred by my ingratitude.—He is right."

In one point, however, poor Mrs. Wyndham's prophecies proved utterly erroneous. She had foretold that amid the humiliations of poverty, domestic disunion would be engendered; that Arthur, deprived of the diversions and enjoyments of his bachelor life,

would become discontented and fractious; that love would be embittered into hatred by the potent drug of disappointment. But of this, at present, no symptom appeared; and it was perhaps the deep humility of poor Caroline, the touching and gentle penitence with which she kept holy the memory of her mother, and amid all her trials preserved the reminiscence of her filial rebellion as the darkest and worst, that rendered him doubly apprehensive of inflicting a single thorn upon a heart already deeply lacerated. His tenderness, so far from abating, increased with every comfort he was compelled to renounce for her sake; and a stranger might have detected each additional mortification by the augmented vigilance of his attention to her wishes.

"We must be cheerful, love!" Caroline would exclaim, suddenly rousing herself from a reverie of deep despondency in which the brilliant picture of her prosperous youth had arisen like a phantom from a tomb: "we must not wither the hearts of our girls by the premature spectacle of affliction. 'The eye of a child should gaze upon nothing but gladness; its ear should drink in none but joyous sounds; its little heart should not be chilled under the shadow of sorrow. Arthur, do you remember how gay I was when you first knew me?—do you remember how impossible I found it to believe in the reality of misery?—My mother (my poor mother, whom I destroyed) suffered no trouble to approach me. She chose that my youth should be bright as the summer sunshine; that my heart should cherish her image connected only with remembrances of tenderness and enjoyment. Let it be so with our children, Arthur. Let us shut up our miseries within our own bosoms; let them not already suspect the existence of grief and pain. Smile, dear Arthur, smile;—in spite of all our trials, we have riches and joys and compensations beyond the common lot of men;—strong mutual affection, unswerving mutual confidence, and fervent trust in the mercies of Heaven. So long, dearest, as I can hold your hand in mine—so long as I see those approving eyes bent upon all my doings—so long as I can lay down my head to rest and hear your breathing in the dead of night, mingled with the murmurs of my children—I dare not commend my destiny to the interposition of Providence. I have still blessings to be thankful for, of which I must not peril the loss by seeming thanklessness. Let us be cheerful, Arthur; let us smile and be cheerful!'"

But the period now approached in which to smile or be cheerful was beyond the efforts of a father and a husband. War was declared!—and, just as habits of strict economy enabled them to limit their wants within their narrow income, and provide for the necessities of four living beings out of a pittance that had barely sufficed the luxuries of one, the prospect of leaving three of the number friendless and destitute, darkened for the first time the hopes of professional advancement. The big, round drops rose on the forehead of the father of the little family, when he contemplated those perils which could only abbreviate for himself the bitterness of a blighted career, but which might render his wife a widow—his children fatherless. His two girls were now old enough to comprehend and report the rumours of the barracks; and it was not many days after intelligence arrived that the regiment was among the first destined to foreign service, that little Caroline echoed the dreadful tidings in her mother's sick room. Mrs. Burlington had been for some weeks an invalid, and this blow was too much for her enfeebled frame. Delirium was added to indisposition; and the gallant soldier, who felt the impossibility of turning a deaf ear to the summons of honour, even though it claimed him from the bedside of a dying wife, had the misery of imprinting his parting kiss on lips unconscious of his departure; on lips which, amid all their feverish debility, refrained not

from incoherently repeating, "Even as *she* threatened, so let it be!—The curse is upon me.—No parental blessing hallowed our union. She said it would destroy her, if I wedded with a soldier.—I murdered my mother;—and now I must die broken-hearted, and atone the crime."

She did not, however, die;—no, not even when, on the gradual restoration of her reason, she found she could no longer clasp that hand in hers—no longer sun herself in that approving smile—no longer, in the stillness and the darkness of night, listen for the light breathing of the bosom she loved, and feel that a strong arm of defence still secured her against all earthly enemies.—Now all was silent—all blank—all chill—all hopeless. She had nothing left but two helpless children weeping for their father, and the bitter memory of her own filial ingratitude.

"I must struggle against this overpowering weakness," faltered poor Caroline, when she remembered how ill she had been—how friendless and destitute she was. And she rose from her sick bed and wrestled with her despair; and by dint of fixing her eyes resolutely and trustfully upon a single bright speck far in the gloomy distance—upon the blessed moment of Arthur's return to her arms after the long desolate period of absence—she managed to keep the life-blood warm within a heart which sorrow had well nigh transfixed to marble.

Children are sorry comforters in the house of mourning. They ask for the dead—they ask for the absent; they recall the past, and conjure up endless associations which wound as with an unseen weapon. Caroline could no longer endure even the mention of her husband's name; and yet there was no hour of the day in which these unintentional tormentors did not hazard some conjecture respecting "poor papa," or an inquiry into the nature and dangers of military duty. "Mother, mother!" the helpless mourner would murmur amid her prayers, "very heavily do I atone my disobedience to thy will;—very bitterly do I experience the 'anxieties of a soldier's wife.' Intercede for me, mother, that I may be released from this one overwhelming trial."

Ill indeed can we appreciate the ordering of our own destinies! A time was approaching when she would look back upon that period of suspense as one of comparative happiness; when the bitterest struggle of her terrors would seem preferable to the dull, dead, sullen torpor of her despair. Despatches came which set every heart in motion throughout the kingdom; many with the convulsive throb of affection—few with a tremor of emotion equal to hers. The blow was decisive;—the worst was over at once. Captain Burlington was reported among the slain. Her mother's manes were fully appeased—she had nothing more to suffer. Arthur was gone—KILLED—dead! Oh! could he indeed be dead—that bright, that buoyant—animated—noble soldier? Yes; many an officious voice already hailed her as a *widow*;—*she*, who had so rejoiced, so gloried, so triumphed in the name of wife!—Poor—poor Caroline!

The rich have hosts of comforters. Watchful eyes surround the silken canopy, and sympathising hearts wait on the affliction of the prosperous. Burlington's widow and orphans wept unheeded. A surly landlord alone intruded upon their wretchedness; and, in the depth of her despair, the mourner found that it was by her own exertions her children must be arrayed in the outward tokens of sorrow. There was an officious murmur buzzing in her ears of "respect to the memory of the dead;" and she recollected that the world demanded vain formalities of attire in evidence of that hallowed feeling.

"Behold now and see!—was there ever sorrow like unto *her* sorrow?"—Her own—her only!—he for whom she had sacrificed her earthly prosperity, her self-re-

spect, her first and paramount duty of filial obedience—gone—gone for ever! dead—in the crush of battle, without one tender word from those he loved, without the consolations of religion—the hallowing blessing of his parents. His very grave was amid those of undistinguished multitudes—unconsecrated by priestly prayer—by the still more holy tear of kindred affection! “Surely I have now expiated all,” said she, meekly folding her hands upon her bosom. She was too woe-struck for tears, too friendless to look for human consolation.

Yet Caroline dreamed not of death as a refuge from her miseries. She knew that she had no right to long for the quietude of the tomb; that her children called upon her, with an unsilenceable voice, to arise and gird on her strength, and fight for them in the harsh warfare of the world; and, moreover, she had recently become aware of a startling fact—she was about again to become a mother. A shiver of agonizing delight agitated her whole frame at the thought. Julia and Caroline were the images of herself, and had been doubly endeared to their poor father by that resemblance. But the little being still to come, might perhaps resemble him;—perhaps recall in its living features that beloved countenance which she now wasted hour after hour in striving to recall in unimpaired lustre to the eye of memory, and which some busy fiend seemed intent on obliterating from her recollection. The first tears that burst from her eyes after reading that dreadful gazette, sprang forth at the hope thus mercifully presented.

The new trials and duties by which Mrs. Burlington was now unexpectedly surrounded, inspired her with a desperate resolution. She determined to throw herself on the mercy of Arthur's obdurate father and mother, lest she should die, and leave his children homeless and helpless pilgrims in the wilderness. She went to them—humbled herself before them—appealed to them as from her husband's grave; confessing her own fault and praying that it might be hers to atone it by the utmost anguish of mortal suffering, provided her innocent childre were exempted from the sentence. The hearts of the two old people relented; they consented to receive the friendless creature beneath their roof. At first, indeed, they bore her presence with reluctance; but there was no resisting her silent, patient, unrepining sorrow. It was useless to upbraid her. They saw that her self-recrimination was severe and unceasing; that two only thoughts occupied her mind—the memory of her offence towards her mother, the memory of her tenderness towards her husband. She had no longer any care for her children. Their destinies were secured: she had solemnly bequeathed them to the protection of Arthur's parents;—to the still holier keeping of their heavenly Father and her own.

It is written, that there shall be joy in the darkened chamber of travail “when a man-child is born into the world;”—eager congratulations are heard—and even the mother's feeble voice has an inflexion of triumph. But there were deep sobs by Caroline's couch when the grandmother, in broken tones, announced that a son was added to her orphans; and her own accents had a sort of stern solemnity in them when she replied—“Let his name be called Arthur, in memory of the dead.”

From that hour, however, her strength strengthened, and her courage grew firmer. “I am now the mother of Burlington's boy,” she would sometimes say, in an exulting voice. And then her exultation melted into tears, as she hung over the nestling infant, and strove to trace its father's features in its face; and unconsciously looked round, as if expecting to meet the triumphant smile of fatherly tenderness with which the gratified husband had greeted the birth of his elder children. “He has no father!” ejaculated the poor

heart-riven widow, as she clasped the little terror being closer into her bosom; “but I will love him as that he shall never feel himself an orphan. And she—who will love and cherish me? I destroyed my own fond mother; and Arthur was taken from me in retribution of the crime.”

Let no one presume to say “I have drained the cup of bitterness to the dregs;” dark as the night may be, the avenger has storms in his hand to deepen a thousand-fold its murky obscurity. The chances of war, which deprived poor Caroline of the father of her children, now began to operate fatally on the fortunes of the elder Burlington. The branch of commerce in which his funds were vested was affected even to utter ruin; and he and his aged wife, now reduced to a narrow provision, were chiefly dependant on the labours of the daughter-in-law so long rejected, so humbly submitted to their arbitrary will. A nursing mother, a grieving widow, she still found leisure to supply to them the ministry of the servants they could no longer command; and to bear uncomplaining the utmost irritation of their peevishness. “They are Arthur's parents,” whispered she to herself; “to work for them is a duty he has bequeathed me. Other duties I have outraged—let me not be remiss in this!” If her spirit flagged in the execution of her task, it was enough for her to contemplate awhile the sweet face of her boy, and it seemed as if her husband's soul were shining out from his eyes, and inciting her to industry. “God will at length forgive me,” thought poor Caroline. “If I labour diligently to honour his father and his mother, my days will be long in the land, to watch over my orphan children.”

The summer came again;—the second that had put forth its unheeded blossoms since Arthur last culled and placed them in her bosom; and Caroline persuaded the old man, whom bankruptcy had now released from his duties, to remove with her to a small cottage on the coast, near to the well-known spot where she had first beheld his son. They dwelt there together, if not without repining, without upbraiding. The old people blessed her with their tenderest blessings; and the children grew and grew, and promised to do honour to their father's name.

One evening, a glowing afternoon in June, when the beauty of the earth seems shining on the eye of affliction as if in mockery of its tears, the little family was assembled in their one lowly apartment; Caroline with her infant on her knee, the elder girl rehearsing in the ear of her grandfather one of those beautiful lessons of scriptural wisdom to which the bereaved turn yearningly for consolation. It was the Raising of Lazarus!—and when the gentle child came to the words, “Lord! hadst thou been here, my brother had not died,” the scalding tears dropped from the widow's eyes upon the little face that smiled up into her own. A strange object had attracted the infant's eye;—even the figure of an officer who stood transfixed at the open door.—A cry of madness burst from Caroline's lips.—The girls called loudly on the name of their dead father.—The aged people alone were self-possessed to see that it was no apparition, but a breathing form of flesh and blood that stood before them.

“Caroline, my blessed wife!” cried the hoarse voice of the happy Arthur. “My wounds and imprisonment alone caused me to be reported among the slain. I have returned to you rich—promoted!—Nay, turn not your face from the infirm veteran who comes to be nursed and caressed among you, and to leave you no more!”

It were vain to describe the delicious agony of that meeting;—the transition from such sorrow to such joy is not a thing for words. Even Caroline could only murmur in thanksgiving, “My prayers are heard!—Heaven and my mother have accepted my sacrifice, and pardoned my transgression.”

JEANNIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way:
But never, never can forget
The luvie o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luvie grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeannie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ow'r ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said,
We cleek'd thegither hame!
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braces—
The broomy braces o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As aye by aye the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luvie!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh mind ye, luvie, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throssil whuslit sweet;

The throssil whuslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowle abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Tears trickled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!

That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeannie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee,
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me!
Oh! tell me gin their music fill
Thine ear as it does mine?
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne!

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luvie o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeannie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me!

THE VOICE OF THE TIMES.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

A VOICE has gone forth o'er mountain and river—
The sounds of foreboding, and wrath, and dismay—
As the blasts on the face of the waters which quiver,
Ere the tempest sails dense o'er the sunlight of day.
Aroused are the hopes of the ruthless and daring,
And the arm of the spoiler the blue steel is baring,
And the monarchs of earth, at the signal preparing,
Are gathering the ranks of their banded array.

There is strife in the city—the swart brow of labour
Frowns stern through the smoke-drift of death on its foe;
The serf has arisen with his grasp on the sabre;
The cannon yawns dark by the ford's guarded flow;
And the steed starts from rest at the trumpet's shrill
warning.
And the drum blends its note with the breezes of
morning;
And the sails of proud fleets, the hoar sea-wave adorn-
ing,
Gleam pale o'er the arming of hundreds below.

Wild spirit of hate and unchecked desolation!
The fields, where thy standards unnumbered were set,
When nation came forth in its might against nation,
And earth was one battle-plain—who may forget!
Asperne, thy dim turrets—Eylau the pine-crested—
And Leipa's gray wall, with its dim mist invested;
And the strife, at whose closing, war's eagle arrested,
Sank scorched on the dust where his legions were met.

Yet, scorning the past, with its lesson of sorrow,
Though tenfold the waste, and as deep were the wo,
Still seeks the blind impulse of frailty to borrow
New strength for its scourge, and fresh powers to be-
stow:

Morn smiles on the harvest of peace freshly springing,
Noon's warmth round the ear its bright influence is
flinging;
But eve the loud storm and the whirlwind is bringing,
And who the sealed scroll of to-morrow shall know?

HAVILAND HALL.

The baron stroked his dark brow's face,
And turned his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tears
His proud eye strove to hide.

"Here, take her, Child of Ella," he said,
And gave her lily white hands—
"Here, take my deare and only child—"

Child of Ella.

THE experience which Henry the Seventh had acquired in his youth, whilst in England and during his exile abroad, from observing the proud and factious spirit of the English nobility, taught him, as the first step towards securing a quiet possession of the throne, to curb that turbulent disposition which existed among the powerful barons, and which had been so fatal to the peace of the nation during the reigns of his predecessors. Disdaining all control, these feudal lords maintained a number of followers, and encouraged all the needy and mercenary who could boast of any skill in arms; an accomplishment surpassing all others in those days, when might so frequently triumphed over law and justice. The sanguinary and devastating wars of the rival roses had created a spirit of disaffection and rebellion throughout the land. Travelling was at all times dangerous; and, even in London, though surrounded with walls, the lives and properties of the citizens were not always secure. During the reign of this crafty and politic prince, the arts were encouraged, commerce revived, and the carriages lately employed in the service of the contending parties, were now laden with merchandise; the many villages, and even some towns in England, first arose; and the gloom and desolation which had overspread the kingdom gradually dispersed. The people, tired of a long and sanguinary civil war, gladly hailed the return of peace, and were not to be easily roused again into rebellion, as may be seen from the failure of the two attempts of Simnel and Warbeck.*

During the time of the violent struggles we have alluded to, there stood between the town of Fairford and the little village of Marston Maisey, in Gloucestershire, a castellated building, held by Sir John Haviland, a knight of an ancient and honourable family, whose ancestors had dwelt there from the time of the Norman conquest. He was devotedly attached to the house of Lancaster, and when an appeal to arms was made by the two factions, he sold the greater part of his estates, and joined the standard of Henry, with his two sons, who were destined to return no more. At the battle of Mortimer's Cross, Robert, the eldest, was slain by an arrow, and the youngest fell at Hexham, while bravely defending his father from the attack of a band of spearmen, led by Sir William Maltravers, a knight of gigantic stature, who savagely slew him, after he had been beaten down and disarmed. In this battle, Sir John himself received several wounds, some of which were too serious to admit of his ever taking the field again. A cross-bow bolt had shattered the bone of his left arm so dreadfully, that it was rendered entirely useless.

Vexed at being thus incapacitated, and inwardly

* The adventures of this youth far exceed the wildest fiction, and his untimely fate cannot but excite our commiseration. His real pretensions are to this day a subject of dispute, for we are told that the confession extorted from him by Henry was so full of contradictions, that it raised doubts in the minds of some, who were before disposed to consider him an impostor.

vowing to be revenged on the destroyer of his son, the bereaved father returned to his home almost heart-broken. Perhaps he would have sought his own death by rushing into the midst of his enemies, had not the recollection of his daughter, now fast growing up to womanhood, withheld him. Who would protect her in those unsettled times, if he should fall? It was the gentle Agnes who made his life supportable, and in her society he sought to bury, for awhile, the recollection of his loss. But there were times when the remembrance of his sons' death flashed across his brain, and made the unhappy father curse the faction that had torn asunder the ties of friendship and kindred. Robert had died in his arms, as he vainly endeavoured to pluck the arrow from his breast, and Edward was struck, mangled and bleeding, to the ground before his face.

The remembrance of those scenes would often recur, when the pain of his many wounds had occasioned a temporary delirium; and nought but the attentions of his beloved child could soothe his mind, and make existence endurable. Beautiful she was—fit subject for a poet's pen, or painter's pencil: and her mind was fitted for such a shrine. Although she had numbered scarce twenty summers, there lacked not wealthy suitors for such a perfection.

Her father was a man of great learning for that rude age, when some of England's stoutest knights could neither read nor write; but he was not the less skilled in warlike exercises, and had done good service on the part of the weak-minded Henry and his Amazon queen—indeed this had considerably reduced his possessions—and, when he returned home, the coldness of those of his neighbours who had not taken part in the quarrel, stung him to the quick. But he concealed his indignation, and appeared but little abroad, seldom venturing to leave his estate, unless upon particular occasions.

Several years had elapsed since the death of his sons, during which time the deadly feuds of the Roses had raged with unabated fury. At length the Yorkists prevailed, and Henry was in their power, but not long after, queen Margaret landed in England, accompanied by her son, resolving to try the issue of another battle; and, encamped near Tewksbury, she waited the approach of Edward.

Sir John had heard of the landing of the queen, and although he forgot not the heavy losses he had sustained by espousing her cause, he would have gladly joined her standard, had not his wounds rendered him incapable of bearing arms. The knight was well aware that a battle must be fought as soon as the two armies met each other, and he anxiously awaited the result of the combat.

One evening in the month of May, Sir John sat in a small room, which he used as a study: he had once or twice attempted to read, but the agitation of his mind would not allow him. His jewelled fingers held down the leaves of a splendidly illuminated book, but his eye wandered from the page and glanced sorrowfully on a suit of battered armour which stood in one

corner of the room. A lance, a sword, and a mace hung against the wall; they had been once wielded by a vigorous and skilful hand, but were now to be used by their possessor no more! He thought on the time when he had vaulted on his horse amidst the shouts of his retainers, armed in that harness which he was never to fill again: he thought, also, on the fate of his two sons, and then on his only remaining child, his beautiful and virtuous Agnes:—no marvel that his blood was unheeded. He sat for some time in this mood, until night had closed in, when the clatter of horses' hoofs struck on his ear. He listened attentively. Had the battle been fought?—It might be a party of the conquerors come to burn and spoil his dwelling—no, it was a single horseman. Scarcely had the thought risen in his mind, when a servant entered, and informed him that a traveller, who waited without, required a night's shelter under his roof, having been attacked by a band of men, who had slain his servant. The knight commanded them to show the stranger every attention, and, having descended into the hall, welcomed him with much courtesy.

In answer to Sir John's inquiries, the stranger, in a few words, informed him that his name was Godfrey Maltravers, and that he was on his way to Cirencester, when he was waylaid by a party of men, who killed his only attendant, and that he had escaped through the fleetness of his horse.

"Ay, ay," said Sir John, "some of the cursed fore-riders belonging to one of the armies which must now lie in the neighbourhood; but, I hope, sir, they have not despoiled you of any valuables?"

"No, nothing, save a jerkin and hose, which my poor knave had strapped behind him."

"'Twas lucky that you escaped with your life, sir; these are unsettled times, and the strongest arm takes most. What ho! Will, a flagon of Malmsey and a patty, for my guest."

In a few minutes a table was spread, and a venison patty, together with a large gammon of bacon, and a flagon of wine, were set before the stranger, who eat heartily. Having finished his repast, he begged to know the name of his entertainer.

On the Knight's replying to this question, the stranger's face was flushed for a moment, and then turned deadly pale; but Sir John noticed it not, and desired a servant to bid the Lady Agnes attend him. She shortly entered, and was introduced by her father as his daughter,—his sole remaining child. The breast of the stranger heaved, and a burning blush passed across his fine and manly countenance, but the Knight attributed this to bashfulness; his guest was but a youth, and had, perhaps been little in the company of females; but Godfrey's emotion was occasioned by a far different feeling. He knew that his father, Sir William Maltravers, was the man who had slain the sons of his kind and hospitable entertainer, whose hall now sheltered him in a time of danger and uncertainty. It was fortunate that sir John knew not the name of the destroyer of his son, or his dwelling might have been a scene of violence, perhaps of bloodshed, but he had never learnt the name and title of the man who had done him such an irreparable injury.

The beauty of Agnes made a strong impression on young Maltravers, who more than ever regretted the fierce rashness of his father. He saw clearly that there was little hope of a union with the family who had suffered such a loss by the hand of his parent; and when night arrived, he retired to rest, his mind disturbed by a multitude of painful reflections. Sleep fled his couch, and when morning dawned he arose unrefreshed. After dressing himself, and preparing for his departure, he passed out from his bed-chamber, when the first object he beheld was Agnes.

Great was his astonishment on perceiving her at so early an hour; but ere he could utter a word, she

moved softly away on tiptoe and waved her hand.—Godfrey followed her until she had descended into a lower apartment, when the maiden, while her heart throbbed wildly, said—

"Fly from this place if you value your life, Sir! you are known to one of my father's men."

"Known, dearest lady?" faltered young Maltravers. "Ay, known as the son of the fierce man who destroyed my poor brother," replied Agnes, while her blue eyes swam with tears; "but fly, if you would not suffer a dreadful death. My maid told me yesterday, that our falconer, who was with my father at Hexham, swore that you are the son of our enemy!—'twill soon reach my father's ears."

"Oh, dearest lady, how shall I express my gratitude—but believe me I had no share in your brother's death."

"Talk not of that now—quick, to the stables, and ride hard, for my father will soon be stirring."

"But how shall I pass the gate?"

"I have the keys here—haste, or you will be lost."

She led the way to the stables, and Maltravers, with all haste, saddled his horse. The gates were cautiously unlocked. He pressed the hand of Agnes to his lips, while his sobs impeded his voice; but the danger was great, and vaulting on his steed, he faltered, "Farewell," and soon left the hall behind him.

Leaving Godfrey Maltravers on his way, we must return to Haviland Hall.

As the morning advanced the knight arose, and breakfast being laid in a small room adjoining his study, he waited the presence of his guest. Agnes shortly entered, pale and dejected.

"Why, what ails thee, my child?" enquired Sir John, as he kissed her pale cheek, "thou hast been weeping." Agnes pleaded illness, and took her seat by her father, who wondered at the absence of his guest. After waiting for some time, a servant was sent to rouse him from his slumbers, when it was discovered that he had fled.

The old knight was astonished beyond measure at the disappearance of his guest, and concluding that he was some adventurer who had paid him a visit with a sinister intention, desired his servants to look to the plate and other valuables; when in the midst of the confusion, the falconer came, and informed his master that he had entertained the son of his deadly foe.

Words cannot paint the astonishment and chagrin of Sir John upon his receiving this intelligence. He stood for some moments as if paralyzed, then, stamping furiously on the floor, he desired that his park-keeper should attend him, and striding into his study, slammed-to the door with great violence, while Agnes, alarmed for the safety of the fugitive, to whose flight she had been a party, flew to her chamber to conceal her agitation.

In the mean time, her father paced the room with hurried step; at times stopped and looked on his battered harness, then struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and vented his rage in a low half-satisfied voice, by excitement rendered inarticulate, and resembling the growl of an angry wolf. A tap at the door of the study roused him.

"Enter," he cried; and a man strode into the room, cap in hand. He was rather under the ordinary height, but broad shouldered and muscular; his face was full, but distinctly marked, and his hair was cut quite close to his head; his neck was bare and brawny, and his face by constant exposure to the weather, had become of a dark brown. His dress consisted of a coarse tunic of green, with trunk hose of red serge, and buskins of buff leather. A short sword hung at a belt, which was buckled tight round his body. His whole appearance bespoke the perfect woodman.

"Wat Stapler," said the knight, "thou hast been a faithful follower of mine for these twenty years—"

Herke, I have need of thy assistance; quick don thy jazerant."

"I have left it with Will the armourer, at Fairford, to be mended," said Wat.

"Take this, then," reaching a jazerant from the wall: "haste and on with it; and look ye, get your bow and three of your best shafts; begone! and come to me as soon as thou art ready."

Wat left the room, but in a few minutes returned, armed with the knight's mailed coat, and a sallet or light iron cap. He carried his bow in his hand, and bore on his elbow a small target or buckler, like those worn by the archers of that period.

"That's my nimble servitor," said the knight; "and now saddle Cob, my gelding, take the bloodhound, and ride after the fellow who left here this morning:—and herke, Wat," in a suppressed voice, "see that he travel no more—thou knowest what I mean? thou hast sharp shafts, and a trusty bow—give him not the same 'vantage as thou would'st thine own enemy—he is mine! shoot him from his horse, ere he know that thou art near him!"

Wat stopped not a moment to question this command: it was enough that it was given by his master, whose word with him was law. In less than five minutes he passed out on the knight's own horse, at full speed, followed by the hound. After riding a short distance, Wat distinguished the marks of the fugitive's horse's hoofs, and the dog was immediately laid on. He well knew that Maltravers would find it difficult to pick his way over a part of the country with which he was unacquainted, and he doubted not that he should come up with him before he had got far.

Godfrey Maltravers was at no great distance. He heard the yelp of the dog, and a cold tremor ran through his frame, as he discovered that he was pursued. Wat, though he could not see his victim, knew well that he was not far off, he therefore increased his pace, and moved on rapidly. In the mean time, the object of his pursuit had struck out of the road, and galloped across the country. It was not long before a brook stopped his progress: he beheld it with joy, as he well knew it was the only refuge from the enemy that tracked him.

"Now, my good steed," said he, "bear thy master through this trial, or he will never press thy trusty sides again."

He plunged into the brook as he spoke. The stream was swollen, but the noble animal swam with its master for several yards, when the water became shallower. Fearing to land again, Godfrey dashed down the stream, which ran through a wood at a little distance, and arrived there just in time to escape from the view of his pursuers, who came up to the brook as he entered the wood. Wat swore deeply on finding that he was balked.

"Ah! 'tis of no use, Fangs," said he to the hound, as he saw the animal run snuffing up and down the bank of the stream. "We have been tracking an old hand; let us both return and prepare our backs for the cudgel."

After several fruitless endeavours to regain the scent, Wat turned his horse's head towards home. He soon reached the hall, and having replaced Cob in the stable, he repaired to Sir John's apartment.

"Well, Wat," said the knight eagerly, "hast thou revenged me?"

"No," replied he, sullenly, scarce knowing what to say, "he has 'scaped."

"Ha! thou knave!" cried Sir John, starting on his feet, "escaped, did'st thou say? Then am I foiled,

*JAZERANT.—A frock of twisted or linked mail, without sleeves, somewhat lighter than the hauberk worn by the knights.

and through thy mischance—there, villain, take with that thy master's mailson!"

As he spoke, he struck Wat a violent blow on his broad chest, which, spite of the jazerant he wore, made the woodman stagger, and proved that the knight had one powerful arm left. The blood mounted in Wat's dark face—his eyes flashed fire, and with a thrust of his hand he sent the knight reeling to the wall—then grasped the handle of his short sword, which he half unsheathed; but it fell back harmlessly in its scabbard; its wearer's head sunk upon his breast—a tear fell on the floor, but the foot of the woodman was quickly drawn over it, and he stood motionless for several moments without speaking.

"Wat," said the knight, after a long pause, "thou hast raised thy hand against thy master."

"I have," interrupted Wat, "and will not the poor worm turn on the foot that treads it down?—I am your vassal, 'tis true; I have eaten of your bread these twenty years, and never received a blow before. You are my master, or your blood should wash this floor!"

"These are high words for one of thy stamp," said the knight, in a tone of remonstrance, fearing to anger the resolute woodman, whose temper was always mild and gentle, except when roused. "A rope and a swing from the wall would have been thy fate, if thou had'st some masters; but thou hast served me faithfully——"

"And been struck like a dog in return," said the woodman.

"Nay, nay, Wat, dwell not on that—but how came the springald to escape?"

"He made for the brook, and baulked the hound—'twas no fault of mine."

"Well, well," continued the knight in a calmer tone, "it can't be helped now; but I am vexed at his escape. His father slew my Edward when the poor boy lay on the ground disarmed and wounded."

Sir John drew his hand across his face as he spoke, and wiped away the tear which hung on his eyelid. Wat's rude nature was softened.

"My honoured master," said he, "would I had known that yesternight—you should have been revenged."

"I know thee, Wat—I know thee," said the knight, "and methinks thou hast had time to know thy master, and bear with him when he speaks thee harshly. Here, let this make amends."

He placed several gold pieces in Wat's hand. The woodman received the money on his broad palm, looked earnestly at it for several moments, then let it slip between his fingers, and it fell on the floor.

"I will not take it, Sir John," he said, "my master's love and protection is the only wage I crave."

He then abruptly left the room, before the knight had time to reply.

"Strange fellow!" exclaimed the knight, "there's not a pampered knave on my poor estate who possesses half thy feeling—thou, at least, art faithful."

We must now return to Godfrey, whom we left, after he had baffled his pursuer. He held on his way at full speed until he had quite cleared the wood, when he resolved at all hazard to inquire of the next person he met, the way to the town of Tewkesbury. It was not long before he obtained the necessary information, and found that he had deviated considerably from the right road. After an hour's hard riding, he came in sight of the town, and beheld the tents of the Lancastrian forces spread over the fields; while from one of the largest, the Queen's banner floated in the breeze. Various bodies of soldiers were in motion, and their armour and weapons flashed brightly in the morning's sun. The host of figures which dotted the landscape added to the beauty of the scene, above which rose the Cotswold hills covered with the ver-

ture of spring, while ever and anon the hum and "note of preparation" came borne upon the gale.

It was not long before a body of mounted soldiers appeared advancing rapidly into the plain. The Lancastrians perceived their approach, and a large party of their fore-riders pushed forward to attack them. They met in a narrow lane, and in an instant a wild shout arose, and a cloud of dust obscured the combatants. Godfrey raised himself in his stirrups for a moment, then driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, rode hastily towards them. As he approached, he could easily perceive his father's pennon floating over the heads of the party, while cries of "a Maltravers! a Maltravers!" were echoed by upwards of two hundred voices. Though armed only with his sword, he dashed boldly forward, and struck down a rawboned figure, who had engaged his father.

"Thanks, my boy," cried Sir William, as he clove the head of his nearest foe, "thou hast arrived in time. Ha! these rogues give ground! upon 'em knaves!—Hurrah!"

The knight spoke truly—the Lancastrian soldiers were broken by the charge of the remainder of his followers, who had now come up, and fled precipitately. To have pursued them, would have been to rush upon the main body of the Queen's army, which was now drawn up.

"Ay, there they go, helter-skelter, as if the devil drove them!" said the Knight, as the scattered troop scoured back; "we must not follow them."

He wiped his bloody sword as he spoke on his horse's mane, and sheathing it, received his son in his mailed arms, with an embrace that made Godfrey writhe with the violence of the pressure.

"And now, my boy," said he, "let us return, or we shall have a fresh body upon us—see the King is approaching.—I have a suit of harness ready for thee."

The party galloped back to some distance, and waited the arrival of Edward's army, which approached slowly. First came a troop of light horsemen, armed with jack and iron pot, and carrying long lances; then followed a band of archers, covered with dust and sweat, and greatly exhausted by their long march, their bows strung, and an arrow ready in the hand, while their leaden mells were slung at their backs. A body of men-at-arms came next, and then several pieces of artillery drawn on clumsy and unwieldy carriages. The King followed, surrounded by his friends and brothers, arrayed in a suit of polished steel; his rich surcoat, emblazoned with the arms of England and France quarterly, soiled with dust and dirt from the toilsome march. A page rode by his side, and carried his gilded helmet, which was ornamented with white plumes. A large body of spearmen and billmen to the number of several thousands came next, then another band of archers, and then a horde of ragamuffins, who followed the army in the hope of obtaining plunder. Arriving on a more open ground they began to form, while the King's brothers, Clarence and Gloster, left him, and took their respective posts.

The Lancastrian force immediately moved forward, and prepared for battle. In the mean time, Sir William had procured a suit of armour for his son, who now rode by his side. The fight soon commenced with great fury, but the particulars have so often been described, that it would be unnecessary to repeat them here. The Lancastrians, as it is well known, suffered a signal defeat, and were chased off the field with great slaughter. Many noblemen fell in the unnatural combat, and the Queen's son* was most barbarously

murdered by Edward and his brothers, after he was taken prisoner.

The news of the battle soon reached the ears of Sir John Haviland, who foresaw the danger he was in from the marauders, who had been introduced into the neighbourhood, and who now, under pretence of taking vengeance upon those who were hateful to the House of York, prowled about the country, committing all sorts of disorders. He therefore kept his gates closed, and summoned his servants together. His worst fears were realized; for on the following morning a party of men arrived at Haviland Hall, and demanded admittance. In answer to the knight's questions they informed him that they were Lancastrian soldiers, who had escaped from the battle, and begged that he would assist them with food and money. Not doubting the truth of this story, Sir John desired his servants to admit them, when they threw off the mask, and gave the signal for plunder. The most costly tapestry was soon torn from the walls. The plate and other valuables were seized, and the knight himself treated with the greatest indignity. Sir John was unable to resent these outrages; his household were too weak to make resistance, and he retired to one of the remotest apartments, with his daughter the Lady Agnes, in the hope that the villains would depart after they had been satiated with plunder.

The leader of the band was a man of great stature and strength. A frock of mail over a leathern jerkin descended as low as his knees, his head was defended by a scull-cap of iron; and from a belt with which he was girded hung a ponderous sword and a long dagger. Walter Harden had been engaged in, and had shared in the plunder obtained in the various battles between the rival houses. His undaunted bravery made him a great favourite with the desperate band he led, who were inured to every kind of hardship and danger. He was now most active in encouraging his fellows to plunder, and in a short time the place was stripped of every thing valuable. Several pipes of wine had been brought from the cellars into the hall, and their contents had rendered these marauders still more wild and boisterous. In the midst of the uproar Walter Harden thought of Agnes.

"Comrades," said he, "we have wine, but where is the beauty who fled from us when we entered!—shall we not have her here to grace our carousal?"

A loud roar of assent rose from the band; and Walter rising from a bench on which he had been seated, staggered out of the hall in search of the lady, followed by three or four of his comrades. After searching for some time in vain, they came to the room into which the knight and his daughter had retreated. The door was fastened on the inside, and resisted the efforts of all but Walter himself, who with his foot dashed it into the middle of the apartment, and discovered Sir John, his daughter, and Wat Stapler. The marauder reeled towards the maiden, when Wat interposed, but was desired by his master to remain quiet.

"Fair mistress," said Walter, "we have much need of your company below, for we find your sex passing scarce in this country. Pr'ythee give me thy hand."

He took the hand of Agnes as he spoke, and threw his arm around her waist, when Wat suddenly started forward, and stabbed the ruffian with his short sword.

was not ended when he was brought before the conquerors. Of all the domestic troubles under which England has suffered, the wars of the Roses stand pre-eminent for ferocity. There fell on either side during these sanguinary and unnatural conflicts, which may be said to have ended only with the death of Richard the Third, three Kings, a Prince, eleven Dukes, a Marquis, seventeen Earls, a Viscount, and twenty-four Barons, besides many Knights, and a countless host of common men!

* The murder of this prince is a foul stain upon Edward and his brothers, although it could hardly be said to have been done in cool blood, as the pursuit

So deadly was the thrust, that the weapon passed through his neck, and came out on the other side full a hand's breadth. Walter Harden fell to the ground with a gasp and expired, while his companions sprung upon Wat Stapler, and though he wounded one of them severely, disarmed and bound him. He was instantly dragged below with fierce oaths. Loud were the execrations of the band, when they heard of the death of their leader, and they held a council how they should punish the slayer, who was brought before them. Some advised that he should be hanged, others that he should be thrown headlong from the walls, while a third party proposed that he should be roasted over a slow fire. Several archers begged that he might be made a target of, and bound to a tree as a mark for their arrows. The latter proposition received the assent of the greater part of the band, and Wat was led forth to death.

Sir John and the Lady Agnes were shut up in another room, and one of the band was placed as a guard at the door. The knight's fears for his own safety, were forgotten, when he thought on the treatment his child would probably receive from the ruffians, after they had wreaked their vengeance upon Wat. He buried his face in his hands, and remained for some moments insensible to the entreaties of Agnes, who besought him not to despair. At length a flood of tears came to his relief.

"Alas! my child," cried he, "'tis not for myself that I grieve, I can but die—while thou wilt be given up to the brutal violence of these demons."

As he spoke, a hollow sound, like the noise of horses' hoofs was heard, and the next moment a wild cry of alarm sounded without, mixed with the clash of weapons, and cries of "Maltravers! Maltravers to the rescue!" The name acted upon Sir John like an electric shock—

"Ah!" he exclaimed, while every limb was palsied with emotion—"my enemy is come to look upon my ruin, and strike the last blow!"

"Dearest father!" said Agnes, "if it be Sir William Maltravers and his son, we may yet hope——"

But the knight heeded not what she said. The noise without increased, and blows and shouts were distinctly heard, while the man stationed at the door of their prison forsook his post, and ran down stairs. In a short time the noise became fainter, and sounded more distant, while footsteps were heard ascending the stairs; the bolts which fastened the door were withdrawn—it opened, and Godfrey Maltravers entered, his drawn sword in his hand, and his right arm splashed with blood.

"Sir John Haviland," he said, sheathing his sword, "you are free; the hell-hounds, who have plundered you, are scattered by my troop."

"Oh! youth," cried the knight, in a half-stifled voice, "I did thee wrong; but forgive me—thy father——"

"Fell at Tewkesbury," said Godfrey. "Let not your wrath descend into his grave: believe me, he sorely repented him of your son's death."

"Then may Heaven pardon him, as I do!" ejaculated Sir John, emphatically; "but how shall I find words to thank thee, gallant youth! I am poor in worldly goods."

"Oh, say not so," interrupted the young soldier, "while so fair a maiden calls you father." Then turning to Agnes, whose face was suffused with blushes, he said, "Dear lady, to you I owe my life—say, can constant love requite you?"

Agnes spoke not; she placed her small hand in the gauntleted palm of Godfrey, while the old knight pronounced his blessing on the pair. The union of the lovers took place after Godfrey's term of mourning had expired. His timely arrival had rescued Wat from his perilous situation, and the sturdy woodsman forgot not the service. Sir John lived to behold a group of chubby grandchildren smiling around him, and died at an advanced age, after seeing the factions of the Red and White Roses for ever extinguished.

THE PLANTER.

A WEST INDIA STORY.

FIFTY—sixty—seventy (any given number of) years ago, the West Indies were not as they are now.

The colonists themselves were not what they are at present; that is to say, they were not then humane, temperate, independent people; on the contrary, they were boastful, and loved Scheidam and pine-apple rum, worshipped their superiors in station, and despised every body below themselves. Thus the newly imported Englishers held the regular colonists in utter contempt: the colonists (a white race) requited themselves, by contemning the mustees and quadroons: these last, on their parts, heartily despised the half-caste, who, in turn, transmitted the scorn on to the heads of the downright blacks. Whom the blacks despised, I never could learn; but probably all the rest: and, in fact, they seem to have had ample cause for so doing, unless the base, beggarly, and cruel vanity imputed to their "superiors," be at once a libel and a fable.

Such was the state of things in the colony of Demerara, in the year 17—, when a young Englishman went there, in order to inspect his newly acquired property. His name was John Vivian.—He came of a tolerably good family in —shire; possessed (without being at all handsome) a dark, keen, intelligent countenance; and derived, from his maternal uncle, large estates in Demerara, and from his father, a small farm in

his own country, a strong constitution, and a resolute, invincible spirit. Perhaps he had too much obstinacy of character—perhaps, also, an intrepidity of manner, and carelessness of established forms, which would have been unsuitable to society as now constituted. All this we will not presume to determine. We do not wish to extenuate his faults, of which he had as handsome a share as usually falls to the lot of young gentlemen who are under no control, though not altogether of precisely the same character. In requital for these defects, however, he was a man of firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression, as readily on behalf of others as of himself; and, at the bottom of all, though it had lain hid from his birth (like some of those antediluvian fossils which perplex our geologists and antiquaries), he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which must not be passed by without, at least, our humble commendation.

Exactly eight weeks from the day of his stepping on board the good ship "Wager," at Bristol, Vivian found himself standing on the shore of the river Demerara, and in front of its capital, Stabroek. In that interval he had been tossed on the wild waters of the Atlantic—had passed from woolens to nankeens—from English cold to tropic heat—and now stood eyeing the curious

groups which distinguished our colonies, where creatures of every shade, from absolute sable to pallid white, may be seen—for the trouble only of a journey.

But we have a letter of our hero's on this subject, written to a friend in England, on his landing, which, we will unfold for the reader's benefit.

"Well, Dick—here am I, thy friend John Vivian, safely arrived at the country of cotton and tobacco. Six months ago I would have ventured a grosschen that nothing on this base earth could have tempted me to leave foggy England: but the unkenning of a knave was a temptation not to be resisted; and accordingly I am here, as you see.

"Since I shook your hand at Bristol, I have seen somewhat of the world. The Cove of Cork—the Madeiras—the Peak of Teneriffe—the flying fish—the nautilus—the golden-finned dorado—the deep blue seas—and the tropic skies—are matters which some would explain to you in a chapter.—But I have not the pen of a ready writer; so you must be content with a simple enumeration.

"My voyage was, like all voyages, detestable.—I began with sea-sickness and piercing winds—I ended with headache and languor, and weather to which your English dog-days are a jest. The burning, blazing heat was so terrific, that I had well nigh oozed away into a sea-god. Nothing but the valiant army of bottles which your care provided could have saved me. My mouth was wide open, like the seams of our vessel; but, unlike them, it would not be content with water. I poured in draught after draught of the brave liquor. I drank deep healths to you and other friends; till, at last, the devil, who broils Europeans in these parts, took to his wings and fled. Thus it was, Clinton, that I arrived finally at Demerara.

"But now comes your question of 'What sort of a place is this same Demerara?' I faith, Dick, 'tis flat enough. The run up the river is, indeed pretty; and there are trees enough to satisfy even your umbrageous-loving taste. It is, in truth, a land of woods—at least, on one side—and you may roam among orange and lemon trees, and guavas and mangoes, amidst aloes and cocoa-nut, and cotton and mahogany trees, till you would wish yourself once more on a Lancashire moor. Stabroek, our capital, is a place where the houses are built of wood; where melons, and oranges, and pine-apples, grow as wild as thyself, Dick; and where black, brown, white, and whitey-brown people, sangarees and cigars, abound. Of all these marvels I shall know more shortly. I lodge here at the house of a Dutch planter, where you must address me under my travelling cognomen. John Vivian is extinct for a season; but your letter will find me, if it be addressed to 'Mr. John Vernon, to the care of Mynheer Schlachenbruch, merchant in Demerara.' That respectable individual would die the death of shame, did he know that he held the great 'proprietor,' Vivian, in his garret. At present, I am nothing more than a poor protegee of Messrs. Greffulhe, come out to the hot latitudes for the sake of health and employment."

Vivian was, in truth, tolerably pleased with the banks of the river, fringed as it was with trees, and spotted with cottages; but when he actually trod upon the ground of the New World, and found himself amidst a crowd of black and tawny faces—amidst hats like umbrellas, paroquets, and birds of every colour of the rainbow, and children, almost as various, plunging in and out of the river like water-dogs or mud-larks—he could not conceal his admiration, but laughed outright.

He was not left long to his contemplations, however, for the sea-port of a West India colony has as many volunteers of all sorts as Dublin itself. A score of blacks were ready to assist him with his luggage, and at least a dozen of free negroes and mulattoes had baskets of the best fruit in the world. He might have had a wheelbarrow for sixpence, and the aid of a do-

zen Sambo for an insignificant compliment in copper. Neglecting these advantages, Vivian made the best of his way to the house of the Mynheer Schlachenbruch, the Fleming, which was well known to all the clamorous rogues on the quay. The merchant was not at home, having retired, as usual, to sleep at his plantation house, a few miles from town. Our hero, however, was received, with slow and formal respect, by his principal clerk, Hans Wassel, a strange figure, somewhat in the shape of a cone, that had originally sprung up (and almost struck root) somewhere near Ghent or Bruges. Holding Vivian's credentials at arm's length, this "shape" proceeded to decypher the address of the letter through an enormous pair of iron spectacles. In due time he appeared to detect the handwriting of the London correspondent; for he breathed out, "Aw! Mynheer Frauz Greffulhe!" and proceeded to open a seal as big as a saucer, and investigate the contents.—These were evidently satisfactory; for he put on a look of benevolence, and welcomed the new comer (who was announced as Mr. Vernon) to Stabroek. "You will take a schnap?" inquired he, with a look which anticipated an affirmation.—"As soon as you please," replied Vivian; to which the other retorted with another "Aw!" and left the room with something approaching to alertness, in order to give the necessary orders.

The ordinary domestics of the Fleming were much more rapid in their movements; for Vivian had scarcely time to look round and admire the neatness of the room, when a clatter at the door compelled him to turn his eyes to that quarter.—He saw a lively-looking black come in, with a large pipe of curious construction, and a leaden box containing tobacco, followed close by his comate Sambo," who bore, in both hands, a huge glass, almost as big as a punch bowl, filled to the brim with true Nantz, tempered, but not injured, by a small portion of water. Sambo appeared justly proud of his burden, which he placed on the table in its original state of integrity; for, after looking for a moment leavily at the liquid, he turned round to Vivian, and said exultingly, "Dear massa!"

But we will not detain the reader with any detail of our hero's movements on his arrival in the colony, excepting one or two, which have direct reference to our present narrative. He was introduced to Mynheer Schlachenbruch and his wife, each of whom, were our limits larger, might fairly lay claim to commemoration. As it is, we must pass them by, and content ourselves with stating the fact of their (the merchant, at all events) treating Vivian with more consideration than his ostensible rank demanded, and introducing him to their acquaintance. The person, however, into whose society Vivian was more especially thrown, was a young girl, who performed the offices of governess, &c. &c. in the house of Mynheer Schlachenbruch. The visitors of the family avoided her, as though she had been the plague, (even the Mynheer himself preserved a distance;) and the consequence was, that Vivian—himself rather looked down upon by the colonial aristocracy—felt himself drawn nearer to the friendless girl, and assiduously cultivated her good opinion.

This, however was not a thing to be easily attained. Sophie Halstein (for that was her name) had few of the qualities commonly ascribed to thriving governesses: she was, indeed, an acute-minded, and even accomplished girl; but she was as little supple, demure, or humble as Vivian himself. In fact, she received our hero's advances with indifferent cordiality at first; but the magic of sincerity will win its way, and they accordingly, at last, became excellent friends. The thing which surprised our hero the most was—how it was possible for the dull, gross, unenlightened blockheads of the colony to feel, or even affect, a disdain for one who was evidently so much

their superior. At last the truth came upon him; she was the child of—a *quadroon*! She was lovely, graceful, virtuous, intellectual, accomplished, modest—a model for women; but she had a particle—(scarcely apparent, indeed, but still there was a particle or two)—a few drops of blood of a warmer tinge than what loiters through the pallid cheeks of an European; and hence she was visited by universal contempt.

"But she *shall* be my friend," was Vivian's exclamation, "my—my—sister. The senseless brutal wretches!—they little think that, under the mask of Vernon, the wealthiest of their tribe is amongst them, and that he respects the little Pariah beyond the whole of their swollen and beggarly race." A very short time was sufficient for him to form a determination to rescue the object of his admiration from her painful state of servitude. Not being accustomed, however, to deal with the delicacy of ladies, he plunged at once into the matter with headlong rashness.

"You are badly off, Miss Halstein!" said Vivian to her one morning, in his very bluntest tone.

"I do not complain, sir," replied she coldly.

"I am sorry for you," said he, hesitatingly, "and would help you."

"Spare your pity," returned the lady; "we have neither of us much to thank Fortune for. Yet you are content, or seem so; and so also can I be. We will talk on another subject."

"S'death!" exclaimed the other, recollecting his incognito: "I had forgot. Pardon me—I was a fool. You will think me mad, with my offers of help, and my show of pity; but it is not so: I am sane enough, and some of these days you shall confess it. Come, will you not go with us up the river? We are to run up almost as far as the Sand-hills to-morrow, to visit the Reynestein estate and the Palm Groves, which belong to the rich Englishman, Vivian. Perhaps you were never there?"

"I was born there," was the reply; and it was somewhat tremulously uttered.

"Ha! then you will be delighted to visit the spot, no doubt. Did you know the late proprietor?"

"Too well," said she; "he was—a villain."

"How, madam?" Vivian was forgetting himself again, at this attack on his uncle's memory; but he hastened to recover. "I mean the *last* owner," he resumed, "whose name was, I think, Morson."

"I knew him, sir; and, as I have said, too well. Do you know by what luck it was that he obtained the Palm-Groves?" "No." "Then I will tell you, sir. His predecessor was a careless, easy, and very old man. By a series of unforeseen reverses, by the failure of correspondents, and the roguery of friends, he became involved at last. All that he wanted, however, was a little money for present exigencies; with that, and a course of economy for a few years, he might have retrieved his broken fortunes. His most intimate friend and neighbor was this Morson. Who, then, was more likely than he to help him with a loan of money? He was rich and childless; but the old planter whom I have spoken of had one single child—a girl. Pity, therefore, as well as friendship, might move Morson to aid him in his extremity. And he *did* aid him—at least, he lent him money, at the instigation of his manager——"

"Seyton?" asked Vivian, interrupting her.

"Yes, Seyton," replied she, "who coveted the old planter's daughter for a wife, and who thought, that, if the parent was ruined, his child would be glad of any refuge. He dreamed that she, who had interfered often between him and his victims, would forget all her old abhorrence, and unite her fate with that of the most barbarous tyrant that ever disgraced even a West India colony. Well, sir, to end this tedious story——"

"It is most interesting to me," said Vivian—"deeply, deeply interesting;" and his glowing eyes and ear-

nest attention were sufficient proofs that he spoke truly.

"Well, sir, the end was, that Morson advanced the money, that Seyton intrigued with the slaves, and caused many of them to revolt and run away into the woods; and that the poor man fell from trouble into want, and from want into absolute despair. His plantations were useless; his crops perished on the ground for want of slaves; his mills and buildings were burnt by unknown hands; and, finally his hard and avaricious creditor, the relentless Morson, came upon him, and took possession of all his estates, for a debt amounting to one-sixth of their value. The old man—(Miss Halstein's voice shook at this part, and betrayed great agitation)—the old man soon afterwards died, and his only child was cast upon the world to earn her bitter bread. This is all, sir. I have given you the history of one-half of Mr. Vivian's property; perhaps the other (she spoke this with some acrimony) is held upon a similar tenure."

"God forbid!" said Vivian. "But Seyton? Did he urge his suit?"

"He did, and was refused. And therefore it is (for he is a bad and revengeful man) that I am fearful of coming upon an estate of which he is essentially the master. In the absence of Vivian, his power is uncontrolled; and there is no knowing what claim he might urge against me. He once hinted that I was born a slave on the Palm-Grove estate, and, as such, belonged to his master;—I, who am the only daughter of Wilhelm Halstein, to whom all, but a few years ago, belonged."

"You?" exclaimed our hero; "are you the person whom Vivian intercepts? He shall do it no more. Rest content, Miss Halstein. Vivian is not the man to injure any one, and least of all yourself. Go with us to-morrow—I beg, I pray, that you will. I pledge my honour, my soul, that you shall not be a sufferer."

The lady still refused, however, and it was not till the old merchant (Schlachenbruchen, to whom Vivian had spoken in the meantime,) had also given his solemn promise to protect her, that she consented to go. She was a little surprised, indeed, at Vivian's urging the matter so vehemently; but as the merchant seconded his requests, she could not continue to refuse.

A row up the river Demerara—past Diamond Point, to the Sandhills, needs not call for any particular description. We will suppose that the party had arrived at the Palm-Grove estate, which the merchant (authorized by a power transmitted by Vivian from England) had come to overlook.

The party were introduced to Seyton, a ferocious looking man, of middle age, who, with a mixture of self-confidence and ambiguous civility, welcomed the merchant and his companions. He took no notice of Vivian, indeed; but when he saw Miss Halstein (who leant on our hero's arm,) his eyes sparkled and his lip curled, and, turning to the merchant he said hastily, "Before you leave the estate, there is a point of some consequence that I must take leave to mention, respecting this young person;" and he touched her, as he spoke, with the point of the cane that he carried in his hand.

"Stand off, fellow!" said Vivian, angrily; "another touch, or another insolent word, and I will lay you at my feet."

The other started, and examined our hero's appearance cautiously and sullenly. He saw nothing, however, except an athletic figure and a resolute countenance, and retreated from collision with so formidable an opponent. He did not, however, retreat from his demand.

"Observe, Mynheer," said he, addressing the merchant once more, "I speak as the agent only of Mr. Vivian. This—gentleman will scarcely blame me for insisting on the rights of my principal."

"By no means, by no means," replied the merchant. "All in good time. We will talk of that presently. In the meantime, we will look at the balances. After that, we will ask what your larder contains; and then—for the rights you speak of. Eh, Mr. Vernon—is not that the way?"

"Certainly, certainly," said Vivian. "Miss Halstein will leave all to you: I am quite sure that she may do so safely."

Two or three hours were sufficient to overlook the accounts, and to dispose of the refreshments, which were offered with some degree of parade to the visitors, at the expense of the estate. Vivian ate heartily, and without scruple, of the produce of his own property; and every thing unpleasant seemed forgotten, except by Miss Halstein, when the party (which had been augmented, as agreed upon, by the arrival of the Syndic, from Stabroek) prepared to go.

"Now," said Seyton, "I must once more draw your attention to my demand. I claim this—lady, if you will—as a slave. She was born on the estate, has never been made free, and belongs of right to my principal Vivian."

"Bah, man," exclaimed the merchant; "I thought all that was past. Surely good wine and excellent Nantz must have washed all such bad thoughts out of your head. Come, let us go. Sophie, girl, take hold of Mr. Vernon's arm, and —"

"By your leave, it must not be so," said Seyton, imperatively. He rang a bell, and eight or ten black slaves appeared. "You are at liberty to go, gentlemen; but the lady remains with me. Have I not the law with me?" added he, addressing the Syndic.

That officer assented, adding, however, that all depended on the will of Vivian. The lady might, indeed, be entitled to her liberty; but until she proved her freedom, she must remain the property of the planter.

"That is sufficient," said Seyton; "I am Vivian's representative."

"Then I am lost," exclaimed Sophie.

"Pardon me," replied the Syndic; "Mr. Seyton is superseded. Mynheer, here, has the power of appointing a manager over this property. Besides which, Mr. Vivian himself has arrived at Stabroek——"

"Ha!" said Seyton, "then no time is to be lost. Superseded or not, Mr. Vivian shall not lose his property. Do your duty, fellows," added he, addressing the slaves. "Seize upon that woman, in the name of your master, Vivian."

"Back, I say," said our hero, pulling out a brace of pistols, and pointing them towards the advancing negroes. "Back, men, and be wise. And you, Mr. Manager, or whatever you are, take heed how you overstep your duty. Know, Sirrah, that your master does not think your false accounts the worst part of your bad history. Your cruelty to these poor slaves beneath you has come to his ears; and for that he dismisses you his service. For your impudent and unfounded claim upon this lady, whom your master loves——"

"What!" exclaimed Sophie; but the merchant restrained her surprise.

"Whom your master loves, woos, and whom, if heaven is propitious (he says this doubtingly and humbly,) he will win—for this atrocious insult there is no punishment great enough. Yet if any attempt be made upon her, you shall at least be chastised to your heart's content. Be satisfied that I do not jest, and remain quiet."

"We are all armed, Mr. Seyton," said the merchant; "you had better let us depart quietly."

"She shall not go," replied Seyton, foaming with rage. "Once more, seize upon her men; seize upon her for your master, Vivian. Till he comes, I will be obeyed at least."

"He is here!" said Vivian, rushing between Sophie and her adversaries; "he is here, he overlooks you, and will punish you. Look slaves, I AM Vivian, your master! Obey me, as you value the liberty which every man on my estate shall have if he deserve it."

"What he says is true. This is, indeed, Mr. Vivian," said the merchant; and the Syndic corroborated his tale. All was quiet in an instant.—Yet Sophie Halstein still looked overcome. "What is this?" inquired the merchant; you ought to be rejoiced."

"I am," she replied. "But Mr. Vivian, you have something to forget. Can you forgive me?"

"I cannot," answered Vivian; "unless with the Palm-Groves (which from this moment is all your own,) you take an incumbency with it."

"And that is——?" said Miss Halstein inquiringly.

"It is *myself*, Sophie," replied Vivian, tenderly. "Prithee be generous; and think what a way I have wandered from home. Take pity on me, and give me shelter with you at the Palm-Groves."

"We will talk of this hereafter," said Miss Halstein, gently, and dropping her eyes upon the ground.

"What a strange lover he is!" whispered the Syndic to the merchant.

"That is true enough," answered the other.—"He would I wager a groschen, that he succeeds. Yet is a fine, intrepid, persevering young fellow; and such men seldom fail in any thing that they set their hearts upon."

The old merchant was a true prophet. For before three months had elapsed, the pretty Sophie became lawful mistress of the heart and household of Vivian. The Reynestein flourished; but the Palm-Groves became their home. In the course of time, the blacks on their estates were enabled, in pursuance of a system equally wise and generous, to emerge from the condition of bondmen; but they still remained as cultivators, attracted equally by kind treatment, and an equitable share of the profits of their labours.

"After all—the greatest pleasure in the world," said Vivian, one day to his wife, "in *conferring* pleasure which one can confer, is to give *Freedom* to one's fellow men."

HAPPINESS.

THERE is nothing in nature more worthy of our attention than the art of happiness. In the common occurrences of life, it often depends upon the slightest incidents. Taking notice of the bad weather, an easterly wind, the approach of winter, or the most trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, will insensibly rob a whole company of its good humour, and give every member of it the blues. If, therefore, we would be happy ourselves, and are desirous of communicating happiness to all around us, these disagreeable incidents, in conversation, ought always to be avoided. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the increasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, frequently carries with it a turn of social and happy conversation. Good manners and a regard for the happiness of others, always require of us this caution whenever we are in company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens the harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunderstorm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from the succeeding shower. Thus does politeness, as well as good sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by this practice, every person may arrive at that agreeableness of temper, of which the natural and never failing fruit is happiness.

THE STORM AT SEA.

A FRAGMENT.

Long weeks had passed since land was seen to smile;
Again they swept the world's ideal line;
And slowly neared Cyngola's* lovely isle.
As land uprose, the sails appeared to pine
For freshening gales; the broad sun's glaring shine
Sate on the stirless deep. Becalmed they lay,
While heavily the thunder-clouds gave sign
That God rode on in storm's most dread array,
And o'er the shuddering world would scatter wild
dismay.

Hark! hark! those bursting peals the clouds have
shaken:

See how devouringly they sweep the sky;
Now nearer roll, while big lone drops awaken
The awful quiet of the seas—on high
The sun one moment gleams in agony,
Then like the dolphin yielding up its life,
With every rainbow colour seems to die.
Big rain, with thunder's roar and lightning's strife,
Rouses the slumbering deep—with dancing tumult
rife.

And now a pause—a sullen dreary pause,
The raging waters for a moment's space
Are still: but nearer, and more frowning draws
The work of ruin; and upon the face
Of the hushed deep, is seen the distant trace
Of rushing winds—they come—great God, that
clash!

Again the tempest howls—the lightnings chase
The foam-wreaths o'er the sea—flash follows flash,
Till all is lost in one dread agonising crash.

'Tis past! and oh! the change, how heavenly fair!
The sun no longer on the waves is seen
To glare with fury, and the loaded air
Hath given place to all that's fresh and green;
Winds the most gentle from that isle serene,
O'er the lulled bosom of the rippling deep,
Come, fresh with earthy scents; and far between
The spicy groves, whose dewy branches weep,
Calmly the sunset smiles—like a young child asleep.

Now, on the deck where, but a short hour since
The rush of waves a habitation found,
The crew again their busy life commence;
The flooded planks are dried—the hatch unbound,
The canvass swells, and shrilly pipes resound.
Hark! to the boatswain's call, "all sail to make,"
And music's cheer as trampling feet go round,
The rustling rope flies swift as hands forsake,
And smooth beneath the prow the crystal waters
break.

Moored by the shore they lie. Ah! not for long
Amid those groves their lingering feet may stray:
Ere half the wonders may be seen, which throng
Cyngola's isle, the signal ropes convey
The fluttering blue,† which will not brook delay;
The vessel lifts and spreads each snowy sail
Seemingly conscious that she must obey,
Swells her full bosom in the freshening gale,
And distant shouts from shore, return the seaman's
hail!

* *Cyngola*; the Indian name for Ceylon.

† The sight of the wind thus *walking the waters*, and, as it were, rousing them to destroy, is one of the most sublime and terrific objects in nature.

‡ The flag called "The Blue Peter," which is the signal for the ship's departure from her station.

STANZAS.

'Tis for thee, my love, I raise the cup, for a parting
health to thee,
And my sweet babe, thy image fair, who are so dear
to me;
To this loved home, wherein my heart in fancy oft
did dwell,
Ye cherish'd three, to all and each, a tender fare-ye-
well!

And yet, my Mary, first to thee my fondest thoughts
are giv'n,
Nor can fate more than part us thus, whose hearts are
one in heav'n;
But God will cheer and comfort thee, when I am far
from hence,
He knows thy gentle nature well—our child's pure
innocence!

Oh! thou art fair as Beauty's self, thou hast its beam-
ing eye,
Its chasten'd flush upon thy cheek, to shame the rose's
dye;
Its parting lips, its polish'd brow, with cluster'd ring-
lets fair,
Its jimpy waist, its angel form, its meek retiring air.

But these are graces which by mind's pure worth are
far surpass'd;
I met thee as an angel first, as such we'll part at last;
Each faultless feature, Love, was thine, but all I felt
was giv'n,
In these were traces of the earth, which kept thee
back from heav'n.

Farewell once more! I dare not think, and only know
that I
Must court this worthless world's false smile beneath
another sky;
But though my steps be chain'd, my love, my fancy
will be free,
And oft will visit in its dreams this home, my child,
and thee.

My Mary, couldst thou see this heart, thou'd'st find
engraven there,
An image of thy gentle self; a fond, fond husband's
prayer:
The world is harsh, and thou art kind—is rude, and
thou alone,
And thou, I fear, must weep, my love, must weep
when I am gone!

But heaven will guard thee; and this pledge, our
young and beauteous boy,
Will serve to lead his mother's heart by tender hopes
to joy;
And a time is coming yet, when I will strain thee to
my heart—
An hour when we will meet again, and never more
to part!

Yes, Mary, ev'n through my tears, methinks afar I
see
A quiet spot 'midst our native hills, a cottage on a lea:
The brawling of a stream is heard, the noise of hum-
ming bees,
The laugh of happy voices, from a clump of neigh-
bouring trees!

A halo hovers o'er that spot—there's peace around,
above;
Contentment there is join'd in joy to ever faithful love;
There all they sought is found at length, and all they
hoped is giv'n,
They live for mutual bliss alone, and only wait for
heav'n!

APPEARANCES;

BY EDWARD LANCASTER.

Oh! this leaning over chairs, and conning the same music-book, and catwining of voices, and melting away in harmonies! The German waltz is nothing to it.—*Washington Irving.*

"So it appears we are to be fellow-travellers," observed a tall, well-built gentleman to a little dapper personage in a snuff-coloured coat, drab small-clothes, and ditto gaiters; as they stood side by side under the eaves of the Fox and Crown Inn, to shelter themselves as well as might be from a heavy shower of rain, whilst some luggage was being packed on the roof of the Whitehaven coach, which had stopped to take up passengers on its way through Leicester to London.

"All appearance, sir; never trust to *appearances*," returned the little dapper man, smartly; "I'm about to travel, it is true, but not in this coach."

"Indeed!" remarked the first speaker, taking a cigar from between his lips. "I thought this was the only coach that would pass to-night."

"It is, and it is not," said the person addressed, with a smile. "No more will pass *from*, but two or three will to Whitehaven; therefore I argue that as you are journeying to Leicester—"

"I am not journeying to Leicester," interrupted the tall stranger.

"You are bound for Melton Mowbray, mayhap?"

"Precisely so."

"Then that confutes my argument," said the little man, giving to the word *my* its due pronunciation and emphasis, as if it implied a person of some consequence. "Now I myself am going to Whitehaven so soon as I have seen my daughter into the coach, which will carry her to the same place you intend stopping at."

"Your daughter! Is she old enough to travel alone?" asked the stranger, with some surprise, as he glanced at his new acquaintance, who did not seem more than thirty years of age.

"Alone!" cried the dapper man, closing his mouth, shaking his shoulders, and laughing inwardly till his cheeks swelled: "she's eighteen years old, man."

"Oh! a daughter-in-law, then, I should surmise?"

"Yes," resumed the little man, whose tongue, as if by its own volition, ran on for some minutes without cessation in a brief and rapid history of its owner. "I married her mother, sir, five years back, (though she's dead, poor soul! now,) who was widow to Dick Wentworth, a gentleman farmer of these parts, (mayhap you have heard of him: he was related to the Wentworths, of Parlut, in Lincolnshire.) I was his attorney, and managed to ogle the widow while reading his will: she, however, appeared to take no notice, but I, Jeremy Lunnun, never trust to appearances; so I persevered, and prospered at last. I buried her two years ago, and am now in full cry after Miss Wilkins, of Whitehaven. Determined to try to the last. Obligated, though, to leave to-night in order to send Elizabeth, my daughter-in-law, to meet her cousin, Genevieve Byfield, who unexpectedly returns with her mother from the Continent to-morrow morning. Great expectations there! Must show them every respect. Be there, myself, to-morrow."

"Indeed!" said the tall stranger, slightly yawning; "but I perceive the coach is ready for starting—I deem myself fortunate in having secured an inside place this wet night," (he added, as he emerged from his place of shelter.) "The rain pattering on the roof will lull me into a comfortable nap."

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth, my love!" cried Lunnun to

a young lady, who speedily made her appearance from the inn, closely muffled up in a travelling cloak.

The stranger, who had already placed his foot upon the steps to the coach, drew back, and made way with a natural grace and courtesy for the young lady to precede him.

"I thank you, sir," said Miss Wentworth, timidly, and shrinking as the rain fell in torrents upon her slender form, "but I am to travel on the roof."

"Good God, madam, it is impossible! you would be drowned were you to go outside!" exclaimed the stranger.

"Needs must, for she has no choice, sir," said Lunnun. "You are aware that places can't be booked here—there being no dependence on the number of passengers which the coach may contain. 'Tis a pity to be sure; yet she *must* go to meet her cousin."

"Then I must beg the lady to change places with me," said the stranger, in a firm but gentle tone.

"But you will, in that case, expose yourself to the very inconvenience from which you would so kindly shield me," returned Miss Wentworth, venturing a bright glance from beneath her hood at the light frock coat which the stranger wore, and which seemed but an inefficient screen from the wet.

"I am an old traveller, madam, and shall not heed it," replied the stranger, respectfully taking her hand, and gently forcing her into the vehicle.

All this passed in a much shorter time than has been occupied in narrating it, amid the "Now, sir, if you please," of the guard, and the reiterations of "Whoa! gently! steady there!" of the coachman.

"Sir, I am your most obedient and obliged servant for this," cried Lunnun.

"Pshaw! it is not worth a thank," said the stranger, mounting the coach.

A delay of another minute took place, owing to the guard having left a parcel in the house, during which Lunnun stepped upon the wheel, and asked the gentleman, in an under tone, if he knew any thing of the Trelawney family, formerly of Melton Mowbray.

"I am a Trelawney, myself," was the reply.

"I thought so, from your features," said Lunnun, in a musing tone; and, after a moment's pause, added, "it's a celebrated name in English history, and flourished before the conquest; though it was then pronounced Treleon, and—"

Here he was cut short by the motion of the wheel beneath his foot as the coach started forwards, which caused him to skip from his perch, and after cutting a very magnificent caper in the air, he alighted amidst an adjacent puddle, to the discomfit of his own person, and the terror of half a score ducks therein dabbling, who, no doubt, looked upon this miraculous addition to the shower as an inauspicious omen.

The fellow-travellers of Miss Wentworth were two gentlemen and an elderly lady. The former maintained a truly English taciturnity, an example which the latter did not seem inclined to imitate; but finding that Elizabeth replied not to the observation which she made concerning her being on a visit to a relation afflicted with a *palaratic* stroke, she muttered something about the *caprice* of some folks, and resigned herself to the care-soothing arms of Morpheus! At about two o'clock the coach stopped before a large

gateway by the road-side, where Miss Wentworth alighted, and rung a bell which was suspended above it. At the same time Trelawney left the coach, as it appeared he, too, had reached his destination. Thus were our travellers placed in a similar situation to the lady and Yorick at the Remise door—accident having thrown them together. There was a moment's pause, when Miss Wentworth, thinking it a duty incumbent on her to return thanks for the courtesy which Trelawney had shown her, ventured to hope that he would experience no serious consequences from his exposure to the inclement weather.

"None whatever, rely upon it," replied the gentleman; "but I fear, madam," he added, as she was again about to ring, "that your servants will be unable to hear the sound of the bell, as it is carried in an opposite direction by the howling wind."

Had Trelawney been able, through the surrounding darkness, to observe Elizabeth's cheek, he would have seen it suffused with blushes, as she informed him that she could admit herself through a small wicket by the side of the gate—a convenience which she certainly might have availed herself of in the first instance. He immediately proffered his assistance in supporting her across the lawn which fronted the house, and to hold her umbrella, as a screen alike from wind and rain. Elizabeth possessed a heart that knew no guile itself, nor suspected it in others, and at once passed her arm through Trelawney's.

"Will Miss Wentworth acquit me of rudeness," observed the latter, as they picked their way along the saturated path, "if I remark that it is singular her father should entrust so young a lady to journey alone, in a stage coach on such a night as this?"

"It was a case of necessity, sir," replied the gentle tones of Elizabeth; "I have been on a visit for some days past at a friend's near Whitehaven, as my father-in-law is unwilling to leave me at home when he is abroad, lest—lest—"—here the young lady coughed, and added—"but being informed by an express that some relations would be at Lawn House early this morning, it became necessary to send me by the first conveyance, to be in readiness to meet them—which he could not do himself from pressure of business at Whitehaven."

They had now reached the house, the door of which was speedily opened by a maid servant, and Elizabeth found herself placed in a new dilemma, for, as she turned to reiterate her thanks to Trelawney, she perceived the wet streaming from his apparel, yet maiden delicacy would not permit her to ask him in. He, however, instantly relieved her by uttering, emphatically "Farewell!" and, departing with hasty step, soon became lost in the darkness.

It was about twelve o'clock at noon when the expected visitors arrived in a postchaise at Lawn House. Elizabeth flew to welcome them, and the greetings on each side were affectionate and sincere, particularly between the young ladies, who, having been brought up together, entertained a sisterly regard for each other, although a wide dissimilarity existed between their dispositions and appearance. Elizabeth was fair as the lily, slender in form, mild in deportment, with long flaxen hair, which luxuriated in natural curls about her brow and neck; and all her features were so perfectly formed, so faultlessly beautiful, that the face might have wanted expression, had it not been for the vivacious blue eyes which sparkled bewitchingly there, and imparted to the whole an animation and cheerfulness which evidently sprang direct from the heart, where mirth, innocent and joyous, dwelt without alloy. Miss Byfield was taller than her cousin, (though a year younger,) and although equally sylph-like in form, possessed a certain degree of elegance and dignity that added to its beauty, while it would have deteriorated from the easy and graceful

charm which Elizabeth's boasted. Her complexion was dark, and her features prominent and speaking; her hair like the raven's wing in colour, and like the turtle's down in silkiness; this she wore in large fashionable French curls, that tastefully shaded her pure and polished brow. She had received the last finish to her education at a convent in France, and the doctrines there taught had been productive of a serious and reflective turn of mind, which was tempered by calm and contented feelings, and a something of natural gaiety inherent in her composition. Her reasoning powers were strong, and, as her opinions were never given without mature deliberation—not often exercised by girls of her age—they consequently carried with them a depth of understanding, and a correctness of judgment, which commanded the admiration of all who knew her.

Genevieve Byfield had lost her father some years before the time we are treating of, who directed, by will, that should his widow again marry, she should immediately place her daughter under the guardianship of Mr. Jeremy Lunnun, a person who contrived, in spite of his eccentricities, to ingratiate himself with most who had dealings with him. Mrs. Byfield had now left the Continent to obey this injunction, being about to bestow her hand upon a French Marquis, who had won her heart—and her purse. The girls, therefore, looked forward with an almost infantine delight to the hours they were to pass together, and before half the day had worn to a close, had formed plans which would have taken weeks to execute, and talked over, almost in a minute, those little delightful adventures of childhood which had occupied years of their early spring.

The remainder of the day, as also the one following, continued gloomy and showery; the fair cousins were, consequently, constrained to remain beneath their own roof; but the morning of the day after burst upon them like an illuminated scene at the termination of a dark walk. All was bright and exhilarating. The sun shone with Italian brilliancy, and awoke into beauty and life the still wet face of Nature, which seemed to smile upon the god who thus chased away her tears. Such a scene formed a powerful inducement to tempt the young ladies abroad, and with youthful eagerness they prepared to prosecute their walk across the country. Lawn House was situated on the road-side, about midway between Melton Mowbray and "Leicester town," and it was towards the former place that they bent their footsteps.

"Really," exclaimed Elizabeth, as she proceeded arm-in-arm with Genevieve, "were I inclined to indulge in similes, I might compare the present scene to many fashionable ladies, who will one day be dull and unlovely in their appearance, and the next come blazing forth in all those charms of beauty and ornament which enable them to please and to captivate."

"Or rather, my dear Eliza," said Miss Byfield, "liken it to the influence of education upon the vulgar mind; making that, which was before dark and unseemly, not only refined but charming. However, in either case the metaphor is far-fetched."

"Be that as it may," cried Miss Wentworth, laughing, "your's is by no means tenable; for the human mind, in either exalted or humble life, is equally delightful to the contemplative eye, and possesses the same essence in each sphere—the one boasting the charm of refinement, and the other the still more delightful one of simplicity."

"So say your romance writers, coz; but remember that the very simplicity which you so much admire is nothing more than a veil thrown over ignorance. It is education which teaches us to know ourselves and others; and, believe me, nothing recommends itself more than a cultivated understanding, which, however powerful it may originally be in its rude state, acquires

a greater, and a far more engaging force, when enriched with the arguments of learning and reflection. Does not the breeze which wafts hither the perfume of yon briar affect the senses more pleasingly, than that which flows across the stagnant pool we passed a minute since? Yet both possess the same essence, as you term it, and were called into existence by the same convulsion in the air from which they commonly sprung."

"You are a casuist, Genevieve," observed Elizabeth, gaily; "I must borrow a leaf from Locke and Bayle ere I venture to argue with you."

"A fine morning, young women," interrupted a rough voice directly behind the ladies, who, drawing down their veils, quickened their pace in some alarm, not daring to look round. "Stop, not so fast!" exclaimed a man, starting forward, and obstructing the footpath. "Didn't you hear me speak? It's a fine morning, I say!"

"In Heaven's name, what would you?" cried Miss Wentworth, timidly, as she shrunk back, and glanced, with fearful eye, upon the man, who was clad like a sailor, and wore large, but evidently false, mustaches.

"Nothing particular," replied the fellow; "only being ignorant of the time, I wish to borrow your watch, madam."

"Do you intend to rob us?" cried Miss Byfield, with trepidation.

"Fie, madam! I said *borrow*," returned the man, insolently seizing her veil, and snatching it from her bonnet.

At this moment some one in an adjacent meadow cried, "Hold, ruffian!" with a voice that made its hearers start, and instantly afterwards bounded across the intervening hedge, and rapidly advanced to the trio; the robber waited not his approach, but took to his heels and fled at the top of his speed.

"I trust the scoundrel has not hurt you, ladies?" said the gentleman who had so fortunately arrived upon the scene, and in whom Elizabeth immediately recognized Mr. Trelawney.

"No more than the fright has occasioned," replied Elizabeth, blushing, she knew not why; "and I have again to express my obligations to one who seems so ready to aid the unprotected in every variety of distress."

"A sweet duty, which ever bears its own reward, Miss Wentworth," said Trelawney, in that grave, yet bland tone, which Elizabeth had noticed as so impressive; and as he raised his head after the graceful bow which accompanied his words, he fixed his dark, piercing eyes, with a steadfast and somewhat embarrassing gaze upon our heroine, as if surprised and pleased at the innocence and beauty which he saw depicted upon her countenance.

This action, though it lasted but a moment, gave the ladies an opportunity of observing the appearance of the stranger. He was tall, being nearly six feet high, and elegantly formed; a noble yet stern cast sat upon his features, the complexion of which was a clear olive; an eye "like Mars", born to threaten and command," was softened by long jet-black lashes, and surmounted by eyebrows that for slenderness and beauty of curve might have graced a woman's brow. His hair was of the darkest brown, and worn thinned and shortened at the temples. His dress was green, and cut in a military fashion. A foraging cap, and gold-mounted fowling-piece, will finish the description. Miss Wentworth was again about to speak, when a loud cry prevented her, accompanied with the exclamation of "This will never do—we must have no sharers in the exploit." The party turned round, and beheld two men, (one of whom was the recently discomfited robber,) armed with bludgeons, and advancing at a rapid rate. Trelawney flew to meet them, and, with a well-aimed blow, felled the foremost with the

butt-end of his gun. The other, on perceiving this, stopped short, turned upon his heel, and plunged into a neighbouring copse, followed by Trelawney, who was, in his turn, pursued by the man whom he had treated so unceremoniously a moment before.

Agitated and alarmed, the maidens shrunk close to each other; when a fresh cause of terror appeared. This was a swarthy, stout man on horseback, who, with loud shouts, galloped up; again, however, Trelawney "advanced to the rescue," and, seizing the bridle, suddenly dismounted this new comer; the horse loosed itself, with a violent plunge, from our hero's gripe, and, with a contemptuous snort, cantered off, dragging his master, whose foot was entangled in the stirrup, after him.

"There, my fine fellow, how like you that?" cried Trelawney, laughing. "Egad, if ever I did a thing more neatly in my life!"

Here his eye met the fair pedestrians, and, instantly relapsing into somewhat of his former gravity, he stepped up and apologized for his ill-timed mirth, he not being aware, he said, of their immediate vicinity at the time.

"Pray, sir, offer no excuses," said Miss Byfield, "but rather allow us to congratulate you on your success against such formidable odds."

"Odds! odds life, I was even with the rascal at all events," said Trelawney.

Elizabeth felt surprised at this light strain from one whom she had imagined to be of a rather gloomy disposition than otherwise, and hesitated a little as she renewed her thanks for his timely assistance.

"Really, madam, I must run away if you overwhelm me thus," he exclaimed; "and see, here you stand shaking with fear, and I ungallant enough not to offer you my arm; pray, ladies, use no ceremony, but allow me to conduct you home."

With the ready confidence of innocence, Miss Wentworth at once passed her arm through his, but Genevieve, with rather a distrustful look, endeavoured to decline, saying, in a hesitating tone, that they had not far to go.

"Oh! this gentleman is no stranger to the distance, coz," said Elizabeth, "for he has once before done me the honour of conducting me in safety to Lawn House."

At this speech Trelawney started back with a sudden movement, and, withdrawing his arm, gazed in evident astonishment at Elizabeth, whilst a laugh seemed trembling upon his lip as if anxious to escape: he, however, instantly resumed his former situation, and extending his other arm towards Genevieve, said, with all that suavity which before had pervaded his tone and manner, "You hear what your fair friend says, madam; pray, then, be not so cruel as to refuse my assistance, for it is not impossible but that the dogs may again attack you." This was enough for Miss Byfield, and without further ceremony she took the proffered arm.

During the walk Trelawney launched into a gay and animated conversation, very different from the style he had previously assumed. It consisted of pointed yet playful animadversions upon society and its characteristics, interspersed with anecdotes in support and elucidation of his opinions. Some of these were interesting and melancholy; others light and humorous; and as he capriciously wandered "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," the hearts of his fair auditors insensibly followed, as though spell-bound to the words. Miss Byfield, in particular, was attracted by his polished language; but, with that prudence which formed a distinguishing feature in her character, she noted every syllable he uttered with the cautious care of one who examines a coin which he suspects to be a counterfeit; but no—the metal of Trelawney's sentiments, as he dilated upon his subject,

sounded and sparkled in token of its being sterling gold! The refined and elegant girl was, therefore, satisfied that it was to an equal, if not a superior, to whom she listened; and suddenly, though insensibly, her warm heart made a transit from her own bosom into his. The walk home appeared to be much shortened by Trelawney's entertaining conversation, and when the ladies had arrived at the door of Lawn House, they secretly wished the distance had been double.

"By my life," said our hero, taking a hand of each as he prepared to depart, "I wish that robbers were more numerous."

"And wherefore, may I ask?" said Genevieve.

"Because, madam, in that case you might daily stand a chance of being molested, and I, by each time coming to your rescue, would be fortunate enough to have a diurnal repetition of the last half hour's happiness."

Poor Miss Byfield was completely at a loss for a reply to this flattering remark, and stood blushing and stammering, when, to relieve her confusion, Mr. Lunnun, mounted upon a little grey mare, galloped up to the door.

"Ah, girls!" he exclaimed, as he dismounted, "glad to see you. What! and Mr. Trelawney, too!"

"Yes, sir; he has just rendered us a most essential service by affording us his safe protection against the assault of robbers," was Elizabeth's rejoinder.

"Eh! robbers in broad daylight? Pooh! all appearance, my love: never trust to appearances."

"I faith, sir," said Trelawney, rather eagerly, "I saw them myself; and could show you a bruise or two to make good my words."

"Then that confutes my argument," said Lunnun. "However, pray walk in; our conference the other evening was broken upon rather suddenly, (confound all ducks and puddles say I,) and I wish to have some chat with you."

Trelawney bowed, and at once followed; but there sat an expression of perplexity upon his features which, had it been observed, would have created surprise. On entering the house, Lunnun bustled about with an air of importance, and made fifty inquiries in a breath without awaiting a reply to any. At length he settled himself in his easy chair, and ordered a luncheon to be prepared, declaring at the same time, that he cared not what they gave him, "as he had a most adventurous appetite!" Accordingly the tray was brought with a cold fowl, and a variety of grateful *et ceteras*. Of this Trelawney was invited to partake, but he declined, and so Mr. Lunnun, *sans ceremonie*, seated himself solus. Meantime our hero zealously exerted himself to detain the ladies in the apartment, and recommenced the conversation which had been suspended at the termination of their walk. Lunnun, notwithstanding the important task in which he was engaged, occasionally threw in a remark, or asked a question, by which he greatly contributed to lengthen Trelawney's stay. "You have travelled, I perceive," he observed, during a short pause.

"Not much," returned Trelawney; "my rambles have been chiefly confined to the Archipelago."

"I don't much wonder at your not going further then. The famous beauties of Greece are enough to cure any man of truantism."

"I faith, I cannot agree with you there, sir. The men are certainly models of masculine grace and beauty. But as for the women," continued Trelawney, turning to Miss Byfield, "give me an English fair, in preference to Helen of Troy herself."

"Spoken like a man of gallantry," said Lunnun, with a comical expression of the eye. "But a truce with compliments; I have a more serious subject at heart. May I ask from what branch of the Trelawneys you are descended?"

Trelawney paused, and seemed staggered by the question which was so unexpectedly put: he, however, after a moment's hesitation, replied—"I am descended from the late Sir Rowland Trelawney."

At these words Lunnun dropped his knife and fork as if they had been red hot, and thrusting back his chair, half raised himself upon his elbows, and stared with all his might and main. "Son to Sir Rowland!" he at length exclaimed. "Pooh! Sir Rowland's son was shot at one of the Ionian islands, during the struggle of the Greeks with Turkey!"

"However that may be, he now stands before you!" rejoined Trelawney.

"This may be all appearance, and I never trust to appearances; but if you can bring proofs in support of your allegation, (to use a newspaper phrase), you may hear of something to your advantage."

"We are in the presence of ladies, sir," said Trelawney, warmly, "otherwise I might call you to account for thus doubting the word of a Trelawney. Besides, I would ask what benefit I can possibly derive by producing the required evidence, when I well know that my father's entire property has devolved, by will, upon his nephew, Mr. Atherstone?"

"All ap— But no matter," said Lunnun, checking himself. "Please to walk with me into the library, and I will converse with you."

Trelawney obeyed, and, on seating himself in the sanctum of his trim and dapper host, learned with surprise, that Lunnun was his late father's solicitor and agent, and the very person whom he had been in search of since his arrival in England.

"And may I ask why you left England? Your explicit reply is all I require to establish your identity," said Lunnun.

Trelawney, in answer, related that in consequence of a few boyish irregularities, heightened by the calumnies and misrepresentations of his cousin, Mr. Atherstone, Sir Rowland Trelawney, in a moment of passion, banished him from home. "Since then," he continued, "I have wandered from place to place like an unquiet spirit. I have taken up arms for the Greeks, shed my blood in the sacred cause of liberty; still I have felt a loneliness at my heart. My eyes were turned towards England; I wrote letter after letter, petition after petition, to be recalled, without receiving a single reply until my return to Athens, when I found a letter, which, I now recollect, bore your signature, informing me of the death of my father. I immediately returned to this country, but judge of my surprise when I learnt of Mr. Atherstone's accession to my fair estates. Yet, if I deem aright, foul play has been used."

"Mayhap you suspect me? No matter. I'll shortly bring incontestible proofs that I am incapable of such flagitious conduct. In the interim, rest assured that Mr. Atherstone is by no means your friend, for he was perpetually earwigging poor Sir Rowland. Don't bite your lips now. I will supply you with means of revenge, as I am entirely satisfied with regard to your identity. Indeed I little doubted it at first, but I thought it best to put off any disclosure of my plans until I had carefully considered them."

Much conversation now ensued. Trelawney wished to be let into the secret of Lunnun's plan, but the latter, assuming a mysterious tone and manner, requesting him to wait till the following day. Trelawney mused for a short time, and then smiling, as if some pleasing idea had crossed him, exclaimed, "I will await your pleasure; so until to-morrow, farewell."

On the succeeding day our hero was early at Lawn House, according to appointment, and on being shown into the parlour he greeted the fair cousins, but in a manner altogether at variance with the gaiety which had sat upon him at their last interview. He was

grave, but mild and engaging; and the inquiries which he made concerning Elizabeth's health were so tender and earnest, that the anxious feelings of the heart might plainly be detected as accompanying them. To Genevieve he was polite, but reserved, and whenever a symptom of his former volubility appeared, it was only in reply to some observation made by Miss Wentworth.

"You perceive we have kept ourselves close prisoners to-day," said the sweet tones of Elizabeth, after adverting to the recent occurrences.

"Perhaps you acted wisely; yet, as I passed the meadow, I almost expected to have seen your light form crossing it."

"You have marked the spot, then," said Mrs. Byfield, who was present, and to whom Trelawney had been introduced.

"Aye, madam," said Trelawney, without noticing the arch look with which her words were spoken, "Nature painted the landscape on my heart, and I shall bear it with me to the grave." His eye rested upon Elizabeth as he spoke, and he appeared to identify the innocent girl with the goddess whom he had named. But she observed it not, and only replied by saying, that she should never again pass the place without trepidation. After some further conversation, Trelawney inquired if Mr. Lunnun was aware that he was in the house, when to his dismay, Mrs. Byfield informed him that her brother had departed from home early in the morning, and would not return before the next day. The following day arrived, and with it our hero—but not Lunnun. Letters were received by Mrs. Byfield, bidding her expect him daily, but a fortnight passed away, and still was he absent. Trelawney grew suspicious at this delay, yet he was far from displeased at it, as, under colour of making inquiries respecting the attorney, he daily visited the place, and generally spent some hours in the ladies' society, which he was permitted to do with security, as Mrs. Byfield was mostly present to guard the Hesperian fruit. Gradually these visits were extended until the shades of evening closed upon the day, and then would the maidens, at his request, blend the melody of their dulcet voices to that of the piano, or harp: sometimes, too, he would join his rich mellow tones to their sweet and thrilling notes, and a passer-by might have fancied that the sounds he heard were the united out-pourings of a flute and bugle. Never, perhaps, were hours whiled away more happily, or by three more happy beings. Miss Wentworth was the Euphrosyne of the party, and Genevieve the Minerva, whilst Trelawney alternately reflected the qualities of each—now light and playful, at another time grave and philosophical. He seemed the child of waywardness, and his heart, like a mirror, appeared capable of receiving the image of whichever of the cousins chanced to be nearest him. At one time would the unaffected innocence of Elizabeth enchant his every sense; then was he serious, yet affable—dignified, yet courteous. At another time Genevieve engrossed all his faculties. Then would his lively sallies, his fund of anecdote, his inexhaustible store of remark, arouse to the utmost the interest of his hearers, and so rivet their attention that hours flew as unheeded by as moments to a lover at his betrothed one's feet. It has been remarked that a light heart loves best the gravity which tempers its mirth: whilst the less cheerfully-toned mind delights in that gaiety which tends to disperse her gloom. The youthful cousins established this fact, as it is observable that Miss Byfield affected Trelawney most when he appeared in smiles, and Miss Wentworth when he was otherwise. However—to reveal what is no doubt already guessed—in all times and moods he was beloved by both.

The existence of this passion was nevertheless unsuspected by the beings who felt its sway—but their

every action betrayed it to him who had inspired it; and he seemed as anxious to cultivate the affections of each, as would a florist to mature the beauties of a tulip and a rose. Yet was no jealous feeling aroused, for our heroines seemed to consider Trelawney in his different humours as different beings, and scarcely suffered a thought of his fickleness to disturb them.

One day, when he was in his liveliest mood—by turns chatting with the laughing Elizabeth, or listening to the silver tones of her grave cousin—Mrs. Byfield asked him if he intended to patronize the ball which was shortly to be held at Melton Mowbray.

"I really cannot tell, madam; for, to confess the truth, I was ignorant that any such important event was about to occur," replied Trelawney.

"Indeed!" returned the lady; "then, to dispel your ignorance, I must inform you that a school for orphan girls is projected, and this ball is adopted as a first step towards raising funds."

"Then I will be there—in charity's cause I am an enthusiast; and I hope ladies," added Trelawney, "that you are retained in the same suit."

"We certainly are," replied Miss Byfield.

"Then I will be intrusive enough to request that I may act as your chaperon," returned our gallant hero. The ladies accepted his services without hesitation, and on the appointed evening the party set off in high spirits to the scene of amusement. Nothing connected with our narrative occurred until late in the evening, when, as Trelawney was leading his fair charges to a seat, a young man, fashionably attired, stepped forward, and, abruptly seizing Miss Wentworth's hand begged that she would be his partner in the next dance, adding, that he had long sought an opportunity of again beholding her, and was resolved not to miss the one now afforded. As he spoke, Trelawney fixed his dark eye full of fire upon him, and, after suffering him to conclude, said in a low tone, "You had better depart from hence, sir; you are known."

"Known, sir!" echoed the intruder, "I know that—none better in the county—I should like to know you, sir!" The loud and boastful tone in which this was spoken, attracted a portion of the company to the spot, who eagerly demanded what was the matter.

"Quite sufficient to excite the indignation of all present:—a common robber has been admitted into this assembly!" exclaimed Trelawney.

"Who is he? where is he?" resounded immediately through the room.

"Here!" cried Trelawney, grasping the stranger powerfully by the collar.

"Good Heaven! you are surely under some strange mistake. That is Mr. Atherstone, your relative," exclaimed Elizabeth, in an alarmed tone.

"It is impossible—this is the man whom I threw from his horse not a month since, when he was about to commit a highway robbery," cried Trelawney, still retaining his hold. The person, however, by a vigorous effort, succeeded in releasing himself, whilst several of the party assured Trelawney that Miss Wentworth was right. "Then Mr. Atherstone, if it be he, is a scoundrel!" interrupted our hero, unable to master his passion, on discovering that its object was he whom of all men he most hated. Words ran high, and eventually the incensed pair quitted the room, followed by most of the gentlemen. All was now confusion and alarm—the ladies crowded together in anxious suspense—questions were asked without a reply—until, in the midst of every thing, the report of pistols was heard, and word shortly afterwards brought that Atherstone had fallen severely wounded, and that Mr. Trelawney was taken prisoner. Never was scene of pleasure more abruptly terminated. Some of the ladies fainted, others wept, and many joined in exclaiming against Trelawney's hasty conduct. In the meantime, Mrs. Byfield, with her niece and daughter, contrived

to escape, and returned home with feelings of mingled astonishment, distress, and perplexity.

On the following morning the young ladies rose, as if by mutual consent, at an early hour. The heart of each beat in anxiety to learn Trelawney's fate, and, after a short desultory conversation, they with one accord walked into the meadows, although they had not done so since their rencontre with the robbers. The morning was serene, the holy stillness of Nature was uninterrupted, save by the warbled hymn of the lark, as he shot upwards to sun himself in the orb of day. A soft melancholy sat upon the hearts of the cousins, and even the sportive Elizabeth sighed as she broke silence, by saying that she thought the goddess of Nature had put on mourning from the gloom which prevailed.

"Ah! Elizabeth," said Genevieve, "that expression tells the state of your own bosom, through the feelings of which you scan the landscape, and not with the naked eye. Too often do we look upon Nature, and cry, 'This is fine,' or, 'That is unsightly,' without reflecting that the beauties or defects most frequently exist in the medium through which we view them. Were a traveller to entertain me with a description of the countries he had traversed, I should endeavour to learn the state of his mind at the time he witnessed them, ere I gave implicit credence to the picture he drew."

"I believe you to be correct," returned Elizabeth; "for till now I always considered the landscape before us as beautiful——" here the rustling of a footstep amid the unknown grass caused her to raise her eyes, when she beheld—Trelawney. Both ladies started with surprise. "Good heaven! are you at liberty?" was the simultaneous exclamation.

"To attend you to the Poles, if necessary," answered Trelawney.

"Indeed, indeed I am happy to hear you say so," ejaculated Elizabeth, with artless energy, her light and fragile form bent in an attitude of thankfulness, and her blue eyes, in each of which trembled a single diamond, upturned to heaven. Trelawney looked with delighted gaze upon the girlish enthusiast, and tremblingly taking her hand, he said in his richest tones, "That a seraph like yourself should thus express such anxiety for so worthless a being, thrills my poor lone heart with ecstasy.—But what is the occasion which at present calls it forth, I must own myself wanting in penetration to discover."

Miss Wentworth looked surprised, and after a moment's hesitation, reminded him of the circumstances of the preceding evening. Astonishment was now in turn depicted on Trelawney's face, but suddenly chasing it, he hurriedly said that the magistrates awaited his attendance, and without further apology left the ladies to resume their walk alone, and puzzle themselves with the mystery of his conduct.

Mr. Atherstone's wound was not, as at first supposed, in any way dangerous; he was therefore enabled to attend in person to give his evidence. From his statement it appeared that some officious friend had furnished the pistols with which the parties fought, and the most strenuous endeavours of the gentlemen who were present were insufficient to bring about a reconciliation.

"So far you are correct," cried Trelawney, "but remember that you, like a coward as you are, fired before my weapon was even cocked."

"In the event of that being proved," said the magistrate, "I can see no reason for your further detention."

"But I insist upon it," shouted Atherstone, with fury; "he assaulted me in the public assembly, and I demand justice for that."

"Calm your passion, sir, and it shall be awarded you," replied the magistrate; then turning to our hero, he inquired his name.

"James Trelawney," was the reply.

"What! my cousin of old?" cried Atherstone in a tone of exultation and acrimony. "this joys me.—Now shall I triumph over the sneers you bestowed upon me during boyhood—but *that* I have done already by inheriting the gold which you coveted, and to render my revenge still more complete, a portion of that very property shall be expended in prosecuting you to the last, for yesternight's assault."

"It's all appearance, your worship, never trust to appearances," exclaimed a little personage bustling through the crowd, and who proved to be our old friend Lunnun.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the magistrate.

"Why, that I intend to confute his arguments: and to begin with the assault—he is the assailant. You needn't frown, Mr. Atherstone; I am an attorney, and don't care a button for black looks. I can bring his own dependents to prove that some weeks ago he had recourse to the mean, hackneyed, worn-out device of bribing them to terrify my daughter under the appearance of robbers, that he might come up and pretend to save her; and had it not been for Mr. Trelawney's bravery the plot would have succeeded."

"But what end was to be answered by this trick?" inquired the justice.

"Miss Wentworth's love. He has for a long time pestered her with his addresses, inasmuch that whenever I left town I have been obliged to take her with me to avoid him, as she absolutely hates him, and declined from the first to listen to his importunities."

"Well, fellow," interrupted Atherstone, with ill-disguised wrath, "this is all foreign to the matter, and what the deuce has it to do with my property?"

Lunnun, upon this, shrugged his shoulders till they shook with laughter. At length, when his mirth had subsided, he exclaimed, "I'll soon confute that argument.—See," and he drew a paper from his breast pocket, "here is a will drawn by Sir Rowland five days posterior to the one in your possession, and the purport of it is that the whole of the Trelawney estate, real and personal, without the reservation of a single shilling, was to be inherited by his son and rightful heir, James Trelawney, and only in the event of the vague report of his death (and that too without issue) being indubitably and satisfactorily proved to be correct, was the property to be enjoyed by you. But this is not all, Mr. Atherstone. In the last and true will I am left sole executor, and you are trustee of the estate until Mr. James Trelawney shall appear. You will, therefore, have the pleasure, not only of yielding up the property to the rightful owner, but of refunding, out of your own private fortune, all such sums as you may have drawn from it during the few months you have been in possession. What do you think of that, eh? And to add to your chagrin," continued little Lunnun, rubbing his hands with glee, "learn, that insignificant as you are pleased to consider me, *I* was the sole cause of all this—it was through my representations that old Sir Rowland was induced to make this grand alteration, and restore his wronged son to his inheritance by this last act of justice."

"This is a serious affair," said the magistrate, "and belongs to another tribunal. Yet I cannot refrain from asking you, Mr. Lunnun, why you have kept the matter so long a secret?"

"Because I hoped to make a profitable client of Mr. Atherstone, and as the property was in reality left to that person in the event of Mr. Trelawney's demise without heirs, I thought there was no harm in concealment until the appearance of the real Simon Pure. However, I have now made amends for all faults. I have brought the witnesses from Whitehaven, and am prepared to act upon the true document with all legal expedition."

The shock of Lunnun's unexpected expose threw Atherstone into a fit, and he was obliged to be immediately removed. Trelawney was of course dismissed, and, after bowing to the magistrate, he left the court, accompanied by the eccentric attorney who had proved so serviceable to him. It would be impertinent to tire our readers with a repetition of Trelawney's acknowledgments; suffice it to say, that, after expressing his gratitude, he implored Lunnun to lay him under a yet deeper obligation, by allowing him to address Miss Wentworth in the language of love. The lawyer, after declaring that his daughter-in-law was too highly honoured, yielded a willing consent, and Trelawney, with a throbbing heart, quickened his pace towards Lawn House. On arriving there, Lunnun inquired for the ladies, and finding that Elizabeth was alone in the parlour, he hinted to our hero that he was at liberty to visit her. Trelawney seemed agitated for a time, but collecting himself, he bowed, proceeded along the passage, and tapped at the door which bounded it. A soft voice gave permission for entrance—he went in—he took Miss Wentworth's hand—his eye beamed, and the hue on his cheek freshened—he spoke—each feature bore testimony to his words, and in an hour he was at Elizabeth's feet.—She had consented to be his.

Trust me, dear reader, I would gladly dwell upon the scene which ensued between the lovers—had there been one; but, unluckily, no scene occurred, as, not a quarter of an hour after his addresses had been accepted, Trelawney was seen to ascend a rising ground which lay at the back of the house, and from whence a pathway led to a beautiful hermitage which had been erected as a retreat from the warmth of a summer's day. The door of the grot was open, and discovered to view the elegant form of Miss Byfield reclining upon a rustic couch. She held a pencil in her hand, which she listlessly employed in tracing some letters upon a card. T, R, E, were already neatly executed when Trelawney approached, and she hid the writing in her bosom.

"Pardon this intrusion, madam," said he, drawing back, "I thought—I hoped—"

"Pray, sir, offer no apology," returned Miss Byfield, rising in some confusion, "rather exert your kindness to relieve my anxiety and suspense with respect to the magistrate's decision upon the unfortunate altercation of last evening, but—" Here she paused, with a blush upon her brow—she had gone too far, and suffered her eyes to reveal more than it was possible for her tongue to retract, and Trelawney, taking her hand, said, in his softest tone, "And does Miss Byfield—does the sweet Genevieve indeed take an interest in the fate of one so undeserving of it?—Ah madam! too, too happy should I be, could I for a moment believe such to be possible."

Genevieve's head drooped, and her cheek whitened;—but she uttered not a word, nor did she withdraw the hand which Trelawney had taken. Our hero gazed upon her scorch-like features with an expression of delight, and when he again spoke, the music rung in so captivating a strain, that the polish of his language itself was scarcely more attractive. His theme was love, and his words were so winning, so ardent, so wild and passionate, that ere the agitated girl had time for reflection, she suffered the sentence to escape her lips—"that she loved." Trelawney caught her to his heart, and after impressing one kiss upon her now crimsoned forehead, flew from the place, unable to sustain the delirium of joy which fired every fibre of his frame.

Genevieve was now alone. She had sealed her fate for ever; and reflection busily strayed through the labyrinths of futurity to make a note of all the obstacles which she might meet with, when herself pursued the same track. In the midst of her meditations

she was startled by the rapid, yet light approach of her fair cousin, who, flying to her side, exclaimed, in tones of rapture, "Joy, joy, Genevieve! all doubts and fears are now at an end!—Joy, joy!"

"How!" said Miss Byfield, in surprise, "have you already seen Mr. Trelawney?"

"How apt a guesser you are, coz!" returned Elizabeth, colouring; "but to confess the truth, I have—and he has made the sweetest confession!"

"Oh, the betrayer! he ought to have waited a little longer first," said Genevieve, crimsoning in her turn.

"Not when his promptitude afforded so much happiness. But now, my dear, dear cousin—sister I shall call you—do pray grant me one favour."

"To select you as my bridesmaid, I suppose," interrupted Genevieve, smiling.

"What an odd mistake!" cried the laughing, innocent Elizabeth. "Transpose the pronouns, and the version will be correct."

"Impossible! for when—when Mr. Trelawney makes me his—his bride—"

"You!"

"Me."

Need we say that the mystery was now unravelled, and all Trelawney's perfidy laid bare? The deceived ones stood for a time motionless; the dews of sadness dimmed the lustre of their eyes, but not a word—not a sound escaped their lips. The dreadful, torture-wrung resignation of despair, quelled all sounds of woe in Elizabeth; whilst the throbs of wounded pride and mortification kept the more dignified Genevieve silent. Suddenly their glances met, and rekindled life in their apparently inanimate forms. "Take him to yourself, he shall be yours, Genevieve," cried Elizabeth, with a wild burst of sorrow.

"No, no," exclaimed Miss Byfield, "he shall mourn over my grave first—" Their anguish could now allow no more, they threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept in all the bitterest agonies of grief.

"Heyday! is this all appearance, or are you really crying in earnest?" said Lunnun, who now entered upon the scene. It was long before he could gain a coherent reply; but when he did, and the circumstances which we have narrated were unfolded to him, his passion knew no bounds, and he would have inevitably lost his wits, had not the unexpected entrance of Trelawney afforded a vent for his rage. Lunnun greeted our hero with a torrent of invectives, until his breath was completely exhausted, when the object of his vituperation said, in a calm, placid tone, "In Heaven's name, sir, what has thus raised your choler?"

"Zounds, sir, your conduct would put Patience herself in a passion!" exclaimed Lunnun. "Have you not decoyed and duped these poor trembling girls? But I stand forth the champion of injured innocence, and insist upon ample satisfaction."

"Which I am ready to afford to each of the ladies," said Trelawney, quietly.

"Impossible, sir," returned Lunnun; "I tell you it is impossible!" he added, with vehemence.

"It may appear so; but (to quote your own oft-repeated remark) you should never trust to appearances. I again say I will make peace with both."

"And I again affirm that it is beyond your power—unless, indeed, you split yourself in two."

"Thus then I confute your argument," said Trelawney; and stepping out of the grotto, he in a moment returned, leading by the hand as perfect a resemblance to himself as though a looking-glass was by, and reflected his own image. "Allow me, ladies," he said, with a bow, "to introduce my twin-brother to your notice."

Conceive, fair reader, if possible, the surprise of all present, and then accompany me to the end of my tale. Trelawney explained at full length the circumstances that had transpired; but, as brevity is the soul of wit,

I shall condense his narrative, and relate it in my own words.

James and Arthur Trelawney were the twin-sons of Sir Rowland Trelawney; and bore so close, so astonishing a likeness to each other, that their parents could not distinguish which was which (to employ a homely phrase) when asunder. The similitude, however, extended but little beyond the outward man, both were alike brave, courteous, and generous; but in the first-born these qualities were chastened by gravity of demeanour, and in Arthur they received an additional sparkle from his inherent good flow of spirits. The best of us go astray at times, and our heroes were not without their foibles. These were magnified to Sir Rowland by young Atherstone, who then formed a part of the family, amongst whom he was detested as a mean-spirited and cunning mischief-maker. The consequences of his misrepresentations have been already seen; the young men, at the age of seventeen, were exiled from home, and they shortly afterwards enlisted in the Greek wars. During their stay at Athens, Arthur was attacked by an epidemic, then raging, and in one stage of the disorder sunk into a state resembling death, which so alarmed James, that he immediately wrote word home that his brother was dead. Subsequently the complaint took a favourable turn, but the vessel containing the intelligence of that event was lost in its passage home, so that Sir Rowland remained in ignorance; and this accounts for his not naming Arthur in the will which Lunnun persuaded him to make. The baronet, on hearing of his son's supposed death, despatched a letter for the immediate return of James; but which letter was intercepted by Atherstone, who hearing that his cousin was wounded in a rencontre with the Turks, caused it to be reported that he was killed.

At length the brothers returned to England, and

James, (now Sir James Trelawney,) encountered Mr. Lunnun as narrated in the commencement of our history. It was the young baronet who first came to the rescue of our heroines, but it was Arthur who saw them home; and he thought it so rare a joke to be mistaken for his brother, that he persuaded James to assist him in carrying on, what he conceived, the harmless deception; and he offered a wager of fifty guineas that it was possible to be done without a discovery: the latter accepted the bet, and fortunate was it that the heart of each was not given to the same lovely girl; but no—James fixed upon Elizabeth, and his brother upon her cousin: hence the apparent fickleness which the girls had so often remarked.

After this the reader need not be told which of the two acted principal in the different scenes we have described. The brothers now approached their respective mistresses, and in their own characters requested them to ratify their former promises in the presence of Lunnun. The ladies gave their hands in silence, for their amazement would not allow them to speak, and Sir James Trelawney instantly announced his intention of dividing his unexpected fortune with his brother.

"Nobly done!" said Lunnun; "and now is one of my grand arguments confuted—no, confirmed—never trust to appearances! Miss Wilkins of Whitehaven, said she did not like me, but that was all appearance, for next week we are to be married. The baronet here thought I was playing him false; that, too, was an appearance, as I have recovered him an estate. Mr. Atherstone deemed himself possessed of a large fortune—all appearance—for it belongs to another! Lastly, these simple girls fancied they loved the same man, when lo! a counterpart steps forth, and says it is all appearance! In short, APPEARANCES are deceitful—never trust to them!"

Original.

BEAUTY AND FASHION.

SAID Beauty to Fashion, as they sat at the toilette,
 "If I give a charm you are certain to spoil it,
 And really, dear madam, you often resort
 To such very odd fancies my work to distort,
 I hope you won't think me ill-natur'd or vain,
 But I scarce know my own, when I see it again."—
 Thus Beauty ran on—and thus Fashion replied—
 "Who does most for the sex, Miss, shall fairly be tried;
 For my claim to their gratitude can't be denied.
 Your nymphs, with their forms, their complexions, their
 features,
 What are they, without me, but poor awkward creatures?
 But for my assistance, I pray you to tell
 If you ever could make your most favoured a Belle?
 Besides, Miss, in spite of the favours you boast,
 How scarce are your blessings, how scarce is a Toast!
 A complexion, a shape, you confer now and then,
 But to One that you give, you refuse it to Ten;
 Now I am impartial, and but for my aid,
 Both Venus and Cupid might throw up their trade,
 And even your Ladyship die an old maid."
 With a toss of disdain, and a look in the glass—
 "Ah! Fashion," said Beauty, "that vaunt may not
 pass,
 The most that your vot'ries can ever obtain
 Is the heartless regard of the Light and the Vain;
 They may sparkle, 'tis true, for a while in the Ring,
 But soon pass away—quite an unnotic'd thing,
 Like the fast-fading hue of the Butterfly's wing.
 The nymph that's indebted to you for her power,
 Will find it can only endure in the hour
 When Love, and when Reason desert their domain,
 That Folly and you for a moment may reign."—W. R.

NO MORE OF GRIEF.

No more of grief, no more—

As o'er the spring-day, bright and brief,
 Steals the dull cloud—as in the leaf
 Corrodes the canker—so comes Grief;
 O root it from the heart's deep core,
 No more of Grief—no more.

No tears can win them back—

Clasp'd in their cold and clammy bed;
 Remorseless Death will keep the dead,
 Though tears of blood the mourner shed,
 Wrung by Woe's agonizing rack—
 No tears can win them back.

Avaunt, then, idle Sorrow!

Fate still her awful web will weave,
 Though dark her threads, 'tis vain to grieve,
 Then why should harrowing Sorrow leave
 On the time-spared brow of youth its furrow?
 Away, away with Sorrow!

Ho! brim the bacchant bowl,

The sullen eyes of Memory blind,
 And indurate the brooding mind!
 What Pean's this of frantic kind?
 Sink not the heaven-aspiring soul,
 Spurn back that Pagan bowl!

God's will be done for ever!

No more sad tears must now be flowing,
 No more life-mining anguish growing,
 The same dark way we all are going:
 The binding hand may surely sever—
 God's will be done for ever!

LATE HOURS.

"Whether have I spied to shake off an intolerable yoke."
Esmeray Clinker.

THERE was no contending against it. A fixed displeasure was seated on her countenance, while at intervals she bent her brows firmly, still keeping her eyes riveted on the fire; a slight convulsion of the upper lip plainly showed she was labouring under the influence of some deep mental misery. This is an odd reception thought I, after frequent attempts to draw my aunt Ursula into conversation; my uncle had been snoring on the other side of the fire place for an hour.

It was my first visit. My uncle Benjamin and aunt Ursula were brother and sister, and had lived together on a comfortable scale of independence some thirty years. My uncle becoming childless and a widower early in life, had retired from business and taken up his abode with his sister "for better for worse." My aunt Ursula had never married, she might have done so,—she had refused the best offers, and broken the hearts of many,—she was the belle of every ball-room,—she might have kept her carriage. All these facts I have gathered from her own lips.

A long absence from England had made me ignorant of my uncle and aunt's way of living; I had only returned from India on the day before my visit; and as they were my nearest relations, by full three hundred miles, I repaired at once to their neat habitation at Hendon—big with expectation of the delight they would feel at my return, and ready to answer the thousand and one questions I expected to be asked.

Judge, then, my surprise when, after a slight salutation, and the tea things were removed, my uncle rubbed his back against his easy chair and fell asleep, and my aunt sunk into the sullen mood I have endeavoured to describe. I began to fear some heavy calamity had befallen my family, which she was unwilling to break to me, but to all questions on such points I received satisfactory answers. Something was wrong—something had happened to sour my aunt's temper; but my uncle seemed to sleep happily and good-naturedly enough—it was a matter that evidently had not reached him. I had a right to feel disappointed, and was getting into rather a dignified humour, when I heard my aunt muttering something to herself which ended with "Confound him!" As she said this, she stirred the fire vigorously, and in replacing the poker misplaced the shovel and tongs, which falling with a splutter and clang awoke my uncle.

"What's the matter!" cried he.

"The matter, brother! the matter!" replied my aunt, fiercely, "here's the old story again: three nights last week did I have to sit up for my gentleman! and its the same to-night;—but I knew how it would be;—I could see it as he went out of the gate: but if I don't find out his tricks—"

"Its very tiresome," said my uncle, and he fell asleep again.

Poor aunt Ursula relapsed into her former apparent agony of spirit, and refixed her eyes on the fire, occasionally ejaculating, "I'll be a match for him—deuce take him—not a morsel of supper!"—and so on.

I remembered to have heard, while abroad, of a certain cousin who had been adopted as darling by my aunt, and who, like many other darlings, had run his own course, and turned out no credit to her rearing up; I naturally concluded he was the aggressor, and that I could not mend the business by inquiring into it.

"Pray!" said my aunt, after suddenly ringing the bell, "Pray!" said she, as Sally entered the room, "what is the clock?"

"Nine, if you please ma'am."

"And is Jerry come in?"

"No ma'am."

"Bother him," replied she bitterly: "I thought so;—bring up the tray."

The jingling of the supper again awoke my uncle, and he bustled towards it with the good humour of a kindly host willing to do the honours of the table; but my aunt moved slowly, and dragging her chair after her said, as she advanced,

"It's my firm belief, brother, that those Misses Jones encourage him."

"I think it very likely," said my uncle Benjamin.

"Then what is to be done?" said she, "am I to be deprived of my natural rest, night after night?"

"You have your own remedy," replied my uncle, "get rid of him!"

"Brother! brother! are you mad?" cried my aunt; "are you at your time of life a sufficient guardian to a house like this? No, no, if Jerry has his faults, he has his merits also."

"Is it usual," said I seeing my aunt softening, "is it usual for him to treat you in this way? have you never reasoned with him?"

"Reason, indeed—the brute!"

"Why it may not be too late to reclaim him, and the pleasure of doing so would amply repay—"

"Bah!" said my uncle.

At this moment there was a low growl at the outer door, followed by a clear, boo, woo, woo!

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed my aunt, rising from the table, "there he is!"

In a few seconds the parlour door opened and in rushed a fine black-tan terrier dog; his tail fell as he caught my aunt's eye, and he crawled imploringly towards me as she reached a little stick from the top of the looking-glass.

"And is this the culprit," said I, on the servant's closing the door, "I expected to have seen my cousin Stanley."

"Alas!" said my aunt, shaking her head, and looking mournfully at the dog, "He has been dead these four years."

I afterwards learnt that Jerry had been the favourite attendant of my unfortunate cousin in his nightly rambles. My poor aunt Ursula who had loved her nephew, loved his dog also; but Jerry still clung to the old habits of his master. A chain and collar would have done the business, but my aunt was a lover of liberty, and would not hear of such a thing; she bore with Jerry as long as she could, but at last felt compelled to get rid of him on account of inveterate predilection for late hours.

J. W.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.

THE following beautiful and eloquent extract is from the "Village Grave Yard," written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood of Boston.

"I never shun a grave yard. The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses, is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there; but the folly, the hustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity are all gone. Men are there; but the passions are hushed, and their spirits are still. Malevolence has lost its power of harming; appetite is satiated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done raving, all disputes are ended; and revelry is over; the fellest animosity is deeply buried; and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thickly piled clods of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God."



PAGANINI.

Among the many wonders of this wonderful age, the original of the preceding embellishment is probably the greatest. The English language has been searched thoroughly for its most expressive terms of praise, and these have been repeatedly and in every possible form of style, applied to him; and yet his genius soars far above the reach of their impotent expression. His predecessors were, compared to Paganini, mere evidences of their imperfection, or perhaps rather of the extreme difficulty of becoming *perfect* violists: it was by no means unusual for the most distinguished of them to say that a man may spend his entire existence in the study of that most difficult of instruments, and still be but the best among imperfect performers. Of this Paganini seems well aware: and he accordingly places his avarice on a level with his musical reputation.

The amount of money paid to this man is almost incredible; and yet, scarcely any person ever thinks of the expense; or if he do, it is but to congratulate himself on its application. Paganini did not advance by the usual slow progress into his present popularity. The world knew nothing of his existence; the various capitals of Europe were perfectly contented with the brilliant performances of continental artists; and to these did the royalty and nobility of Vienna, Milan, Berlin, Paris, London, &c. &c. pay the most willing honour. All at once came forth this musical wonder: the world echoed his praises; audiences were entranced, and every thing like instrumental competition vanished before this unparalleled enchanter. It is said that his execution, wonderful as it is, is not so much the result of deep and continued study, as of a discovery made by himself, by which he can render the most *mediocre* performer, a finished one: and that this discovery he will at some future time disclose. When this time shall arrive it is to be hoped that the later Paganini's will be more beneficent than the present one; who on his recent visit to Dublin, refused to play for a charitable institution there, for a less sum (which was tendered to him) than he received for his theatrical engagement. This is characteristic of him; and must considerably lessen the intense interest with which he has ever been regarded. He is represented as a man of not the tenderest heart, as indeed his face indicates; and no less singular in his physical structure than in scientific superiority. He is now performing at the King's Theatre, London, where the frequency of his appearance has not in the least lessened his great attractions. We hope the tide of theatrical emigration will yet bear him over to us.



MRS. NORTON.

Our generation is remarkable for an increase of female talent, which authoritatively demands our care in its cultivation. Indeed the superior degree of literary ability recently exhibited by the gentler sex, has placed the "lords of creation" in the shade, or at least successfully claimed an equality of *eclat*. Among those who have thus distinguished themselves is the Hon. Mrs. Norton; who but a short time since flashed upon us "like unexpected light." Miss Landon, of course, gave way before her; for Miss Landon had, in our opinion, no right to praise, except as the *avant courier*—the pioneer of female poetical literature. Mrs. Hemans was in the ascendant: but her muse, ever since the publication of her beautiful poem on Greece, became tame and monotonous: there are scarcely two of her poems which possess a distinct thought; they displease with a continued sameness: and rely upon the gallantry of the press for the hydraulic power with which they are pressed into popularity. But in Mrs. Norton we have a specimen of what may be expected from the female mind, when duly cultivated. Her poetry is full of delicate passion; produced by the philosophic temperament of her thought; and there is a firmness and an originality in the construction of her versification, and the direction of her mind, which are truly delightful. Nor is Mrs. Norton's mind set in an unworthy casket. The jewel is certainly invaluable, but the casket is a Golconda to its proprietor. She is a lovely woman; and most happily combines the rare and enchanting recommendations of talent and beauty. This lady has undertaken to edit the *Lady's Magazine*, which under her *surveillance* must increase in popularity, as she possesses all the means of advancing its interests; for to mental and personal attractions, Mrs. Norton adds that of high and distinguished station; it is also said that she has in contemplation the superintendence of *La Belle Assemblée*! This additional undertaking is altogether unsuitable! it may prove to the world the superior literary tact of Mrs. Norton; but it is too severe—too physically as well as mentally severe an exertion; and, in fact, cannot but be injurious to a reputation which could be sustained by one work, but divided between two, must become weakened, and, probably ultimately destroyed. Parcelling out the mind is very injurious to fame: it must be condensed, or rather concentrated upon one object, and then according to its power, all that power will be apparent, and exemplified in its application: but to cut it up into samples, which can never exhibit the *effect* of the entire, is very injudicious: a decided injury to individual reputation, and no inconsiderable loss to society.

Original.

A SKETCH OF FASHIONABLE LIFE;

A TALE.

"WHAT a miserable state of existence this is," said Isabelle Selwyn, "I am sick of the world, there is nothing to enjoy, nothing to live for!"

"You of all people to say that," said Alice Jones, "you who have every thing you want, and every body at your command! Who has been so much admired as you this evening? you had half a dozen invitations to dance every cotillion, and kept the floor the whole time."

"And do you think that is any happiness?" said the young beauty, scornfully.

"I think," replied Alice, "it is very pleasant when you go to a ball to be asked to dance."

"I hope you have enjoyed the evening," said Isabelle, recollecting that her guest was entitled to some courtesy.

"Yes," said Alice, "it was happiness enough for me to look on."

"Did not you dance?" enquired Isabelle.

"No," replied she, "I was not asked."

"Abominable! but, at least, you escape the tired, fagged feeling I have. I would have given all the world to have sat down, after the four first sets of cotillions."

"Why did you not then?" said Alice.

"Because every body would have thought I could not get a partner; but I am determined I won't go to any more balls. I hate dancing, and I hate people, and I hate iced creams and oysters, and what under the sun is there to go to parties for, when that is the case?"

"I don't know," said Alice, laughing; "I confess I like all these; and, if I could have danced once or twice, I should have been quite happy; as it was, I had a very pleasant evening, and I consoled myself for not dancing, because my white kid gloves are not the least soiled, and, perhaps, I shall have better luck another evening."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Isabelle, "what different scales we are graduated upon! I could not have conceived of greater misery, than to be obliged to look on and see others dance a whole evening and not be asked once myself!"

"You forget," said Alice, "that it is all new to me. I never was at a *real* ball before; at B——, we never mustered more than nine or ten couple, and the whole pleasure consisted in dancing; but, to-night it was like going to the theatre; such beautiful dresses, such—"

"Don't trouble yourself to enumerate your pleasures," said Isabelle, peevishly; "I am glad you found enjoyment in any thing, it was more than I did; but do for heaven's sake, let us go to bed, I declare I am so tired that I can't undress."

"Let me help you," said Alice.

"No, thank you, I'll ring for Becky." Becky came at the summons, looking quite as tired and sleepy as her mistress.

"Get me a glass of water," said Isabelle. Becky went at her command.

"Only think of poor Becky's being up so late," said Alice; "it is after two o'clock."

"Well," returned Isabelle, "and a'n't we up late?"

"O yes," said Alice; "but then it is very different with us; we have been all the time enjoying ourselves, and she has had nothing to do but try to keep awake and wait for us. I know from experience it is the hardest thing you can do to sit up very late, waiting

for any body, and yet obliged to keep awake, as you said just now," added Alice, "I can't conceive of greater misery."

"As for that matter," said Isabelle, "it is not our look out; she is paid for her labour, and if she don't like her work she can quit; it is a voluntary matter with her, but it is not voluntary with us; if we once get into a ball-room, there we must stay."

"At least," said Alice, "our going is voluntary."

"I ask your pardon," said Isabelle; "your going might be voluntary, but I went quite against my inclination, and I always have an awful time when I do."

"I hope," said Alice, "you did not go on my account—"

The entrance of Becky with the glass of water, relieved Isabelle from a reply.

"Here, Becky," said the young lady, "unclasp my bracelettes, take off my necklace, take these flowers out of my hair. O, for mercy's sake don't pull so, take care, you'll break my pearl sprig. O, gracious, this string has got into a knot?"

Alice stood patiently looking on, while the waiting-maid went through her operations; at length there was a pause, for Isabelle threw herself back in her chair, shut her eyes, let her arms fall, and declared she was positively dead!

Alice now modestly requested Becky to untie the upper string of her gown, which she could not get at herself; it was all the assistance she required, and in a few moments she was ready for bed.

"Which side shall I sleep on?" said she.

"Just which you please," replied Isabelle, "I usually sleep on this."

Alice, with a light step, sprung into the opposite one, and before the weary beauty had taken off her dress, was in a calm and tranquil slumber.

Not so Isabelle: clad in her cambric night dress, with flushed cheeks and a disturbed brow, she took her place by her side, but not to sleep; her own reflections "murdered sleep." It was true, she had been *the belle*, a distinction that can belong only to *one* on the same evening, which gives a peculiar zest. Every beau, of any pretensions, had asked her to dance; no, not every one; Frank Moreton had stood aloof, and alas! Frank had been the Mordecai that had destroyed her enjoyment for the evening.

Isabelle was not only a beauty, but the actual possessor of ten thousand dollars, which was magnified by a liberal public, to whom the multiplicand costs nothing, into three times ten; her father died when she was about nine years old, and left this only daughter, with an only son to the care of a doting mother; the son went through the usual routine of a boy's education, first of school and college; studied law, and prevailed on his mother to furnish him with funds for travelling. As for Isabelle, it must be acknowledged that her mother had the strongest desire that she should be accomplished and well educated, but then it must be done without giving the poor thing much trouble; she could not get *long lessons*, that was out of the question. She had a mortal aversion to geography, and as for grammar, her mother assured her instructors that it was wholly unnecessary to trouble her about that, for she had a natural propensity to speaking good grammar. Certain it is, she worried through two years at one of the most celebrated Lyceums; carried Latin,

Italian, and French books in her satchel; took two quarters instruction in music; painted flowers in the Honfleur style; and then was announced to the world as the beautiful and accomplished Miss Selwyn. Her dancing was the only "branch of her education" that had been thoroughly attended to; for Mrs. Selwyn said, "Nature seemed to point out dancing, and she always thought nature ought to be consulted; that there could not be any thing more unnatural than the branches of education that were usually taught; but Isabelle never objected to dancing, she was always willing to begin a new term." And the truth was, she excelled in this accomplishment; she could waltz till her partner grew giddy, turn pirouettes to the astonishment of all beholders, and dance the shawl dance to a charm; as to her exterior, her eyes were celestial blue; her hair, and she was extremely particular that her curls should match it, a golden auburn, her figure fine, and in short nothing wanting to make a belle—and a belle she was.

There were circumstances that made it "highly proper," we use her own words, for Mrs. Selwyn to invite Alice Jones to pass several months with them. Her parents resided in the obscure little country town where Mrs. Selwyn was obliged to acknowledge, when questioned, she herself was born; their attention had at that time been important to her; and Mrs. Selwyn was actually married from their house. They had kept their place of respectable intelligent citizens; had brought up and married a large family; and Alice, their youngest, only remained; on her, they had lavished every advantage of education within their means; and Mrs. Selwyn felt as if it was "highly proper" to cancel her early obligations, by inviting her to come and receive the last polish that fashionable society gives. The invitation was accepted. Isabelle was sure she would be a bore; what could she do with her! but there was no help for it. Alice came, and the evening which introduces our story was her first appearance at a ball. She had seen Isabelle decked with jewels and her fine form set off by the elegance of fashion and dress without one pang of envy; her own simple wardrobe was according to the humble fortune of her father, and it must be confessed, did no great credit to the mantua-makers of B—; as there was no pretension, however, there was nothing ridiculous, and it may be safely said she excited no observation. The evening, to her, had been full of expectation, and it had passed without disappointment; she had made up her mind that nobody would speak to her, for she knew nobody, and it turned out just as she had predicted; but she was blessed with eyes and ears, she could stand without fatigue four or five hours, she had drunk lemonade, and eaten cake and ice cream to her heart's content, and had come home full of satisfaction, and just enough fatigued to lay her head on her pillow, and drop asleep in her little mob night-cap, her face looking as innocent and tranquil as an infant's. It would seem as if Isabelle's lace cap and plaited ruffles were inimical to sleep, for she in vain resolutely shut her eyes and tried not to think. It is very annoying to have a sleeping partner when we are keeping our night-watch. Isabelle worried through one long hour, sometimes turning, sometimes sighing audibly, sometimes pressing her elegant gold repeater, and, at last, exclaiming, "Alice, are you asleep?"

Alice started up; "Did you speak?" said she.

"I only asked if you was asleep."

"I believe so," said Alice, and again seemed ready to resume her slumbers without demonstrating any curiosity in her turn to know if Isabelle was asleep.

"I have not closed my eyes to-night," said Isabelle, unwilling to lose the advantage thus gained. "Come, Alice, do wake up, and let us talk." Alice, with a good-natured effort roused herself.

"Did you see any body that struck you particularly to-night?" said Isabelle.

"O yes, a number; there was that lady with the gold and scarlet flowers—"

"Poh, I mean gentlemen; did you observe that one that stood by the pier-table while I was dancing there?"

"The one with a bald head?" said Alice.

"A bald head! no; what do you think I care for a bald head? I detest bald heads, they ought to be turned out of company."

"O, Isabelle," said Alice, "don't say so."

"I suppose," replied Isabelle, laughing contemptuously, "you are afraid of being torn to pieces by wild bears, like the little children in the primer, that said, 'go up, thou bald head, go.'"

"No," said Alice, "I am not afraid of that."

"What then?" enquired Isabelle, struck by the emotion of her voice.

"I was thinking of my father, his head is bald."

"Well, my mother's is not," said Isabelle; "so I can't be expected to reverence all the bald heads I see for her sake; and as for her gray hair, we are not called upon now a days to pay honour to it; for the dear old souls are ashamed of it themselves, and cover it up as carefully as if it was something wicked. I can always frighten mamma out of her wits, by only telling her that there is a lock of her gray hair got down."

Alice made no reply.

"I suppose," said Isabelle, "you think it is not pretty to talk so; well, then, answer my question; did you observe a young gentleman that stood on the left by the pier-table, not with a bald head or white hair, but with locks black and glossy as the raven's wing?"

Alice confessed she did not observe him. "What is his name?" asked she.—"Moreton, Frank Moreton," replied Isabelle.

"That is curious," said Alice; "he was the only gentleman that spoke to me."

"What did he say?" said Isabelle, raising herself on her elbow.

"I stood near the window, and some of the ladies asked him to open it, and he said, offering his arm to me, 'Let me first find this lady a place where she will be less exposed to the air.' There was something so kind and friendly in his manner, that when he was out of hearing, I asked his name, and they told me it was Moreton. I shall always remember it."

"You amuse me, Alice, when you say 'kind and friendly,' you should say *polite*, that is all that is meant by such things."

"I suppose it is," said Alice, in a sleepy voice.

"Well, now," continued Isabelle, "I am going to tell you all about him—you must promise not to mention it again—you will promise, won't you?"—"Yes."—"Well, then, you must know he is by far the most elegant young man in company, and mamma thinks he is the only suitable match for me, and his sisters the only good matches for my brother; they are all as rich as Croesus, and one of the first families—you are awake?"

"Yes," replied Alice.

"Well, he has been very particular in his attentions to me. I can't say that he has actually offered himself, but we understand each other, and, would you believe it, he took exceptions at some trifle, and never came near me this evening, nor asked me to dance! Are you awake?"

Alice made no reply. "Do you hear?" said Isabelle, laying her hand on her shoulder. "Yes," said Alice.

"Now, don't you think it is rather a proof of interest, than indifference?"

"Yes," again replied Alice.

"Of which?" asked Isabelle; "do you think it is a proof that he is indifferent to me? Speak!"

Once more Alice compelled herself to say "Yes," but it seemed as if her good temper was unable to

content any longer with her drowsiness, for Isabelle in vain urged for an answer beyond the provoking *yes*, and that became so very malapropos, that Isabelle ceased to converse, and made up her mind that Alice was the most stupid ill-natured creature that ever existed, and as her thoughts were diverted by her resentment from the cause of her wakefulness, she soon followed the example of Alice, and dropped asleep.

Morning brought no increase of serenity to Isabelle. "I know," said she, "the first question mamma will ask me, is who I danced with." She was mistaken, however. Mrs. Selwyn saw something was wrong, and was careful not to add any new cause of disturbance. The breakfast was joyless and silent; at length the fond mother could no longer suppress her curiosity, and with many a fond endearment she enquired if she enjoyed the evening. "No, I'm sure I did not," said Isabelle, "it was completely stupid, parties are detestable. I never desire to go to another."

"And you, Alice? are you too sick of parties?"

"Me? O no, I enjoyed the evening very much."

"If I have such a stupid time this evening, I am determined I never will go to another party," said Isabelle.

"Don't say so, darling," said the fond mother, "you know Alice depends on seeing a little of the world."

"Then you must show it to her yourself," said Isabelle, sullenly.

"It is out of the question for me to go into company, the doctor has forbid my taking the evening air."

"Don't think of me," said Alice; "it is all new to me, I can be happy any where."

"But, I know," said Mrs. Selwyn, "how young people love dancing; did you get as much as you wanted last night, Isabelle?"

"I never sat down once," said she, in a sullen tone.

"You are always in luck," said the satisfied mother. "I suppose Frank was as devoted as ever; and you, Alice, was you fortunate in partners? did not you sit down neither?"

"I did not sit," said Alice, "for I saw no seats. I stood and looked on all the evening; nobody asked me to dance, but I could not expect that they would, for I was not acquainted with any body, and I had as much as I could do to see others dance."

"Well, I must say," said Mrs. Selwyn; "it is a little strange that you should have enjoyed the evening so much!"

It may be doubted whether she drew any inferences, for her mind was not calculated for much reflection: perhaps, however, she did wonder that Alice without a single fashionable advantage should have returned so happy, and Isabelle with all so miserable.

When Alice left the room, Mrs. Selwyn said, in a conciliating tone, "Perhaps, Isabelle, your dress did not suit you; is there any thing you want?"

"It was not that," said the young lady.

"At any rate, love, you must go to-night, it won't do to send an apology."

Isabelle had no serious thoughts of not going, but she now perceived she might make a merit of the matter, and strenuously protested nothing should induce her to go.

"Why, how singular it will look," said the mother; "and then there is your new blond gauze, you would be sorry if any one came out in just such a one before you wear it."

"If they did," said the young lady, "I never would wear it."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Selwyn, "the wisest way is to go to-night, and then you will be, at least, among the first that get the pattern."

At length, Isabelle was persuaded to consent, with a bad grace, to what she had all along intended to do; at the same time, she assured her mother that if she

had as stupid an evening as the one before, Alice must get somebody else to wait upon her.

Again evening arrived, and the two young ladies went through the process of dressing for the ball; Isabelle in her blond and white satin, made in the newest taste, and admirably suited to her fine figure; while Alice meekly unfolded her white muslin dress, shook it, and begged Isabelle to observe how nice she had kept it; "It really does not look as if I had worn it." Isabelle could not resist a glance of intelligence at Becky, who simpered in return. Mrs. Selwyn entered when they were dressed, and put a little morocco case into Alice's hand, containing a pair of neat pearl earrings; but alas! her ears had never been bored, and they could not be exhibited; the pin, however, that accompanied them was placed in her bosom, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude to Mrs. Selwyn, and perfectly contented with her own dress, because hardly bestowing a thought upon it, she entered the splendid drawing-room of Mrs. Wood.

Perhaps, owing to the charm of novelty, there was something really attractive in the simplicity of Alice's appearance; at least, so thought Moreton, who was one of the gentlemen ushers, and offered her his arm when she entered, hoped she took no cold the evening before, and then turned to Isabelle, who received him but half graciously. As a fashionable, however, his attentions could not be dispensed with, and she so far compromised her resentment at his neglect the evening before, as to engage herself to him the first cotillions.

"Who is that pleasant looking girl you have with you?" said Moreton.

"Her name is Jones," replied Isabelle; "she is a protegee of my mother's, fresh from the country as you perceive; I don't know where she picked her up, on the way side I suppose, where she was growing among brambles and bushes. I brought her with me last night, but I imagine nobody even thought her '*pleasant looking*,' as she was not invited to dance all the evening, and not a gentleman spoke to her; perhaps, you will be knight errant enough to ask her to dance this evening."

"I have, already," said Moreton, "she is engaged to me the next cotillions."

Isabelle looked surprised; but immediately added, "How considerate of you; mother will be much obliged."

Moreton not only danced with Alice himself, but introduced others; and, to her surprise, she found herself engaged again and again. Who that has been initiated in fashionable circles is ignorant of the power of patronage; from the first moment of Moreton's taking Alice out, her fortune, for the evening, was made. She had none of the awkwardness of a rustic-reading, and a good education had given her a proper reliance on herself, and the confidence and good will of her family, and circle of friends, had led her to expect kindness from others.

This happy reliance, which may be truly said to be the birthright of the young and innocent, had protected her from many an offensive weapon, hurled at her by Isabelle. She sometimes thought her blunt, but she could not, for a moment, believe that she designed any rudeness; and what confirmed her in this belief was, that she often replied to her mother just as she did to herself.

The morning after this ball was a cheerful one. Isabelle confessed that she enjoyed the evening. "I knew you would," said her mother; "tell me, Alice, how did Isabelle look after she got there?"

"Very well," said Alice, "she always looks well."

This *very well* could not satisfy a beauty, and she said, "I presume Alice was too much taken up with herself to admire me."

"You are laughing at me," replied Alice; "no, I was not taken up with myself, but, as I danced several

times, I could not give you my undivided observation, as I did the evening before."

"I am glad you found partners, Alice," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"I took care of that," said Isabelle, consequentially. "I spoke to Moreton when I first went in; indeed, I made it a condition, if I danced the first set of cotillions with him, he should dance the second with Alice."

"It was very good of you, Isabelle," said Alice, colouring a little; "but I am really disappointed, for I thought his asking me proceeded from his own kindness."

"You strangely mistake terms, excuse me," said Isabelle; "instead of kindness, you should say politeness."

"I should apply that term to my other partners," said Alice; "but there seems to be such gentleness and good will in Mr. Moreton's manner, that I thought—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you thought," interrupted Isabelle; "however, I told him my mother would be much obliged to him for any attentions he paid you; and I should set them down in my memorandum book as paid to myself."

The animated pleasure with which Alice had begun to talk of the evening, appeared to be somewhat clouded by this conversation, and she remained silent till Mrs. Selwyn said, "Were you introduced to many ladies, Alice?"

"A number," said Alice; "Mr. Moreton introduced me to several ladies as well as gentlemen."

"I dare say that was your *doings*, Isabelle," said the smiling mother.

"Moreton is a man of the world," replied Isabelle, shrugging her shoulders, "we had had a little fracas, but it is all made up now. He knows how to make his peace."

Evening after evening came, and Isabelle still condescended to go to parties and balls. Alice went through the ceremony of having her ears bored, and sported her pearl ear-rings. She had much to endure from the caprice and ill-humour of her companion, to which she could be no longer blind, and she sometimes sighed for her own tranquil home, and the tenderness of her parents. There is a charm, however, in gay and fashionable life that the young cannot be expected to resist; it was all new to Alice, and, if for a few moments her serenity was clouded, it soon recovered its usual brightness. But a new source of vexation had arisen to Isabelle; it became evident that Alice was growing popular; her conversation seemed to have a charm that collected the young people round her, and her gay and happy voice, and her innocent laugh, fell on her ear with a jarring sound. Some of her visitors had so little tact as to say they thought Miss Jones really handsome; and, strange as it may appear, Isabelle began to look on her with jealous eyes; and yet, she acknowledged it was incredible that without fortune, dress, fashion, or beauty, she could ever be formidable.

"Pray," said Isabelle, when she happened to be alone with her mother, "how long are we to be favoured with the immaculate Miss Jones' company? I conclude you asked her for a stipulated time; your debt, I suppose, may be nearly cancelled now; at any rate, I don't see why the weight of discharging it should come upon poor innocent me."

"O, my love," said the mother, "you must not be impatient; you know I have told you that Alice's parents were really very kind to me, when"—and she hesitated—"I had no home."

"And so," said Isabelle, "to perpetuate that agreeable remembrance, you have invited their daughter here; it is certainly not the most pleasant memento to me; but, I suppose it is according to scripture, that the sins of the parents should be visited upon the children."

But, I wish to know how much longer she is to stay?"

"I can't exactly say; but, what hurt can she possibly do you? it is your own choice having her in your room; and, to be honest, I think it is rather an advantage having her to go about with you, she is a complete foil."

"Thank heaven," replied the young lady, tossing her head, "I want no such foil."

"How go on your affairs, love, with Moreton? is he as devoted as ever?" said the mother, glad to change the subject.

"He is so overbearing," said Isabelle, "there is no getting along with him."

"But, he has positively offered himself, has he not?"

"He has not said 'will you have me?' if that is what you mean, which I suppose was the delicate way of managing love affairs in your day; but, we understand each other."

"You know, Isabelle, I have promised you the handsomest set of pearls that Marquand's shop affords, for a bridal present."

"O, as for that matter, I intend Moreton shall give me my pearls."

"My own opinion is," said Mrs. Selwyn, "that Moreton won't choose you should wear any ornaments but diamonds."

"If he does not mind his P's and Q's," said the young lady, "I shall turn him off."

"I must say," said Mrs. Selwyn, with more spirit than usual, "if you do, you will never have such another offer; but no, you can't be so unwise. I saw the Misses Jenkins go from there, yesterday; they are charming girls."

"Charming fortunes, I suppose you mean; I think them very ordinary looking girls."

"As to external appearance, you must not make yourself the standard, Isabelle; but as girls go, they are quite tolerable."

"Well, I must dress," exclaimed the young lady, "for Frank, and poor Ann Moreton, are coming this morning to look over my new collection of pictures that my brother sent; I wish to heaven there was any way of getting rid of Alice; she will engross the conversation; I shall not be able to get a word in edgewise. Can't you go and ride this morning, mamma, and invite her to go with you?"

Mrs. Selwyn opened the window and put her hand out; "It is an east wind; you know I am forbid going out when the wind is east; but I can ask her to come and sit with me in my room."

"That will look too particular," said Isabelle; "but it is very provoking to have any body always in the way."

"So it is," said Mrs. Selwyn; "but why don't you tell James not to ask her to come down; she never comes down without she is sent for."

"Because they will ask for her; and then, Ann made the appointment with her."

"That alters the case," said the mother, and the conversation ended.

Nothing could be more *stylish* than the room into which Mrs. Selwyn's visitors were ushered; the splendid pier-glass, the damask sofas and curtains, gave an air not only of luxury, but comfort and sociability. In the centre stood a mosaic circular table, covered with annuals, and the popular works of the day; the Edinburgh, North American, and Quarterly Reviews; the various magazines, volumes of poetry, albums, engravings, caricatures, and lithographs.

It would seem as if a modern room could hardly fail of creating intellect; a lady has only to enumerate her articles of furniture to be classical. Her Etruscan vases, her Grecian lamps, her mosaic tables, her bronzed candelabras, her gilded ottomans, her porcelain and marble antique specimens from Herculaneum.

Meagre indeed must be the brain that does not shoot forth into some luxuriance among such an assemblage of exciting objects. At least, so thought Alice as she stood looking over the newly arrived prints, and occasionally talking with Moreton. "What could our poor grandmothers," exclaimed she, "have done for conversation! only think how they sat all round the room, pinioned to their high-backed, leather-bottomed chairs, that could hardly be dragged from their position, looking at the sprigs on the carpet, and listening to an old-fashioned clock that stood, audibly ticking the hour, in one corner; and was probably the noisiest of the company."—"One would think," said Moreton, "from the minuteness of your description, that you were one of these venerable grandmothers, come back to see the change one or two hundred years has produced."—"I almost wish I were," said Alice, with glee; "it would be such real delight; but I can account for the accuracy of my description without going so far back. Our room at B—— is furnished just as I tell you, and remains just as it was a hundred years ago; you cannot imagine what a still, tomb-like looking place it is, when it is in order, but I'll take good care that it shall look as if it was inhabited."

"I should like to see *that room*, Alice," said Miss Moreton, who had become quite familiar and well acquainted with her.

"So should I, too," said her brother.

"O," exclaimed Alice, "I have not told you half it contains yet."

"I hope to heavens," said Miss Selwyn, we are not to be regaled any further with an inventory of your grandmother's furniture."

"No, certainly," said Alice, her face and neck blushing the deepest scarlet; "I ought to ask pardon for what I have said; but the thought of home, of my parents—" She stopped, attempted to laugh, and burst into tears.

"My dear Alice!" said Ann Moreton, with a voice of sympathy.

Alice, however, with her handkerchief to her eyes, made her way to the door; it was closed, and Moreton passed her and opened it. When he returned, there was a cloud upon his brow, and no one spoke. At length, Isabelle said, "Who would have thought of such an affair! if there is any thing on earth I hate, it is *scenes*. Miss Jones has a great fondness for them; she is a complete actress."

"There was no acting here," said Moreton, "it was pure nature."

"I dare say," said Ann, "she is a little home-sick."

"If she is," said Isabelle, "I don't know of any force that compels her to stay."

The conversation took a different turn; Miss Selwyn exerted herself to be agreeable; and, before they separated, Moreton had almost forgot her sin against Alice. Not so his sister. She said, in a gentle tone, as they walked home, "Frank, are you too much in love, to see any faults in the woman you admire?"

"No," replied he, "I almost wish I were; for there is no misery like loving what we are daily compelled to disapprove."

"That is all," said Ann, "I have nothing more to say; all will go right at last."

"Yes," said Moreton; "she has so much natural good sense, that I am convinced she will do that for herself that she never had a judicious mother to do for her."

"I have only one question more to ask," said Ann, "are you irrevocably engaged?"

"No," replied he; "I must feel more confidence; this horrible warfare must cease between my judgment and affection, before I commit myself. But, how beautiful she is, and so full of spirit and animation! there is no still life about her; she has the keenest feelings, the most irritable sensibility."

"Let us not talk on this subject, brother," said Ann, "you have already relieved my heart of a burden."

It would have been difficult, perhaps, for Isabelle to have defined her own sensations; but, every day her dislike to Alice increased; not a word she uttered but seemed full of design; if she spoke to Moreton on any subject, Miss Selwyn was sure to perceive that she was trying to ingratiate herself in his good opinion. With all the enjoyment that Alice derived from other society, and the apparent kindness of Mrs. Selwyn, Isabelle's conduct became quite insupportable, and she wrote to her mother to request she might return home. "I have had just enough experience," said she, in her letter, "to convince me that there is no place like home. It is all elegant and splendid here; but I want those good offices that arise from affection; let me once more be with you and my father, and in the midst of my family; once more hear my dear little nephews and nieces call for Aunt Alice; once more feel that I am beloved, with all my faults, and I shall be happy." But, though Mrs. Selwyn did not dare confess it to her daughter, Alice had been invited for a stipulated time, and all the advantages represented, of society, acquaintance with the world, &c. to induce her parents to consent. The arrangement was for six months, not much more than half that time had expired, and both Mr. and Mrs. Jones thought it was a fit of home-sickness that would pass away; they, therefore, merely replied, that they were as impatient as herself, for the period to arrive when she might return; and, in the mean time, begged her to improve every advantage that her situation afforded, as it was the last time they could part with her for such a visit.

When Alice received the letter, it was a heavy disappointment; but she felt the folly of repining at what was unavoidable, and determined to make the best of her situation. "Advantages," thought she, "I certainly have, that I cannot obtain at home, though not just what my mother means. I might live there a thousand years, and not go through one day of such discipline as I constantly endure here." She laid down, for herself, her rule of conduct, and while she meant carefully to avoid giving Isabelle any unnecessary cause of irritation, she also determined to act naturally, express her own feelings and opinions, converse with Moreton or any one else that she was disposed to, and on those subjects most congenial to her taste and education. Hitherto she had been restrained by the sarcasms of the young lady from indulging the full flow of her own mind; but it seemed as if a new era had taken place in her character; when called upon for her opinion she gave it fearlessly and with promptitude; and Isabelle's natural good sense led her to discover that Alice was much better informed than herself.

Mrs. Selwyn, Isabelle, and Alice, were one day sitting at the dinner table, when letters were brought. Isabelle opened hers, read a few lines, and exclaimed, "O, mother, what joyful news! Charles has arrived, and will be here on Friday!" The delight of the mother may easily be imagined; he had been absent three years. Alice partook of their happiness from sympathy; made numerous enquiries, for she perceived they were glad to talk of him, and as soon as dinner was over, left them to the free communication of their feelings. She was scarcely out of hearing, before Isabelle exclaimed, "Only think, mamma, what a scrape you have got yourself into!"

"A scrape!" replied Mrs. Selwyn; "I don't know what you mean!"

"O nothing at all, if you are willing your son should form a connexion with Alice Jones, the daughter of a country trader!"

"Nonsense! he knows too well what is due to himself!"

"I don't know, mamma; perhaps he may choose to

assist you in paying off the family debt. And, considering how heavy it weighs upon you, it must, upon the whole, be an agreeable circumstance."

"How can you talk so, Isabelle? you know I have set my heart upon his marrying one of Moreton's sisters; they have wealth and fashion, and are of a highly respectable family, which is a great object with me."

"I think, mamma," said the dutiful daughter; "my grandpapa kept a livery stable."

"It is no such thing," said Mrs. Selwyn, highly incensed. "It is true, your grandfather was remarkable for his horses, but they were race horses. I really don't know, Isabelle, where you pick up such nonsense."

"Nor I, neither, mamma; but it seems we all come honestly by our taste for hobby-horses. However, I must take this opportunity to tell you that you are entirely deceived in the fair Alice. You think she is an innocent, undesigning country girl. I could tell you, if I pleased, of things that would astonish you; she is a complete flirt; Moreton knows this as well as I do; if she does not draw my brother into an engagement before one month is at an end, I am much mistaken."

"What shall I do?" said Mrs. Selwyn, looking perplexed; "the best way will be to tell her before he comes that he is engaged."

"The best way is to get rid of the young lady at once."

"That is out of the question."

"Very well, then, manage it your own way."

"At least," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you will not contradict what I say; promise me that."

Isabelle finally gave her assent. Mrs. Selwyn took the earliest opportunity to inform Alice, that her son was secretly engaged to Miss Ann Moreton. "It is a profound secret," said she, "her brother knows nothing of it, and, perhaps, would disapprove of it on account of her ill health."

In the evening, Moreton, as usual, came. They were going to a party, and took tea before they went. Alice was dressed and below when he entered. Mrs. Selwyn, too, was present; but, Isabelle who made dress a study, was yet at her toilette. The conversation was animated and agreeable. Mrs. Selwyn bore her part, for Charles was the subject. Alice spoke of his letters; said, next to going abroad was the pleasure of receiving accounts from friends, written on the spot. "Mr. Selwyn," said she, "brings every object before you in the easiest and most natural manner imaginable; he has the true art of letter-writing."

"Then," said Moreton, "he is a correspondent of yours?"

"Of mine? O, no, indeed," said Alice; "Mrs. Selwyn and Isabelle have let me read his letters."

Simple as these observations were, the mother added them to her daughter's intimations, and grew more anxious.

"Have you never regretted not going abroad with Charles?" said Mrs. Selwyn.

"No," replied Moreton; "I made my decision after well considering the subject. My sister's health at the time was so feeble, and the doctor considered her life so uncertain, that I could not have left her."

"But, you see," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you might just as well have gone as not. Miss Ann has recovered her health; as to her being a little lame, she has learnt to manage her crutch so well, I don't think any thing of it."

It was evident Moreton recoiled from the mention of his sister's misfortune. "It has turned out happily as it is," said he; "I have no regret that I did not go. I was able to devote a great deal of time to her, and to alleviate her sufferings."

At this moment Isabelle entered, dressed for the evening, and never looking more resplendently beau-

tiful. A little haste had given an unusual colour to her cheeks, while the news she had to announce or at least talk over, of Charles' immediate return, threw an unusual air of tenderness and expression over the perfect symmetry of her features. All gazed upon her, Mrs. Selwyn and Moreton, probably with unqualified admiration: but, Alice thought to herself, if there was only a heart worthy of that exterior, *he* could have nothing more to wish. She held out her hand to Moreton as she entered, it was ungloved, and soft and white; could he help pressing it to his lips! when he relinquished it, a sparkling diamond was added to the rings that already glittered on her fingers. Happy mother! might have ejaculated Mrs. Selwyn, what canst thou ask for more! But, she prudently forbore expressing her rapture by words; though her face gave evident signs of delight.

"You have come early," said Isabelle, "to congratulate us on the good news we have heard; we are all so happy! and even Alice is full of anticipation and projects." To the three to whom this sentence was addressed, it conveyed to each a different meaning. Mrs. Selwyn saw in it treasons, and stratagems; Alice that it conveyed sarcasm, though she knew not why; but, Moreton saw in it only that sunshine of happiness which reflects its own brightness on all around.

"We have taken our tea," said he, "while you were admiring yourself at your mirror, and now you must receive it at my hand;" and he brought her a cup from the waiter. "Is it sweet enough," said he, as she tasted it.

"O yes," replied she, looking up at him with that beaming expression that painters give to St. Cecilia. "You all know well how to sweeten our cup before we drink it."

"Dear Isabelle!" said Moreton; and he looked as if he could have knelt and offered incense.

"We were talking about Mr. Moreton's not going abroad with Charles," said Mrs. Selwyn, "when you came in. You know he did not go, on his sister's account. I was just saying that it was most a pity, as Ann has recovered her health; and, as for her lameness it is just nothing at all."

"It is possible," said Moreton, "that I may go abroad under much greater advantages for happiness; at least, I will think so this evening;" and he looked expressively at Isabelle.

Isabelle looked down and turned her new ring; could a lover that had not actually put the question, ask for more encouragement.

"It might be of great service to Miss Ann, to go to Europe," said Mrs. Selwyn.

"Perhaps so," said Moreton, and a cloud came over his fine face.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Selwyn, "of very surprising recoveries by travelling. If your sister should be well married, her husband might take her abroad."

"If going abroad could restore my sister's health," said Moreton, with energy, "I would go to the end of the earth with her; there is no sacrifice I should think too great."

"I think it very likely it would," said Isabelle, a sudden change taking place in her expression, "I would advise you by all means to go."

"There is little chance of it," said Moreton, in a melancholy tone. "I have consulted various medical gentlemen, they give no encouragement. I am afraid my poor Ann must be a cripple for life."

"If she should be," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you must not let it distress you; there are much greater evils; she may yet be well settled in life."

Moreton seemed to writhe under this mode of consolation.

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Selwyn, "I am perfectly serious. If I was a young man, there is no lady I know of, that I would sooner select than Miss Moreton."

"Mother!" said Isabelle, who began to tremble for her discretion, while Alice rose and took a book, and seemed to be intently reading.

"When we talk," said her mother, mistaking her daughter's meaning, "we always except the present company; but, though Miss Ann is a little lame, she has so many other advantages; and, in my own opinion, if she was married to a man a good deal taller than herself, by taking hold of his arm, she could walk without a crutch."

For once let our readers sympathise with poor Isabelle; knowing precisely her mother's projects, and that this tall man that was to supply the place of a crutch, was her brother Charles; wholly unable to controul her emotions, she leant back in her chair, and covering her face with her handkerchief, yielded to an ungovernable fit of laughter.

Moreton started from her as if stung by a scorpion. His first impulse was to seize his hat and rush out; but, recollecting himself, he took a seat on the sofa where Alice was sitting, her head so intently bent over the book that her face was not visible.

A profound silence followed. Mrs. Selwyn was shocked at her daughter's *impoliteness*; and Moreton held his hand to his forehead as if to controul its beating pulses. The image of his sister was before him, with all her once brilliant prospects; then came her slow, torturing disease; her nights of anguish rose to his mind, her patience and gentleness; and now, to see that calamity heaven had sent upon her, ridiculed, scoffed at—it was bitterness insupportable. Isabelle's paroxysm of laughter, it must be confessed, did not last long; she composed her features, and said, "Moreton!" in a soft voice. "Did you speak to me," said he, looking coldly at her. She arose and came behind him, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and leant her face so close to his that her breath played on his cheek, as she said, "Forgive me!"

"I will," said Moreton, in a low voice, "if you can forgive yourself."

"You cannot know what diverted me, nor can I explain it to you," replied she, in an imploring tone.

"Don't try," said Moreton, "the explanation might be as painful as the cause."

Mrs. Selwyn could not well comprehend what was going on; she saw Moreton was offended, and Isabelle trying to appease him, and she would not be wanting in maternal efforts.

"You must excuse poor Isabelle," said she; "she never can help laughing when any thing diverts her. I sometimes tell her she has got the hysterics."

Had Mrs. Selwyn understood all the intricacies of the human heart, she could not have given Isabelle a happier clue.

Quick as lightning she seized upon it. "Mamma is right," said she, in the same low whisper, and still hanging over him; "it is too true; there are times when my feelings are too deeply affected for self command. I must laugh or weep;" and she looked as if she were trying to do the latter.

Alice laid down her book, and said, "Isabelle, I am going for my shawl, shall I get yours?"—"Do, dear Alice," exclaimed she; "and, mamma, will you have the goodness to lend me your blue and white smelling-bottle." Mrs. Selwyn followed Alice, to get it, happy to contribute to her darling's comfort.

When they returned, harmony was apparently restored; the carriage was at the door. Moreton put on Isabelle's shawl, and then turned to assist Alice; perhaps, it was merely her own idea, but she thought he looked at her with peculiar *kindness*.

Alice, from her first acquaintance with Ann, had felt disposed to love her; what often repels the young and happy, had called forth her sympathy, and though she was careful not to mark any feeling of compassion, her voice was more gentle when she spoke to her and

her attention more undivided. And how could it be otherwise? Who would not wish to alleviate the disappointment that blighting disease brings with it? who would not mourn to see the pale and sickly hue of her complexion, so little corresponding with the opening prospects of life. For three years Ann had endured excruciating pains; her brother had been her solace and her support; at length, the disease wore a milder form, she gradually recovered a degree of health; but, only recovered to be a cripple! Isabelle fully believed that her blandishments had atoned for her offence. Moreton was as devoted as ever, and all seemed forgotten.

The next morning, Mrs. Selwyn said, "Alice, you must amuse yourself this morning without Isabelle. I have preparations to make for Charles, and must take her with me; we must new furnish his room. I would not have him return, and find things just as he left them."

Alice begged they would not think of her; at the same time, she thought how disappointed she should be when she returned home, to find any thing altered in her own room.

They had scarcely been gone an hour, when the servant came up, and said Mr. Moreton was below.

Alice immediately went down. "I hope," said he, as she entered, "you were not very seriously engaged, for I came to request half an hour's conversation with you." Alice seated herself with some trepidation; there was a seriousness that embarrassed her. "You must have thought me," said he, "unnecessarily sensitive, perhaps, irritable, last evening."

"No," replied she, "I did not; I could not be surprised at your feelings; and yet," added she, speaking with effort, "to Isabelle, who sees just as clearly as a stranger, the imperfections and follies of those around her, there is certainly something very trying in the ludicrous efforts that her mother often makes to be agreeable."

"It is not of Isabelle, or her mother that I want to talk with you; but, of my sister. The sympathy you have felt for her did not want words to express it; and, I am confident that the subject will not be tedious to you."

"O no," said Alice; thinking he meant to talk with her about the secret engagement with Charles, which he had probably discovered, and perhaps regretted.

"I want you to know Ann better than you can possibly do from seeing her here or in company; when she first grew up, her prospects were as fair as those of Isabelle or yourself; there was a gaiety and playfulness about her that led her sometimes into danger, particularly as I was her constant playmate and companion; and, the sports of boys are often beyond the strength of girls. Perhaps, she early received some injury; we were not sensible of it, however, at the time; alarming complaints came on, we consulted the most approved and skilful practitioners; the remedies were as torturing as the disease; at that time Charles Selwyn wished me to accompany him abroad. I resolutely declined, and spent my days and nights by the bedside of my sister; for hours she was compelled to lie in one posture; when she was free from extreme pain her mind was bright and clear, and she enjoyed hearing me read; but, there were times—God of heaven! what have I not seen her suffer! It was a hard trial," said he, after a pause, "for a creature so young, so full of life, so ardent in pursuit, to learn submission. It was not the least of my sufferings to see her mind labouring to break the chains that bound it; the strife was long and fearful; at last, however, it ceased, and, my poor Ann was restored to what you see; never shall I forget the first spring morning that she was permitted to breathe the open air. I carried the dear invalid in my arms to a little arbour in the garden, where we used to resort in earlier days. She stood leaning on my arm

and gazing on every object round, with an intenseness that alarmed me; there seemed something unearthly in her pallid face and sparkling eye; 'Let us return,' said I, 'to the house.' She raised her finger like one in the act of listening; I partook of her emotions, and listened with her. I will not dwell on the moment; I could not now make myself understood. I knelt and clasped my arms around her; I held her as if she was about to be taken from me." Again the brother paused.

"She reclined on the sofa that was placed in the arbour for her; I left her to give vent to my emotions; they were overpowering. When I returned she lay sleeping as tranquil as an infant; her emaciated and almost transparent fingers, slightly pressing a pencil she still held, and her little memorandum book lying open by her side. I transcribed from it the lines she had just been writing." He took them from his pocket-book and gave them to Alice. "I have never shown them to any one before," said he; "Ann is no poet; but, they explain the state of mind that had so deeply affected me, and therefore are most dear."

"I feel the breezes round me play,
Like morning dreams at break of day.
Methinks the long, long night has past,
And peaceful slumbers come at last!
The fleecy clouds, how calm they lie,
On the blue ocean of the sky;
And every leaf, and every flower,
Seems born to welcome this glad hour!
Why stand I here in silence bound,
And listen to the music round,
As if there fell upon my ear,
A voice that others cannot hear—
It comes, it comes, I hear it say,
'Anna, thy griefs have passed away!'"

"Perhaps, you will not be surprised when I now say, that this dear sister's happiness and comfort is nearest my heart. Isabelle, in all her brilliancy and beauty, has never for a moment weakened the tie; it is this that must account to you for this conversation. Ann, who is feelingly alive to any sympathy, already loves you; cherish her friendship, and give yours in return; the affection of two innocent and youthful hearts will receive the blessing of heaven."

Alice's tears had hardly ceased to flow, when the sound of Isabelle's voice was heard on the stairs. She started up alarmed. "Why should you go?" said Moreton, calmly; "sit still, I pray you." She seated herself, and took up the book that she had left on the sofa the evening before.

Isabelle entered and looked unaffectedly surprised. "You here?" said she. "I passed you in the carriage; did not you know I was out?"—"The servant told me so," replied he, "and I enquired for Miss Jones."

"Indeed!" exclaimed she, throwing herself into a chair; "I dare say she was happy to entertain you; Alice is a sentimentalist; she looks sentimental this morning; have you been reading to Mr. Moreton?"—"what book have you there?"—"It is Biant's Poems," said Alice opening it. "Miss Jones is a great admirer of poetry," said Isabelle, in a sarcastic voice.—"I certainly am a great admirer of poetry like this," said Alice, with spirit.—"Don't you like it, Isabelle," said Moreton.—"I don't know any thing about it," replied she, "I believe somebody copied the Water-fowl into my album."—"In my opinion," said Alice, with enthusiasm, "it is such poetry, that ought to be a model for our writers; it is not merely its beautiful and natural imagery, but, its high strain of moral sentiment; its elevation and power of thought; who can read the *Thanatopsis*, and not wish to live, that he may approach his grave, 'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams'?"

"Upon my word," said Isabelle, "you are a real blue stocking. I think Mr. Moreton can do no less than get up a blue stocking club, and make you presidentess."—"I never understood that epithet exactly," said Alice, "though you have often honoured me with it; pray, explain it to me."

"It means," said Moreton, "to designate literary ladies."

"O no," exclaimed Isabelle, "not really literary ladies, only pretenders to literature and the fine arts."

"If Miss Jones is to be Presidentess of such a club," said Moreton, "I hope she will make me her Secretary."

"You certainly deserve to be prime minister," said Isabelle, rising, "and I will leave you to settle preliminaries."

"You are not going," said Moreton, laughing, and perhaps a little flattered at her evident jealousy, "this is too unjust both to Miss Jones and myself;" and he turned to Alice, but, she had disappeared.

We will not say that he preserved the exact line that justice prescribed; perhaps, when he found the fair idol could not be appeased without a sacrifice; he might have tacitly admitted or rather did not contradict her assertion that Alice was a blue stocking.

Moreton, however, was not a man to be enslaved; he admired the beauty of Isabelle, and felt the fascinations she could at times exert. He certainly had all proper encouragement, but he still pondered and doubted, and said to himself, "When a man marries, it is for life!" The diamond ring, however, appeared to be a decisive proof of what his intentions were.

When the two ladies again met, Isabelle said, "Indeed, Alice, you are unreasonable at the hint I gave you on the subject of blue stockings. Moreton, as well as every other gentleman, has a perfect abhorrence of this class of females. He told me so, after you left the room."

"It is perfectly indifferent," said Alice, with a heightened colour and a voice of emotion that expressed any thing but indifference, "what Mr. Moreton's opinion may be."

"That's naughty, my love, as mamma says; it is important to a young lady to be well thought of, if she ever expects to connect herself eligibly; every gentleman thinks, and Moreton among them, that making a judicious custard is more appropriate to a female than a judicious observation."

"And pray, Miss Selwyn," said Alice, with something of the same spirit that animated her opponent; "does not Mr. Moreton think good temper even more necessary than either?" There was a pointedness of manner, that, for once, levelled Isabelle with her own weapons, and she was silent.

It must not be supposed that this state of warfare was perpetual. Youth has its gay and generous feelings with every character; its seasons of confidence, when the heart seeks to communicate its overflowing happiness. At such moments Isabelle could be amiable and kind; and Alice, who only desired kindness, forgot the acrimony that too often preceded it. There was a piquancy in Miss Selwyn's character that gave peculiar zest to her good humour; it must be acknowledged that it was fitful and rare, and flashed like the aurora borealis; every one feared to destroy this brightness, which experience taught them was transient; and the feeling spread an apprehensiveness on all around. Her sunshine formed a striking contrast to that unclouded ray which illumined the mind of Alice. Often, by a sudden reverse of temper, Moreton was thrown upon Alice for conversation, while Isabelle answered only by monosyllables.

But the day anticipated at length arrived, and Mrs. Selwyn had the happiness of embracing her son. He returned improved in his appearance and polished in his manners, and even Mrs. Selwyn doubted whether

she could consent to his marrying Ann Moreton; but, then, her fortune, her family, the double connexion; yes, she really wished it might take place.

"Alice," said Isabelle, "tell me honestly, how do you like Charles?"

"He is handsome; but, how can I judge by only seeing him once."

"Take care of your heart; I warn you not to be too much captivated with this brother of mine."

"There is no danger," said Alice; "your mother has already let me into the secret of his engagement."

"What do you think of the match?"

"I think," said Alice, "if he marries Ann Moreton, he will prove his own disinterested love of excellence."

"Including her splendid fortune—"

"I did not think of that," said Alice.

"My mother does, I imagine," replied Isabelle.

"Do you think her brother has any idea of the engagement?" asked Alice.

"Not the least," said Isabelle.

"What a shock it will be to him!" said Alice, involuntarily.

"Then you think," said Isabelle, "he feels pretty sure of her fortune if she does not marry?"

"No, indeed, that was not my meaning."

"What was it then?"

"Really, Isabelle, I wish you would not cross question me, as if I were in a court of justice. I only speak from my own impression of character, and it may be very erroneous; but, I shall be surprised if Ann marries at all."

"You think engagements, then, may be easily broken?"

"I think there are circumstances that may dissolve them; and it seems to me, that in this case—however, I will not hazard an opinion."

"Remember, Alice," said Isabelle, "this is a secret—you are not to hint it to a human being, not to the parties themselves, or to acknowledge you ever heard it before."

"Only think of my being seized with such a fit of laughing, the other evening," continued Isabelle, who was in a happy humour; "didn't you pity me, Alice?"

"I was extremely sorry."

"So was I; Moreton was in a rage; for once, mamma hit the right nail on the head, in her hint about hysterics; but, the idea was extremely ridiculous, was not it, of turning poor Charles into a crutch?"

"I thought only of poor Ann," said Alice; "and I felt no disposition to laugh."

"I am sure," said Isabelle, "I am as sorry for her as any body can be; but, as for ever taking any pleasure in her society, I never can; it is always disagreeable to me to be with her; the truth is, I don't like the society of unfortunate people; and I believe it is the case with every body else, only they have not independence enough to own it. Now, honestly Alice, don't you think so?"

"I think you are about half right," said Alice; "that is, it is unpleasant to be with people whose misfortunes we cannot alleviate, and stand a chance of making more uncomfortable by some unlucky observation, that we are always sure to stumble upon. But, Ann Moreton is wholly the reverse of this; she speaks with frankness of her situation; converses cheerfully on every subject; enjoys society, and is grateful for every attention and every act of kindness. However, I think Ann communicates much more than she receives, for the powers of her mind are in perfect exercise; and, I cannot but believe that Providence permits the good and patient to suffer, as examples to others."

"How presumptuous you are," said Isabelle, turning up her eyes with mock gravity, "to tell what Providence means. But, a truce to this; remember you are not to hint about the engagement."

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"I am sure," thought Alice, "there never was a secret more unthought for or unwished; would I had never heard it; it is all that makes Ann seem to me like a mere market; but, that she should engage herself without her brother's knowledge, and such a brother! and persevere in her concealment; even now, if she dissolves the engagement, she will recover more than half of my good opinion."

Charles Selwyn possessed a large share of his sister's beauty; with less pride, but not less irritability. Indeed, their education, or, perhaps, it were more just to say, their want of education, had wonderfully nurtured the faults of their character. They were equally self-willed, and resolute in their own purposes; their mother had managed them by stratagem and bribes; and she still continued her operations, though they had outgrown the petty deceptions her mind was ingenious enough to suggest. The double marriage of the Moretons with her own children, had long been a favourite project; nor was there any thing improbable in this event, while Ann was blooming and gay. Little attentions had passed between the young people, and, Mrs. Selwyn had confidently said, "We shall one day have a double marriage;" but, the idea had long passed from Ann and her brother's mind; though, as her health gradually returned, the hope still tenaciously clung to the mother's.

The evening of Charles' arrival was pleasantly passed by the family circle; Moreton, perhaps, from the fear of intrusion, did not join them; indeed, Alice could not but observe he was less constant in his visits; and, it sometimes occurred to her that Isabelle might draw the ligature so tight that it would break asunder. The young traveller was full of information; he had passed the preceding winter at Paris, and had all the usual topics of interest to Americans. Alice joined in the conversation, and seemed to attract him by the spirit of her observations. When she retired, he was left alone with his sister.

"Who is this little Alice?" said he.

"She is a protegee of my mother's; I know as little of her as you do as to origin."

"She is one of the prettiest little daisies I have seen a long while," said he.

"You don't think her handsome?" asked Isabelle.

"No, not actually handsome, but something more taking than beauty. She is just the kind of woman I like: bright and animated, yet calm and tranquil. I long to lay my head in her lap!"

"Yes, and I can tell you," said Isabelle, "you would be shorn of your locks Samson-like. These placid women are the most dangerous in the world!"

"I have no doubt of it," replied he, laughing, "if they ever explode. Now you, Isabelle, are like one of the burning mountains that are all the time threatening; but upon my honour," added he, seeing her colour rising, "I think you are ten times handsomer than when I went away—what a sensation such a woman as you are would create abroad!"

"Are you serious?"

"No doubt of it. You would set crowned heads by the ears!"

Isabelle looked as if she was doubtful whether he was laughing at her or not; but he did not give her time to solve the matter, as he added,

"How go on your affairs? Is Moreton to be the happy man?"

"I presume now you have come home," said Isabelle, "we are to have a double wedding."

"What do you mean," said Charles, "by that?"

"Why, mother has set her heart upon your marrying Ann Moreton."

"You are not serious?"

"But I am, though."

"Did not you write me that she was at the point of death?"

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"True, but she did not die."

"Then you wrote again that she would be lame for life."

"It is all true," said Isabelle, titting; "she can't walk a step without a crutch."

"And what, in the name of common sense, does my mother mean?"

"Why, that is the very thing," said Isabelle. "It is because she wants a crutch that she is to take you—the matter is all settled—mother proposed it to Moreton the other night, and so you have only to be a good boy, and do as mamma bids you. But the droll part of the business is, that mother has confided the secret to the *deisy* in strict confidence."

"Do speak plain English, for I really can't tell what you mean."

"Then in so many words: when she found you were coming home, she took it in her head that your protegee might lay plans to entrap you, and so she just told her of the secret engagement."

"What a silly plan!"

"As to the folly or wisdom of it, I have nothing to do with either. You know mamma has been all her life contriving. But now tell me who is this young Frenchman that you say you must notice——"

"Is that your sort," said the brother, laughing: "take care, Isabelle—he is a gay, pleasant fellow, but a mere flirt-stick to Moreton!"

Such was the first hour's communion of the brother and sister, after a three year's absence!

There is nothing that oftener defeats its own purposes than cunning. As all vices contain the seeds of physical and moral decay, so every obliquity of principle and design, eventually consummates its own failure. Mrs. Selwyn's secret had taken from Alice a very natural reserve. She conversed with Charles with more ease, from knowing the circumstances of his engagement; his letters had made her acquainted previously to their meeting, and they entered at once on an intercourse frank and cordial. The young man found a resource in Alice, for the want of intellect in the mother, and the want of good temper in the sister.

A new character had been introduced by the return of Mr. Selwyn to the family circle. This was a young Frenchman, Mons. Renard. No one could have come more opportunely to relieve the ennui that constantly took possession of Isabelle. She possessed not one resource that she could positively turn to account; her reading was confined to novels; she had gone through the really interesting ones that are to be found in a circulating library; had read the Waverley novels till she could almost say them by heart, and had taste and intellect enough to be disgusted with the trash that forms the list of a catalogue. Renard united in himself various talents: he could write verses and charades; fold billets into every variety of form: build card houses till they rose like a second Babel; danced superbly; was an excellent judge of female costume; possessed a little wit, a little sentiment, and a great deal of gallantry. Moreton could not possibly cope with such a competitor—not that Isabelle did not mean to bestow her hand upon him eventually, but her time, her thoughts, and her smiles were for the present conferred upon the Parisian. Moreton beheld this coalition with more philosophy than might have been expected from a lover; and often, when Alice passed an hour with Ann, seemed perfectly indemnified for the mortification he experienced with Isabelle, by joining their innocent and tranquil pursuits.

It is not easy to carry on any combination without giving visible signs of mystery. Charles's imaginary engagement with Ann Moreton was a constant source of amusement to himself and sister. Isabelle often led her mother to the subject, and she never failed to observe how slight an objection her present state of health was to forming an eligible connexion. Charles inva-

riably assented, and the sister exerted all her powers of ridicule (and they were not slight) to make the subject a source of diversion! and, at the same time, led her mother to suppose the match was in forwardness. The consequence was, that whenever Ann's name was mentioned, glances were interchanged, and often a half suppressed smile passed between them. Moreton, tremblingly alive to all that concerned his sister, at length detected one of those glances; he would not, however, he could not, believe that any one could be so barbarous as to make her an object of ridicule; and he rejected the suspicion as unworthy of himself. Soon after Ann observed,

"How I long to see Alice Jones; are you going this evening, brother, to Mrs. Selwyn's?"

"Yes, I am," replied he—"the weather is pleasant; why won't you go with me? I will order the carriage, if you are not disposed to walk."

"No," answered she; "I cannot go there; but if you could spare enough time to bring Alice to see me, it would give me great pleasure."

"That I will willingly do," said he; "only that I think the excursion might be of service to you; you will probably find a pleasant circle; and the young Frenchman, Charles's friend, is very amusing."

"No," said Ann, in a melancholy tone, "I had rather not go *there*!"

There was an emphasis laid on the word *there* that struck her brother.

"But why, my dear Ann," said he; "they are always happy to see you. Mrs. Selwyn certainly is as eager in expression of interest as you can desire. Isabelle gives you all the time she can spare from her own charms; Charles is frank hearted and cordial, and Alice—but I need not say to you what she is."

"Indeed, you need not," said Ann, with energy, "I love her like a sister. I have an idea, brother, she is not happy at Mrs. Selwyn's. I know she only remains there because her parents think she is under great advantages. Don't you think it would do for me to invite her to come and make me a visit?"

"To be honest, Ann, I think it would occasion unpleasant feelings in the Selwyn family."

"Then I would not do it for the world, brother, for your sake."

"Thank you, Ann,—but come, dear, put on your shawl and go with me."

She still declined, with so much pertinacity, that Moreton became convinced she had reasons beyond mere disinclination to going out.

"If you will not go," said he, "I will bring Alice to see you; I am sure she will come—but to be honest, I shall lose half of my attraction."

"What would Isabelle say if she heard that speech," said Ann, her eyes sparkling with pleasure: "It is so selfish in me to refuse going when you urge it, that I am tempted to tell you my reasons."

"No, Ann, don't tell me; you may have 'reasons as thick as blackberries,' and yet not think any of them worth mentioning. I will go this minute."

"Stay, brother," said Ann; "it is such a trifle that I don't like to mention it, and yet I had better, or you will think it more than it is. Sit here by me, and let me talk."

"When I first recovered health and freedom from suffering, I felt no sensation but happiness. I forgot my altered appearance; I forgot—I may as well learn to speak it—my deformity; the world was full of gladness; I saw beauty and proportion in every object; all seemed to me fair; all created in the image of its maker; the gnarled and withered oak added beauty to the landscape; my heart was full of rejoicing!"

"I remember it well, Ann," said Moreton, patting his arm round and drawing her close to him.

"O!" exclaimed she, "it was like that glorious moment when the sons of God rejoiced, and the stars about

ed aloud and sang for joy! But when I began to mingle with society, I felt that I was changed; strangers gazed on me with curiosity; friends with compassion:—there was a deep and deadly struggle, but that, too, passed away, and I grew resigned. I think, brother, I have never repined, or indulged a suspicious temper."

"Never, Ann, never."

"Then you will not suspect me of it now, brother, when I say that I am fully convinced my misfortunes are, for some cause or other, a source of amusement to Isabelle and her brother."

Moreton hastily arose; the perspiration started from his forehead; he recollected his own suspicions—the deepest anguish was depicted on his countenance.

"Dear brother," said Ann, "you feel this much more keenly than I do; it does not make me unhappy, but for their sakes, as well as my own, I will not obtrude myself into their presence. God has seen fit to send these calamities upon me; to convert this once goodly frame into what it now is; yet still it is the temple of his spirit; as such I will reverence it; I will protect it from indignity, and when dust returns to dust there will be no distinction between that and Isabelle."

"Ann, my dear Ann," said Moreton, gazing upon her with an expression of love and reverence, "I solemnly declare I would not exchange you as you are now, for Isabelle with all her pride of beauty."

"Then I have nothing more to ask for; and now go, brother, and bring Alice."

When Moreton entered the drawing room at Mrs. Selwyn's, he found Charles and Alice conversing by the window which opened upon the piazza, and Isabelle and Renard seated on the sofa cutting paper into every variety of form.

"I am glad you have come," said Isabelle. "We are inventing mammetts—is not that quite enchanting," added she, holding up a feathered arrow. "How is dear little Ann this evening?"

Moreton often used this epithet when speaking of his sister, and it was rather one of affection; but in the present state of his mind it added to his irritability, and he coldly replied, "She is as well as usual."

"I declare, Mr. Moreton," said Isabelle, "you are so altered of late that I don't know you. Do, Alice, come and tell me if this is really Frank Moreton."

"I hope," said he, "Miss Jones will have no doubt on the subject, as I am commissioned by my sister to run away with her. She sent me to ask you to pass the evening with her?"

"I will go with pleasure," said Alice, promptly.

"Moreton," said Isabelle, "do you know to-morrow is my birth day?"

"I did not know it," replied he.

"It is," said she, "and the very last I ever mean to celebrate—it is sweet nineteen; then comes the dismal twenties, and they must take care of themselves; I shall do nothing for them."

"Come, Mr. Moreton," continued she, assuming a smile and expression that she had often found irresistible, "what are you going to do for me? Mr. Renard has promised me a madrigal, and I must have something appropriate from you."

"I can think of nothing more appropriate at present," said Moreton, "than a paper of bon-bons!"

From Renard such an offering would have been perfectly in character; but Isabelle understood the sarcasm intended.

"Upon second thought, I can't admit such a gloomy looking gentleman to my fete. I shall depend on Monsieur Renard for my amusement."

Moreton bowed in token of submission, and Renard in token of delight.

Isabelle felt vexed because Moreton discovered no vexation. She set it down, however, to self-command.

"My sister will be impatient for you," said Moreton,

addressing Alice. "May I hope you will go now." She immediately arose.

"Stay where you are Frank," said Charles, "and I will wait upon Miss Jones."

"Excuse me," replied Moreton, "I received my commission from my sister, and I prefer executing it."

Alice went to equip herself for the walk—Isabelle sat whispering to Renard.

"What right," said Charles, in a half angry tone, addressing Moreton, "have you to rob me of my fair Alice?"

"Your Alice," repeated Moreton; and then recollecting himself, said, "none, except by the right of her own will."

"You promise," said Isabelle to Renard. Renard answered in a low voice. "Adieu, then," said Isabelle, who had collected a few phrases from her French grammar, "jusque au revoir;" and she presented her fair hand—he bowed low upon it, and disappeared.

At this moment Alice entered. As they left the room, Isabelle said, "Mr. Moreton, shall we see you again this evening?"

"I believe I am engaged," replied he.

"O, so am I, upon second thought;" and she turned haughtily away.

Alice tried to converse cheerfully on their way, but Moreton appeared to have an unusual weight upon his spirits. Once or twice he was on the point of mentioning the conversation he had just had with his sister, but there was a sensitiveness in his feelings that made him shrink from making her misfortunes the subject of discussion. At length he said, "Do you think Miss Selwyn will be at home this evening, if I return?"

"I believe so," replied Alice.

"And alone?" added he.

"I know of nobody that will be there," said she—"Charles's friend mentioned that he was going to the theatre this evening."

"I think, then," replied Moreton, "I will leave you at the door, and return again. I wish to see Isabelle alone; it is time we understood each other. I will be back in season to see you home."

"Don't let it be late then," said Alice, "for I have promised Isabelle to do something for her before I go to bed."

They parted at the door, and Moreton returned; he entered Mrs. Selwyn's house without ringing, and went into the room where he had left Isabelle; the lamps were burning, but no one there; the sound of voices on the piazza attracted his attention; and, fully determined, if Isabelle was not alone, to retreat unseen—he listened to ascertain. Isabelle was speaking:

"It is really disinterestedness in me," said she to urge you to comply with mamma's plan, for you know if Ann don't marry, in all probability, Frank will have the whole of her fortune."

Moreton stood nailed to the spot.

"Poh! Isabelle, it is too ridiculous; it may do for a joke," said Charles, "but you can't seriously suppose I would marry a woman that is not only a cripple, but deformed!"

"I should perfectly agree with you," said Isabelle, "if you were obliged to comply with mamma's idea, and turn into a crutch; but the truth is, you may furnish the fair bride with two crutches, and scamper away on your own legs as fast as you please—one thing you are sure of," added she, laughing, "she can't run after you."

"As to what you say of Alice,"—At her name Moreton started; there was a strange confusion in his thoughts; his first idea, however, was to quit the hated spot; he rushed down the stairs, and left the house unseen; his blood was boiling; the image of his gentle, suffering sister, only served to increase the tumult of his spirits; he entered a hotel near, called for a pen and ink, and wrote a note to Charles Selwyn, requesting to see him immediately on business. The note found

him still on the piazza, full of the reckless gaiety of health and spirits, planning with Isabelle ambitious schemes for the future. As soon as he read the note, he repaired to the place appointed, wholly unconscious why he was summoned. Moreton met him with every feature convulsed with anguish.

"When I tell you," said he, "that I have accidentally heard the conversation that took place on your piazza this evening, which related to my sister, you may perhaps comprehend why I wished to see you."

"And what right," said Selwyn, "had you to listen to that or any other conversation which was meant to be private?"

"The right it is not now a time to question: it is an explanation I demand, and a promise that you will never again insult her by using her name."

"My dear fellow," said Charles, "you take this matter much too seriously. I am truly sorry you overheard our foolish jesting, because I know, with your quizzical feelings, it must have given you pain; but upon my honour I have the highest respect for your sister. All our bantering arose from a foolish plan of my mother's, that Isabelle communicated to me when I first returned. Now don't look as if you would eat me alive—it was merely that we should make a double marriage in the family, and exchange sisters."

"Mr. Selwyn," said Moreton, "there can be no better opportunity than the present to inform you, and through you, your mother, that from henceforth, I have no claims whatever on Miss Selwyn."

"You are not serious?" said Charles; "you surely do not mean to break your engagement with her?"

"I am perfectly so: I shall immediately write to Miss Selwyn, and relieve her from all engagements, if, indeed, she fancies any exist between us."

"If she fancies!" exclaimed Charles, vehemently. "Let me tell you, sir, such conduct is not to be borne. You must not hope to escape in this way: if you have been trifling with my sister, you must answer it to me."

"I will voluntarily explain to you," said Moreton, with calmness, for they appeared now to have exchanged situations, "what my feelings have been towards Miss Selwyn: When I first became interested in her, I fully believed we were congenial to each other. I am now fully convinced we are not."

"And you think it honorable to engage a young lady's affections, and then find out you are not congenial?"

"No, if I had succeeded in gaining her affections, I should feel myself bound even though I was perfectly convinced we were uncongenial. But my conscience acquits me on that score. Monsieur Renard has the same claim that I have."

"Ah," said Charles, his countenance brightening, "I begin to understand this matter: it is jealousy, my dear fellow, jealousy that has taken hold of you; a disorder more fatal in its ravages than the cholera; but I predict that you will recover from it: Isabelle is merely amusing herself with the agreeable Frenchman."

"You are mistaken," replied Moreton; "I tell you honestly, that, before your arrival, I had nearly come to this conclusion. Renard has nothing to do with it."

"Then I tell you as honestly," said Charles, "that you are——"

"What?" said Moreton, looking steadfastly at him. "It is boyish to call names," replied Charles; "you must settle this matter with me in another way."

"If you mean by fighting," said Moreton, contemptuously, "I tell you truly, that when I first summoned you to this spot, it was with the idea of washing out with your blood or my own, the unprovoked indignity offered to my sister; but my views have changed on this subject; what I at first thought atrocity in you, I perceive was heartless levity. I know my sister's principles, and love her too well to inflict upon her pure and elevated mind a wound like this. If we fight, either you or I must fall, or our contest may justly be

decided as boys' play. I have subdued my indignation so far as not to fight for my own sister, and you may depend upon it," added he, a slight expression of contempt passing over his face; "I shall not for yours."

"Then," exclaimed Selwyn, "I will post you as a coward!"

"You will not," said Moreton, calmly.

"What shall prevent me," said Selwyn.

"Your own conscience," replied he, with firmness. "You know to the contrary. Look at this scar," added he, baring his temple."

Charles gazed for a moment; a sudden revulsion of feeling came over his versatile mind. "I remember it well," said he. "Yes, Harry, I never shall forget how courageous you stepped forward when an impetuous Frenchman, whom I meant to chastise, had laid me prostrate. He was twice as strong as you were, but you fought like a Dragon. It is the scar of a brave man," added he, bowing low, but in a playful manner—"I honour it. Upon the whole, Moreton, we had better make the best of this matter: forgive and forget. Isabelle is a little of a coquette, I grant; but she is a fine girl, and will not go a begging; she is able to maintain her ground, and need not interrupt our long friendship;" and he held out his hand.

Moreton drew back. "No," he replied; "the unfeeling manner in which my sister has been treated, I never can forget. It is not merely the conversation I have overheard to-night to which I allude: her gentle spirit has long silently borne the meaning glance, the ironical smile, and allusions that added poignancy to the calamity that heaven has laid upon her. Because she did not *recent*, perhaps you and your sister imagined that she did not *feel*; but it was for my sake that she bore all! No," added he, striving to suppress his emotion, "I cannot accept your offered hand. Farewell—when we meet it must be by accident."

He turned hastily away, and left Charles standing alone. That night Isabelle received the following letter.

"To Miss Selwyn—When you are informed that I was the unwilling auditor of a conversation that passed between your brother and yourself this evening, you cannot be surprised that I withdraw all claims, if you have considered me as having any. I deem you perfectly free as relates to myself. You are at liberty, should there be any surmises injurious to a lady's pride, to represent this matter as is most agreeable to your feelings. Let me request of you when some other plot is formed for the amusement of your family, to choose some other name than
MORETON."

"What a hardened villain!" exclaimed Isabelle, trampling the letter under foot. "I have long seen he wished to get off—what a mean, low way he has taken!"

"Brother," said she to Charles, who at that moment entered, "read this precious epistle."

"It contains nothing new to me," said he. "I have had an interview with Moreton."

"I hope," replied she, "you treated him with the contempt he deserved."

"Why, yes," said Charles, "I believe I did; but some how or other I don't think I made any great figure, and yet I offered to fight him."

"Did you," said Isabelle, her eyes sparkling; "you are a dear soul. What did he say?"

"He said he would not fight for you."

"A coward!" exclaimed she.

"No! Isabelle," said Charles, "he is no coward! I have known him from a boy; he is no coward! even his eye pierces like a dagger. But never mind; you are a fine, dashing girl, let him go, you will find enough other admirers."

"Oh, brother," exclaimed she, "I hope you don't think it is because I have any fear about that, that I am so provoked, or because I have any regard for him."

I have long been convinced there was no congeniality between us."

"Then, after all, Belle," said Charles, bursting into a laugh, "you both agree, for he used the same expression, or one much like it."

"I shall give mamma to understand that I have dismissed him," said Isabelle, "for there is no necessity for entering into particulars. What shall I say about the *crutch affair*? She will immediately begin to talk about his *idol*, and it must be confessed, in figure, Ann does resemble some of the South Sea deities!"

"For shame, Isabelle," said Charles, his colour rising. "I am truly sorry for the whole of that affair. I recollect Ann Moreton when she had the lightness and grace of a Sylph, and her hair curled in ringlets round her face which was full of health and gaiety. She was the loveliest child I ever saw; and I could almost shed tears when I think of her." And his eyes actually filled at the recollection.

"Well," exclaimed Isabelle, "I could cry, too, if it would do her any good, and if Moreton had behaved properly; but now, I declare, I hate them all, every one of them, and Alice Jones into the bargain."

Isabelle found no difficulty in persuading her mother that she had dismissed Moreton. She did not, however, receive this information with her usual acquiescence, but made a spirited remonstrance upon the difficulty of pleasing her, and ended by saying, if she did not take care, she would "go through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last."

The termination of Alice's visit was much hastened by these events. Isabelle no longer disguised her aversion; but even this was less disagreeable than Charles's gallantry, and the consequent anxiety of Mrs. Selwyn.

She wrote to her mother, and hinted that she had evidently become an unwelcome guest, and in a few days she was sent for home.

Isabelle had a natural shrewdness of character, which led her soon to detect, under her brother's assumed indifference, a strong interest for Alice. To combat this, she exercised all the sarcasm of her powers: sneers and innuendoes were not wanting. About six months after her departure, he frankly told Isabelle that he was going to see the *little Jones*. "I am sick of style and fashion," said he; "you dashing girls frighten a man out of matrimony."

Isabelle communicated this intelligence to her mother. The following letter was immediately despatched.

"My Dear Mrs. Jones—I write a few lines wholly unknown to my son. Isabelle thinks he intends visiting your daughter Alice. She also thinks he has some design of marrying her. I think it but right to tell you that he has other engagements, and that neither Isabelle nor I can consent. I shall esteem it a great favour if you will not let him know of this letter, but act accordingly. With great regard, yours"

MARY SELWYN.

P.S. Best remembrance to Mr. Jones and dear Alice."

In a few days the following answer was returned:

"Dear Madam—Should your son visit us, I shall receive him with that politeness which is his due. As to any apprehension of his breaking (on my daughter's account) his engagements, you may rest perfectly easy. Mr. Moreton and his sister have been with us the past week. You will see by the public prints that the former was united to Alice last evening. We all return your remembrances, and wish you and your son and daughter every happiness. ELIZABETH JONES.

Original.

LINES,

Written in the Album of a very young Lady.

SWEET Lilly! soon to other climes,
Perchance forever, I depart;
But ere I go, these idle rhymes
Bear the best wishes of my heart
To thee and thine. Perhaps thou hast
Forgotten that we ever met—
But bright as when I saw thee last
Thine image is before me yet.

So full of childhood's winning grace—
Thine eyes, thy smile, thy playful air,
In my heart's depths, have yet a place;
And dearly are they cherish'd there.
Oft when I hear the merry tone
Of children, in their hours of play,
I think how joyous rung thine own,
Heard, as it seems, but yesterday!

But time has wrought some change, I trow—
Thy doll already's thrown aside;
And four years more upon thy brow,
Will give thee all a woman's pride.
Ah, Lilly, may'st thou never see,
As years roll on, the moment when
Mid the world's heartless revelry,
Thou'lt wish thyself a child again!

Could I, by wishes for thy weal,
Make thy path ever bright as now,
No tears from those glad eyes should steal
No cloud should dim thy gentle brow—
But time, upon his rapid wing,
Should lend thy hopes a purer ray—
And sorrow's hand forbear to fling
A shadow o'er thy joyous way.

Z. B. S.

LINES,

On passing the Lake Thrasimene.

PALE, silent, and unruffled lake,
Tell me a tale of other times;
I've hied to thee from distant climes,
And now in wild and foreign rhymes,
Would fain thy echoes wake!

The genius of the lake is fled,
Its echoes have forgot to sigh;
The breezes steal in silence by.
Heard I the raven's warning cry
O'er precincts of the dead!

What doth thy mirror-wave reflect?
The mountain's height, the forest's green?
The dappled cloud which oft is seen
Quick passing o'er the blue serene?
Thy banks in beauty deckt?

Yes, now—but once, ah, once, the brave,
Dimmed with their gore thy mirror bright!
'Twas then the Roman eagle bright,
Crest-fallen stooped in Afric's fight;
Speak on, historic wave!

Recount, how Romans rushed to fight,
And how the quick surrounding foe
Hath laid each gallant hero low,
Who felt, who dealt, the deadly blow—
Who sunk in endless night!

Dismayed the very sun grew pale;
Thick mists and vapours dense and gray
Arose to shroud, to veil away,
The deeds of that disastrous day—
That day of death and wail.

Original.

IRENE.

BY JOSEPH T. GILLMER.

Thou fairest flower,
Why dost thou fling thyself across my path;
My tiger spring must crush thee in its way,
But cannot pause to pity thee.—*Mahomet.*

MAHOMET the Second, surnamed the Great, was the seventh sultan of the Turks. He was brave, ambitious, and cruel, and possessed all the energy and decision of character necessary to a great conqueror.

He delighted in music, sculpture, and the polite arts in general, and was as remarkable for his beauty of aspect as for his manifold acquirements.

Had Mahomet possessed a compassionate heart, with some other qualities which distinguished him, his name and achievements would have been blazoned forth with those of Richard coeur de Lion, and like the lion-hearted king he would have shone a conspicuous hero in the pages of history and romance.

Cruelty was a prominent feature in Mahomet's character,—as the cloud that obscures the sun, it threw a shade over his brightest actions. This execrable propensity appeared to be a constitutional defect, and not the result of circumstances;—it had evinced itself in early youth, and some of his juvenile pranks were marked by a refinement in cruelty that (had he existed in the reign of the Inquisition) would have qualified him for an exalted station in that body.

With all his faults, and they were many, Mahomet was not entirely destitute of every thing bearing the appellation of humanity—his generosity and munificence knew no bounds—his friendship, though obtained with difficulty, was unalterable and clung to its object as the needle to the pole—these, with a love for moral truth and freedom from simulation, were the redeeming points in Mahomet's character.

His fierce and intractable spirit was unsusceptible of the powers of love—certainly he had never known the genial influence of this passion. He was a veritable Mahometan; and regarded the finer part of creation with sentiments peculiar to the race of Islam. He anticipated and waited patiently for perfect happiness in the society of the beautiful girls of paradise, called from their large dark eyes, Hur al oyun; these celestial beings recline in the shade of the tree Tuba—they "say that the boughs of this tree will spontaneously bend down to the hand of the person who would gather of its fruits, and that it will supply the faithful not only with food, but also with silken garments, and beasts to ride upon already saddled and bridled and adorned with rich trappings, which will burst forth from its fruit." This tree is so large that a person mounted on the fleetest horse would not be able to gallop from one end of its shade to the other in one hundred years. As plenty of water is a great addition to the pleasantness of any place, the Koran often speaks of the rivers of paradise as a great ornament. Some of these rivers, they say, flow with water, some with milk, some with wine, and others with honey, all taking their rise from the root of the tree Tuba.

The winning graces and enticements of the resplendent beauties who composed Mahomet's retinue were lost on one who had ever gazed with apathy on those assemblages of charms which are fascinating to the eye alone. Regularity of feature, unless illuminated with the rays of genius and intelligence, were to him objects of indifference rather than love. It is little wonder that Mahomet with these sentiments avoided the soci-

ety of his illiterate and insipid countrywomen. The conquest of his proud heart (if admiration without affection deserves the name of love) was reserved for the beautiful and unfortunate Irene.

At the capture of Istambul by the Turks, in 1453, Irene became the captive of Mahomet. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments had been the prolific theme of many a Grecian bard, and had reserved her for a fate more dreadful than death. She was the antithesis of the Turkish ladies in every thing but beauty, and in this and love, she shone the peerless queen. Her form is described as a perfect model of symmetry—there was the lofty brow of her race, the beauteous casquet that told of the transcendent gem within; the eyes of life and light which, as the rays of Cynthia, hallowed every thing they shone upon. She was the Venus de Medici, animated by the fire of Prometheus.

"Her cheek all purple, with the beam of youth
Mounting at times to a transparent glow,
As if her veins ran lightning."

It is not surprising that the unrivalled beauty of Irene, whose countenance beaming with love and innocence, should, when contrasted with the inanimate features of the Turkish ladies, inspire Mahomet with admiration. He regarded the mind as the standard of superiority, and with this criterion he viewed Irene as the only terrestrial being that could bear a comparison with the black-eyed hours of paradise. * * *

The seraglio at Constantinople, at the time we write, was delightfully situated between the Archipelago and Black Sea: it extended out on the promontory Chrysocerus, and commanded a magnificent view of one of the finest harbours in the world. Its form was triangular, and, comprising the gardens attached to it, covered a surface of three miles in circumference. Although within the city it was remarkable for its exclusiveness. Externally, the seraglio was a jumble of various orders of architecture, without any regard to method or arrangement; consequently it had an irregular and unpleasing appearance to a classic eye. The Turks, however, viewed it as a paragon of architectural beauty.

The apartments were capacious, and adorned with oriental sumptuousness; the drapery of the walls was composed of the most splendid and costly materials; silks of gold and purple pending in the most profuse and exuberant folds; couches of down, whose voluptuous appearance invited to repose, were disposed throughout the apartments; carpets of gorgeous dyes, on whose buoyant surface a steed might vault without waking an echo in the canopied ceiling; even the light of heaven was mellowed and softened before it found admission into this fairy abode; it beamed through lattices of stained glass, shedding a glow around, which gave the place the appearance of enchantment rather than that of sober reality.

Then the view—on one side the expanse of ocean studded with innumerable islands; the barks, seeming like things of life, gliding over the undulating wave;

appeared to this—the gardens of the seraglio, filled with colonial trees that had been ages in attaining their towering altitude; whilst indigenous flowers of every hue and fragrance delighted the eye and loaded the air with odorous sweets. As if Flora had been niggard of her fairy gifts in this sunny clime, and that nothing should be defective, Mahomet had augmented the train of Flora with exotics from every land. Flowers were transplanted from the wilderness, and blossomed as freshly in their new abode as if they had never known the officious care of man. Birds of gorgeous plumage warbled forth their intrusive melody from many an orange bough, and in the gushing fountains the Lydian bird,

"With arched neck

Between her white wings mantling, proudly row'd
Her state with oxy feet."

The pellucid rill, murmuring soft music o'er its pebbly bed—the solitude—the balmy air surcharged with fragrance from a thousand incense-breathing flowers—all contributed to render the gardens of Istampol a fairy spot on earth, and a meet resort for the Fays and Naiades with which oriental superstition had invested them.

On a couch of cygnet's down, sat, or rather reclined the undisputed lord of the enchanted palace and gardens of Istampol. He was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the presence of his trusted slave, who stood before him in an attitude of the deepest humility.

"If one of the humblest of thy slaves," said he, "be permitted to speak and live in the presence of the commander of the faith—"

"Speak, and let thy words be brief," exclaimed Mahomet, suddenly interrupting his follower's ceremonious address. Thus reprimanded, the slave stated as concisely as possible, that the Grecian whom he had preserved from the swords of his soldiers, and had ordered to be conveyed to the seraglio, awaited his pleasure.

"Ha," cried Mahomet, rising from his recumbent posture, "conduct her hither without delay—my fair Greek, how could I forget the vision of beauty that moved as an angel of paradise amidst the carnage and laughter which surrounded her!"

Mahomet gazed with tumultuous delight on the beautiful being who bent her knee before him in all the majesty of youth and loveliness—in a voice whose every accent was music, she supplicated his protection.

"Arise, fair being," said Mahomet; "you petition where it shall be your immunity to command. Give me the light of thy countenance, and Mahomet will be proud to execute thy behests."

"Alas! sire, you add irony to misfortune;—restore me to my friends and my unceasing orisons shall attend you."

"You do me great injustice, fair Greek: when Mahomet says ought to injure one so fair and pure as thou, may the tongue that gives utterance to the foul detraction be mute forever. You may confide in one whose actions have ever been conformable to his words."

"I may trust in thy kingly faith," replied the too confiding Irene. "Something tells me that thy noble nature would disdain to trample on one whom adverse fortune has reduced to wretchedness! Deal with me, great Sultan, as if misfortune and thyself may be acquainted."

"By the living waters of heaven!" exclaimed the impassioned Mahomet, who was completely charmed with the trusting temper of his fair captive, "thy confidence shall not be betrayed: transcendent Irene, thou art dearer to my eyes than light; ambition and renown are as nothing compared with thy love;—say that I am not hateful to thine eyes, and I will praise and

adore thee. You shall be to me the crescent moon; no clouds shall dim thy radiance; you shall ever be the soft and tender shrine at which I worship."

Mahomet's fine countenance was lighted up with a glow of enthusiasm which much enhanced his striking appearance; he was irresistibly fascinated with the beautiful Irene. Although astounded at this unexpected burst of feeling, Irene was not insensible to the handsome form and commanding mind of the ardent Sultan. The various reports that she had once given credence to, of Mahomet's austere and inhuman temperament, she now fully discredited. Love had usurped the place of reason, and in her prejudiced view, the infatuated Irene saw nothing to execrate, and every thing to admire in the avowed and relentless enemy of her race.

Irene was happy in the favour of the Sultan, and Mahomet was blessed with the undivided and boundless love of his willing captive. War, ambition, and conquests were thrown aside; shut up in the depths of the seraglio, he consumed his time in effeminacy and uxoriousness; his closest and most disinterested adherents were denied access, although affairs of vital importance to his safety demanded his attention.

Joyous and free, their lives were one uninterrupted chain of enjoyment: the bird of night sang them to repose, and they awoke but to quaff again the cup of joy replete with bliss. Aurora's crimson blush, and Cynthia's silvery rays beamed for them; the flowers bloomed; the rill murmured; the birds carolled—but for them alone.

They rose at one instant, played, eat together, and wherever they went, like Juno's swans, still they went coupled and inseparable.

Alas! alas! pleasure never comes sincere to man, but lent, by heaven, upon hard usury. Like rain-bow's hues, when brightest, it is still the fleetest—just as the flower had bloomed, and all its fragrance felt, a blighting storm arose and crushed it in its zenith.

The soldiers of Mahomet at length began to murmur at the inglorious inactivity into which their once martial leader had plunged. This indolence was attributed to the agency of the Greek slave, Irene, who was said to be a sorceress, and had by magical spells and incantations, involved their general in her accursed toils. What gave plausibility to this opinion was, that Mahomet had not been visible to his followers since his first interview with Irene. They were incensed beyond measure at the innocent cause of the Sultan's seclusion. From discontent and insubordination they began to exhibit evident symptoms of a general revolt. To such a phrenzy had the excitement arisen, that it became apparent that nothing but the life of the fated Irene would pacify the multitude.

Nothing could equal the infatuation of Mahomet—the sedition of his followers acted as a chain to bind him still closer to his fascinating slave; but the chord had been strained to its greatest tension; it at length broke, and ruin and desolation followed its division.

It was one of those mellow evenings peculiar to tropical climates—the softened sun, shorn of his fiery beams, shed a golden shower over tower, wave, and grove; not a cloud was in the amethystine arch of heaven; not a zephyr undulated the placid bosom of the Archipelago, which lay like a sheet of fluid gold in the mellowed blaze of the setting sun—deceitful wave, as the breast of man, its very calmness is the treacherous precursor of evil. A nightingale had perched upon an orange bough, and made the grove resound with his enchanting melody.

"See," said Mahomet, to his ever-present Irene, "the bulbul has commenced his premature song. By heaven, he mistakes thy glowing lips for his vespere blooming Sultana!"

"There is the last we shall behold of the glorious sun," exclaimed Irene, unheeding the flattering com-

pliment; "but to-morrow," continued she, "the god of day shall shine anew, with bright effulgence, reviving with his crimson blush each drowsy bird and languid flower. But whence comes that dreadful sound; it is borne on the tranquil air like the wailings of an angry spirit—the gods are just; may these prophetic sounds presage no evil."

A low, rushing noise was now apparent; it sounded like the gale blowing rudely over the boisterous sea.

"This must be the evening breeze sweeping over the Archipelago," said Mahomet, approaching the lattice which commanded a full view of the ocean. "'Tis strange," continued he, "that not a single wave or falling leaf gives token of its near approach."

The sound still increased, yet the broad expanse of wave lay as placid as if bound by the icy chains of winter. Not a zephyr moved the foliage in the grove.

Mahomet, for the first time, felt some forebodings of evil; he had a presentiment that the unaccountable sounds without would terminate in a manner disastrous to himself. He had just taken a retrospect of the impolitic course he had pursued, when his thoughts were disturbed by the sounds of horses' hoofs. A single rider was now seen approaching with the speed of light; as he neared the seraglio, Mahomet at once recognized the features of his general; in another moment he was in his presence.

"Speak," vociferated Mahomet, in evident excitement; "whence proceeds this tumult? Have the Greeks collected their scattered forces and surprised the city; or, has the breath of hell, the accursed Simeon blown desolation over us?"

"May Allah protect thee sire," replied the general. "The soldiers of the prophet have rebelled, and now approach the seraglio in countless numbers. They seek the blood of the enchantress who has bound the commander of the faithful in her toils."

"Ha!" exclaimed Mahomet, "are the knaves dissatisfied with their furlough? I've held the reins too slack of late. Let them look to this;—by heaven! they hold their lives of small account thus to thrust themselves on danger!"

Irene trembled at the altered mien of the Sultan, whose every feature was flashing with passion. Ma-

homet gazed at her with tenderness and pity. By a sudden and powerful effort he succeeded in bursting the silken chord that had bound him in the toils of love—in an instant the soft and effeminate lover was changed to the cold, calculating, and politic soldier. The tumult without had now increased to a perfect din; the seraglio was surrounded with the infuriated multitude, whose clamorous outcries rose with deafening violence on the still night.

"This must end," said Mahomet, conducting the unresisting Irene forth into the midst of the enraged throng. She looked in vain for the expression of tenderness and love that had ever played round his countenance. In its place was a callous and fixed expression which chilled her to the soul—to whom was she to look for sympathy? The veil was raised, and oh! how passing fair was that sweet face! She was too fair for earth; she breathed an angel of light among the dark and fearful forms who encompassed her; there was an awe in the homage which she drew; the multitude shrunk back at the sight of so much beauty and innocence.

"Here," shrieked Mahomet, "here is your victim! take her, and let her life's blood quell this tumult."

One of the soldiers, more daring than the rest, with scymeter unsheathed, drew near the spot where stood the hapless Irene; he was in the act of seizing her—

"Perdition seize the wretch!" cried Mahomet, "approach another step, and thy foul soul shall wing its way to eblis." And then, addressing Irene, "sweet flower," said he, "I may not save thee; my cruelty to thee will be a blessing; thy pure and faithful spirit shall find its way to paradise. Ah! why dost thou thus soothe me with forgiveness; would that thou hated me, the separation then would be less painful."

The soldiers, resenting the defeat of their comrade, now rushed en-masse upon their victim. The forked lightning flies not quicker from the clouds than the scymeter of Mahomet from its sheath; it glittered an instant in the air, and then descended upon the helpless form of Irene. The veins spouted their rich crimson on the arid soil; the eye closed calmly on that countenance, beautiful even in death, and the spirit left the precious clay without a pang.

THE VIOLET.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves from white to jet;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief—the violet!

I love, how much I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the south wind blows,
In pretty amorous threat;
The lily paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
Yet more—the violet!

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere winter's star has set:
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as angels give, unseen,
So, love—the violet!

What modest thoughts the violet teaches,
What gracious boon the violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget,
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
"Long live the violet."

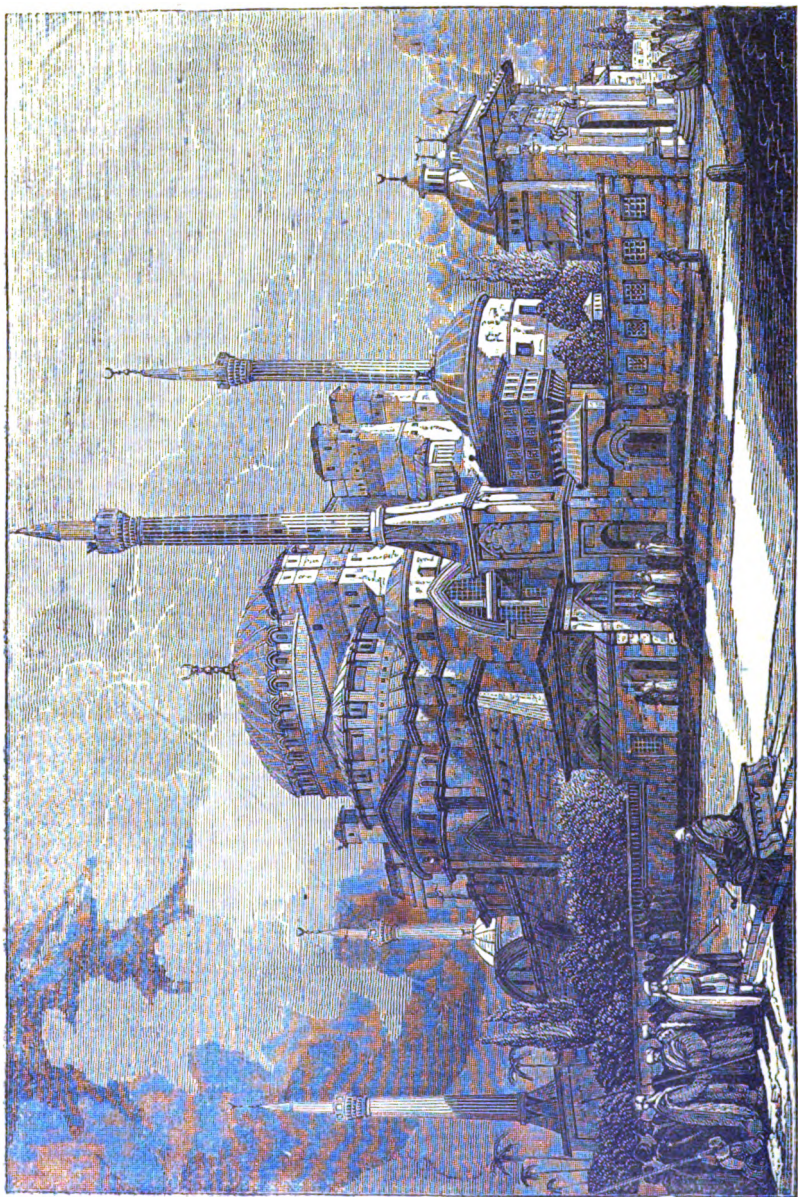
I LOVE MY LOVE, &c.

MAN, man loves his steed
For its blood or its breed,
For its odour the rose, for its honey the bee,
His own haughty beauty
From pride or from duty;
But I love my love because—*he* loves me.

Oh! my love has an eye
Like a star in the sky,
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;
And his heart is a treasure
Whose worth is past measure;
And yet he hath given all, *all* to me!

It crowns me with light
In the dead of the night,
It brightens my journey by land and sea;
And thus, while I wander,
I sigh and grow fonder,
For my love ever grows with *his* love for me.

Why dost thou depart,
Thou sweet bird of my heart?
Oh! come back to my bosom, and never flee;
I never will grieve thee,
I'll never deceive thee,
But love thee for ever, as—*thou* lov'st me.



ST. SOPHIA.

ST. SOPHIA.

AMONG the various temples erected for the worship of the universal Deity, "Jehovah, Jove or Lord," that dedicated to, and, even under its present application, retaining the title of "St. Sophia," is not the least celebrated. It is a church whose history is of a highly interesting character, resulting from one of the most important revolutions ever effected by religious fanaticism, or which ever changed the history of the world. It was originally built by Constantine I., but was destroyed by an earthquake: subsequently rebuilt by Constantius, and again destroyed by a fire, which, in the reign of Justinian, consumed nearly the entire city of Constantinople. That Potentate then built the present Church, or Mosque, (as it is now called) a representation of which accompanies this memoir. The dome of the Temple is very faulty, and contributes to give the entire building a decidedly inferior effect, compared with others in the city, and especially that of the Sultan Achmet, which is, probably, one of the most superb Mosques in the possession of Islamism. The sight of this Temple awakens a thrilling interest in him, whom study has made acquainted with the history of Byzantium; and, whatever belief he embraces, he cannot contemplate, without a deep feeling, the site over which once floated, in all the pride of Roman greatness, the banner of Christianity. This Mosque is splendidly situated; it is visible from every direction—from the Bosphorus—the harbour, and the sea of Marmora. It is not the privilege of Christians to visit it; but to them the other Mosques are comparatively accessible. There is no inconsiderable chivalry necessary on those occasions; and, indeed, the life of the Christian visiter, when thus detected in the gratification of his curiosity, is not considered too great a sacrifice to the offended spirit of Islamism. On the occasion of a visit by a late Christian traveller, to this Mosque, the imam would not enter, so convinced was he of the danger attending it. This individual, and another, changing their hats for fezes, and otherwise substituting the most admissible costume, reached the vestibule where they took off their shoes (a necessary ceremony) and entered. Their stay in the Mosque was not very accommodating to their curiosity, and less so to their personal safety: as a precipitate retreat alone preserved to them the enjoyment of their existence.

The beholder of this trophy, won by decidedly the most daring revolutionist of the day, from defeated Christianity, cannot, in surveying it, but lift the lid under which the glorious and chivalric past is buried. The Temple of St. Sophia possesses a very superior claim to the contemplation of the Christian; but looking at it as a mere historical record, it is not much less attractive. Indeed, Constantinople, or Stamboul, as it has been called, is one of those spots, which, when viewed from any approach to the city, is an evidence, a living evidence of its former greatness. There are very few cities which, during so many centuries of existence, have been so much spared from the destructive action of Time; and so perfectly free from the equally destructive hand of human hostility. Nor does this city of the Sultan—this chiefest of cities conquered by the followers of the Prophet, claim more attention, from us, to its origin, progress, and unique ascendancy, than to the recent instability of its political and religious existence. The history of the rise of the Empire, of which St. Sophia is decidedly the trophy, is pregnant with interest to the historian and philosopher; but not more so than its sudden fall: which possibly cannot be viewed in a more instructive light, than as exhibiting a portion—a fraction, as it may be termed, of the universal mental revolution, of which the world is at this day abundant. It is not, happily, the revolu-

tion of arms—it is not the result of physical power—it is the achievement of intellectual prowess; and whatever be the result, the present Mosque of St. Sophia will be, in future days, what it has ever been—a great monument to perpetuate the name of an individual who has had no equal, and whose single mind has changed the history of the universe.

One of the most effective views of St. Sophia, in connexion with that of the city, is obtained from the *TSKI SERAI*, the Seraskier's tower, whence you view a panorama which words cannot describe. On this subject the late and descriptive traveller, Slade, observes:

"The aqueduct of Valens, the seven towers, Saint Sophia, the seraglio domes, the Propontis—circlet of beauty studded with ocean gems—Mount Olympus, the gloomy grand cemetery, the wide flowing Bosphorus, the golden horn, covered with caiques gliding like silver fish, are a few, only, of the features beneath him. Long may he look before being able to trace any plan in the dense mass of habitations that cover the hills and fill the valleys, which are so thickly planted, and so widely spread, that the countless mosques, and public baths, and numerous khans, besides the charshays, (of a moderate city's dimensions) are scarcely noticed for the space they occupy; although, in other respects they attract attention, for no one can look at the seven hills, each crowned with a superb mosque, with numerous smaller ones on their sides, without being duly impressed with the piety of the Ottoman monarchs, and of their favourites, unsurpassed, save in Rome. Their good taste has led them to imitate Saint Sophia; the Turkish architects have improved on the model, and their taste and vanity combined to erect them on the most commanding spots, whereby Constantinople is embellished to a degree it could not have been in the time of the empire; that is, in an external view. I sincerely hope that whenever the cross displaces the crescent (which it must do) a mistaken zeal for religion will not remove the stately minarets. Another pictorial charm, which it also owes to Musselman customs, is the union of the colours, green, white, and red, visible in the cypresses, the mosques, and the dwellings. The perpetual and varied contrast is food for the eye and excitement for the mind. We leave Pera, and in five minutes are in scenes of Arabian nights. The shores of the Bosphorus realize our ideas or recollections, of Venetian canals, or the Euphrates' banks. Women, shrouded like spectres, mingle with men, adorned like actors. The Frank's hat is seen by the Dervish's Calpack; the gaudy armed chavass by the Nizam gedgiit; the servile Greek by the haughty Moslem; and the full-blown Armenian, by the spare Hebrew. The charshays resound with Babel's tongues, the streets are silent as Pompeii's. We stumble over filthy dogs at the gate of a mosque, clean-plumaged storks cackle at us from the domes; a pasha with a gallant train proceeds to Divan, harpy vultures fan him with their wings; and in the same cemetery we see grave-diggers and lovers, corpses and jesters. A lane of filth terminates with a white marble fountain, and a steep narrow street conducts to a royal mosque. In a moral sense also the parallel holds. We have an absolute monarch, a factious people; pashas, slaves *de nomine*, despots *de facto*; a religion breathing justice and moderation, a society governed by intrigue and iniquity. The Musselman is mighty in prayer, feeble in good works; in outward life modesty personified, in his harem obscenity unmasked. He administers to a sick animal, bowstrings his friend; he believes in fatality, and calls in a doctor. In short every thing, and every person, and every feeling, and every act, are at total variance in this great capital."

THE YOUNG HEIR'S DEATH-BED.

BY MRS. NORTON.

THERE was a heavy silence in the magnificent apartment, for the young heir of the house of Rothseaton lay panting with fever, and almost unconscious of the presence of those around him. The fatal decision had been pronounced; the inheritor of an Earldom, of wealth, titles, and distinction; the beautiful and spoiled child of prosperity, was to be snatched from his parents and hid in the cold earth. Lord Rothseaton walked impatiently up and down the room; from the large windows with their heavy crimson curtains, which threw a mock glow on the cheek of his child, to the oak door with its ivory handles and curious carving. He paused, and gazed into the faces of the three physicians, whom a vain care had assembled round the bed—and a cold thrill passed through his heart. He thought of the joy and bell-ringing at the birth of his beautiful and sickly boy—of his ambitious hopes—of his hatred for his cousin, who was the next heir—and he flung himself into a seat with sullen despondency. The physicians continued to converse on different topics in an under tone; and while apparently consulting on the state of their patient, communicated to each other the news of the day; births, marriages, and deaths; family grievances, and political intrigues.—From time to time there was a pause—a glance at the bed—and then they conversed again. A little apart from the medical group, sat the sick nurse, covered with lace and ribbands, and drowsily examining the curiously fine linen belonging to the dying child, whose wardrobe she was prepared to prove should by right of custom be hers, as soon as the breath had left his body. Close to the bed stood the young heir's own attendant, a French lady, who had been induced by distress to accept the office of *bonne* to the sickly and wayward offspring of the House of Rothseaton. The quiet sorrow of many years of trial was written in her face. Her relations had been butchered in the streets of Paris, or murdered by the guillotine; her two children had died with the small-pox, when the depth of her poverty disabled her from procuring them the commonest necessities of life; her husband had grieved of a broken heart, without being able to bid her farewell. Sorrow has one thing in common with prosperity—it makes us selfish. The feelings that have been wrong intensely, remain numbed and incapable of deep sympathy in the afflictions of others. Standing as she did by the death-bed of her little charge, she could not but grieve over him, for there are few hearts in which a child's faults will inspire dislike. She could not but remember the death-bed of her own little ones; and the tears stole down her wasted cheek as she watched; but the predominant feeling of her mind was a dread of the approaching desolateness of her situation;—a few hours more, and she would be again thrown upon the world, without a home—without friends—a lonely being, to struggle for her livelihood—to endure the taunts of some, and the insulting compassion of others—and this thought was the bitterest in her heart.

Was there, then, no one amid the gilded pomps and crowded luxuries of this chamber of death, who cared for the individual being of the beautiful boy, whose numbered breathings still became shorter and shorter? Was the ambition of his father—the interest of the physicians—the mercenary calculation of the hired watcher of his feverish nights—the half selfish regret of the widowed Frenchwoman—was this all that stood between his soul and heaven—all that rose from mortal hearts to tempt God to spare the frail life he had given so lately? Was there no wild prayer like that

which David breathed in the agony of his soul, when the child of his sin was taken from him? Was there no *mother* in whose gentle heart all was nothing in comparison of his existence? There was.

Pale and exhausted—her dark and eager eyes clouded and heavy with watching—sate that young mother, by the bed of her dying child. Grandeur, and power and wealth—the inheritance of titles—the possession of riches: what were they then to her—to him? *Life*, *life* was all she desired—*his* life, which gold could not buy—which pride could not command—his life, and bread to give him, and her soul would be satisfied! She held his hand in hers, afraid to move—afraid to speak: his languid head rested heavily upon her bosom; and cramped, chilled, and aching as she felt, she yet smiled bitterly when the sick nurse offered to relieve her of her precious burden. Relieve her! it might be the last time his head should ever rest on her breast; the last time his breath might be warm on her cheek; and as the thought passed through her mind, the wan smile quivered off her lip, and a slight shudder told that she had choked back the tears, which shed, might have broken his slumber. Day-light faded away; the gleams of parting sun-set ceased to shed a glory through the room; the rolling of carriages through the square became less frequent, and the lamps shone through the foggy close of a London autumn evening. Lord Rothseaton approached the bed; his harsh though handsome features were dark with despair; he set his teeth and folded his arms as he gazed on his son's face, for death had thrown a deeper shadow there since last he looked on him. "If you had taken more care of yourself, Lady Rothseaton," murmured he with bitterness, "before your infant was born, instead of romping like a child, he might not have been dying now; it would have been better never to have had an heir, than to watch this poor boy through years of ill health, and see him die at last." He lifted his eyes as he spoke to the face of his young wife, as if he feared the impression of his own words. But she heard them not. Worn out with watching, she had yielded to a torpor between sleep and faintness; her pale cheek rested near that of her boy, whom she still clasped to her bosom, and her heavy half closed eyes still glistened with tears. "Emily," said Lord Rothseaton in an altered tone, "this has been too much for you; come away, love, and rest." She started wildly, and exclaimed, "Is he dead? is he dead?" and then flinging herself into her husband's arms, she wept long and bitterly. A low moan of suffering recalled her to herself. In vain the physicians advised; in vain her husband entreated. "No," said she, "it will soon be over, and then, then indeed I may rest."

The day had faded; the night crept on; Lady Rothseaton rose and looked from the window on the dim trees in the square, and the lines of lamps which lit the silent city. The confused murmur of night fell upon her ear, and involuntarily she reflected how often in the heated assembly, in the crowded ball, she had sought a moment's coolness on the balcony, and never, as now, felt how many sighs of pain; how many drunken shouts; how many sounds of revelry, joy, sorrow, anguish and fear, had mingled in the confused murmur which is termed the *silence of night*. Awful silence! in which every human passion mingled without power to convey itself to the listening ear.

Suddenly the sound of music, distinctly audible, smote on her heart; they were giving a ball within three doors of Rothseaton's house! "Alas, my dying

boy!" said the mother, as she crept back to his bedside. The music continued, but it was faintly heard within the room; it would not disturb him; *that* was comfort. Through the long and weary watches of the night, the well-known airs haunted her; music and dancing within three doors of her, and *she* sat waiting for the last gasp of that failing breath.

The night passed away; the long, long endless night; day-dawn came bright and blue through the window; the last carriage rolled from the door of the lighted house; the last guest departed. Lady Rothseaton still sate by the sick bed, listless and weary; she turned her eyes to the dawning light; it seemed to her then as if *one* day more were a boon; as if to watch another sunrise, another sunset, in an uncertainty which admitted of wild and unreasonable hope, were something to be

thankful for: she knelt and prayed he might not die *that* day.

The young heir woke, he called feebly and mournfully for water; the cup of embossed gold was lifted to his parched lips, but in vain; the lips parted, and a wild and beautiful smile lit his brow; evidently there was a sudden cessation from pain. "Mother, mother," he whispered, "I am well now." Lady Rothseaton bent over him; lower and lower she bent, as he sank back, and then a wild shriek told that hope and fear were over.

Who cared, who knew when the young heir died? The evening of that dawning day a large party were assembled at another house in the same square. "The Rothseatons have lost their child," said the lady of the house. "Was he an only son," said the guest. "Yes." "Indeed! pray, who does the property go to?"

Original.

THE SWORD OF NAPOLEON.

Le malheureux *Astyanax*, n'a pas eu la possibilité de recevoir ces derniers témoignages de l'affection paternelle; sans doute il ne les eut pas repoussés, mais enfin il ne le a pas recus. Était-ce donc l'intention de Napoléon que ces armes, ces trophées de la gloire Française, passassent entre les mains des ennemis de la France!—*Joseph Napoleon*.

No! give not the blade of the mighty to those,
The worst of his friends and the *least* of his foes.
Is the sword which reflected all fires of the field,
To be worn as a toy, not a weapon to wield?

What, give up the glory Marengo beheld!
When valley and field with the battle-tide swell'd:
At which, Austerlitz shook while the conqueror's breath
Thinn'd the ranks, with the strength of the angel of death?

Tho' the "Son of the Man" has gone down to the tomb,
Will France overshadow his glory with gloom:—
Are the trophies she bore and the glories she won
To be lost to the sire on the death of the son?

Methinks I behold him—a destiny-star,
Looking down on the nations beneath, and afar;
Now gilding some land, and now seizing some cloud,
And launching its thunderbolts deadly and loud.

Hark; heard you that crash? 'tis a nation on fire,
And that planet laughs out in its terrible ire;
The king, and the prince, and the prelate are crush'd,
And their cry, in creation's approval, is hush'd.

Look out on that waste, where the Pyramid throws
Its shade o'er the royal Egyptian's repose,
'Tis the land, which, awake with the genius of France,
Might rival the East in her brightest romance.

But away with the chieftain's intent and its claim—
Let its light be a shade—its remembrance a name:
More potent the mem'ry that bids you retain
The blade, till the Bourbon renounces the reign.

Where that isle, by the far-off horizon is hurl'd,
Like a demon, 'wave-rock'd' on the rim of the world,
Look out, not impatient, for there is the grave,
Of Consul, King, Conqueror, Exile, and Slave!

Now say if a vassal of France, less a king—
But my thoughts! too severe are the feelings ye bring;
In vain is Philosophy willing to leave,
One bosom unfir'd, o'er his glory to grieve.

Away with the dream! let the blade be retain'd;
By it, France has been sav'd, and may yet be regain'd;
But if Fate should then frown, in the red-rolling tide
Thou can'st sleep, with Napoleon's sword by thy side.

ALPHA.

VERSES.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.

When first in fervent prayer I knelt
To God—my God above;
When first my youthful bosom felt
The passionate thrill of love;
Oh! I was blessed beyond all thought,
In wandering here with thee,
My young first love! When every spot
Was Paradise to me.

I'll never rove as I have roved,
So young and happy then;
I'll never love as I have loved,
In innocence again.
But let me mourn—'tis well—'tis well!
Sorrow is sweet like this—
Thou'rt gone where heavenly spirits dwell
In everlasting bliss.

My young first love! my life! my love!
Death chilled thy pure warm veins;
But, blessings on kind Heaven above!
Thy memory still remains.
Deep in my pensive soul 'tis set,
Like crystal 'mid the sea;
And there shall dwell till we have met
For all eternity!

My young first love! my life! my love!
'Tis many a year since thou
Didst plant yon myrtle in the grove,
And gaze upon this brow.
And I shall never hear thee more
Sing 'neath that blooming bough—
My heart that was so gay before
Is sadly alter'd now!

No, no! I'll never see thee more;
But mourn beside thy tomb,
Where willows dewy tear-drops pour,
And waving wild-flowers bloom.
Ah me! I heard the cold earth thrown
Upon thy gentle breast;
And wept beside the dreary stone
That marks thy place of rest.

My selfish sorrow; oh away!
I'd call thee from the sky,
That on thy bosom I might lay
Me down in peace and die.
But no, oh no! it must not be!
Still let me wander on
To mourn the days long spent with thee,
Tired—friendless—and alone!

THE BROKEN FLOWER;

WRITTEN BY MRS. HEMANS—THE MUSIC BY B. HIME.

ALLEGRETTO—quasi Andante.

ritard.

pp

Oh! wear it on thy breast my love, Yet, yet a lit - tle

while, sweetness is ling' - ring on its leaves, Tho'

fa - ded be its smile.

Then for the sake of what hath been, Oh! cast it not
 way, 'Twas born to grace a sum-mer scene, 'Twas
 born to grace a sum-mer scene, A long bright gold-en
 day, my love, A long bright gold-en day.
calando a tempo ritard. pp

II.

A little while around thee, love,
 Its odours yet shall cling,
 Telling that on this breast hath lain,
 A sweet though blighted thing!
 But not e'en that warm heart hath pow'r,
 To win it back from fate—
 Oh! I am like this broken flow'r,
 Oh! I am like this broken flow'r,
 Cherish'd too late—too late, my love,
 Cherish'd alas! too late.

Original:

LINES,

Written on visiting the Hall of Independence, Philadelphia.

WHEN Juno bade the god of winds unchain
 And hurl his triumph-tempests o'er the main;
 From their remotest caverns, heav'd on high,
 The Titan waters lash'd the frenzied sky:
 Earth, to its deep foundations trembling, sigh'd;
 The heavens shriek'd out, and list'ning hills replied!
 With such a power, but with more holy cause,
 Freedom proclaimed her own vindictive laws
 From out this room, and gave, with glad acclaim,
 Freemen a home—America a name:
 And fill'd with glorious enterprize, began
 "To vindicate the ways of God to man."
 Call you yon paltry tax the fruitful cause
 Of deeds, which, since, have won the world's applause?
 No! Heaven beheld its own appointed time,
 Unfurled the flag, eternal and sublime;
 Wak'd the bold spirits of the gallant age,
 And fir'd their souls with all a patriot's rage;
 Marshall'd their willing ranks, and hurl'd the slave
 Down from his boast, on mountain, field and wave.
 And 'twas from this plain temple—what a shrine
 For men to worship at, (almost divine.)
 From out this simple room the judgment rose,
 And saw in their's the very Godhead's foes—
 Men who this circling orbit would have sold,
 If you but left to them Golconda's gold:
 Creatures, who knew no heritage in time,
 But that of gold, and tyranny, and crime.

Let me repair, Time's sepulchre unseal,
 And draw, with reverend soul, the historic veil.
 Behold, the buried day, when here it rose,
 In cloudless triumph o'er defeated foes.
 Its moving ray directing Freedom's band,
 Like Israel's column, to the promised land.
 Whom do I see—by memory's wand recall'd,
 By fear untouch'd, by vengeance unappell'd;
 In plain and unpretending strength combin'd,
 Mighty in purpose, mightier far in mind?
 There Jefferson, the giant-spirit bears
 The charter, for yet uncreated years:
 Presents the sacred trust—the tyrant's rod,
 Fresh from the hand of justice and of God—
 Upon the parchment freedom's name to trace,
 Red with the blood of yon Titanic race.
 See Franklin, with his lightning-spirit there,
 Chaining awhile the arrowy fire of air;
 To fling it with redoubled power along—
 At every dart more terrible and strong.
 Philosopher, patriot, statesman, scholar—all,
 For which mankind may well endure the fall;
 A glory to the day that nursed his powers;
 A Peru to his children and to ours.
 And Hancock, fearless as the mountain steep,
 Around whose base the fruitless tempests sweep,
 There, there he passes, living once again,
 The chief at once of martyrs and of men.
 Pass on, ye princes of the earth—more proud
 Than monarchs heralded by clarion loud,
 And arms, and banners, and the pomp of wars,
 And crown and purple, jewell'd o'er with stars.
 But who is he who closes that bright train,
 With eye where youth resumes his sunlike reign,
 And kindles up with all a patriot's love,
 Unlessened by the snows that fall above;
 Those snows of years, like those that ever glow,
 On Hecla's brow, nor dim the fires below?
 'Tis he of Carrollton, the fearless soul'd,
 Inspir'd by Heaven, tho' sprung from mortal mould:
 Elijah-like, he, from the fields of space,
 Flung Freedom's mantle down on Freedom's race;

And, as he mounted upward and afar,
 Heard million blessings breath'd from star to star.

Alone, within these sacred walls I stand;
 But are they gone, Columbia's Spartan band?
 No, no, they live, they live in every scene,
 Even to the flower that variegates the green:
 They live in every principle that guides
 Our lives' and fortunes' fluctuating tides.
 And, oh! may they be still our guides to fame,
 The same our freedom, and our path the same.
 For they were born of Heaven: they arose
 In single strength against a world of foes.
 But, armed with MIND, they burst the giant chain,
 And Freedom triumph'd thro' their wide domain.
 Long may their children emulate their sires,
 And if Columbian liberty expires,
 Be it by *foreign* foes: but, when we yield,
 We'll, Spartan-like, expire upon our shield!

ALPHA.

Original.

THE AUTUMN ROSE.

THE foliage on the autumn hills,
 With wrinkled age is withering fast,
 And fills the unrefreshing rills
 Obedient to the wizard blast:
 No requiem note the song-bird swells
 O'er the dead summer's twilight spells.

That season's beams which sank away,
 Not like the winter's sickly sun,
 But richly melting ray by ray
 Till day and twilight seemed but one:
 They're gone with summer's fragrant breath,
 And darkness comes—the child of death.

And all the love-inspiring flow'rs,
 Like Beauty's eyes, illumining,
 With smiles, this weary world of ours,
 Have died beneath the winter's wing:
 All—save that rose, so lone and mild:
 The buried Summer's orphan child.

Sweet flower! in every leaf of thine
 A page of human life I see.
 Thou liv'st to mourn that day's decline,
 When all thy kindred bloom'd like thee.
 Wept with thy tears or by thy side
 Laugh'd in the summer's morning pride.

How many emblems dost thou show
 Of blighted hope and fickle dream—
 A dying bliss—a living woe,
 Waiting till time's advancing stream,
 Unwasted by eternal toil,
 Shall add thy beauty to his spoil.

But thou resemblest most, sweet rose!
 The maiden girl, belov'd—betray'd—
 Abandon'd in her tears to those
 Who give nor sympathy nor aid.
 Who sigh o'er all thy beauties past;
 But woo the living while they last.

It is a pain, when winter frowns
 Upon our fortunes to survive;
 And welcome is the death which drowns
 The pangs that we endure, alive.
 And oh! 'tis bliss indeed to know
 That death *must* come—for weal or woe!

ALPHA.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Scripture may have more senses besides the literal, because God understands all things at once; but a man's writing has but one true sense, which is that which the author meant when he wrote it.

What a blessing it is when a man can properly regulate his temper. How many heart-burnings and animosities would it save us; how many friendships would be preserved, and what a deal of good fellowship, that is now wasted, might be concentrated and gathered together for our worldly comfort.

He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool; and he that dares not reason is a slave.

Men may live like fools, but fools they cannot die.

A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
Will not insult me—and no other can.

Secure the approbation of the *aged*, and you will enjoy the confidence, if not the love, of the young.

Virtue in an intelligent and free creature, of whatever rank in the scale of being, is nothing less than a conformity of disposition and practice to the necessary, eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the Divine nature.

Flowers are fleeting things, however bright;
The sun, the shower, the winter, or the blight,
Will mar their fragrance, rob them of their bloom.
And what is Beauty but a flower—a toy
Which griefs, or time, or accident destroy,
And leave, like the lone cypress round a tomb,
A dull memento of departed years,
When life was fresh, and joy too full for tears.

Notwithstanding the deference man pays his intellect, he is governed more by his heart than his head: his reason may pronounce with a certainty, that seems to imply an impossibility of mistake, but after all, his heart will run away with the action.

There is usually the most assurance where there is the greatest degree of ignorance; we feel certain of *safety*, because we have not light enough to discover our *danger*.

There is, in regard to great misfortunes, a moment which causes even more pain than the misfortune itself—it is that in which we can no longer doubt of its existence.

There are griefs which no time or circumstances can totally cure or eradicate the sentiment of; they seem to retreat into the recesses of the soul, there to remain ready to present themselves whenever we feel a tendency towards unhappiness.

Old Ocean was,
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence; and he will be beautiful
When all the living world that sees him now
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast;
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
In thundering concert with the quiv'ring winds;
But long as man to parent Nature owes
Instinctive language, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, beatific Sea!

There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well: so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men.

"Monsieur la Comte," said the secretary of Mirabeau to him one day, "the thing you require is impossible."—"Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau, starting from his chair; "never again use that foolish word in my presence."

The Minorquins never venture to prune a fruit tree, thinking it impious to presume to direct its growth, and amend the works of Providence.

Never compliment a woman upon her corpulency. If she really be fat, the greatest compliment you can pay her, is to remark, in an indifferer sort of way, that she is not looking as stout as usual.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers,
Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved—ah, long ago!

What has humanity to be proud of? We are subject to every inclemency of the sky—the weather-cocks of interest—instruments for passion to fret upon; whose time is but a moment, whose habitation is but a speck, and in size but an atom, in the vast universe! Yet man is proud! Ay, proud of himself—proud of what must in a few years be nothing more than silent dust!

Wealth may become, by a careless extravagance, the means of a poverty more galling than that which is felt by the ragged wanderer to whom a dry crust is a luxury, and a heap of straw is a bed of down; and rank may be degraded by folly, and high esteem may be lost in the reckless attention to mere sensual pursuits.

The coal mines, which in Staffordshire have been burning for 200 years, consist of pyrites, subject to spontaneous combustion. Water will not extinguish them, because when drawn off, or absorbed, the pyrites burn more than before.

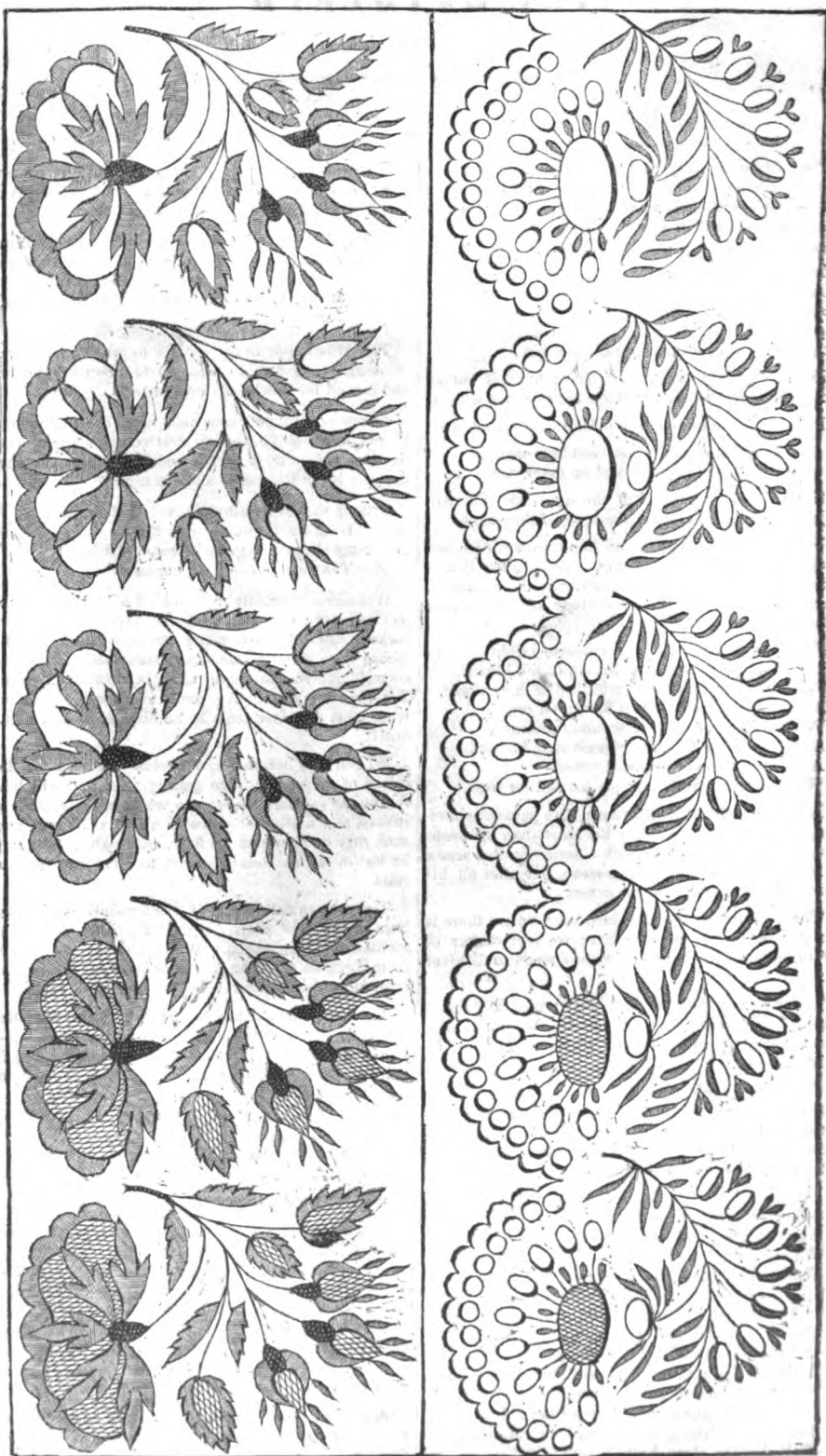
The most rational and therefore truest remark that has been made with respect to the great question—which is the better, the married or the single state? is the following:—Whichever resolution you come to, repentance will follow.

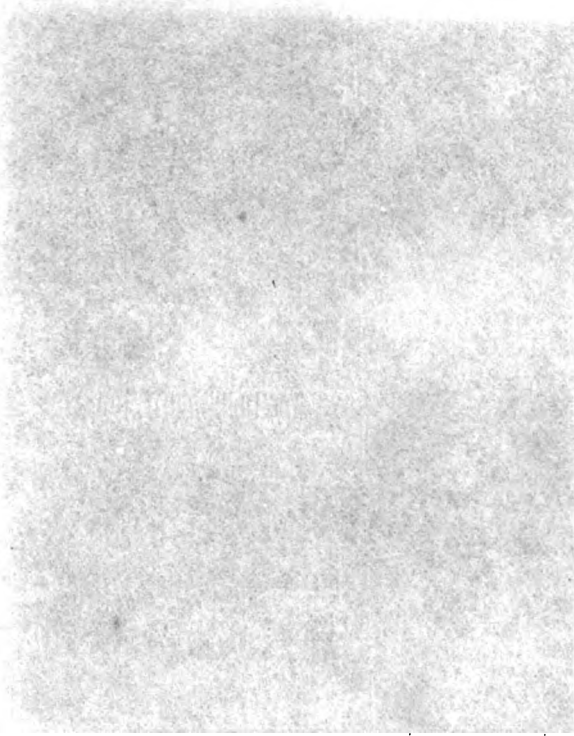
The web of our life is of a mingled Yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and Our crimes would despair, if they were not Cherish'd by our virtues.

Captain Basil Hall, in his amusing book on India, just published, pithily enough remarks that "In the Government of extensive countries, a well-intentioned blockhead may often bring the severest misery upon the heads of those whom it is his purpose to benefit; and it is but a poor satisfaction to know that his intentions were the best in the world, and that his own character and fortunes are involved in the general wreck."

A musket proof garment is stated to have been invented by two Italians. It is said to be light and flexible.

PATTERNS OF EMBROIDERY
FOR LADIES' FANCY WORK.





THE LADY'S BOOK.

SEPTEMBER, 1866.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF LORD BYRON.

VERY few indeed have ever occupied, or are destined to occupy so large a space in the world of mind, as the illustrious subject of the prefixed engraving. His life was a romance; every thought original, and every incident a reality. He was in fact an era, and therefore an object of universal interest and observation, whose limits became extensive as his mind's development. It may be said that Scott was his compeer in personal interest; but this is most unequivocally denied. The commanding genius of Scott was exercised upon the actual and external observation of "men and things;" every legend found its living hero, and history its mingled, yet not less faithful record: But Byron was a man *sui generis*—his genius was exercised upon himself, and his observations within his own mysterious and inscrutable spirit. No scene did he behold, no incident did he relate that he did not people, and vivify with himself, not in the monotonous and gloomy character ascribed to him by cavilling reviewers, but in all the rainbow variety of his brief but eventful pilgrimage.

George Gordon Byron was born in Holles street, London, on the 22d of January 1788. His mother was an only child, and heiress of George Gordon Esq., of Gight, and descended from as illustrious an ancestry as any which Scotland can boast. She was possessed of considerable property in real estate, ready money and bank shares, which, however, soon disappeared before the profligate prodigality of her husband, and she was reduced from extensive affluence to comparative poverty. In the year 1790 she took up her residence at Aberdeen, where she placed her son, on the attainment of his fifth year, at the school of Mr. Bowers. His progress being rather slow, he was transferred to the tuition of a Rev. Mr. Ross, under whose surveillance he made a rapid advance in his infantile studies. He was then passed over to the instruction of a third tutor, with whom he continued until he was placed at the grammar school, where the various characteristics of his after life exhibited themselves.

On the death of his eccentric grand uncle, in the year 1798, he became a ward of Chancery, under the guardianship of the Earl of Carlisle, who immediately had the young lord placed under the tuition of Dr. Drury, at Harrow, through which, as he himself says, "he fairly fought his way." In October, 1805, he was removed to the University of Cambridge, where he used very little exertion to be distinguished for any thing, but a thorough contempt for academical honours; and, so decided was this feeling, that he would, with much gravity tell his friends that the young bear which he kept in his room, was in training for a fellowship. In the twentieth year of his age, Lord Byron took up his residence at Newstead Abbey, which had been recently left by Lord Grey de Ruthven in a most ruinous condition, and which he immediately proceeded to repair. In the November of this year, his celebrated dog, Boatswain, died in a state of madness; "After," as Lord Byron says, "suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last." The regret which he felt at this event is best recorded on the monument erected to the memory of the animal,

and which still forms a conspicuous ornament in the grounds at Newstead. The inscription on this testimonial is remarkable for its misanthropic character, and concludes thus,

"Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise—
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Lord Byron now betook himself to the enlargement, improvement, and preparation for the press of that satire, which alone would have admitted his claim to poetical distinction. It is true, his "Hours of Idleness" gave but very little hope of future success: but, they were the production of minority, and could not have been expected to possess that excellence which is alone attainable by maturity and experience. A few days before the appearance of this splendid philippic, he took his seat in the House of Lords, under circumstances, not only embarrassing, but peculiarly mortifying. The forms of the House required certain certificates in proof of the legitimacy of his claim previous to taking his seat: on this subject his late guardian, Lord Carlisle refused to give any information to the Lord Chancellor; and this, with his own lone and neglected situation—without a single member of the assembly to which he belonged to introduce him, preyed heavily upon his keenly sensitive nature. On the 13th of March, he took the oaths and his seat, whence, after a few minutes' delay, he arose and joined his friend Mr. Dallas, who waited at the bar of the House.

In a few days after, appeared "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" so rapid was its advance to popularity, that nearly the whole edition was disposed of by the end of April; and he immediately proceeded to prepare a second; which, in the course of the ensuing month was ready for publication. Without, however, waiting to witness his second triumph, he left London on the 11th of June, and, on the 2d of July sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. Here, then, may we place the starting post of a fame which eclipsed all co-temporary rivalry; running a career of brilliancy which knew no horizon. From Lisbon he proceeded through the southern provinces of Spain to the Mediterranean. After a short sojourn at Malta, he sailed for Prevesa, where he landed on the 29th of September. Hence, he proceeded to Yanina, where he was informed that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum. The latter, however, having understood that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, directed the commandant at Yanina to provide him with a house, and every kind of accommodation gratuitously. From this capital, he travelled over the mountains through "monastic Zitzas," which he so enchantingly immortalizes for the hospitality of the "Caloyer;" and the beauty of its sacred scenery. He, hence proceeded towards Tepaleen, of which he says, "I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon as the sun was going down;" which observation may now be well applied to the graphic and

splendidly finished description he has left to posterity in the second canto of "Childe Harold." To select any separate portion of this magnificent picture, would be an absurdity—it is indivisible, and must be contemplated entire to be understood and felt; as well as to perceive the Herculean power with which Lord Byron's genius sprung into almost instantaneous maturity. He was lodged in the palace, and, on the next day introduced to Ali Pacha, who recognized his aristocracy in his small white hands and curling hair, and paid him some complimentary attentions. On his return from Tepaleen, he was introduced at Yanina to Hussien Bey and Mahomet Pacha, two children of Ali Pacha. He subsequently visited Smyrna, where he concluded the 2d canto of Childe Harold, in March 1810, whence he sailed on the 11th of April, for Constantinople. Here he performed a feat on which he exhibits considerable egotism, making it a repeated feature in many of his subsequent epistolary communications—we allude to his having swam from Sestos to Abydos; notwithstanding the discouraging fate of his predecessor, Leander. On the 14th of July he sailed from Constantinople, in the Salsette frigate, from which, by his own desire, he was landed on the small island of Zea, whence he went to Athens. On the 26th or 27th of July, he left Athens in the company of the Marquis of Sligo; he, to proceed to Patras; and the Marquis, to the capital of the Morea. At Patras, Lord Byron was seized with a spell of illness, and on his return to Athens very characteristically observed, "I should like, I think, to die of a consumption." This observation proves that his expressive face was no less observed by himself than others. On the 3d of June 1811, he set sail from Malta in the Volage frigate for England; where he arrived on the 2d of July, after an absence of two years. The acknowledged embarrassments of his affairs at this period—his evident solitariness, his physical debility caused by intermittent fevers, give the reader some estimate of the feelings which accompanied his return. The illness of his mother soon called him to Newstead; on his arrival, however, she had already paid "the debt of nature;" and, notwithstanding the unmotherly influence, which she sought to exercise over him, and which, in fact, considerably moulded his very peculiar and eccentric mind; he wept. A tear from the Stoic Byron?—yes! his faults were confined to himself—his affections and benevolence had no limits. A circumstance of more than ordinary interest—one, indeed, to which we are indebted for a new description of biography, so arranged that, although less epistolary ones may be more unbrokenly interesting, none can possibly be more authentic. It is somewhere about this period the first interview between Lord Byron and Mr. Thomas Moore occurred. The allusion made in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," to Mr. Moore, the Irish Amacreon, had induced that gentleman to address the noble author on the subject, in a letter dated Dublin, January 1, 1810, and which, being as it is, the warlike cause of so warm and unbroken a friendship, as has since existed between them, we here insert.

Dublin, January 1st, 1810.

"MY LORD—Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work, entitled, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, as it appears to me, the lie is given to a public statement of mine, respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing whether you avow the insult contained in the passages alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence a secret.

"I have the honour to be

"Your lordship's very humble servant,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"22, Molesworth-street."

This letter did not meet his lordship, who had recently gone abroad; but it remained in the hands of his friend Mr. Hodgson. On his return to England, however, Mr. Moore again addressed him, under circumstances which were rendered materially different from those which dictated the former communication. Mr. Moore had, to use his own words, taken upon himself "Obligations both as husband and father, which make most men—and especially those who have nothing to bequeath—less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger."

To this letter Lord Byron sent the following spirited and characteristic reply:—

"Cambridge, October 27th, 1811.

"SIR—Your letter followed me from Notts. to this place, which will account for the delay of my reply. Your former letter I never had the honour to receive; be assured, in whatever part of the world it had found me, I should have deemed it my duty to return and answer it in person.

"The advertisement you mention, I know nothing of. At the time of your meeting with Mr. Jeffrey, I had recently entered College, and remember to have heard and read a number of squibs on the occasion, and from the recollection of these I derived all my knowledge on the subject, without the slightest idea of 'giving the lie' to an address which I never beheld. When I put my name to the production, which has occasioned this correspondence, I became responsible to all whom it might concern—to explain where it requires explanation, and, where insufficiently or too sufficiently explicit, at all events to satisfy. My situation leaves me no choice; it rests with the injured and the angry to obtain reparation in their own way.

"With regard to the passage in question, you were certainly not the person towards whom I felt personally hostile. On the contrary, my whole thoughts were engrossed by one whom I had reason to consider as my worst literary enemy, nor could I foresee that his former antagonist was about to become his champion. You do not specify what you would wish to have done: I can neither retract nor apologize for a charge of falsehood which I never advanced.

"In the beginning of the week, I shall be at No. 3, St. James's-street. Neither the letter nor the friend to whom you stated your intention ever made their appearance.

"Your friend, Mr. Rogers, or any other gentleman delegated by you, will find me most ready to adopt any conciliatory proposition which shall not compromise my own honour—or, failing in that, to make the atonement you deem it necessary to require.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"BYRON."

Mr. Moore in acknowledging the receipt of this communication thus concludes:—

"As your lordship does not show any wish to proceed beyond the rigid formulary of explanation, it is not for me to make any further advances. We, Irishmen, in businesses of this kind, seldom know any medium between decided hostility and decided friendship; but, as my approaches towards the latter alternative must now depend entirely on your lordship, I have only to repeat that I am satisfied with your letter, and that I have the honour to be," &c. &c.

On the following day, he received from Lord Byron the annexed rejoinder.

"8, St. James's-street, October 29th, 1811.

"SIR—Soon after my return to England, my friend, Mr. Hodgson, apprized me that a letter for me was in his possession; but a domestic event hurrying me from London, immediately after, the letter (which may most probably be your own) is still *unopened in his keeping*. If, on examination of the address, the similarity of the handwriting should lead to such a conclusion, it shall be opened in your presence, for the satisfaction of all parties. Mr. H. is at present out of town; on Friday I shall see him, and request him to forward it to my address.

"With regard to the latter part of both your letters, until the principal point was discussed between us, I felt myself at a loss in what manner to reply. Was I to anticipate friendship from one, who conceived me to have charged him with falsehood? Were not *advances*, under such circumstances, to be misconstrued—not, perhaps, by the person to whom they were addressed, but by others? In *my* case, such a step was impracticable. If you, who conceived yourself to be the offended person, are satisfied that you had no cause for offence, it will not be difficult to convince me of it. My situation, as I have before stated, leaves me no choice. I should have felt proud of your acquaintance, had it commenced under other circumstances; but it must rest with you to determine how far it may proceed after so *auspicious* a beginning.

"I have the honour to be," &c.

Mr. Moore, now, for the first time, informed his friend, Mr. Rogers, of his correspondence with Lord Byron, and the nature of it. The hospitable author of "The Pleasures of Memory," proposed his own table as the place of a meeting (hinted at by Mr. Moore, and gladly understood by Lord Byron,) between the two epistolary belligerents. The social hour arrived; and, as Mr. Moore says, "Such a meeting could not be otherwise than interesting to us all."

In giving these rather circumstantial details of the first personal acquaintance of these two great men, we have been directed by the importance which they will ever possess, as an unalienable item in any biography of Byron, however minute or limited; and, indeed, connecting the unpromising circumstances attending this correspondence, and the youth of his lordship at that period, we are not unwilling to recommend the particular attention of our readers to that portion of it which emanated from him: full, as it is, of "good sense, self possession and frankness," and that nobility, which was no less glorious in his soul, than in that title which descended to him, through a long line of proud and gallant ancestry.

On the 27th of February 1812, Lord Byron made his first oratorical attempt in the House of Lords. Two days after appeared the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*; the success was instantaneous; and, unlike things of sudden growth, deep and lasting. The effect was electric, and the sale of the first edition was as instantaneous as its fame. The *Gisour*, and the *Bride of Abydos* soon followed; and Lord Byron's fame seemed to have reached its acme, when "The Corsair" appeared, dazzling the literary world with its unprecedented splendour. Nothing which could add interest to this *condensed* sketch, occurred between this period of his glory and the commencement of his matrimonial career. On the 2d of January 1815, he was married to Miss Milbank, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank, of Seabam, in the county of Durham. That this marriage was an "untoward event," is already known to all who have felt an interest in the personal history of this extraordinary man. It was attended with bickerings and recriminations, and domestic distresses; and remarkable for no "oasis" but the

birth of Ada Byron; which took place on the 10th of December 1815. This young lady has lately appeared at Court, and—but no! we are speaking of the father: we may return to the progeny. Beset by the public and private assassins of his personal reputation, even he, with all his apparent stoicism, could not withstand the conspiracy; and, in 1816, he left England to meet that glorious fate over which fame rejoices, and genius laments. That Lord Byron's domestic difficulties were the source of his domestic ruin, will not be disputed; they would, therefore, become a very fair and interesting subject of research, if, in the progress of that research, we could hope to arrive at any thing like authenticity; but, even his bosom friend—he, to whom he infelicitously committed the defence of his deeply injured character—he, to whose observation his mysterious heart and mind were as unsealed epistles—even he does not *appear* to be acquainted with the source of his domestic afflictions. We, therefore, shall not speculate; but, proceed to the subsequent phases of his fortunes. He now passed over to France; and, passing onward to Brussels, visited that Mecca of British pilgrims—Waterloo. One of the most splendid exertions of his genius is the living and almost breathing description he gives of that bloody field in the third canto of *Childe Harold*—

"Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones;
Whose table, earth—whose dice, were human bones"

But never did the genius of Byron become immortal, until, becoming inspired, upon the Lake of Geneva, it spoke in words of thunder, which, long as the language of nature is understood, will bear into every ear its magic, and, into every mind its overwhelming majesty. Had Lord Byron's domestic misfortunes been permitted to exercise their baneful usurpation over his mind, that written monument of his genius had disappeared with his existence—it would have been, at least, injurious to his previous enviable reputation: but, if they, in these moments when he communed with nature, did at all exist, they became so amalgamated with his external observations, that they gave his mind the essence, which fired it to a deeper idolatry of nature—the deity of the universe. Repeatedly as this description has been quoted, it would be an injustice to the memory of the illustrious dead, and an imperfection in our biographical sketch, to omit its unparalleled repetition. Never was the English language more expressively applied; every word is a sentiment and every sentence a picture.

"The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

"And this is in the night—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

"Now, where the quick Rhone thus has cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,

The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
His lightning's—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurk'd.

“Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings! ye!
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful; the far roll
Of your departing voices is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh tempests! is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or, do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?”

And again—

“The roar of waters!—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set;

“And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent,

“To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings through the vale:—look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract,

“Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn.
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien.

“Once more upon the woody Apennine,
The infant Alps, which—had I not before
Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar
The thundering lawine—might be worshipp'd more;
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
Glaciers of bleak Mont-Blanc both far and near,
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear.”

Lord Byron adopted Venice as his principal residence, from 1817 to the close of 1819; and here he composed the *Lament of Tasso*, *Marino Faliero*, the fourth, and last, canto of *Childe Harold*, the *Two Foscari*, *Beppo*, *Mazeppa*, and the earlier cantos of that inimitable picture of human life, *Don Juan*. It may by many be said that this most original and splendid of his productions is *morally* objectionable:—we emphasize the word “*morally*,” because as a literary production it stands triumphantly *per se*—but we could refer to some very sacred pictures of life during the Mosaic dispensation, which would lose not only

their natural but their moral effect, if they did not represent the contrast of vice and virtue: and, indeed, never was the hideousness of the one, or the beauty of the other, correctly estimated except when placed in contrasting juxtaposition. But this poem needs no advocacy; it holds the mirror up to nature.

Towards the close of the year 1819, Lord Byron removed to Ravenna; and here he wrote that expansively wrought poem, the *Prophecy of Dante*; and, about the same time, *Sardanapalus*—*Cain*—and *Heaven and Earth*. In the year 1821, he removed to Pisa in Tuscany, where he became acceptably attached to the celebrated Countess Guiccioli. At Pisa, Lord Byron wrote the tame and unworthy drama of “*Werner*”—the singular and characteristic drama of “*The Deformed Transformed*,” and the continuation of *Don Juan*. From Pisa, Lord Byron went to Genoa in the autumn of 1822, where he spent the winter; and, in the course of the ensuing year embarked at Leghorn for the land of his earliest and most successful inspiration. He arrived at Cephalonia on the 23d of August 1823. The distractions which, notwithstanding the progressive success of the Greek cause, prevailed in the Greek councils, required the administration of some influential and opportune sedative; and Lord Byron, whose fame and philhellenic intentions had preceded him, was looked to as the successful Samaritan. Accordingly Lord Byron decided on the non-interference system, except to reconcile the contending parties; and took up his temporary residence at Metaxata, a village of Cephalonia. In the month of October 1823, Missolonghi was blockaded both by land and sea. For the defeat of this blockade, Lord Byron, with a generosity which should render all his peccadilloes invisible, offered the sum of sixty thousand dollars, to pay for fitting out a fleet. He sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December 1823, for Missolonghi, where he was received with the most unalimited exultation. He was received on landing by Prince Maurocordate and all the authorities, together with the military and populace; by whom he was escorted to his house, amid the shouts of the people and the thundering gratulations of the artillery. This must have been a proud moment to Lord Byron. He stood in the classic land of Greece! Greece, hallowed by the most sacred ties which link generations together—the land of arts and arms—

“Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!”—

The land of Homer and Tyrtæus—of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Hector and Achilles, and the “*Pious Æneas*,” and Themistocles and Marathon, and Miltiades and Salamis, and Leonidas and Thermopylæ; and standing upon that land, how must his heart have bounded, to witness the honours which he that day received from their descendants, and to *know* that they were deserved; and if there be an enviable moment in his existence, this certainly is it. One of his first acts, on landing at Missolonghi, was to pay the fleet: he next proceeded to form a brigade of Suliotæ to the number of five hundred. He consequently, on the first of January 1824, took into *his pay* that number of these bravest and most unyielding soldiers in Greece. At this time an expedition against Lepanto was proposed, of which Lord Byron was to have the command. But the untameable and mercenary nature of these hiring mountaineers, produced a complete abandonment of the project, at the very moment they should have availed themselves of Lord Byron's enthusiasm; and he became, very naturally, irritable, being disappointed, in his hopes, even thus early, of giving an advance, if not a triumph to the cause of Grecian Liberty. On the 15th of February he had an attack of epilepsy, which, considering the extreme susceptibility

of his mind, it is not unreasonable to ascribe to this very important, and very unreasonable disappointment of his glorious ambition. From this time his constitution suffered a considerable change, which was rendered the more injurious by his stay in Missolonghi, which is a flat, marshy, and unhealthy place. He was requested by a gentleman of Zante, to return for some time to that island; but, his devotedness to the cause he had embraced, made every thing else, even his health, a matter of secondary consideration. The following is his reply to that request; it requires no comment.

"I am extremely obliged by the offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even supposed) utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects of the Greeks themselves: but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

On the 9th of April Lord Byron rode out, according to daily custom; but unfortunately got very wet in a rain-storm which overtook him. On his return home he changed his clothes, which were completely saturated: but, he had been in them too long, and he was attacked with a feverish cold. On the 12th, he became more alarmingly ill; on the 14th and 15th, his valet, Fletcher, requested him to send to Zante for Dr. Thomas, but he was told there was no necessity as the cold would be removed in a day or two. On the 18th he continued to get worse; and he was evidently in a state of great exhaustion. Nature was fast yielding to dissolution, and the sun which had illuminated the world, was now about to set for ever. He now seemed dissatisfied with the medical treatment he received, and regretted that he had not permitted Fletcher to send for Dr. Thomas. Every hour increased his debility, and, he began to suffer under intervals of delirium. His thoughts were now turned to his Ada; and he called Fletcher to communicate some directions which he wished him to see executed; but the time, for even that, had passed; his words were unintelligible; except, when, by great exertion, he could say, "My God—my wife—my child"—in this way he continued to approach the limits of his career, until the evening of the 19th, when, at six o'clock, Fletcher saw him open his eyes and then shut them; but neither limb nor feature exhibited the least feeling of pain. He lay quite calm; and a sweet tranquillity was on his countenance. The Doctors felt his pulse; it was stiltless; the world had lost its brightest genius, and Greece its most devoted champion. Every demonstration of the public affliction was made at Missolonghi, where the sorrow was universal: minute guns were fired: the shops and public offices were closed; the Easter festivities suspended, and a general mourning took place. The body of Lord Byron was opened and embalmed, and the heart, brain, and intestines were placed in separate vessels. On the 22d, his honoured remains were borne to the church where the bodies of the illustrious Marco Botzaris and General Norman repose. Here the funeral service was performed; after which the body was left there, guarded by a detachment of his own brigade, until the 23d, when it was privately conveyed back to his own house. On the 2d of May, the remains were embarked, under a salute from the guns of the fortress, which but a few months before, were loud in their joyous thunders. In three days they reached Zante; where, on the 10th, Colonel Stanhope arrived; and, taking the body in charge, embarked with it on board the Florida. On the 25th of May she sailed from Zante, and, on the 29th of June arrived in the Downs.

The noble Lord's will having been proved by J. C.

Hobhouse and J. Hanson, (Lord Byron's executors,) they claimed the body, and had it conveyed to London, where it was exhibited in state at the house of Sir Edward Knatchbull, in Westminster. On the 16th of July, the interment took place at Hucknall church, within two miles of Newstead Abbey: the coffin was placed next to that of his mother, and was accompanied by an urn bearing this inscription—

"Within this urn are deposited the heart, brain, &c., of the deceased Lord Byron."

On the coffin was the following:

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
LORD BYRON
OF ROCHDALE;
BORN IN LONDON
JAN. 22, 1788,
DIED AT MISSOLOGHI,
IN WESTERN GREECE,
APRIL 19, 1824.

Taking our farewell of Hucknall and its interred immortality; we naturally ask why the memory of so stupendous a mind should not be *honoured*, (we will not say perpetuated; the name of Byron will never die,) by the erection of a monument to him in Westminster Abbey, which seems to be the final reward of British gratitude to British genius. The answer is simple. The Dean of Westminster will not permit its erection. On this subject we cannot do better than subjoin the happy observations of the Boston Statesman: as they exhibit an indignation which is at once noble and just.

"The refusal of the Dean of Westminster, assisted by the Dean of St. Paul's, to permit a monument to be erected to Lord Byron in Westminster Abbey, may vie, in the genuine spirit of vandalism, with the imprisonment of Copernicus for discovering that the earth was round, or with the petty spite of the Inquisition which burns the books whose contents are written upon men's minds by the living pen of intellectual inspiration. Petty agents of *hate*, not *injury*, to the manes of Byron! you cannot deprive him of a particle of his fame; his works will live when all the monuments of those ancient ruins, together with the pile which covers them, will crumble into ungatherable atoms. * * * *

"Reverend prelates! you retain within the pale of your benedictions and funeral rites, a Swift and a Sterne, men who uttered more downright obscenity than Byron ever thought or could think; and yet you deny monumental honours to the man who has distributed your literature into every village of Europe, who defended your fame from the encroachment of an armour-cased Scot, who before *he* (Byron) appeared, mocked at and bearded your intellectual chiefs, and almost claimed the supremacy of the island. But this is not all. If you are sincere in your pathetic lamentations over the Greeks, if you are, or ever were, the advocates of that cause, will not the interference at Missolonghi—the act of his latest days—redeem his character from the fangs of calumny and misinterpretation? Are you not aware, Right Reverends, that some of the most glorious of mortal men in deeds and station, have been silent upon the subject of religion? Is it not a matter that lies between the great Creator and the conscience of the individual? But in respect to this interdiction, is not the fame you aim at like his who fired the Ephesian temple? Believe it, Byron will not go down to posterity

'Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.'

But when the process of decomposition is completed upon your bodies, in despite of your crosiers, your leaden coffins, and your cast-iron protectors, how many, separated from this act of barbarism, will even recollect your names, and who will chaunt your fame?"

Original.

THE SACRIFICE;

A POEM.

THE morning sun rose bright and clear,
On Abraham's tent it sacred shone;
And all was bright and cheerful there,
All, save the Patriarch's heart alone.
While God's command arose to mind,
It forced into his eye the tear;
For though his soul was all resigned,
Yet nature fondly lingered there.

The simple morning feast was spread,
And Sarah at the banquet smiled;
Joy o'er her face its lustre shed,
For near her sat her only child.
The charms that pleased a monarch's eye,
Upon her cheek had left their trace;
His highly augur'd destiny
Was written in his heavenly face.

The groaning father turned away,
And walked the inner tent apart;
He felt his fortitude decay,
While nature whispered in his heart—
"O! must this son to whom was given
The promise of a blessed land,
Heir to the choicest gifts of Heaven,
Be slain by a fond father's hand.

"This son for whom my eldest born
Was sent an outcast from his home;
And in some wilderness forlorn,
A savage exile doom'd to roam.
But shall a feeble worm rebel,
And murmur at a father's rod?
Shall he be backward to fulfill
The known and certain will of God?

"Arise, my son! the cruel fill,
And store the scrip with due supplies,
For we must seek Moriah's hill,
And offer there a sacrifice."
The mother raised her speaking eye,
And all a mother's soul was there;
She fear'd the desert drear and dry—
She fear'd the savage lurking there.

Abraham beheld, and made reply,
"On him, from whom our blessings flow,
My sister, we with faith rely—
"Tis He commands, and we must go."
The duteous son in haste obey'd,
The scrip was fill'd, the mules prepared;
And with the third day's twilight shade,
Moriah's lofty hill appeared.

The menials at a distance wait—
Alone ascend the son and sire;
The wood is on his shoulder laid—
The wood, to build his funeral fire.
No passion sways the father's mind,
He felt a calm, a death-like chill;
The soul, all chastened, all resigned,
Bowed meekly, though he shuddered still.

While on the mountain's brow they stood,
With smiling wonder Isaac cries—
"My father, lo! the fire and wood,
But where's the lamb for sacrifice?"
The Holy Spirit stay'd his mind—
While Abraham answered low and calm,
With steady voice and look resigned,
"God will himself provide a lamb."

But, let no pen profane like mine,
On holiest themes too rashly dare;
Turn to the book of books divine,
And read the sacred promise there.
At length when anxious ages roll'd,
The Promise of the great I AM
Bled, as the Prophets had foretold;
On Calvary—the Saviour Lamb.

J. M. S—S

INVOCATION OF THE EARTH, TO MORNING.

WAKE from thy azure ocean-bed,
Oh! beautiful sister, Day!
Uplift thy gem-tiara'd head,
And, in thy vestal robes array'd,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister! the dark-brow'd night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While, sitting supreme in regal sway,
Thou holdest thy high effulgent way,
In majesty alone;
Till into thy cloud-pavilion'd home
In the burning West, thy footsteps come.

When last thy parting look I caught,
Which turn'd, to smile good night,
With all a lover's fondness fraught—
There seemed not in the universe aught
So precious in thy sight,
As thy own dear Earth, while to her breast,
She folded her slumbering babes to rest.

I hear the sparkling midnight spheres
Rehearse the choral hymn,
Which yet ere earth was stain'd with tears,
Burst on the joy-entranced ears
Of holy seraphim;
While the lofty blue empyrean rang,
As the morning stars together sang.

Oh, many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a rustling stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprouse thee, then, fairest sister dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and impatient wing,
My birds on every spray
Await, thy welcome forth to sing
With many a meeting lay;
Then, wherefore, Beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

Thy flower* her vigil lone hath kept,
With love's untiring care;
Tho' round her pinks and violets slept,
She wakefully hath watched and wept,
Unto the dewy air;
And like a desolate bride she waits,
For the opening of her lover's gates.

Oh! then arise, fair sister dear:
Awake, beloved Day!
For many a silent trembling tear,
Falls on my breast like diamond clear,
In grief for thy delay.
From the rosy bowers of the orient skies
Then up, sweetest sister, arise, arise!

* The Sunflower.

THE BASHFUL WOOLER.

PRIOR to the attainment of my eighth year, my education was superintended by my widowed mother; whose apprehensions, excited by the delicacy of my constitution, deterred her from sending me to one of those preparatory establishments where they kindly "teach the young idea how to shoot," for a certain consideration in pounds, shillings, and pence. In the course of time she, however, naturally began to feel an anxiety that some stronger hand should assume the direction of my studies: her health was much impaired by the consuming effects of hidden sorrow from the early blighting of her wedded happiness, and she dreaded the consequence of an imperfect or a neglected education to her child, while, at the same time, she shrank from the idea of placing distance between us. At the expiration of a short period I was, accordingly, sent to a day school of eminence, where I continued for some time, after which I was entrusted to the care of the Rev. Mr. Lizars, a clergyman, who conducted "an establishment" in the vicinity. Thus, with all the terrors of my bashfulness about me, I found myself surrounded entirely by *strangers*. The familiarity of childhood, however, insensibly associated me with my school-fellows, and the frequent home-visits which I was permitted to make, reconciled me to my situation.

Possessing an unquenchable thirst after information, I applied myself with the utmost diligence to my studies, and even in the hours allotted to amusement I was in the habit of taking a book into the play-ground, and seated beneath an immense walnut-tree that shadowed the sward with its thick branches, I shared my attention between the lettered page, the insects that sported before me in the sun, and the merry boys that, with equal giddiness, frolicked on the green. Perhaps I was secretly impelled to this degree of studiousness by the shyness of my disposition; certainly I was neither gloomy nor unsocial, and I believe I may affirm, without boasting, that I was esteemed by my master and ushers, and beloved by my companions. Among the latter was a lad rather older than myself, to whom I became attached shortly after my introduction to the establishment. His name was Sidney; he was the orphan son of a naval officer of rank, who had fallen gloriously in the memorable battle of Trafalgar. The youth was under the guardianship of his maternal uncle, Sir Herbert Long, and, according to his own inclination and the wishes of his family, was intended for the army. Light brown hair running into wavy curls, a clear complexion, a merry blue eye, and a laughing lip, could not fail to make a favourable impression upon those who beheld him; while his patrician descent might be deduced from the delicacy of his features, and the elegance of his figure, which, although slender in its proportions, combined singular strength and activity. Brave, hardy, cheerful, open-hearted, and good-tempered, he was the foremost in every frolic, the asserter of every body's rights, and the avenger of every body's wrongs. Perceiving and pitying the diffidence which I vainly endeavoured to shake off, Sidney, with great generosity of feeling, proffered me his friendship; it was eagerly accepted, and from that time we became associates in learning. I looked up to the manly self-possession of his character, his decision, his happy and admirable address; with emotions of delight: I strove to imitate him, but I found that it was impossible, and I finally contented myself with contemplating that mental courage which I could not hope to acquire.

Previous to the midsummer vacation, it was the avowed intention of Mr. Lizars to institute an examination of the pupils in the various branches of their education; and those friends and relations whose neighborhood permitted them to be present, were cere-

moniously invited to the vicarage on the occasion. After the examination of the respective classes, a distribution of prizes was to take place, and a *fete-champetre*, in which the younger female visitors were solicited to join, was to terminate the festivities. It was now the latter end of June, and I had been a considerable time under the tuition of Mr. Lizars, who was kind enough to inform me, that he had framed great expectations of me, and hoped to see them realized on the approaching occasion: my heart beat violently as I heard myself thus counted upon to support, in part, the honour of the establishment, and I applied myself more assiduously than ever to my duties. I knew that my mother was to be present; and I heard that my youthful cousin, Maria Rivers, with her father, was to accompany her: the information was sufficient to stimulate my ambition to the utmost, and I fervently hoped that my enervating timidity might not paralyse my efforts to obtain distinction. I had not seen my cousin since I was a child of some four years of age, and I could dimly remember a sweet waxen-faced infant with dark hair and blue eyes, being held down to me to kiss by a pale looking lady, richly habited. A gentleman was beside her, and I was told that they were my aunt and uncle Rivers. I never after saw them, and when two years from that time a little mourning frock was put on me, and a crape tied round my straw hat, I can recollect somebody saying that "Aunt Rivers was dead, and was buried beyond the sea."

Great curiosity respecting my little cousin now took possession of me, and mingled with my graver meditations; I endeavoured to picture what she might be now that she had "grown up," for in my boyish reckoning, twelve or thirteen years of age seemed invested with the dignity of womanly estate. I was myself about sixteen, and I calculated that my young cousin might be eleven or something upwards; that she was pretty and interesting I would not allow myself to doubt for an instant, and as she had lately returned with her father from Italy, I made no question that she was highly accomplished.

Thus enlivening my studies with the dreams of young romance, then beginning to fling their visionary spells around me, I passed the time rapidly away, and, almost before I was aware of it, the week preceding that in which our grand examination was to take place arrived.

Sydney and myself had mutually been usher and pupil; we had rehearsed our lessons and had strictly catechised each other in every department of our studies. Emulation—pure emulation—urged us on, and we exchanged congratulations upon the progress which we had made.

At last the long looked for, and by me the dreaded yet desired, period arrived; we arose early, and a private examination having been gone through, we were dismissed to the pleasing duties of the *toilette*, which on this occasion received a most unusual attention. I was no fop, and although Sydney had perhaps a tincture in his composition, I fully remember on that day vying with him in the nicety and taste with which I selected my dress. Having completed my appearance, I threw a glance upon Sydney, who, with much seeming satisfaction, was standing before the glass drawing his fingers through the thick tresses of his auburn hair,—a flush was upon his cheek, and I confess that I was sensible of a feeling of uneasiness which I afterwards learned to understand as I gazed upon his handsome and elegant exterior.

"Well, my dear fellow," exclaimed he suddenly "we have had enough of this puppyism, I think—it is time to be off, or, by Jove, we shall be quizzed as very Jesamies if we stay longer coquetting before the glass."

Passing his arm through mine, we descended to the garden, just as we heard the wheels of a carriage roll rapidly to the gate; "A race—a race," cried Sydney, "now, my boy, who first shall peep at the fair faces of the ladies as they come forth glowing with expectation!"—he ran off as he spoke, and I followed him to a group of elder-trees, where I knew that without being seen I could reconnoitre the visitors. No such diffidence actuated my friend, he half-ascended the trunk of one, and raising his head above the wall, whispered to me, "not to stand prying through a chink like another Pyramus, but to join him where I could both see and be seen." I did not reply, for I perceived that it was my mother's carriage, and my eyes were intently fixed upon a tall slender girl with long black ringlets escaping from her bonnet and floating wildly upon her neck; I could scarcely discern her features, for her head was declined as she descended the steps, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman who had preceded her, but an exclamation of delight from Sydney occasioned her to look up. She must have beheld the presumptuous fellow, for a blush mantled upon her cheek, and she quickly averted her glance; in the next instant she passed into the house. I knew it must be my cousin, and my heart throbbed violently.

"By Jupiter! she's a sweet girl!" cried Sydney, as with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks he hastily jumped from the tree; "a Pallas-like looking creature although so young!—and she's your cousin, my boy, is she? 'Gad, you're in luck—you must introduce me, you must, by heaven! There was an eye, a brow of dignity, and a lip of sweetness! and a form of grace! none of your rustic belles, my lad—no, no—patrician 'every inch'—but hey! what's the matter? how comes this, Montague? are you smitten already? or are you jealous, or what?" and he looked at me with surprise, for I was vexed to the heart, yet knew not why, and for the first time imagined I could wish to quarrel with my friend.

"Come, come, Montague," said he, as he again drew my arm through his, "I see how it is, you're embarrassed, my dear fellow, you tremble with confusion at the idea of meeting this little divinity; but take courage, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and I give you due warning, that if you don't look well to it, I'll run off with her myself."

I affected to enter into his gaiety, but there was a hollowness in the effort, and I sank into a fit of unpleasant musings, which Sydney suddenly interrupted by exclaiming in an under tone—

"The day is ours! Look up, my modest Endymion, your Diana is at hand."

We had just emerged from an angle of the garden, and, with mixed sensations of delight and embarrassment, I beheld my mother advancing towards me with the gentleman and the young lady, whom I doubted not were my uncle and my fair cousin. Colouring to the very roots of my hair, I approached her, perhaps more tardily than I should have done had she been alone, and, with some degree of awkward formality, I bowed my acknowledgments to the compliments of my uncle, and the recognition of his daughter. It became my duty to introduce Sydney, and I hastily performed the ceremony, glad of any pretext to turn attention from myself. Sydney bowed with a courtly ease to my uncle, and with graceful gallantry to my mother and cousin; the fellow looked insolently handsome, and, boy as I was, I could not but notice that he threw a certain tenderness into his manner, as he fixed his eye on Maria, and seemed to claim a priority of acquaintance from their casual glimpse of each other a few minutes before. I could not then determine why, but I felt inclined to hate him, and with some asperity I reminded him, in a sidelong whisper, that he had left his Euclid in the bed-room, and that a forfeit would be the consequence. "Forfeits be shot," replied he, "do

you think that I will run off for a paltry half-crown! no, no! Give me the bright eye of beauty, and a fig for the Euclid, say I." With this he actually offered his arm to Maria, with a graceful deference of manner which I would have given worlds to command. I was utterly confounded by his assurance, and had it not been that my uncle and mother engaged me closely in conversation, I verily believe that I could have shed tears of chagrin. My uncle questioned me upon my studies, and my mother upon my health, and I was obliged to answer the numerous interrogations with accuracy and calmness; while that villain, Sydney, was enjoying himself before me with my cousin, and plucking flowers for her as they passed along. I envied him from the bottom of my heart, and when I remembered that he was just eighteen, I could with pleasure have crushed him for his presumption.

"Felix," said my uncle, "this friend of yours is a fine fellow, a very fine fellow: I recollect his poor father well, we were play-mates in youth and a braver man never died for his country. I have also some slight acquaintance with Sir Herbert; he is a widower and childless, and this nephew of his will, in all probability, inherit the baronet's vast fortune, in addition to his own very handsome property."

My reflections were not rendered the more agreeable by this intelligence, and I experienced considerable relief when, upon entering the house, we were ordered to the school, while Mr. Lizars escorted his visitors to the drawing-room. The hour big with my hopes and fears drew near, and as I looked at Sydney, who was humming a fashionable air with the most perfect oblivion of his book, I resolved to bear away the honours of the approaching trial, and distinguish myself at least by the depth and brilliancy of my acquirements. I fancied that I had achieved a complete conquest over my natural reserve, and elated with expectations, I presumed to count upon success.

Our lecture-room had been expressly fitted up for the occasion; seats were arranged for the guests, and a kind of temporary stage had been erected for the classes. The bell rang, we hurried to the scene, and in a few minutes after we were stationed behind the green curtain, a bustle in front apprised us that the company was assembling. Our master shortly made his appearance before us, and addressing a few words of flattering encouragement, took his place at a table most imposingly covered with globes, books, papers, charts, and maps; while the glittering medals and the gaily bound volumes, intended as premiums, dazzled us with their prominent display. My face was like fire, and the terrors of suffocation threatened to destroy me. Mr. Lizars hemmed gently, and arranged his university gown most becomingly; the ushers drew up their collars, and the boys grounded arms like a corps of infantry. Again the bell rang, and the curtain rose majestically; discovering not only us to our friends, but our friends to us: there they sat, six deep at least, in the largest room of the vicarage, and presenting to my fevered ideas the semblance of an audience at the Italian Opera, or the splendours of a birth-night. One glance, stolen from beneath my eye-lashes, was all that I ventured upon, but it sufficed to reveal to me the fair form of my cousin, seated by my mother and my uncle; I knew her by her robe of white and the long dark ringlets that fell upon her neck, and I could perceive, for my glance was like that of the falcon, that an air of profound interest dwelt upon her beautiful face. There were above a dozen other fair girls before me, all, perhaps, equally attractive, but Maria was the only one for whom I had either eyes or ears. My mother looked pleased, and full of sweet calm expectation, as if she knew that I would succeed; but my uncle had something of the sceptic about his brow and lip; he was somewhat frigid in his manners, and I could not help thinking that there was a want

of heart about him, which his polished formality was far from tending to dissipate.

An address, in which neatness, point, and brevity, were studiously affected, was spoken by Mr. Lizars, after which the proceedings commenced. The examination in the learned languages was conducted floridly and superficially, poetical recitations among the minor pupils relieved the dullness to those who knew not the blessings of a classical education, and the course of our English studies was dwelt upon with much pedantic foppery. I had gone on pretty fairly; my answers, although rarely audible beyond the footlights of our mimic theatre, were invariably accurate, and elicited applause from my master: I was actually floating upon the tide of success, and looked forward to being decorated with one of the gold medals, suspended by a ribbon of emerald green, tied in a true lover's knot by the hands of Mrs. Lizars herself! The Greek class was now summoned. Gurney, and two or three elder boys, stood above me and Sydney; and from their great application, I felt that all that I could do would be to preserve my place. *Æschylus* was produced, the examination went on flourishingly; at length a question in prosody of much perplexity occurred. Gurney replied confidently—he was in error.—Smith, Coverdale, De Vere, Atherton—they stammered, hesitated, coloured, and stood silent. I was appealed to—all eyes were unquestionably upon me. Sydney and I had repeated the passage the preceding day. I spoke “Louder, louder, my dear boy,” said Mr. Lizars, in his silvery tones of urbanity. I attempted it once more, but my tongue cleaved to my mouth, and my voice sank into a whisper.

“He knows it, sir! Montague knows it—I am sure that he does,” cried out Sydney, regardless of every thing but my honour. “Speak out, then, speak out,” continued Mr. L. A consciousness of the awkward appearance I was making doubled my embarrassment. I could not utter a single syllable; and in fact my ideas were so confused, that I doubt if I could have given the due reply. Mr. Lizars consulted his watch, the given time had expired—Sydney was called upon, he replied promptly and accurately, the room rang with applause, but he did not move an inch to assume his place at the head of the class. Mr. Lizars desired him to go to the top, observing that he merited the situation.

“I do not, sir,” he replied firmly but respectfully, “it is Montague’s by right; he answered correctly, I am certain, for it was but yesterday we examined each other in the very page, and he knew the whole.”

This occasioned some slight confusion—the boys stared with wonder at such magnanimity, and whisperings of “unfair!” “unfair!” “made up between them,” caught my ear. I could have sunk into the very floor with confusion; Mr. Lizars put an end to it. Sydney’s uncle, although absent, cherished sanguine anticipations of his nephew’s success, and prided himself upon the distinction which he relied upon his acquiring; he was besides a *baronet*, and a man of immense fortune and influence. The Rev. Mr. Lizars weighed all this, and after a momentary deliberation he concluded the affair. “I regret Master Montague’s unfortunate silence,” he said, waving his hand courteously, “no one regrets it more than I do—he is a clever, a very clever lad,”—and he looked over at my mother—“a youth of wonderful intelligence”—another sidelong look—“but the rules of my establishment imperiously preclude the possibility of my promoting him on this occasion, although I may, and do, entertain a supposition that he was restrained by diffidence from speaking. You are a generous, high-spirited youth, Mr. Sydney, and allow me to request that you will not only immediately assume your rank as head of the class, but permit me to reward you with this little testimonial of my approbation and your deserts.”

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Further remonstrance was in vain, and taking a gold medal from the table, and putting the ribbon over the head of Sydney, who positively blushed with emotion, he announced “the first prize” adjudged to Mr. Sydney, the nephew of Sir Herbert Long, Bart. It was not envy that overcame me with its baneful influence; but shame and mortification at the degraded appearance which I made before my mother, my uncle, and my cousin, absolutely sickened my very heart. With a poignancy of regret, rendered more keen by a sense of humiliation, I took my seat at the back of the stage, where the pupils were ranged in a semi-circle previous to the delivery of a poetical address, intended as a kind of epilogue. Sydney, as the bearer of the first prize, was called upon to repeat it, and with the badge of honour glittering upon his breast, a cheek flushed and an eye sparkling with excitement, he, with graceful confidence, stepped forward, and bowing to the admiring groups whose looks were riveted upon his fine form and intelligent features, gave the recital with ease, judgment, and exquisite animation. I saw my cousin’s eyes bent upon him the whole time that he was speaking; her head was gently depressed, her eye slightly raised, its expression soft and tender, her lips were partly covered, a faint smile played round them; admiration—timid, hidden, half-discovered admiration—sate upon her features—that look was not for me, I felt that I could forfeit worlds of wealth to make it mine. Noticing this scrutinizingly and jealously, I fancied that I could detect his too-handsome face appealing to her whenever an opportunity arose, as if, though he addressed the multitude, his heart conferred with one alone. And I might have occupied that distinguished post! I might have been that sole object of interest! I might have made my mother the proudest of the spectators! whereas I had covered myself with positive disgrace, reduced myself to the level of the mere dunces of the school, and was sitting, as I deserved, a mere part of the back-ground, instead of being the principal feature in front. The general who sees victory snatched from him by some momentary delay in his operations, I am sure could not suffer more than I did; and it was a sort of blessed reprieve when, amidst the clapping of hands and the waving of handkerchiefs, young Sydney made his valedictory bow, and the curtain fell.

He came to me immediately, and snatching the medal from his neck endeavoured to force it upon mine. “It is yours, Montague! it is yours! I know your bashfulness alone prevented it from falling publicly to your share.”

Startled, confounded, overcome by this generosity, I grasped his hand, and while pouring out a torrent of eulogiums upon the nobleness of his feeling, I positively and indignantly refused to deprive him of the honour which he so justly merited. On this point I maintained my courage, and, proof against his expostulations and entreaties, I broke from him to privately indulge in tears. Avoiding the presence of my family, and the half-malicious condolings of my companions, I stole into the shrubbery, there to recover my composure. It was an evening which at any other time would have charmed me into a vein of poetry: as it was, it had a soothing influence over my agitated feelings, which, like the swelling waters of the deep after a storm has swept them into billows, began to subside into a gentle heaving. The air was soft and sweet, laden with the leafy smell of trees, and the odour of plants, and the mellow notes of a distant wood-bird stole lulling upon the ear. That fairy communion of the fading hues of day and the tender shadowings of eve, which forms the rich mysterious twilight, so full of inspiration to the poet and the painter, reigned upon the sky, and through the waving trees came precious snatches of the glorious west, all gold and amethyst, dying into that deep but vapoury purple, which at such an hour

marks the boundaries of earth and air. The moon was up, and, preceded by the vesper star, that like a single diamond glittered in the firmament, shone sweetly through the trembling branches that flung a flickering shadow upon the velvet turf.

Meditative in my nature, I could not help experiencing the dominion of the hour and the solitude; I half forgot my anxieties, and after gazing for some minutes with melancholy interest upon the scene, I recollected that my absence might betray the weakness I had indulged. Approaching a little rivulet, that ran like a thread of silver from an artificial grotto of limestone, I stooped down and laved my brows with the stream, to remove the tell-tale traces of my tears; footsteps sounded near, and I could distinguish the voice of my mother speaking to some one with whom she was walking in the garden. A hawthorn hedge and a row of majestic elms separated the shrubbery from the place where they were, and screened me from observation; an irresistible impulse impelled me to listen to what, indeed, I could scarcely have avoided hearing.

"I am disappointed—grievously disappointed at my boy's failure," said my mother, in her low sweet tones. "I know that he is not deficient in ability or application, and it would have made me most proud had he been, as I promised my fond expectations, the first upon the list of honour; but that insurmountable bashfulness—"

"Was the ruin of your expectations, my dear aunt," interrupted another voice, which I recognized as Maria's: "my cousin," continued she, "is timid to excess,—I perceived it at our introduction, and I really think that he was more agitated than myself. His young friend has a most noble bearing, we must persuade Felix to profit by his example."

The voices died away, and I could hear no more: judge whether I wished to listen longer to the effusions of my dear mother's disappointment, and the pity, *perhaps the secret derision* of my cousin! I fled from the spot, and joining my companions, tried to smother my reproaches in their society. But new mortifications awaited me: we received directions to prepare for our dance on the lawn, and I found, to my inexpressible chagrin, that Sydney was destined to open the ball, and of course enjoyed the priority of selecting a partner; something told me that he would offer his hand to Maria, and I should again be *second* in the field. I could tell by his looks that he was elated with joy at his privilege; and when we received a summons to escort the ladies to the ground, I tremblingly approached my mother, who regarded me with the same sweet smile as ever, and offered her my arm.

"My dear truant boy," she whispered, "pay some attention to your cousin, your conduct may be construed into incivility."

I looked towards Miss Rivers: with an eye full of archness, and a lip round which a smile of infinite irony was hovering, she stood completely *alone*; at that very instant Sydney flew to her, apparently deserted as she was, and his attention was immediately accepted. She laughed sportively, shook her head playfully and familiarly at me, and walked off with her gallant escort to join the groups of revellers. I shrunk into myself, and felt that I was the most contemptible of beings; my mother pressed my hand encouragingly, but ashamed of being seen with her when every boy in the school was securing a partner for the dance, I quitted her, and making my bow to a very diffident-looking girl, who seemed as nervous as myself, I murmured out a hope that she would honour me with her hand for the first set: she complied, and I led her to the side.

A quadrille party formed of the seniors added to the hilarity, as all joined in the amusement; and when an admirably chosen band of amateurs began to play, mirth reigned upon every countenance.

At the conclusion of the dance, we adjourned to our

places, and what with the due attentions to our partners, the cloaking, shawling, handing to places, and the offering refreshments, there was sufficient room for my exercising some degree of that graceful gallantry not altogether unbecoming upon the occasion; my poor partner, however, enjoyed but a small share of these courtesies. I had my eye upon Sydney and Maria; he was assisting her to throw a superb scarf over her shoulders, and in doing so, whether he neglected the duty in gazing upon her cheek or not, I cannot tell, but one of the fringed ends caught the small sprig of jessamine that was fastened in her hair, and snatched it from its confinement; the flower fell at her feet; he seized it hastily from the ground, and with a happy assurance placed it in his coat: Maria coloured deeply, and smilingly demanded its return; but, shaking his head gaily and winningly, he appealed to her father whether the fee was not due to him for his services! "Happy, happy fellow!" sighed I. The ensuing dance separated him from Maria, and now that she was at liberty, I hastened with trepidation to offer myself to her notice; my scarcely audible request was accepted with much encouragement of manner, and seated beside my cousin, I ventured occasionally to touch upon such topics as I thought would interest her; but I found that she possessed a mind of the first order, cultivated in the highest degree, and that to suit my conversation to hers I must elevate and refine it. This would have been most agreeable, had it not also been accompanied with the discovery, that a strong vein of irony, keen and brilliant, ran through the whole of her remarks; it was clearly a part of her nature, and I shrank from the idea of encountering it. In fact, I felt alarmed in her society, for I knew that the glaring defect of my character, so degrading to my notions of dignity, could not fail to expose me to the private ridicule of this intellectual creature, although pity, and the claims of relationship, would protect me from its effects. I need not now say that I was relieved when the dance for which I had engaged her was over, and with additional pleasure I saw the termination of the ball.

The party broke up late, and when my mother's carriage was announced, I ventured to hand my cousin in, with a revival of courage arising from the consciousness that the trial was at length over. The next day we were all to return home, and I mused with hidden congratulation upon the idea, that as Sydney was going into Westmoreland to spend the holidays on his uncle's estate, he could no longer steal like a bright phantom between me and Maria, and throw my humbler qualifications into the shade. My ambition was heated by the estimate which I had formed of her superior endowments, and I hoped that a freer communion between us during the vacation, would wear away any depreciatory impression of my merits that she might have formed. Guess my mortification and surprise, when I learned, upon reaching home, that my uncle had purchased lands bordering upon Sir Herbert's, and that it was his intention to proceed thither almost immediately.

"They will be continually together," exclaimed I internally, "walking, riding, reading together perpetually, while I—I shall be unthought of—completely buried in forgetfulness, or perhaps remembered only to be laughed at!" and then the injustice I was guilty of to my friend in the latter part of my bitter reflection struck me with a sense of shame and remorse. But I will not linger upon these details; it is sufficient for my purpose to say, that in the month which was spent in the society of my fair cousin, who remained with us while her father superintended the preliminaries of their residence in Westmoreland, my boyish heart surrendered completely to her attractions. I was not only enslaved by the charms of her understanding, but captivated by the graces of her person; and I looked forward to our temporary separation with feelings of the

deepest regret. I should here observe, that notwithstanding the jealousies, admirations, embarrassments, and blushes, which I have thus lingeringly portrayed, I was but a stripling of sixteen; Sydney was two years my senior, and in spite of her height and numerous accomplishments, my fair cousin had but just entered her teens. A long residence in the sweet climes of the south had hastened an apparent maturity, and ripened the soft rose on her cheek; thus she was usually taken to be my equal in age; and the uncommon depth of her observation, aided by assiduous culture and an early introduction to the best circles of society, in no trifling degree corroborated the impression. She played and sung with exquisite taste, and having acquired the divine science in what may be termed its own native land, her style was all sweetness, delicacy, and discrimination. I have stood near her, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should lose one tone of a voice, which, although not arrived at its full compass, sounded to me like the breathings of music, and never failed to absolutely intoxicate me with delight. My mother used to smile placidly at my silent raptures, and Maria would often turn her bright eyes upon me with a sportiveness of expression that called deep blushes into my face, while it wove a new mesh in the snare that enthralled me. My bashfulness, however, prevented my ever imitating Sydney in his gallantry, although I would have given half my existence to have been able to press her hand as I assisted her from the carriage, or to have gazed into her eyes as I rambled with her in the garden. Alas, alas! I could do neither; my tones were cold and formal, and my looks either stupid or vacillating, and thus writing myself down "dolt and simpleton" in the memory of a lively, intelligent, satirical, and high-spirited girl, I permitted the time to glide away. My uncle returned from Westmoreland to escort Maria to his new mansion, and with many studied acknowledgments to my mother for her attention to his daughter, he proffered us an invitation to the—Lodge, "as soon as it was in a state fit for the reception of visitors." There was so little cordiality in his manner, that I conceived a dislike to him that I could not overcome; that irony which, although keen, was brilliant and playful, and tempered by feminine sweetness in his daughter, was in him cold and severe, and I had quite penetration enough to see that my mother internally determined to refuse the invitation, which she evaded. The parting took place, and while Maria in the next apartment was busied in affectionate farewells with my mother, I stole away the copy of "*Tusso*," which, having forgotten to put up with the rest of her books, she was about to take with her into the carriage.

"This, at least, shall bear evidence of my feelings," I mentally ejaculated, and hurrying to a distant window, I tremblingly pencilled beneath her name the following lines:

"Cara al mio cor tu sei
Cio che 'sole agli occhi miei."

Blushing at my presumption, I replaced the volume upon the table, and had the secret gratification of seeing my cousin take it up as she called me to hand her to the carriage. I obeyed the summons, and when I saw her seated within the vehicle that was to bear her so many miles away from me, I could scarcely repress my tears.

"Now remember, Felix, if your mother's afraid of the journey you need not be so, and should you fancy a month or two by the lakes you will know where to pass it; besides the fells are attractive to a young shot, and there is plenty of grouse to keep you in practice." These were the last words of my uncle as he jumped into the carriage, which whirled off with a rapidity that soon carried it out of sight.

The next two years I will pass hastily over, for they contain but few particulars of interest. I spent some months at the Cambridge University for the completion of my studies; Sydney went to the Military College at Sandhurst; and my fair cousin, after a sojourn in Westmoreland, and a visit of some duration to London, accompanied her father on a ramble into the Highlands.

I could afford numerous illustrations of the misery which I suffered at College from the predominant trait of my character, but as they are unconnected with the more important features of my life, I need not here give them a place. The first heavy blow which my happiness received was in the decease of my mother; my fond, my indulgent, my excellent mother; her illness was sudden and brief, and although promising a favourable result, terminated fatally. By her will my guardianship devolved upon my uncle Rivers as my nearest relation, and a man whose inflexible principle would secure the due disposition of my inheritance. I will merely touch upon this melancholy blow, for even at the distance of years I cannot revert to that bitterest of all losses without unsealing the fountains of sorrow. I was now eighteen years of age, and my uncle deemed it advisable that I should enjoy the benefits of travel upon the continent until I attained my majority. The decision pleased me, and I could not but entertain a hope that an extended intercourse with society would operate favourably upon my prevailing weakness, and give me something like a reasonable confidence in myself. I was mistaken; positively mistaken; and I found out my error when, after three years spent in the usual routine upon the continent, I returned to my native land and was formally put in possession of my estate. It is certainly true that I was no longer a shame-faced boy, but where was the advantage acquired? In every sense of the word, I was now that pitiable object in society,—a "bashful man."

The budding girl had blossomed into the perfection of maturity, and Maria, whose image, consecrated in my juvenile affections, had never been absent from my bosom, appeared before me with tenfold attraction. I could have worshipped at her feet, but a sensation, bordering upon awe, restrained me from even giving utterance to my feelings. Cordial, animated, and playful as ever, she welcomed me home, congratulating me upon my majority with a thousand kind sentiments, that I treasured in my heart as sweet food for memory when away.*

My uncle's estate was beautifully situated, and I soon found that, if Sydney had entertained serious views of gallantry, it could not have been more favourable to his wishes. A row of superb elms, a quickset hedge, and a romantic style, alone formed the boundaries of the grounds belonging to my uncle, and those of Sir Herbert; and I discovered that the initials and the name of my cousin, with other well-known ciphers and mottoes, were carved upon the rim of the surrounding trunks; every beech, every oak, every ash-tree in the neighborhood, bore token of this lover's musings, and little ingenuity did it require to make out who was the Orlando that thus gave tongues to trees, and bade them proclaim his faith. My heart sank within me at the sight, and I turned away from the spot with emotions which a barbarian might have commiserated. There was, however, some consolation in the fact, that Sydney, who had long since come into the possession of his property, was at Gibraltar with his regiment, and would probably continue there for months, if not, as I secretly desired, for years. In his letters he had usually spoken of my cousin in terms of high-flown rapture, but there was so much volatility about him, that I foreboded little of importance in the issue; and

* For this idea the writer is indebted to one of Mr Haynes Bayly's prose sketches.

calculating upon the effects which time and travel must have upon his gay disposition, I conceived that, with some preparatory culture of resolution, I might lay siege to the sweet citadel of my hopes. Enjoying a thousand invaluable opportunities of winding myself into her affections, continually in her society, together riding out in the neighborhood, exploring the mountains, making moonlight excursions on the lakes, and sauntering in the garden, with only the occasional presence of my uncle, I surely possessed every means which man could desire of improving our acquaintance and softening her sentiments towards me. But the unaccountable predominance of that torpedo folly, which seemed as inseparable from my being as the breath of existence, negatived my designs, and flung my intended gallantries in the cold shade of formality. Where Sydney would have carved out a multitude of little interests, I, statue-like, failed to create one, and I can now scarcely conceive how my cousin experienced that pleasure in my company which invariably appeared to animate her. Thus, trembling with all the sensibility of secret passion, I hovered near my fair enthralled, day by day yielding myself up more irresistibly to her influence, yet burying the declaration in my bosom, that would, perhaps, if made, have entitled me to the fulfilment of my wishes. Whether Colonel Rivers, with the penetration of a man of the world, divined into the state of my affections, and wished to afford me encouragement or not, I cannot determine, but he threw me eternally into the path of fascination, and after dinner usually withdrew to his library, where he had enshrined a rare and exquisite cabinet of paintings, collected at infinite expense upon the continent. Upon these ancient specimens of art he dwelt with all the enthusiasm of a connoisseur; and while he was hanging over his *Da Vincis*, his *Guidos*, his *Rembrandts*, and his *Waterloos*, my fair cousin and myself customarily adjourned to the magnificent garden which lay near the house, and spent the time in wandering among flowers and butterflies, or, sheltered from the sun in a sweet bower of eglantine, pondered over the golden beads of Italy.

One afternoon, when the heat of the day had driven us to our odorous retreat, Maria, turning over the leaves of her Tasso, glanced at the passionate extract which, when an enamoured boy, I had scrawled beneath her name. She smiled as she pointed it out to me, saying, "Felix, see what a mysterious declaration of tenderness has been laying in this innocent book for some years; in sooth, I am touched by the delicate fervour of the unknown, who, falling desperately in love with a girl of thirteen, took this method to discover his sentiments. He was a chivalrous knight, no doubt," she continued, "like Bayard, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' and unquestionably adored me with all the exquisite intensity of fifteen." She laughed while she spoke, and her eye was bent playfully upon the disguised and schoolboy hand in which I had so foolishly written the quotation. Suddenly she raised it and fixed it upon mine, my face was covered with a crimson of the deepest dye, and the utter confusion that possessed me must have instantly revealed the truth. Maria rallied me upon my appearance; and pulling down a branch of the jessamine that twined up the bower, she sportively held it before me, saying, "How intolerably the sun has heated you, my dear cousin! truly you have lost all fairness of tint, and my *camelia Japonica* must give place to the brighter scarlet of your complexion. You do not apprehend a fever! actually I begin to be alarmed, and must send for Halliday to prescribe!" and, suiting the action to the word, she drew up into the opposite corner, looking at me archly the whole time. But my embarrassment was increased by her irony; and perceiving that she pained me, or possibly reading more in my perplexity than I was aware she did, she ceased, the smile faded from her lip, and, while her brow re-

covered its serenity, she gazed at me silently and scrutinizingly for a moment. There was much inquiring earnestness in her manner; and could I but have broken the spell that sat upon me like an evil genius, I might then have determined the balance in my favour. Maria seemed waiting for me to speak—one, two, three minutes stole by, and I was mute as the pebbles at our feet; my embarrassment became infectious, and, rising hastily, my cousin proposed our return to the parlour.

"Stay! Maria! stay!" I exclaimed vehemently; she turned round—her divine countenance beamed serenely upon me—my purpose faltered—

"Your dress is entangled in the rose-bush."

I disengaged it, we passed on, and the doors of opportunity closed against me for ever! * * *

The circumstances of my election, my parliamentary career, its termination, and the success of my wooing, I reserve for a future page—

"When, at twilight, by the hearth I sit
In loneliness and silence."

C***Y.

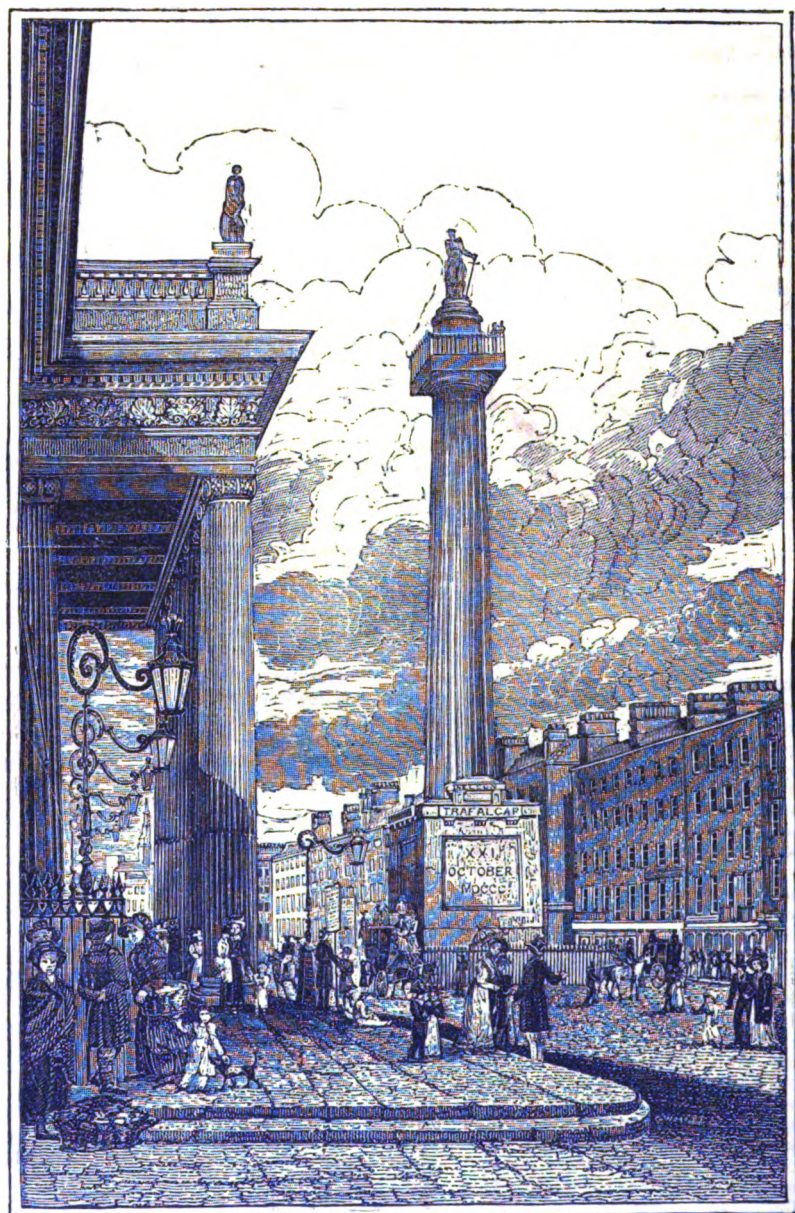
ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU has often been extolled as a philanthropist. Burke said of him, that he loved his kind, and hated his kindred. Every page that he has written glows with the captivations of that sentimental luxury, of which he was so great a master, and which he has arrayed in all the blandishments of eloquence. Hence the source of that admiration which his writings have so universally excited. Though his judgment, as a philosopher, was not so profound, yet his taste was so exquisite, that he strews flowers in the most rugged way, and interests the passions and the fancy, in the investigation of the most abstract propositions. This is his great excellence.

Though Rousseau had little beneficence, yet his writings, breathing nothing but the reciprocal love, and kindness, and confidence of the golden age, contributed by their wide diffusion, and their enchanting eloquence, to render humanity fashionable: and they have at least this merit—that no man can well rise from reading them without feeling a higher respect for his species.

The extreme and febrile sensibility, which was the characteristic peculiarity of Rousseau, while it proved the origin of many of his miseries, was, perhaps, a principal source of his greatness. It imparted a singular delicacy, freshness, and animation to every page of his writings. His feelings, in whatever channel they flowed, rushed on with a resistless impetuosity; but, in the end, they made a wreck of his understanding; his judgment was lost in the unremitting turbulence of his sensations, and, in some intervals of insanity, he exhibited the melancholy prospect of genius crumbling into ruins.

The language of Rousseau was always a faithful history of what was passing in the heart; which now thrilled with rapture, and now raged with passion. Of his style, the peculiar characteristic is exuberance of profusion, without distinction of lustre. It often resembles a landscape in which there is a great assemblage of beautiful forms, without any intermediate spots of barrenness; but without any objects of a striking and prominent grandeur, and, in the contemplation of which, the eye is at last satiated by the uniformity.—This style of writing often possesses a charm, of which even the apathy of the coldest critic can hardly be insensible to the fascination. He who wishes to perfect himself in those delicacies of language which impress a palpable form, a living entity on the fleeting tints and sensations of the heart, should carefully analyze the genius of the style of Rousseau; should search into the causes from which result the beauty and splendour of his combinations, and endeavour to extract from the Eloise and Emilins a portion of that taste by which they were inspired.



NELSON'S PILLAR, SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.

NELSON'S PILLAR.

It is rather favourable to the private reputation of this Themistocles of the British navy, that his fame, almost unexceptionably monopolizes public attention; and excites public admiration. Indeed, to sully this fame, would be a dishonour to the living and an injustice to the dead: for a soul more dauntless, or a mind better stored with all the qualifications of his danger-seeking profession, never existed. In him, England possessed the intellectual bulwark of her naval glory; a glory, which, though his successors have not lessened, they, however, have never been able to increase. Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th of September 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, England. At the very early age of twelve years, he entered the navy, and in his nineteenth year was promoted to a lieutenancy. On the commencement of that war with France, which was the nursery of heroes abroad, and beggars at home, Nelson was appointed commander of the *Agamemnon*, of 64 guns, with which he joined Lord Hood in the Mediterranean: and assisted in the attack and taking of Toulon, and the siege of Bastia. The fame of Nelson, however, had reached no very distinguished altitude, until the 13th of February 1797, when he attacked the splendid and powerful Spanish ship *Santisima Trinidad*, of 136 guns, and then, passing to the *San Nicholas* of 80, and *San Joseph* of 112 guns, obliged them both to surrender. In reward for this service, he was made Knight of the Bath, and Rear Admiral of the Blue. In his attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Tenerife, he lost an arm, for which he received a pension of one thousand pounds: but the bravery exhibited on each of the above occasions, fearless as it was, was yet to be eclipsed. His vigilant watch after the French fleet having failed, he pursued them to Egypt, where they were anchored in the Bay of Aboukir. The engagement was long and obstinate; but in that day, the English fleet possessed a boasted superiority, which, however, is now, at least, divided with a younger nation; and the triumph of Nelson was glorious and complete: all the French ships, but two, having been either taken or destroyed. For this gallant service he was deservedly rewarded with a title as Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of two thousand pounds. Of his public connexion with Lady Hamilton after the death of her husband; and his subsequent separation from Lady Nelson, we shall merely say that they considerably lessened his reputation in the moral world. In the year 1801, he made a gallant attack on Copenhagen, destroying the Danish fleet and batteries; on which occasion he was under the command of Sir Hyde Parker. On his return to England he was further distinguished by receiving the title of Viscount. The great victory; "the brightest and the last," in which he reached the climax of his glory, and which is particularly commemorated by the pillar of which a very correct and well executed engraving is annexed, took place on the 21st of October 1805, off Cape Trafalgar, two days previous to which, the combined fleets of France and Spain sailed from Cadiz. After an engagement, which, as is recorded by the inscription on that splendid pillar, "is unparalleled in naval history;" victory had been just declared for the English, when the gallant hero of so many triumphs, was shot by a musket ball; and shortly after expired. His body was re-conveyed to England; where it reposes in Westminster, amid the dust of "the most distinguished of ancient chivalry and modern intelligences. The corner stone of the pillar, in that most beautiful of streets, Sackville street, Dublin, was laid by the late Duke of Richmond, on the 14th of February 1808. It is a fluted Doric column; 121 feet three inches in height, resting upon a plain square pedestal, and surmounted by a colossal statue of Nelson, 13 feet high; appropriately leaning upon a Man of

War's capstan. The sum of £6856 was entirely raised by individual contribution, and expended upon this national memorial.

The inscription on it is as follows:

"By the blessing of Almighty God, to commemorate the transcendent heroic achievements of the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte in Sicily, Vice Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's Fleet, who fell gloriously in the battle off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st day of Oct. 1805. When he obtained for his country a victory over the combined fleets of France and Spain, unparalleled in Naval History."

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

THE baobab or monkey-bread, (*Adansonia digitata*) is the most gigantic tree hitherto discovered. The trunk, though frequently eighty feet in circumference, rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen feet in height; but on the summit of this huge pillar is placed a majestic head of innumerable branches fifty or sixty feet long, each resembling an enormous tree, densely clothed with beautiful green leaves. While the central branches are erect, the lowest series extend in a horizontal direction, often touching the ground at their extremity; so that the whole forms a splendid arch of foliage, more like the fragment of a forest than a single tree. The grateful shade of this superb canopy is a favourite retreat of birds and monkeys; the natives resort to it for repose, and the weary traveller in a burning climate gladly flies to it for shelter. The leaves are quinate, smooth, resembling in general form those of the horse-chestnut. The flowers are white and very beautiful, eighteen inches in circumference. The fruit, which hangs in a pendant manner, is a woody gourd-like capsule with a downy surface, about nine inches in length and four in thickness, containing numerous cells, in which brown kidney-shaped seeds are embedded in a pulpy acid substance. The timber is soft and spongy, and we are not aware that it is used for any economical purpose. It is very easily perforated, so that, according to Bruce, the bees in Abyssinia construct their nests within it, and the honey thus obtained, being supposed to have acquired a superior flavour, is esteemed in preference to any other. A more remarkable excavation is however made by the natives; diseased portions of the trunk are hollowed out and converted into tombs for the reception of the bodies of such individuals as, by the laws or customs of the country, are denied the usual rites of interment. The bodies thus suspended within the cavity, and without any preparation or embalment, dry into well preserved mummies. The juicy acid pulp is eaten by the natives, and is considered beneficial in fevers and other diseases on account of its cooling properties. The duration of the baobab is not the least extraordinary part of its history, and has given rise to much speculation. In it we unquestionably see the most ancient living specimens of vegetation. "It is," says the illustrious Humboldt, "the oldest organic monument of our planet;" and Adanson calculates that trees now alive have weathered the storms of five thousand years.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library. No. XII.—Nubia and Abyssinia.*

Talking of spouting reminds me of an abominable habit some parents have got of making Tommy or Billy get up and recite some favourite piece of declamation, such as "The Pet Lamb," "Lochiel's Warning," or "Lochinvar." You are obliged to listen to and praise the annoying little devils, while you are heartily wishing them and their rhetoric at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF A JURIS-CONSULT.

In my former tales it has been my fortune to resist, for my client, the claims of others; in the present it was my duty to enforce a demand of our own. The former character, however, has always been a favourite with me, as it generally gives a scope to the ingenuity of counsel, which the more mechanical duties of the latter do not afford. It is true, there are cases where a claim, apparently incontestable, is suddenly met on trial by legal difficulties or rebutting evidence; where the skill, readiness, and self-possession of an advocate are put to the severest test; but, in general, the vast majority of cases meet but a very flimsy opposition before a jury. In the following tale, the success that attended the case of the plaintiff depended more on a happy accident than on the eloquence or skill of the advocate, and adds another to the instances in which an evident interposition of Providence occurs, to punish iniquity by the very instrument of its commission.

A promissory note of a certain Ebenezer Morris, in favour of Robert Stillman, for eight hundred dollars, was put into my hands for collection by Stillman, the payee, who expressed much surprise that it had not been paid, Morris being perfectly solvent, and, indeed, a wealthy farmer in a neighboring county. At the request of my client I wrote, informing Morris of the non-payment of the note, and urging, in the usual persuasive style of the profession on such occasions, an immediate settlement. No answer being vouchsafed to my note, I directed process to issue from the county court having jurisdiction in the case, and in due time had the suit ready for trial. Upon a vile, sleety December day, then, I enveloped my legal person in one of those most comfortable of all garments, "a Boston wrapper," and with boots first thrust into India rubber galoches, and then further protected by carpet socks, deemed it no unwarrantable endangerment of the interests of the community to commit myself to the stage at the most unchristian hour of 2 A. M., (think of that ye radicals who declaim upon the uselessness and indolence of all but those ye term "the productive classes,") and this not in a balmy summer's morning, when the ear of fancy seems to hear the breathings of the sleeping creation, slumbering till the sun wakes it to love, to light, to perfume again; but in darkness, to which that of Egypt was twilight, in a driving whirlwind of snow, hail, and rain commingled, and over a turnpike of newly laid rocks that tossed the strong carriage to and fro like a cockboat in a tornado. Add to these disagreements the sad recollections of a feather-bed deserted, sweet sleep abruptly broken, and let my candid reader fairly appreciate the sacrifice induced by a sense of duty.

After five or six hours of jolting, cold, and darkness, I arrived at the place of my destination, with scarce an idea uncongealed, save such as were anticipatory of fire and breakfast, both of which were secured at the earliest moment possible after my debarkation.

At that time I had not undertaken any case but such as were to be tried in my native city, and the modes of country practice were of course entirely new. In the country, court week, as it is popularly called, is to the whole county a season of importance for many of the purposes of provincial life; bargains are made in the sort of rural exchange, into which the hotels of the county-town are metamorphosed, political intrigues begun or forwarded, the news of the day communicated and canvassed, and, in short, the aggregated business, information and gossip of three months, transacted,

communicated, and exchanged with an ardour, which a citizen can scarcely conceive.

On the spacious piazza that borders the hotel, from breakfast time till the ringing of the court-house bell, the observer of the lights and shadows of life might note many an interesting trait to add to the catalogue of former observations. Here might be seen some hard-featured grey-haired lord of acres, one horny-palm held horizontally before him to receive, at short intervals, the emphatic blow of the other hand, as he enforces the exposition of his case to a smooth-faced, white cravatted man of the law, who, with his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes fixed on the flooring of the piazza, moves along at the side of the aged litigant, shaking his head oracularly in doubt or in assent to the positions of his companion. In one corner is another "counsel learned in the law," surrounded by an admiring group, to whom he dogmatizes at discretion—it may be on some point of law on which he deems himself qualified to dissent, or, perhaps, on some question of party politics, a topic almost always popular in such assemblies. In another group may be distinguished the plaintiff and defendant in some cause, strenuously arguing their case to a crowd which their angry vociferation has collected around them, until the "man of the law," to whose care the interests of one of the disputants has been confided, breaks in upon the "coram non judice" argument, with a sharp reproof to his client for thus forestalling the trial.

But I must no longer linger on the fruitful field of observation which a county-town, during "court-week," presents to the admirer of human character in its various phases, but hasten to the narrative.

I will suppose, then, that the hardy and sunburnt jury has been empanelled, the German crier, from his wooden pulpit, has shouted "silence," and the judges have mended their judicial pens and extracted from their respective drawers a sheet or two of fools-cap. Having opened my green satchel (almost the only exterior characteristic of the profession in this country, where gowns and coifs are as unknown as wigs,) and untied the imposing red-taped parcel containing the papers of the suit, "Stillman vs. Morris. (It may be that in the parcel some papers were not absolutely necessary to the case.) I opened the process for the plaintiff: my statement was of course a short one, as the note contained all I had to say upon the subject; and the signature being proved, ended the plaintiff's case for the present. When the defendant's counsel arose, I had no idea of any possible defence on the merits of the case, and prepared myself to combat some technical objections which I supposed would be sprung upon me; my astonishment, then, was unbounded, when "my learned opponent" deliberately told the jury, that he was prepared to show a payment of the note on a particular day, at the Eddension-Inn, and that the plaintiff, not having the note with him, promised to hand it to defendant at — on the next court-week. Knowing the irreproachable character of my client, and his correct and accurate mode of transacting business, I felt perfectly sure that some roguery was in preparation to defeat a just claim. The counsel, after he had concluded his opening, called, as a witness, a certain William Robson to prove the alleged payment. Obedient to the call, appeared a broad-shouldered, bluff-faced fellow, with enormous whiskers, dressed in a peculiar style, which, without exception, denotes the low buck, the exquisite of the canaille. When this man entered the witness box, a dreamy consciousness of having seen

him before, pressed itself on my mind with that pertinacious recurrence, so teasing and unsatisfactory, which seems to hover over the name of the individual, and the very scene where he figured, until on the very point of full certainty the object melts away, and fades into utter indistinctness.

"Well, Mr. Robson," said my opponent, "tell us what you know of this note—and were you present when it was paid?"

This leading question struck very painfully on the ear of a city bred lawyer, but as I found that such was the universal custom among the country practitioners, I let it pass unrebuked.

"Why," said the witness, taking up the note, and handling it in that clumsy, outlandish way, which plainly indicated that written papers were not the objects of his familiar contemplation, "why, I know this, that this here paper is old Eben Morris's note, and that I seen Morris pay it to Stillman, with my own eyes, last July, at Bill Freeman's tavern."

"What day was this payment made?"

"What day? it was after the fourth, I know." Here the witness began very diligently to excite the organ of memory by scratching his head with exemplary assiduity, and let out, unawares, in a contemplative murmur, the process by which he endeavoured to fix the exact date. "Hem! Forth, at Jammy Dolaus', devilish drunk in the evening—fifth! could not have been that. What did he tell me! sixth, maybe—no! Tenth—that'll do!" Then aloud: "It was on the tenth, in the afternoon, now I remember, at Freeman's, old Eben and Stillman were there, and were talking about wheat and crops; and, after a while, says Eben, says he, I've got a lot of money here—I guess I might as well pay that note. Why, says Stillman, it's 'n't due for a month yet, and besides I haven't it with me. Never mind, says Morris, just give it to me when we meet again. Well, then, Eben takes out his pocket-book, and counts down a five hundred and three one hundreds, and, says he, there's your money. Well, says Stillman, if you choose to pay it before it's due, I can't help it; but, says he, I'll give you a receipt for it. Pooh, pooh! says Eben, I an't afraid to trust you! Well,—and so after they had talked awhile about it, Stillman puts up the money and goes away in his gig."

Upon the cross examination, my client not being present to direct me, I endeavoured to ascertain with more minuteness, the various circumstances of the room where the transactions took place, the time of day, the kind of notes in which the payment was made, and the reasons of the witness for declaring the present, the note then paid. I also directed the attention of the jury to the circumstance that the note was for eight hundred dollars *with interest*, payable in six months, and that at the date of the pretended payment there was about twenty dollars of interest due. Robson declared the transaction to have taken place about 4 P.M., in the small back room looking into the yard, and that the payment was made in four notes: one of five hundred dollars of the Liberty bank at —, and three, each of one hundred dollars, bank not recollected, and no more; and that he and a certain George Thomson were present and saw the whole of the occurrences.

After the cross-examination had closed, a quiet, sedate quaker, one of the jury, arose and addressed the witness: "William, dost thou say that Robert Stillman was at William Freeman's house of entertainment on the tenth of seventh month last?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'seventh month,' responded the witness; but he was in Bill Freeman's little back room on the 10th of July last."

"That is all, William,"—and the juror sat down.

The next witness called, was the George Thomson, alluded to by Robson, whose testimony was similar to that of his predecessor. Upon cross-examination he particularly recollected the five hundred dollar note of

the Liberty bank, and gave as his reason that he admired the very handsome engraving of the note; but was certain that the transaction was in a side room, looking into the road in front, and not in the back room. This discrepancy probably arose from his having stepped out for a moment, during Robson's cross-examination to drink with a friend. The quiet quaker proposed again to this witness the question before asked the former, and received a similar, though more civil answer.

The defence rested here; and the jury and bench, as is customary, took advantage of this stage of the proceedings to stretch their limbs and inhale the fresh air for a few minutes, under the shady chestnuts in front of the court-house. During this recess, a respectable country gentleman came up to me, and requested to speak a word in private. After we had retired to a corner of the court-room, he introduced himself as Mr. Simpson, the cashier of the Liberty bank, and informed me that no five hundred dollar bill had been issued by that bank on the 10th day of July, or for three months afterwards. Those who have been placed in my situation can conceive the satisfaction with which I received so important an assurance. When the court and jury had resumed their seats, I offered Mr. Simpson's testimony, which was most eagerly listened to, and from the direct contradiction of a circumstance which both of the witnesses professed so clearly to remember, was almost fatal to their credibility in any of the particulars to which they testified. All doubt, however, was soon entirely removed. The juror who had before questioned the witnesses, now rose up and applied to the court to be examined as a witness. Having been affirmed, he began:—"I think I have some knowledge that is important in this suit:—on the third of seventh month last I took my family to Baltimore on a visit to a relative, and found, Robert Stillman and his household abiding there. Stillman did not leave Baltimore until the twentieth of that month; and during that time I saw him three times a day at meals; consequently, he could not have been at Freeman's, which was nearly two hundred miles distant from Baltimore, on the tenth."

At this disclosure, the defendant and his witnesses sprang up, and were rushing from the court, when they were seized by the officers in attendance, and committed, for want of bail, to take their trial. Robson and Thomson for perjury, and the defendant Morris, for subornation. The jury, without hesitation or charge from the bench, immediately rendered their verdict for the plaintiff, amid the applauses of the spectators whose demonstrations of satisfaction could scarcely be controlled by the authority of the court. The criminals were soon afterwards tried and convicted, and in the solitude of their prison had time to reflect on the truth of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy." S.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

It is very mournful any where, and at any time, to listen to sounds which attest the distress and agony of our fellow-creatures; it is so amidst the dying on the field of battle, or the deck of a ship, as I know from experience, for I have seen both; but far more terrific and appalling is the sound of a signal cannon, heard at sea in the pauses of a midnight tempest. I can have no conception of any thing to equal it for solemn and awful majesty. The first clod thrown upon the coffin of an aged man, who died with the prospect of a happy rising, sends a thrill of awe through the soul; and notes of a muffled drum mourning for a patriot warrior, and the tolling of a distant bell at midnight, (for instance, a convent bell among the mountains of Spain and Italy,) have much sublimity in them; but they are nothing compared to the sound which travels from the deep-throated cannon, to announce the scath and peril of the mariner.

THE LOST GEM.

Sullen and slow the sedge stream
 In mournful murmurs flow'd;
 And high above with troubled beam
 The moon in glimpses glow'd.
 Deep masses of obscuring clouds
 Went hurrying through the sky,
 Like spectres shudd'ring in their shrouds
 As the wailing wind pass'd by.
 The uncomplaining trees resign'd
 Their light leaves to the blast,
 That, shrinking from the searching wind,
 Went rustling as it past;
 As if in fading they gave forth
 The voice of their decay,
 And thought upon the pleasant earth
 When all was green and gay—
 Ere summer on the lonely hills
 Had pass'd to look her last—
 Ere boughs were bare, and bounding rills
 Through flow'less meadows past.

Amid this scene a voice was heard,
 A young and silvery voice—
 'Twas made to speak that winning word
 That bids the heart rejoice.
 But now with plaintive flow it swell'd,
 Half smother'd in its sighs,
 While trembling tears of anguish well'd
 From blue and beaming eyes.
 And pale the glimmering moon-light glanc'd
 Upon a gentle form,
 That lately like the day-beam danc'd
 Bright, beautiful, and warm.
 It glow'd upon a lovely head
 In silent woe declin'd,
 Round which the tendrils tresses spread,
 Like sunbeams on the wind.

But all is hush'd—and all is past—
 The day is up once more,
 The night-wail of the dying blast
 Is lull'd along the shore.
 A bounding bark is on the main,
 It cleaves its foaming course;
 The crested billows crowd in vain,
 And chide till they are hoarse.
 And glad were all in that gay ship
 Save one—he sat apart,
 But did not let his quiv'ring lip
 Betray his beating heart.
 Her winning voice was in his ear,
 With its softly murmur'd sigh—
 And he saw the sweet and silent tear
 Of her blue and beaming eye.
 He carried to a foreign land
 This image as a gem—
 He met a gay and motley band,
 And lost it amid them!
 The rainbow tints which love had trac'd
 That lightsome lovely form—
 The contact of the world effac'd—
 They could not stay the storm;
 But flitted like the fairy beams,
 That when the May breath sighs,
 Seem as if summer in her dreams
 Lay smiling in the skies.
 Blank years of dull ambition past,
 On traffic's tide they roll'd;
 The pride of place was round him cast,
 His coffers groan'd with gold;
 His halls were throng'd, his cup was brimm'd,
 The song around him flow'd,
 But his heart each passing moment dimm'd,
 Nor glow'd as once it glow'd.

He turn'd the talisman of thought
 On every object near—
 Weigh'd every bauble—all were bought,
 He sigh'd to find, too dear.
 He turn'd the talisman again,
 To the past, (away from them.)
 It taught him to deplore, in vain,
 His early youth's lost gem.

SUMMER AND WINTER EVENINGS,

BY SHARA.

SUMMER EVENING.

How bright, and yet how calm this eve!
 Above, below, all seems to me
 So lovely, that we might believe
 'Twas nature's jubilee—
 For earth and sky, this glorious even,
 Seem glowing with the hues of heaven.

How beautiful that vivid sky,
 Lit by the parting sun's last rays!
 We gaze till it appears more nigh—
 And fancy, as we gaze,
 That deep blue sky a boundless sea,
 Covered with vessels gloriously.

Yes! each dark cloud a barque appears,
 Each whiter one the foam—
 There one to distant countries steers,
 While these sail quick to ards home;
 And all look most intensely bright,
 Glowing in heaven's own glorious light.

Turn now towards the earth, and even there
 All, all is beauty and repose—
 The perfume-breathing evening air
 Is wafted o'er the rose;
 While a thousand bright and glowing flowers
 Are cooled with dew in these evening hours.

And hush'd the skylark's merry song,
 And silent all the humming bees:
 The soft west wind, that sighs among
 Those gently waving trees,
 Seems to lament each parting ray,
 Until the next return of day.

WINTER EVENING.

The bright and glowing summer's past;
 'Tis winter, and in storm and rain
 The day was darkened—now at last
 The sun appears again—
 Just for a moment glads our sight,
 And seen midst clouds seems doubly bright.

Again look upwards—once again
 Behold the wintry sun has set;
 None of these summer barques remain:
 A nobler image yet
 Strikes on the Christian gazer's mind,
 And leaves all others far behind.

The sun, whose way through that expanse
 Has been, since first his course began,
 Through storms and clouds, seems to our glance
 A fitting type of man—
 For thus the Christian's narrow way
 With clouds is darkened day by day.

Thus, as the sun in winter's gloom
 Sinks more than ever bright,
 The Christian's hopes his way illumine,
 And gild his path with light:
 As the sun sets, the Christian dies—
 Both on a brighter, happier day to rise.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DIARY OF AN ENNUYÉE."

"It is not without emotion that I attempt to touch on the character of Juliet. Such beautiful things have already been said of her—only to be exceeded in beauty by the subject that inspired them!—it is impossible to say any thing better: but it is possible to say something more. Such in fact is the simplicity, the truth, and loveliness of Juliet's character, that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth, and its variety. There is in it an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose, an entireness, a completeness of effect, which we feel as a whole: and to attempt to analyze the impression thus conveyed at once to soul and sense, is as if while hanging over a half-blown rose, and revelling in its intoxicating perfume, we should pull it asunder, leaflet by leaflet, the better to display its bloom and fragrance. Yet how otherwise should we disclose the wonders of its formation, or do justice to the skill of the divine hand that hath thus fashioned it in its beauty?

"Love, as a passion forms the groundwork of the drama. Now, admitting the axiom of Rochefoucauld, that there is but one love, though a thousand different copies, yet the true sentiment itself has as many different aspects as the human soul of which it forms a part. It is not only modified by the individual character and temperament: but it is under the influence of climate and circumstance. The love that is calm in one moment, shall show itself vehement and tumultuous at another. The love that is wild and passionate in the south, is deep and contemplative in the north: as the Spanish or Roman girl perhaps poisons a rival, or stabs herself for the sake of a living lover, and the German or Russian girl pines into the grave for the love of the false, the absent, or the dead. Love is ardent or deep, bold or timid, jealous or confiding, impatient or humble, hopeful or desponding—and yet there are not many loves, but one love.

"All Shakespeare's women, being essentially women, either love, or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life-blood along her veins, 'bending with every atom of her frame.' The love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia—so airy-delicate, and fearless in Miranda—so sweetly confiding in Perdita—so playfully fond in Rosalind—so constant in Imogen—so devoted in Desdemona—so fervent in Helen—so tender in Viola—is each and all of these in Juliet. All these remind us of her; but she reminds us of nothing but her own sweet self; or, if she does, it is of the Gismunda, or the Lisetta, or the Fiamminetta of Boccaccio, to whom she is allied, not in the character or circumstances, but in the truly Italian spirit, the glowing, national complexion of the portrait.*

*"Lord Byron remarked of the Italian women, (and he could speak *avec connaissance de fait*), that they are the only women in the world capable of impressions, at once very sudden and very durable; which, he adds, is to be found in no other nation. Mr. Moore observes afterwards, how completely an Italian woman, either from nature or her social position, is led to invert the usual course of frailty among ourselves, and weak in resisting the first impulses of passion, to reserve the whole strength of her character for a display of constancy and devotedness afterwards. Both these traits of national character are exemplified in Juliet—*Moore's Life of Byron*, vol. ii. p. 303, 339, 4to ed.

"There was an Italian painter who said that the secret of all effects in colour consisted in white upon black and black upon white. How perfectly did Shakespeare understand this secret of effect! and how beautifully he has exemplified it in Juliet!

'So she wears a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows sheaves!'

"Thus she and her lover are in contrast with all around them. They are all love, surrounded with all hate; all harmony, surrounded with all discord; all pure nature, in the midst of polished and artificial life. Juliet, like Portia, is the foster-child of opulence and splendor: she dwells in a fairy city—she has been nurtured in a palace—she clasps her robe with jewels—she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls: but in herself she has no more connexion with the trappings around her, than the lovely exotic transplanted from some Eden-like climate, has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty.

"But in this vivid impression of contrast, there is nothing abrupt or harsh. A tissue of beautiful poetry weaves together the principal figures and the subordinate personages. The consistent truth of the costume, and exquisite gradations of relief with which the most opposite hues are approximated, blend all into harmony. Romeo and Juliet are not poetical beings placed on a prosaic back ground; nor are they like Thekla and Max in the Wallenstein, two angels of light amid the darkest and harshest, the most debased and revolting aspects of humanity; but every circumstance, and every personage, and every shade of character in each, tends to the development of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. The poetry, too, the richest that can possibly be conceived, is interfused through all the characters; the splendid imagery lavished upon all with the careless prodigality of genius, and all is lighted up into such a sunny brilliancy of effect, as though Shakespeare had really transported himself into Italy, and had drunk to intoxication of her genial atmosphere. How truly it has been said, 'although Romeo and Juliet are in love, they are not love-sick!' What a false idea would any thing of the mere whining amoroso, give us of Romeo, such as he is really in Shakespeare—the noble, gallant, ardent, brave, and witty! And Juliet—with even less truth could the phrase or idea apply to her! The picture in 'Twelfth Night' of the wan girl dying of love, 'who pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy,' would never surely occur to us, when thinking on the enamoured and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm into passion, passion into heroism! No, the whole sentiment of the play is of a far different cast. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the south; it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life.* We have indeed the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world; the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair: the aching adieu; the pang unutterable of parted affection; and rapture, truth, and tenderness trampled into an early grave; but still an Elysian grace lingers round the whole, and the blue sky of Italy bends over all!

*"La sève de la vie is an expression used somewhere by Madame de Staël."

"In the delineation of that sentiment which forms the groundwork of the drama, nothing in fact can equal the power of the picture, but its inexpressible sweetness and its perfect grace; the passion which has taken possession of Juliet's whole soul, has the force, the rapidity, the resistless violence of the torrent; but she is herself as moving delicate, as fair, as soft, as flexible as the willow that bends over it, whose light leaves tremble even with the motion of the current which hurries beneath them. But at the same time that the pervading sentiment is never lost sight of, and is one and the same throughout, the individual part of the character in all its variety is developed, and marked with the nicest discrimination. For instance,—the simplicity of Juliet is very different from the simplicity of Miranda: her innocence is not the innocence of a desert island. The energy she displays does not once remind us of the moral grandeur of Isabel, or the intellectual power of Portia; it is founded in the strength of passion, not in the strength of character: it is accidental rather than inherent, rising with the tide of feeling or temper, and with it subsiding. Her romance is not the pastoral romance of Perdita, nor the fanciful romance of Viola; it is the romance of a tender heart and a poetical imagination. Her experience is not ignorance; she has heard that there is such a thing as falsehood, though she can scarcely conceive it. Her mother and her nurse have perhaps warned her against flattering vows and man's inconstancy; or she has even

—Turned the tale by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia, loved, and left of old!

Hence that bashful doubt, dispelled almost as soon as felt—

Ah, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully.

That conscious shrinking from her own confession—

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke!

The ingenuous simplicity of her avowal—

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo—but else, not for the world!

And the touching, timid delicacy, with which she throws herself for forbearance and pardon, upon the tenderness of him she loves, even for the love she bears him—

Therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

In the alternative which she afterwards places before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honour which precept and education have infused into her mind, without one real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandonment; for she does not even wait to hear his asseverations:

But if thou mean'st not well, I do beseech thee
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

ROMEO.

So thrive my soul—

JULIET

A thousand times, good night!

"But all these flatterings between native impulses and maiden fears become gradually absorbed, swept

away, lost and swallowed up in the depth and enthusiasm of confiding love.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to you
The more I have—for both are infinite.

"What a picture of the young heart, that sees no bound to its hopes, no end to its affections! For what was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience, which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure which her heart had just tasted, but indifference, to which she was yet a stranger?"

What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment, which she had never yet felt?"

"Lord Byron's Haidee is a copy of Juliet in the oriental costume, but the development is epic, not dramatic.

"I remember no dramatic character, conveying the same impression of singleness of purpose, and devotion of heart and soul, except the Thekla of Schiller's Wallenstein: she is the German Juliet; far unequal, indeed, but conceived, nevertheless, in a kindred spirit. I know not if critics have ever compared them, or whether Schiller is supposed to have had the English, or rather the Italian Juliet in his fancy when he portrayed Thekla; but there are some striking points of coincidence, while the national distinction in the character of the passions leaves to Thekla a strong cast of originality.† The Princess Thekla is, like Juliet, the heiress of of rank and opulence; her first introduction to us, in her full dress and diamonds, does not impair the impression of her softness and simplicity. We do not think of them, nor do we sympathise with the complaint of her lover,

The dazzle of the jewels which played round you.
Hid thee beloved from me.

—We almost feel the reply of Thekla, before she utters it,

Then you saw me,
Not with your heart, but with your eyes!

"The timidity of Thekla in her first scene, her trembling silence in the commencement, and the few words she addresses to her mother, reminds us of the unobtrusive simplicity of Juliet's first appearance; but the impression is difficult: the one is the shrinking violet, the other the expanded rose-bud. Thekla and Max Piccolomini are, like Romeo and Juliet, divided by the hatred of their fathers. The death of Max, and the resolute despair of Thekla, are also points of resemblance; and Thekla's complete devotion, her frank yet dignified abandonment of all disguise, and her apology for her own unreserve, are quite in Juliet's style:

I ought to be less open, ought to hide
My heart more from thee—so decorum dictates;
But where in this place would'st thou seek for truth,
If in my mouth thou didst not find it!

"The same confidence, innocence, and fervour of affection, distinguish both heroines; but the love of Ju-

* "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays."

† "B. Constant describes her beautifully—'Sa voix si douce au travers le bruit des armes, sa forme délicate au milieu de ces hommes tout convertis de fer, la pureté de son ame opposée à leurs calculs avides, son calme céleste qui contraste avec leurs agitations, rempissent le spectateur d'une émotion constante et mélancolique, telle que ne la fait ressentir nulle tragédie ordinaire.'"

liet is more vehement, the love of Thekla is more calm, and reposes more on itself; the love of Juliet gives us the idea of infinitude, and that of Thekla of eternity: the love of Juliet flows on with an increasing tide, like the river pouring to the ocean; and the love of Thekla stands unalterable, and enduring as the rock. In the heart of Thekla love shelters as in a home; but in the heart of Juliet he reigns a crowned king; 'he rides on its pants triumphant!' As women, they would divide the loves and suffrages of mankind, but not as dramatic characters: the moment we come to look nearer, we acknowledge that it is indeed "rashness and ignorance to compare Schiller with Shakspeare."* Thekla is a fine conception in the German spirit, but Juliet is a lovely and palpable creation. The colouring in which Schiller has arrayed his Thekla is pale, sombre, vague, compared with the strong individual marking, the rich glow of life and reality, which distinguish Juliet. One contrast in particular has always struck me; the two beautiful speeches in the first interview between Max and Thekla—that in which she described her father's

astrological chamber, and that in which he replies with reflections on the influence of the stars, are said to 'form in themselves a fine poem.' They do so: but never would Shakspeare have placed such extraneous deception and reflection in the mouth of his lovers.—Romeo and Juliet speak of themselves only; they see only themselves in the universe, all things else are as an idle matter. Not a word they utter, though every word is poetry—not a sentiment or description, though dressed in the most luxuriant imagery, but has a direct relation to themselves, or the situation in which they are placed, and the feelings that engross them; and besides, it may be remarked of Thekla, and generally of all tragedy heroines in love, that however beautifully and distinctly characterised, we see the passion only under one or two aspects at most, or in conflict with some one circumstance of contending duty or feeling. In Juliet alone we find it exhibited under every variety of aspect, and every gradation of feeling it could possibly assume in a delicate female heart; as we see the rose, when passed through the colours of the prism, catch and reflect every tint of the divided ray, and still it is the same sweet rose."

* "Coleridge—preface to Wallenstein."

INVOCATION.

WRITTEN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ABBOTSFORD.

Spirits! Intelligences! Passions! Dreams!
Ghosts! Genii! Sprites!
Muses, that haunt the Heliconian streams!
Inspiring lights!
Whose intellectual fires, in Scott combined,
Supplied the sun of his omniscient mind!

Ye who have o'er-informed and overwrought
His teeming soul,
Bidding it scatter galaxies of thought
From pole to pole;
Enlightening others till itself grew dark,—
A midnight heaven without one starry spark,—
Spirits of Earth and Air—of Light or Gloom!
Awake! arise!
Restore the victim ye have made—reume
His darkling eyes.
Wizards! be all your magic skill unfurled,
To charm to health the Charmer of the World!

The scabbard, by its sword outworn, repair;
Give to his lips
Their lore, than Chrysostom's more rich and rare:
Dispel the eclipse
That intercepts his intellectual light,
And saddens all mankind with tears and night.

Not only for the Bard of highest worth,
But best of men,
Do I invoke ye, Powers of Heaven and Earth!
Oh! where and when
Shall we again behold his counterpart—
Such kindred excellence of head and heart?

So good and great—benevolent as wise—
On his high throne
How meekly hath he borne his faculties!
How finely shown
A model to the irritable race,
Of generous kindness, courtesy, and grace!

If he *must* die, how great to perish thus
In Glory's blaze;
A world, in requiem unanimous,
Weeping his praise;
While Angels wait to catch his parting breath—
Who would not give his life for such a death?

TO MARY—IN ITALY.

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth them comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here:
For, being absent from your sight,
Which are my joy and whole delight,
My comfort and my pleasure too,
How can I joy!—how should I do?
Earl of Surrey's Poems.

I wait for thy coming
In the sweet-scented eves,
When the birds are humming
In the gloom of the leaves;
And the fountain danceth,
Its path along,
Like a creature that loveth
To speak in song.
The bird and the fountain
Rejoice in their lot;
But my spirit is sad,
For I see thee not.

I wait for thee, love:
On the emerald deep
The sun, like a warrior,
Is sinking to sleep.
I see the leaves shining
Around the dove's nest;
Why doth she sit pining
Alone in her rest?
Her companion returneth
From the cool orange-tree;
But thy feet return not—
Return not, to me!

I am weary of listening
To the voice of the breeze,
And the white-bird glistening
Among the almond-trees;
It leapeth on the boughs,
While its silver wings glow
With the light through the leaves,
As it darts to and fro.
I turn away in tears
From the fountain and tree;
I care not for bird or flower,
If thou comest not to me.

W.

PERRAN PATH;

A CORNISH STORY.

"Place me among the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar."—Byron.

HENRY NORTON was—but it does not signify what he was; suffice it he was poor and in love—had nothing, indeed, but the half pay of a service which he had not health to remain in; while Mary Franklin was rich, and her parents intended her for a much higher rank in society than the life of a "half pay luff," as they used contemptuously to call him. But women are obstinate in these cases; and, moreover, even if there had been no opposition, she would very likely have fallen in love with the young sailor; and, as her fortune would be her own when she was of age, the odds were very much in her favour. But the parents were aware of this also; so, from the time they dismissed Mr. Norton, they watched their daughter with lynx-eyed vigilance, but not so carefully but that the lovers contrived to meet, though, it must be confessed, it was but seldom, and their interviews short.

Sweet are such meetings, by moonlight, in a grove, or by a lake; but they met not there. Sweet are such meetings at balls, theatres, bazaars; but they met not there. But, as the gray dawn was breaking slowly and mistily over Perran cliff—as the spray was breaking over the Mussel Rock clearly in the base of the morning—as the lengthened wave was curling along the white and seemingly endless beach—they would meet on the dizzy height of the precipice, and repeat their vows of love. But as it was impossible for them to give each other notice when these meetings would be, it was Norton's business to be on the cliffs by day-break every morning. Sometimes, for days, Miss Franklin found it impossible to come, and Norton's walks were often quite as solitary as a lover could wish. Now and then, indeed, he would meet a lonely miner, or occasionally a fisherman, who would eye him with suspicion or pass him unnoticed, according as they were or were not engaged, (as almost all Cornish peasants are) in assisting the landing of contraband goods.

One morning, however, he was sitting on the cliff, thinking, of course, of his beloved Mary, and frequently hoping his watch was wrong, for the time of meeting was past, when, as the sun would rise, in spite of his wishes, and it was perfectly certain that he would not be able to see her that morning, he saw, or fancied he beheld, on the next promontory, on the very edge of the cliff, the figure of a woman, standing and waving a handkerchief. With the speed of a lover, he rushed to the place, but there was nothing to be seen but spray and foam, and it was a spot where no woman could have dared to go; so he laughed at his absurd fancy, and the next morning he went again. But again there was the same figure, only rather more distinct; and again he ran to the spot, and again he found nothing but the white spray, hanging like a silver shower over the cliff, and the foam trembling on the edge. The next moment Mary came; and, telling her the story, they walked towards the place where he had seen the "grim white woman," as they called her; but she was not visible, so they laughed and forgot her.

"And is this to last forever, Mary?" said Norton. "Are we ever to meet thus, and scarcely to say two words of welcome, before we have to say good bye, to meet again we know not when?"

"Be patient, Henry—be patient; and if when I have a right to my fortune, my parents still refuse—why, I will give my consent without waiting any longer for theirs."

"Yes! and then the world will call me a fortune-hunter."

"But what does that signify, I do not think so! Is not that sufficient, Henry! And if we do our duty, and wait with patience, and prove to our friends that our love is real and enduring, they may at last consent, and Heaven will—"

"Curse, curse ye!" cried a voice beneath them; and a woman started from the rock, and sprang to their side. She was dressed in a white gown, a plain cottage bonnet, with white ribands. In one hand she held a white handkerchief, in the other a stout riding whip, such as is used by farmers' drivers. Her hair was brushed straight down over her forehead, while her pale features looked much the paler for its raven blackness. "Who are ye, and what are ye," continued she, coming up to Norton, "that, for this third time, have frightened him away! for I have called, and he did not come; I have sung, and he hath not heard; for you have ~~scared~~ ^{scathed} him away with your false vows—you have driven him away the while I was sleeping, and he will not come again. But I'll away to your father, Mistress Mary; Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Ah! I wish you well—aha!"

So saying, she sprang away with the speed of a fawn; and though Norton rushed after her, she turned round the hill before he could overtake her, and on reaching the spot, he could see no trace or signs of her. Poor Miss Franklin, though she did not faint, was so frightened that on his return, Norton found her leaning against a rock, so dreadfully nervous as to be unable to walk without assistance. This, under existing circumstances, was particularly agreeable. Upon going a little way, she found it impossible to go farther without resting, and it was getting late. This was still more agreeable. She had to pass some cottages, and the inhabitants were awake and stirring, and they stared, and wished her good morning;—they would have known her a mile off. This was perfectly delightful. She might, however, still get home unobserved through the shrubbery; but then she was so ill. However, she reached the gate, and Norton effected his retreat; and no one had met them, except the inhabitants of the village. She was entering the house, somewhat cheered by this circumstance, when she met her father at the door.

"You are early, Mary," said he. "It is too cold now for you to walk before breakfast; you will be ill, child."

"The child will never be well," said a voice behind them, which made the old gentleman start, "that heeds not the mother's bidding. Well, well! I called, and he came not; ye called me not, but I am here."

"What is your business, woman?" asked Mr. Franklin. "Mary, what does this mean?"

"I will answer," said Rosa Rosevargus; "I will answer, for the truth is speaking, and the sin of the disobedient has kept him away. Three mornings have I called him, and he remained behind—for why, the daughter was with her lover, though the command was upon her that she should have heeded; and she

was away from the home where the father was sleeping, the mother at rest. And he did not come, for the false tongues of the disobedient kept him away. But Rosa Rosevargus is not to be hauled. Aha! I wish you well—aha!”

And so saying, she ran off to the gate, to which one of the strong ponies of the country was tied; and jumping on his back, was out of sight in an instant. Mary would not live so near her lover and not see him, or let him suppose she had forgot him, for mere prudish etiquette; but she could not utter a falsehood, even for his sake; and the enraged father heard all the story, and her meetings with Norton were, of course, put a stop to. And many long and weary walks by the side of the cliff had poor Norton, guessing what had happened, yet having no certain information; and often did he see the “grim white woman,” and often did he attempt in vain to overtake her. Her pony was always at hand, and she would spring on her rude saddle and gallop off, with her usual parting of “Aha! I wish you well—aha!” In answer to his inquiries, Norton could only hear that she was the “Mazed woman,” who lived at Mr. Her-ring’s at the far end of the Cuthbert parish; and it was too far for him to follow her.

But it is time the reader should know who Rosa Rosevargus really was. Her father had been an opulent farmer, and had once on rent a large tract of land. But the times and the landlord both pressing him at the same time, he was obliged to give it up. He, however, took a smaller farm; and while the times continued bad, it was determined his daughter Rosa, should as the Cornish express it “go out in service.” But Mrs. Franklin, taking compassion on their distresses, took her as her own maid; and would have kept her, but the maid had a susceptible heart, and so had the butler; and Mr. Rosevargus, was a monied man. He had formerly been an apprentice; but now, as I said before, he was Mr. Rosevargus, and a monied man. Accordingly it was agreed that he should take a small farm; and for some time fortune favoured them exceedingly; for, speculating in mines, they became very rich. But their happiness was of short duration. A few years after their marriage the husband died, leaving behind him only one son. Robert, did not, however, inherit his father’s industry. The wrestling ring, the hunt, and the alehouse, had more of his presence than his pocket could stand; nay, so great was his passion for all these, that not only were his mother’s persuasions of no avail, but even pretty Anne Roberts could not reform him. She even threatened to find another and a steadier sweetheart without effect; so she tried another plan, and said, if he would live quietly, she would marry him directly. Now this said Anne Roberts was, his mother thought, exactly the person Robert should not marry, being fond of dress, and excessively extravagant. Accordingly, she expostulated and reasoned; but it was no use. So the day was fixed, and she was obliged to consent, though, as she said, no good would ever come of it. However, she was somewhat appeased by a white gown and bonnet Ann Roberts sent her, to be worn on the day of the wedding, as a joint gift from both of them; and so the day was fixed. Two nights, however, before the wedding-day, two friends of the young farmer came to his house, and insisted on the accompanying them on a fishing excursion. This his mother insisted very strongly on his not doing; but his friends laughed at him, and he went, and never returned. The boat was swamped in one of those sudden ground seas, which are so frequent on that coast, and which the most expert seamen can scarcely ever foresee, and every one on board perished. From that time the senses of the unhappy mother forsook her; and though her father took her home, and she grew better in time, still she would frequently put on the white dress—her

son’s last present—and mounting her pony, would ride off to that part of the coast where it was supposed the boat was lost. She used to fancy he was only still at sea, and would be too late for the wedding, and call him, and wave her handkerchief, and then ride home, and say he was coming. At times she was perfectly rational; but it was almost dangerous to interfere with her rides to the cliff. It was in one of these fits she first met Norton; and having sense enough to remember Mary Franklin, and to know the reason she was there, she avenged herself for the interruption in the manner we have related.

About two months after this, her madness took another turn. She fancied that he was just upset, and that she would go and look for his body. The fishermen, to humour her, would say, they would take her out for a pound; but as they never trusted her with money, she would only answer them with her usual salutation, and ride on. One day, however, she met Mr. Franklin in one of the narrowest of all narrow lanes; and suddenly seizing his horse by the bridle, she exclaimed—

“Have ye heard of my loss, Mr. Franklin? have ye heard of my loss? Willy—ye know Willy the fisherman!—Willy tells me my poor boy is drowned; and Willy says he will take me out for a pound—for one pound, Mr. Franklin. Now your honour would not refuse the value of a pound to poor Rosa Rosevargus for this cause?”

Mr. Franklin did refuse, however. But Rosa was not satisfied with this refusal; she went twice afterwards to the house, and demanded her pound; till at last the squire lost his temper, and sent her rather rudely out of the house. A short time afterwards, in the same narrow lane, Mr. Franklin met her. His horse was awkward at opening the gate, and the rider, as usual lost his temper.

“Curse ye, curse ye,” cried Rosa. “Ye have turned from the mother’s prayer, and ye would not help her to find the son she took delight in. Now listen while she tells ye—ye shall call for your child, and she shall not answer; ye shall seek her, and ye shall not find. For ye would not help the childless and the widowed woman; and Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baffled. Aha! I wish you well—aha!”

It was the very next morning that Norton was taking his walk along the cliff, more from habit than any chance of seeing Miss Franklin. He sat down on the same place where he had first seen Rosa—probably blessing her in his heart for all the misery she had caused him.

“Mary!” said aloud, “I shall see you no more. They tell me that you are going to London, and I am too poor to follow you; or, if I was not, I would not, for I could not bear to see you happy without me.—But we are separated for ever, and I will leave this place—”

“Curse ye, curse ye!” cried a well remembered voice, as Rosa started from behind the same rock as before. “I curse ye, for ye heard not the widow’s prayer, and her son is unbursed on the waters.”

“Woman!” cried Norton, springing on her, and seizing her by the arm, “what did you—”

“I will tell you, then,” interrupted Rosa; “I will tell ye what I did. I did the thing which makes me sleepless, and I will do the thing which will give me rest. Ye said ye were separated for ever; ye said ye would leave this place;—ye were a fool to think it. Did I not give the wound—will I not heal it?—Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked.”

“What mean you, woman!—what are you—?”

“Mr. Norton,” said she, in so altered a tone that her hearer started—“they say I am mad, because I forgot not my dear boy—my only son; because I come here to weep for him. You came here to interrupt me, I thought—to mock me, as others do—but I was deceived, and it has grieved me to think it; for I am not

mad, indeed I am not. I have done the mischief, and I will repair it. Have you no note, no message?—trust me with it, and it shall be delivered safely, quickly."

Norton was deceived, as many are deceived by a mad person's temporary return to reason, and agreed to meet her in an hour, with a letter for Mary. But he more than half repented having done so, when, at the sight of the letter, the widow's wildness returned.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" said she. "Ye shall learn to hear the prayer of the childless and the widowed woman. Ye shall call, and none shall answer; ye shall seek but ye shall not find; ye shall run but it will be too late. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And, springing on her pony, she was out of sight as quick as ever.

"Fool that I was to trust her," said the lover. "She will give the letter to Mr. Franklin, and it will hasten Mary's departure, and she will be guarded more strictly than ever." He was, however, mistaken. That night, as Mary was looking out of the window of her room, thinking of the comparatively happy time when she used to sit there and watch for the first light of the morning to steal out and meet her lover—she heard a low voice singing, to the tune of one of the ballads of the country, the following words:—

"The wild waves are breaking still loud on the shore,
But the call of the childless is answered no more.
The lover is there by the dawn of the day,
And the widow is mixing her tears with the spray.
The mother is mourning for him that is not,
But the maiden is sleeping—her love is forgot.

"But he'll be flying, he'll be flying
Over land and over sea—
He'll be dying, he'll be dying,
Like the child that's lost to me.

"I stood upon the cliffs, maid, to sorrow for my child,
And I curst ye, and I curst ye, for my grief had made
me wild;
But the sorrow of the lover, I have sense enough to
feel,
And the wound that I have given he hath sent me
here to heal."

Mary thought she must be deceived—that she was dreaming, or mad; but she listened again, and found she was not mistaken. At this moment the dogs began their nightly conversation with the moon, and she heard no more. The next night she heard the same words again; but just as she was about to answer the signal, her father entered her room, and lectured her for an hour for sitting at the opened window; and when he left her the singer was gone. The next night, however, the same song was again repeated, with this additional verse:—

"The burning tear is bursting from the childless mother's eye,
And the lover's heart is thirsting with the hope that
will not die.
I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on
the shore,
Answer, false one, answer, shall I say you love no
more?
I shall meet him on the morrow, I shall meet him on
the hill,
Answer, maiden, answer, shall I say you love him
still?"

Mary no longer doubted; but, opening her window she repeated the last line. Immediately the white woman was under her window, and delivering the note on a long forked pole, almost instantly disappeared. Eagerly did Mary read it; and there is but little

doubt that it was punctually answered. In this manner they kept up for some time a constant correspondence; till at last it was agreed upon that Norton should pretend to leave Perran; and it was hoped by that means that Mary might have more liberty. The trick succeeded, and they accordingly effected a meeting in the following manner.

Mr. Franklin, fancying that Norton was gone, and believing, from his daughter's increased spirits, that she had forgotten him, gave a grand picnic party on the beach. It was low water; and at that time of tide there is an excellent uninterrupted gallop along the beach, on hard sand, for two miles. On the right towards the farther end from the Path, there is a road, which leads across a desert of sand, which extends for miles, and across which it is difficult, without much custom, to find a way; for it is not a level plain, but innumerable hills of sand. It was a common thing with Mary to gallop to the end of the beach; but on that day, no sooner did the cliffs hide her from the rest of the party, than turning her horse's head towards the sand hills, and galloping up the road, she was with Norton in a second. The undisguised joy of the lovers brought tears into the eyes of Rosa Rosevargus. Dressed the same as ever, she looked like the genius of the place, as, sitting by her pony, she watched them in silence. They had been long together, when Mary said—

"Now, Henry, help me on my horse, and we will meet again often."

"We will, indeed," answered he; "for we will never part again."

"What do you mean Henry?"

"Simply," said the sailor, "this: I have a chaise and four at Cuthbert; the packet passes Padstow to-night; and I claim your promise, Mary, for you are now your own mistress."

Mary loved truly, devotedly; but there is something in leaving the home of their childhood, the friends that have loved them, the parents that gave them birth—to leave them, and offend them for ever perhaps—to live without their blessing—to die, perhaps, without their forgiveness—which requires all the courage that women are possessed of. It is an undertaking which requires long consideration, and few dare run the risk. Mary found herself unequal to it, and all Norton's prayers were useless.

"Ill come," cried Rosa, when she heard her determination, "to the false tongue of the deceiver, that can desert the wished and the lovely; ill come to the eyes of the maiden that can see their true love in trouble, and can look round for a richer to keep her company. But it shall not be so. Rosa Rosevargus is not to be baulked."

Mary was frightened, but not persuaded; but the last part of Rosa's speech was not lost on the jealous lover.

"And is it so, Mary?" said he. "Is there then another, richer and dearer, suitor for your hand? You are silent. It is so? Farewell, then, Mary; I do not blame you for leaving me; it is natural—it is right. But why deceive me?—why write to me?—or, if you did write, why not write the truth?"

"I did, I did, Henry—I did indeed; and rather than you should doubt me, I will—"

"Oh! end the sentence, Mary—say you will fly with me."

She did not say yes, but she did not say no; and Norton placed her on her horse.

"But," cried the frightened girl, "they will catch us—they will stop us; and how are you going?"

"Rosa lends me her pony."

"And you know your way over these sands? Oh! if you do not, it is useless to attempt it now. Let us wait another opportunity."

Norton was puzzled. This was the first time he

had ever been across the sands; and there were old mine shafts and pits, and but one road, scarcely to be recognized as such except by the most practised eye. He could not answer, and Mary was about to turn.

"Well, then," cried Rosa, "and what ails ye now? Away, ye can ride; away ye can ride; and old Rolly (as she called her poney) wants neither whip, nor spur, nor guide. Away!—Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

Norton jumped on the poney, and his companion's, though a fleet horse, could scarcely keep up with old Rolly, who went off home, as if quite as mad as his mistress. As Norton arrived at the hill opposite the sand hills, he turned to see if he was pursued, but saw nothing except the form of Rosa, waving her handkerchief, on the high sand-hill opposite the small village of Ellengles. He answered her signal, and in a few hours was safe in the Bristol steamer.

The consternation of the picnic party at the long absence of Miss Franklin was indescribable. The truth flashed across the mother immediately, and at first the father agreed with her. But when he considered the impossibility of the lovers holding communication with each other—that Norton, as was reported, was at sea—the dreadful thought that she had fallen into a shaft drove every other suspicion out of his head. For the whole night they were looking for her. Lanterns, torches, were in great requisition; horns, whistles, bells, shouts—every means of making her hear was resorted to, but she did not answer. The moon went down, and the last hour before daylight was completely dark. About this time Mr. Franklin was by himself, separated from the rest of the party. The light in his lantern was just expiring and he was trying to trim it, when it went out entirely; and, he could see nothing but the lamps of his companions, at a considerable distance, and that only now and then, as they ascended and descended the hillocks. He tried in vain to catch them; he called, but they could not hear. At last he gave it up; and, fearing lest he should fall into a shaft, he surrendered the pursuit in despair. Even the cries of his companions became at length inaudible, and he almost fancied himself in another world of darkness and desolation. Suddenly, however, a light seemed to start up from his feet, and the form of the "Mazed Woman" was before him.

"Curse ye, curse ye!" cried she. "Ye turned from the mother's prayer—ye have refused to assist her to find and to bury the child she took delight in. Did I not tell ye? but ye did not hear; did I not advise thee? but ye were deaf? And now ye are calling on your child, but she answers not; ye seek, but ye cannot

find; ye run, but it is past the time. What do ye here? She is away with the loved and the true; for 'Rosa gave, and Rosa healed the wound. Ye listened not to the prayer of the widow—ye preferred your gold to the peace of the childless. Away, then, for she is not here—away, then, for she is not home. For Rosa Rosevargus is not to be balked. Aha! I wish you well—aha!" And holding her lantern close to the face of the astonished father, she repeated her last usual parting words—"Aha! I wish you well—aha!"

We will not say Mr. Franklin was frightened; he was startled—he was agitated; and his companions found him scarcely ten paces from the spot where Rosa had left him. The fact was now evident enough to all, and the next day's post confirmed their suspicions.

It was some time before the baffled parents would forgive their daughter. At last, however, discovering that further resistance was not only useless but ridiculous, they consented to receive the delinquents. After their first visit, they were again invited to spend a longer time. The next time they were entreated to stay still longer; and at last, the old people found that they could not live without them, and gave them up a set of apartments to themselves, on condition they lived with them always. In the mean time poor Rosa, after the stimulus of avenging herself on Mr. Franklin for the imagined injury he had done her, by refusing her the pound for her son's burial, got gradually worse; till at last it was positively necessary, for the peace of the neighbourhood that she should be confined. But Mrs. Norton would by no means consent to this before something had been tried to effect a cure. Accordingly, at her own expense, an eminent physician was sent for; and by his advice it was settled that she should be deceived, if possible, by a mock funeral of her son. The plan succeeded. For one year she would constantly visit the spot where the old church had been for years lost in the sand, and where she believed her son to be buried; but after that she gradually recovered her senses. We need not say that Mr. and Mrs. Norton were grateful for the service she had done them; for though she did not live above two years after the recovery of her reason, she spent them in the service of those she had been the means of making so happy.

Reader, I know not how you are satisfied; but I shall be quite content if, for the space of ten minutes, you are half as much pleased as I was with the tale of the "Mazed Woman," when I heard it first in the small room of the little inn at Perran Path.

HOME.

Oh! if there be on earth a spot
Where life's tempestuous waves rage not,
Or if there be a charm—a joy—
Without satiety, or alloy—
Or if there be a feeling fraught
With ev'ry fond and pleasing thought,
Or if there be a hope that lives
On the pure happiness it gives,
That envy touches not—where strife
Ne'er mingles with the cup of life;
Or if there be a word of bliss,
Of peace, of love—of happiness—
Or if there be a refuge fair,
A safe retreat for toil and care,
Where the heart may a dwelling find,
A store of many joys combin'd,
Where ev'ry feeling—ev'ry tone—
Best harmonizes with its own,
Whence its vain wishes ne'er can rove,
Oh! it is Home!—a home of love!

A WISH,

BY LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

WHERE the wondrous and glorious cloud-tracts be,
In their burning and transparent glory,
Would I walk in mists of light with thee,
Leaving this old world, bleak and hoary.

Yet from this dimmest of dim spheres,
Would I bear some few most precious things,
Beloved 'midst childhood's smiles and tears,
Though tainted now by life's dark springs.

A colour from the empurpled flower;
A music from the whispering shell;
A sparkle from the rainbow'd shower;
A perfume from the blossomed dell.

And art thou so beloved, oh earth?
Can links of life's long chain be dear?
Then I'll not leave thee, place of birth,
Even for the loveliest stranger sphere!

HAZLITT'S DEATH-BED.

THE late William Hazlitt was hailed at the commencement of his term of authorship as a star. Vast things were predicted of him: and he, looking at the flattering picture, presaged a happy voyage through life; but how soon was the scene changed! His determined bent of thought having been ascertained to be on the popular side, he was soon marked down as a fit object for legal calumny—the fitter because the more conspicuous. I use the term legal calumny with the intention of distinguishing that sort of wrong from illegal calumny or libel. To say he was an infidel, that his associates were the same, to assail the integrity of his opinions and the motives from which he supported them, were the lightest missiles hurled at him by his enemies. Would he had lived to see his principles triumphant!

The harassing nature of his occupation, the periodical supply of a certain quantum of copy, at length produced its effect. Those alone who are doomed to the same drudgery can appreciate my simile when I liken the press to “the horse-leech, which cries Give! Give!” and this eternal cry, together with the application of stimuli to enable him to supply the demand, brought on that depravation of the stomach which is the usual effect of such a course of life.

Reluctantly, nay, tremblingly, do I lift the veil which now hangs over the death-bed of poor Hazlitt. Imagine this highly gifted man stretched on a couch in the back room of a second floor, his only child, and Martin, his faithful companion and friend, watching over him. Others were not deficient in their attentions, and in providing the means of existence for him; for know, reader, that the death-bed of this author was not distinguished by the circumstance of his possessing wherewith to support life when exertion was not in his power. It seems that some sudden turn of memory caused a pang in the dying man's bosom, and calling to one, whom I shall conceal under the name of Basilus,* he gently said, “Basilus, stoop down and let me talk to you.”

Basilus, crouching by the bedside. What can I do for you, my dear Hazlitt?

Hazlitt. Rid me of a pang.

Basilus. Willingly, dear friend.

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Forty pounds? Dear Hazlitt, what can you want with forty pounds?

Hazlitt. Lend me forty pounds.

Basilus. Do not talk so, my dear Hazlitt. You cannot want forty pounds.

Hazlitt. I know—I know, Basilus, what I ask. Lend it me—lend it me—I want it. ‘Twill ease my mind—I want it. Lend it me: and think, Basilus, think what the world will say when it is known that you lent a dying man forty pounds without a hope of being repaid.

The argument of Hazlitt did not prevail. Very shortly after he said to Martin (whose attendance was constant,) “Martin, come here.”

Martin approached.

Hazlitt. Martin, I want you to write a letter for me (*starting up with energy.*) Swear you'll do it!

Martin went through the ceremony of an oath.

Hazlitt. Now write, “Dear sir.”

Martin. “Dear sir.”

Hazlitt. “I am at the last gasp.”

Martin. “I am at the last gasp.”

Hazlitt. “Pray send me a hundred pounds.”

Martin. “Pray send me a hundred pounds.”

Hazlitt. “Yours truly—”

Martin. “Yours truly—”

Hazlitt. “William Hazlitt.”

* To the gentleman thus designated, poor Hazlitt was already under deep obligations.

Martin. “William Hazlitt.”

Hazlitt. Now, fold the letter.

Martin folded it.

Hazlitt. Write: “To Francis Jeffrey, Esq. Edinburgh.”

Martin superscribed the letter.

Hazlitt. Now I am satisfied.

Martin. Shall I not put in a word, Hazlitt, explaining who wrote it?

Hazlitt, starting up. Swear, Martin, you won't do so; swear you'll send it as it is!

Martin sent the letter: Hazlitt died very soon after; and on the day subsequent to his death, a letter from Jeffrey arrived with an enclosure of fifty pounds.*

* Hone called on the previous day: he met a physician who had attended Hazlitt at the door, about to depart. “How is your patient, sir?” inquired Hone. “‘Tis all over,” replied the medical man. “Clinically speaking, he ought to have died two days ago: he seemed to live, during the last eight-and-forty hours, purely in obedience to his own will.” A third person, who had just come up, here observed, “He was waiting, perhaps, until return of post, for Jeffrey's reply. What he could have wanted with that forty pounds, is a perfect mystery.”

A few months before, Hone had met Hazlitt in the street, and kindly inquired as to his health and circumstances. Both were bad. “You are aware,” said Hazlitt, “of some of my difficulties (those dreadful bills—those back accounts)—but no human being knows ALL. I have carried a volcano in my bosom, up and down Paternoster-Row, for a good two hours and a half. Even now I struggle—struggle mortally to quench—to quell it—but I can't. Its pent-up throes and agonies, I fear, will break out—Can you lend me a SHILLING!—I have been WITHOUT FOOD THESE TWO DAYS!”

To state what Hone felt and did, on hearing this, would be needless.

IMITATION OF NATURE.

WHEN Smeaton rebuilt the Eddystone light-house, he spent much time in considering the best methods of grafting his work securely on the solid rock, and giving it the form best suited to secure stability: and one of the most interesting parts of his interesting account, is that in which he narrates how he was led to choose the shape which he adopted, by considering the means employed by nature to produce stability in her works. The building is modelled on the trunk of an oak, which spreads out in a sweeping curve near the roots, so as to give breadth and strength to its base, and again swells out as it approaches to the bushy head, to give room for the strong insertion of the principal boughs. The latter is represented by a curved cornice, the effect of which is to throw off the heavy seas, which, being suddenly checked, fly up, it is said, from 50 to 100 feet above the very top of the building, and thus to prevent their striking the lantern, even when they seem entirely to enclose it. The efficacy of this construction is such, that after a storm and spring-tide, of unequalled violence, in 1762, in which the greatest fears were entertained at Plymouth for the safety of the light-house, the only article requisite to repair it was a pot of putty, to replace some that had been washed from the lantern.—*Gallery of Portraits, with Memoirs.*

Religiously keep all promises and covenants, though made to thy disadvantage; and though afterwards thou perceivedst thou mightest have done better. And let not any preceding act of thine be altered by any after accident; let nothing make thee break thy promise, unless it be unlawful or impossible

NEW-ENGLAND WARS.

KING PHILIP.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

PERHAPS no portion of the inhabited part of our extensive country, is so little known as Plymouth county, in Massachusetts; there is, indeed, but little to invite the cupidity of the avaricious, or turn the voracities of pleasure to this isolated tract. But the historian, the poet, and the antiquarian, it invites to a feast beyond the ability of any other equal extent of our Union, to furnish. Yet, how few have thought their labour would be repaid by searches in this field of real adventures.

The place consecrated by the arrival of our forefathers, and in which their descendants yet bear their names, and retain much of the simplicity of their manners, must be interesting to all.

This, too, with its vicinity, is the scene of many wars which were carried on with the aborigines of the country; and there is scarcely a field that does not bear some mark of its former owners' occupation. How frequently have I followed the plough, to collect the heads of arrows, and pieces of pottery, which once belonged to the *real* "lords of the soil"—they have been swept away with the besom of civilization, it is true, but every field, and almost every rock, is eloquent in praise of their ingenuity, perseverance and courage. I remember, as a number of labourers were employed in a field near Plymouth, raising, by means of levers, a large rock, they discovered beneath the ponderous object of their exertions, a complete cabinet of Indian implements of war and domestic use—flat stone spades, curiously wrought for digging; stone hatchets; large pots, made of a peculiar argillaceous earth, and filled up with spear heads; bows of different sizes, now nearly decayed, and large bundles of arrows, rendered useless by time and the humidity of their place of deposit. In the progress of their labour, several of these cabinets were discovered, one or two of which I yet retain in my possession.

As I was exhibiting these specimens of Indian skill, in the evening, to several visitors, the conversation naturally turned towards the beings who had once rendered themselves so formidable by the use of these weapons; and the usual number of anecdotes of Indian warfare were related. "There is one story," said an old man, who had, in deference to his betters, as he said, previously held his peace, "which, I remember, was current in my boyish days, and which has a distinct and immediate relation to neighbour * * * whose cider we are now drinking."—"Fill this pitcher again," said my father, to a boy in attendance. My mother despatched a girl to hear the prayers of two small children, and having counted off the stitches for a pair of substantial stockings, set herself to an evening's work. Having drunk a quart of cider at a single draught, and followed it with his usual apologetic epilogue, "I was amazingly dry," the historian of the evening narrated the following simple tale, which has little to recommend it, but its truth.

"Not long after the settlement of this part of the state, by our forefathers, the white inhabitants became embroiled in several quarrels with the Indians, who charged the Christians with encroachments upon their territories. As these charges were not made in any regular or legal form, nor indeed in the hearing of any of the superiors of the English, but only emitted in occasional growls, or given vent to by some inebriated son of the forest, the colonists could not, of course, employ, with those dissatisfied savages, any of that

species of argument for which they were so famous, and that they drew from the sacred writ, which they conceived authorised the dispossession of the Indians from their land, by the professors of gospel truth, as much as it did the followers of the Mosaic dispensation, in their successful encroachments upon the idolatrous Canaanites. Not being able, I say, to quote chapter and verse of the great commission to their dingy neighbours—who might have even doubted the application of Jewish invasion to their own particular case, on account of some trifling discrepancy in time and place, our venerable forefathers thought themselves authorised to use other means of convincing their squalid brethern of the forest, which means, too, they thought, were equally authorised by the canons of their faith.

"In such a situation of affairs, with much cause for mutual recrimination, it is not strange that things went from bad to worse. The increase of the white population, who always clung to the seaboard, necessarily excluded the natives from a free exercise of their rights of fishing—a privilege the more necessary to them, as the forest afforded but little game—many of the large streams near the bays were dammed up for mill sites, thus excluding the regular ascent of the migrating fish, shad and herring—the salmon did not frequent their streams. Rum had also been introduced among the savages with its accustomed effects. Some of their best warriors, from an habitual use of this deleterious liquor, had become listless and stupid, when not under its influence; and when intoxicated, which a single glass would effect, they were ripe for every species of madness, and as ready to turn their weapons against a friend as an enemy—this last was a fruitful cause for disputes among the red and white men of Plymouth colony. The necessity for punishing these outrages appeared obvious to the whites, and summary vengeance was again taken by the Indians. In this state of things the natives became wholly alienated from the whites, and seemed only to seek opportunities to avenge themselves of the injuries which they believed themselves suffering by the encroachments of the colonists. The latter found it necessary to guard against their bloody neighbours, by the best means in their power; and, accordingly, those who lived at a distance from the chief settlements associated themselves, built a single house, large enough for their several families, and barricading it with a high palisade fence, were generally able to resist the attacks of their enemies—although their fields of corn and even their cattle were exposed, and often fatally, to the miserable vengeance of their foes—nor was this all—whoever was beyond the limits of the *garrison*, as they called their fortified house, was hourly exposed to the most imminent danger from the Indians, who have been known to lay a whole day, concealed in a thicket, for the sake of scalping a child who might pass that way in search of the cattle. So that scarcely a week passed without some family being called to bewail a father, son, or daughter, butchered by the cold vengeance of their insidious enemy.

"In a house, garrisoned as I have already described, about three miles north-west of what is now Plymouth, and about half a mile from the shores of the bay, dwelt several families, descended from the early Pilgrims. The names of all but one are yet borne by their numerous descendants, who now either till in quiet the

fair and somewhat fertile fields which were then undivided parts of an interminable forest, or extend their course of fish flakes along a shore, which, at that time, was claimed by people who could show neither charter nor deed for their wide possessions.

"The Brewster family consisted of the father, Micajah, the mother, and five or six young children. The Cooks' were the father, mother, three daughters, and a son, David. Mr Joscelyne's family consisted of himself and one daughter, named Mahala.

"The produce of their fields, meadows, and cattle, afforded a comfortable support to the garrisoned tribe, particularly when added to the plentiful supply of scale and shell-fish, which they might every day take from the neighbouring stream, or gather from the shores of Plymouth bay. The cultivation of the lands, the nourishment of the cattle, and other out of door duties, were at the time to which we allude, attended with no inconsiderable degree of danger, owing to the system of vengeance which the Indians had adopted. To avoid this danger, it was usual to place one or two children on some eminence to watch the approach of the savages, and to give notice so timely, that all might be enabled to retreat to the garrison.

"Living within the same enclosure, educated by the same person, and perhaps from the same books—subject to the same fears and the same hopes, and feeling a community of interest, it is not strange that David and Mahala should experience likewise a reciprocity of affection. I stop not to describe the course of their love from its origin—that it was pure and lasting is certain, and no doubt their affection was brightened by a knowledge that every day, each was compelled to make some sacrifice to the other.

"The manly form of David was often seen beyond the clump of trees in the vicinity of the house, reconnoitering the ground, while the object of his affection was following her duties among the corn, beyond the pale of the garrison. She too, her household affairs attended to, would often place herself upon some eminence to watch the approach of Indians, while her lover was engaged in the business of the field.

"David and Mahala were peculiarly useful to their families, in the character of instructors of children—a task which they fulfilled with assiduity and success, and thus secured to themselves not only the thanks of the heads of families, but likewise the unchanging gratitude of their little pupils. For to a New England parent, there is scarcely a more powerful desire than his wish to educate his offspring; and with the children, perhaps no principle is more fixed than those of gratitude and respect for their teachers.

"About the time of which we treat, the Indians, in the vicinity of Plymouth, had received some severe check, and had, apparently, returned towards the Narragansett tribes, being about fifty miles south west of Plymouth, a few only of these men were seen, and no danger was apprehended of any attack; the inhabitants of our garrison and those of its vicinity, ventured to visit Plymouth, of a Sunday morning, to attend public preaching, a privilege which had been for some time denied them, and no new cause of alarm appeared to exist. The good people of Tinicum settlement (now Kingston) attended preaching every Sunday, and left their garrison in the care of one or two children. This was a privilege, indeed, to those who sighed after spiritual food, and they acknowledged it with becoming gratitude to that Being, who strewed these grapes in their way through the wilderness of life.

"In the enjoyment of this confidence, it was more customary to leave the garrison in care of two or three of the older inhabitants, who could attend to the small children and keep an eye upon the cattle, who were by no means scrupulous of gathering a few corn tops in the field, of a Sabbath; and, if David and Mahala were not averse to this change, no one could say that

they neglected the duties of the day, in the absence of their friends, or forgot the eye that was on them when those of their parents were withdrawn.

"This consciousness of the presence of God is, to the good not merely a hindrance from the commission of sins, but, it is also an abundant cause of confidence in danger. Hence, our two friends found means to pass the time of their family's occasional absence in innocence and peace. Meanwhile, affection, encouraged by these golden opportunities, ripened; and calculations were apparently made on a final union, although not a word was said upon this consummation.

"On a Sunday, the first in August, the members of Plymouth church assembled for the sacred purpose of breaking the sacramental bread. This season, which with them occurred but twice a year, was regarded as a time of unusual solemnity. Weeks were spent in preparation for this solemn festival, by occasional protracted fasting and prayer, and above all, by a settlement of all disputes and differences which might have crept in among the professors of the Old Colony. So solemnly was this commemoration regarded, that something of superstition might be detected among the less informed; and even to this day, I believe there may be found among the descendants of the pilgrims, some who, for want of particular instruction, regard the elements of this festival in a light not far removed from transubstantiation. Hence, resulted that careful examination of heart, and that apparently effectual repentance, which denoted and characterised this seldom repeated sacrament. On such a Sunday the heads of the family of our garrison were of course at Plymouth. David and Mahala were left in the charge of two or three children and the cattle.

"The venerable clergyman had finished a truly christian discourse from, the text, 'He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to his own soul,' and entered upon the more solemn duties of the morning. While the communicants were indulging in that solemn silence which occurs between the distribution of the two elements, a pause in which silence almost hisses on the ear, the door of the building was suddenly thrown open, and a young man burst in upon the congregation, breathless, and exhausted with running. He was only able to articulate 'The Indians,' and sunk inanimate upon a seat. This appalling sound lost none of its terrors, from the uncertainty in which the people were, whether their enemy was distant or near at hand, and the strictness even of a puritan principle yielded to the circumstances so far as to close the services with a short prayer, in which the petitioner did not neglect to solicit a freedom from such dangers as they were then threatened with; he closed an impassioned appeal to the God of hosts that, 'He would watch round their little Israel, and in his own due time, when he had chastened their impieties, and driven the heathen before them, like the smoke of a flame, he would no longer hide his face from them, but give them to sit under their own vine and fig-tree, having none to molest or make them afraid.' The congregation being dismissed, was not long in ascertaining that a party of Indians, supposed to belong to their old enemy Philip, a warlike chief, had made an attack upon the defenceless garrison of Tinicum, and had exercised the extent of their savage cruelty upon the unsuspecting inmates; the messenger had fled at the commencement of the attack, and believed that, like an older messenger—he only escaped alone to tell the deed.

"Habituated to alarms, the colonists were in a moment resolved upon the mode of operation. The females and children were left at the Plymouth settlement, while the men armed themselves at the public armoury, mounted the few horses they had, and proceeded with all haste to the rescue (if possible) of the children and property.

"When the company had arrived at the settlement, they found that it had experienced the full extent of the vengeance of their enemies, 'whose tender mercies are cruel.' Every garrisoned house was burned, the corn nearly destroyed, and 'worst of all, and most to be deplored,' of the several young children left in the care of David and Mahala, not one was found alive, nor could any trace of their guardians be discovered. Two or three small children were at length found beyond the garrison limits, lifeless and scalped. The work of vengeance had been complete.

"All, in the emphatic language of scripture, 'lifted up their voices and wept'—all, but the father of Mahala. Joscelyne was a man of firmness of purpose, and feeling; bowing to the dispensation of Providence, he had felt a species of hallowed pride, in saying, as he followed to an early grave the last of five sons:—'Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me'—and when his wife, 'a goodly person and a chosen vessel,' as he was wont to call her, closed her earthly testimony in giving birth to Mahala, the smitten husband bowed and kissed the rod! But, in Mahala, whom, in the energetic language of the time, he was wont to call the posthumous blessing—the fallen mantle of his ascended Rachel—he had wrapped up the unsounding but intrinsic sum of all earthly affection. In the memory of his departed son she had a species of sanctified glory. 'Think you it a small thing,' said the pilgrim, as he one day replied to the soothing voice of friendship; 'Is it a small thing to have nurtured angels for heaven?' To the memory of Rachael, though humanity paid the frequent tribute of a sigh, religion pointed his feelings to her higher and glorious habitation, 'where thieves break not through and steal.'

"But all earthly love, all thoughts of felicity, all dreams of the quiet of age, were centred in his only living daughter. In her infancy he had been her nurse; in adolescence her teacher; and now when she had approached the years of womanhood, he was her friend. All his cares, all his anxieties, all his watching, were more than repaid by the devotion of her love, attention, and time, to his coming age. Every gray hair upon his sainted head, and watchings, fasting, and grief, bring them early and thick, was a new call for tenderness, love, and obedience from his daughter. If in infancy he had stood the firm and vigorous trunk, round which she had twined in lively and lovely dependence, years had given her a thicker guardian foliage to shield and defend him against those storms to which he was now becoming more and more sensible. She had arisen from the sportive dependant upon his exertions, to the able and welcome confidant of his gravest counsels. While she knew, and others acknowledged, that long experience and a strong and well cultivated mind, gave him a just ascendancy in all public deliberations, he himself felt, that the excellence of her understanding, the saint-like disposition which she inherited from her mother, now chastened by religion, and a strength of intellect called forth by perfect confidence, gave her a just right to a portion of the praise which he so liberally shared.

"I stop not to inquire into the cause for that species of affection which exists betwixt father and daughter; its reality is obvious, and of all earthly love, this is perhaps the purest and most delightful. A mother loves with a stronger, but a father with a more discriminating passion.

"Towards a mother, the child looks with gratitude for a thousand benefits, and affection for maternal feelings. But he soon learns that acquaintance with life will at last make him her equal in knowledge and experience. To the father, the daughter ever looks with dependence and awe. Grateful for that care which has nurtured her infancy, she feels, while she nurses his declining life, that his years give him the

experience that commands her service, and the sacrifice of his former enjoyment, asks her gratitude and love. A man, accustomed to enquire, might say, that much was owing to the system of education which so early placed the younger branch of a family on an equality with the mother.

"The mother loves with a steady purpose the objects of her affections; if placed above her in riches, she gazes, admires and loves; if reduced to abject poverty, she divides her loaf, and she shares her meal and oil; honoured, she reverences with fondest awe; smitten, she binds up and heals; guilty, she pities, weeps and pardons.

"But the father cherishes with a different love; he gazes and guards; he impresses lessons with an authority, from whose impressions, neither elevation nor years can free the daughter. Is she honoured? he glories in his own work—unfortunate, he guards and protects—poor, he provides—traduced and slandered, he supports and defends—vicious, he—curses her and dies.

"Whatever there is of strength and purity in paternal and filial affection, was reciprocated by Joscelyne and his daughter; and when the old man returned to the smoking desolation of his home, and sought amid its smouldering ruins, (but sought in vain) at least the ashes of his daughter, he felt that the bitterness of woe was upon him. While others bending beneath their misfortune, mourned, and softened their grief with tears, the widowed and childless Joscelyne, stood silent and motionless, (if indeed it was not the swelling of his bosom that agitated his dress.) The group of mourners as they poured out their lamentations and vented their sorrow in tears, appeared to him like the shrubbery and lesser trees that surrounded them, which bend to the violence of the tempest, and when its fury has passed, shake off the weight of the storm and stand upright. 'While I,' exclaimed mentally the agonized mourner, 'alone and solitary, am like yonder smitten and scathed oak, whose tender branches are decayed, and whose stock waxeth old in the ground, and which, not even the scent of waters can revive.'

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away,' said he, when at length he found power to speak, 'nor shall human grief and human weakness hinder me from saying, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"Those who were not personally concerned in the losses and destruction of the day, endeavoured to awaken the feelings of the sufferers to the duties which they owed the survivors; 'Those whom we find here,' said the leader, Captain Partridge, 'are indeed dead, but those whom we miss may be yet alive, although in dreadful captivity; our enemies cannot be yet at a distance, let us pursue them with slaughter, or seek them out to redeem the captives.' The thought that his daughter might be yet among the living, awakened Joscelyne to his wonted activity; he urged, while he confessed to the council the selfishness of his plea, the policy of attempting to treat with the Indians for an exchange of prisoners, for some privileges, or perquisites, and he doubted not but they would be able to track the savages so as to come up with them in a short time; for his part, he would be the one to venture into the host of the enemy, and offer the terms at any risk.

"This proposal was accepted by the council, and the search immediately commenced, under the direction of Mr. Joscelyne. The party left the ruins of their village, and pursued a track of feet along the edge of a stream (now known by the name of Smelt Brook,) which crosses the main road, about three miles from Plymouth. As they ascended, they discovered other tokens of the Indians, in pieces of furniture and other things, once their own, which were occasionally dropt, along the edge of the brook.

"Having arrived at the head of the stream, which opens into a beautiful lake called 'Smelt Pond,' the

party discovered, on a mountain beyond the lake, a light smoke ascending, as if there was a small fire there—this, Joscelyne believed a sufficient indication of an Indian camp; he, therefore, determined to cross the lake, if possible, and enter upon his business. As they had no boat, it was thought best to construct a raft from the remains of some canoes, and thus attempt a passage, wholly unarmed, as the appearance of any weapons might entirely frustrate his mission. Having provided something which would convey two men across the lake, Joscelyne, with a near neighbour, essayed its strength; it answered their utmost wishes, and, having directed their comrades to conceal themselves among the bushes on the easterly side of the lake, and by no means to discharge a musket, they commenced their voyage, and having in a short time arrived within a few rods, from the western shore that washes the almost perpendicular side of a mountain called Monk's Hill, they discovered a party of Indians watching their movements, and apparently ready to give them a reception which would not greatly facilitate the object of their journey.

"Joscelyne who was on the bows of the raft, directed the man who propelled him to stop, while he held a parley with the Indians on shore. Having satisfied them that he and his comrade were unarmed, they laid down their guns and bows. On arriving at the shore, Joscelyne was informed that these Indians were a part of King Philip's force; that the Sachem himself and a large part of his warriors were on the mountain, to whom Joscelyne and his friend were conducted.

"Before introducing my readers into the presence of Philip, it may be well to make them acquainted with a little of his history and character.

"As early as the year 1630, (and even much earlier) the English of Plymouth colony, had contrived to form a treaty with Massasoit, chief Sachem of all the Narragansett tribes, which said treaty bound the poor chief, who was not skilled in that species of diplomacy, to certain conditions, which, in the present day, would be considered by an independent prince, as contrary to the dignity and majesty of his empire; and accordingly, after the death of old Noosamequen, or Massasoit, (I give my readers a blessed choice in names) his two sons Alexander and Philip, although in his lifetime assenting, refused to be governed by the conditions, and endeavoured to shake off the trammels, which their father's more yielding disposition had imposed upon them.

"Alexander, after committing some hostilities upon the English, was by stratagem taken; and while the party was conveying him to Plymouth, he was suddenly taken ill, and shortly afterwards died. The Indians laid his death to the poison of the English. The English imputed it to a haughtiness of spirit, which could not brook his bondage.

"Philip now became chief of the tribes, under the title of Chief Sachem of Paukanoket; and hating the English, not less for the encroachments, which they had made upon his territories and the customs of his subjects, he totally disregarded the treaty, made by his father, and one or two of a more recent date, which, to free himself from some sudden embarrassment, he had himself signed, with no very serious intention of keeping sacred.

"Philip, like most of the Sachems of his tribe, could read, and had been well instructed in some of the leading doctrines of the Puritan's faith. He had an Indian Secretary, too, who could read and write with fluency, being the schoolmaster of the tribe, placed there by the colonists, in that spirit for disseminating useful learning, which has ever since been a characteristic of their descendants.

"Such was the high-handed rebellion of Philip against his Sovereign Lord, King CHARLES, and the honourable, the Council of Plymouth, that the said

honourable council found it necessary, not only to stir up other tribes against this Godless heathen, but also to send out sundry drafts of pious settlers to endeavour to effect a total destruction of their most deadly enemy.

"The most effective force ever sent against Philip, was conducted by Master Church; by this appointment a captain, who like Cæsar, became the historian of his own great deeds.

"Captain Church had kept up so close a chase upon King Philip, in the woods and waters of his possessions, that his ochre-coloured majesty deemed it best, in order to effect a diversion, to evacuate 'Mount Hope' and retreat towards the sea shore. This he did, and had scarcely been three hours within the limits of the Plymouth possessions, before a party under an inferior Sachem, called Moonka-ponchunt, had effected the destruction of the Tinicum settlement, to an extent we have already described. Knowing that the Elders would be at Plymouth, this host of savages rushed in upon the different garrisons, fired the houses, dragged out the defenceless inhabitants, murdered some, and carried the rest to the camp of Philip, situated, as I have said, on the summit of Monk's Hill, at which they arrived before sunset on Sunday evening. Among the prisoners were David and Mahala, who had contrived to secure the lives of one or two others. No peculiar demonstration of joy marked the arrival of the prisoners. They were placed under a guard in the wigwam, and fed with such provisions as are common in an Indian camp.

"Early on Monday morning, it was announced to the Sachems in council, that a party of the outer guard were conducting two Englishmen towards the camp, and that the guard displayed the belt of peace upon their guns.

"Philip immediately ordered the prisoners into the rear of the wigwam, called around him his Sachems, and awaited the approach of the ambassadors. In a few minutes, Joscelyne and his companion were seen approaching the place, under the guidance of the Indians, whom they had met at the shore of the lake. As the company entered the hastily constructed hovel, Joscelyne was struck with the grim features of those around him, which seemed to promise any thing rather than mercy. Too much, however, depended on his mission, for him to permit the least distrust to appear in his manner. The venerable patriarch shook the dew from his gray locks, which hung in profusion over his shoulders, and according to an intimation from the chief Sachem, he seated himself upon a log, that lay near the front, or opening of the tent.

"Philip raised himself slowly from his seat, and stood erect among his counsellors. In front, a little to the left, sat Sausaman, his secretary and public school-master, provided with pen, ink and paper, or birch-bark, to record whatever it might please his master to direct.

"Joscelyne was struck at once with the commanding figure of his enemy. As the great Chief stood among his lesser Sachems, he was taller than they all 'from the shoulders upwards.' The elegant proportions of his majestic limbs were nicely displayed by close pantaloons, and a vest, composed of red broad-cloth, gorgeously trimmed with gold lace. A cloak, somewhat in the hussar fashion, was depending from his shoulder, as he leaned upon a rifle held in his right hand. His features were regular, if we except the slight projection of the cheek bones, and a consequent sharpness of his chin. A forehead of a form peculiar to his nation, was shaded by the raven hair, which depended at an enormous length. His appearance, in general, was what some writers would call, the dignity inherent in a king; but, was rather that ease, which springs from a consciousness of superiority, or from a conviction that whatever is done will be considered as correct.

"'Englishmen,' said Philip, 'what message has the Council for the Paukanokets? We have neither breath for words, nor time for delay.'

"'Philip,' said Joscelyne, rising, 'I bring a message of especial import, from the Council of Plymouth.'

"'There may be a white man's craft in this,' said Philip to his Sachems; 'Let our scouts beat the thickets, lest we have a host of English on our backs, while we are parleying.'

"Having sent out extra sentinels, with the most positive orders, Philip resumed his seat, and directed the whiteman to continue his talk.

"The first impulses of Joscelyne were those of a father. He longed to inquire for Mahala, and to secure her ransom; but he had been entrusted with the feelings of other parents, and with the peace and dignity of the colony, of which he was an honoured and an useful member. The zeal of the times might have taught him to seek for reparation for a breach of the Sabbath, and a violation of sanctuary seasons and privileges. He, therefore, merged the father in the feelings of the patriot.

"During the previous night, Joscelyne had arranged in his mind the sum of the charges, which he had received from the Council, in order that he might be prepared to urge, with the greater force and perspicuity, the charges and claims, which he was empowered to make.

"'Sachems of the Narragansetts,' said Joscelyne, with a slight inclination of his head. The different chiefs directed their eyes towards Philip, as if to inform the speaker, that their chief Sachem was alone to be addressed.

"'Philip, of Mount Hope, I am the bearer of a message to you, since your chiefs disclaim a part in it, from my brethren, the counsellors of Plymouth; who again protest against your breach of faith, and violation of solemnly ratified treaties. It is known to you, and to many of your counsellors around you, that the English, within three months from their arrival upon these shores, entered into a solemn compact with your father, Massasoit, and other chiefs of these parts, wherein they acknowledged the right of our possession, and yielded allegiance to our sovereign, King James; to which said covenant and compact, you, yourself, have at two several seasons, given your signature and oath of observance. Nevertheless, being instigated doubtlessly by Satan, you have at divers times, not only violated this covenant, by slaying sundry persons of the said colony, privately, and from ambushes, but you have also assembled your chiefs and made open war upon us, burnt our houses, destroyed our corn and cattle, and murdered numerous of the colonists, seizing, torturing, and burning the defenceless wives and children of those to whom you were bound in covenant of faith. For these crimes, high handed and awful, I demand of you, in the name of the Colony of Plymouth, the best reparation in your power, and ample and full security against future aggressions; or I menace you with the sudden vengeance of the English!'

"The Sachems, startled at the boldness and arrogance of the white, sprung from their seats, as if to revenge this insult. Philip, however, waved to them to be quiet, and signified, by a slight inclination of his head, that the speaker should proceed.

"'Our people,' continued Joscelyne, addressing himself immediately to Philip, 'have in no instance, neglected your welfare, to the promotion of their own good. Pious and godly men have been sent to instruct you in the way of salvation; and bring you out of the abomination of worshipping strange gods. Your allegiance to the King of England, has entitled you to the protection of mild and equitable laws; and your submission to the governor of Plymouth, would have secured you from the danger of attacks from your enemies of the neighbouring tribes; while the vicinity of

those, who worship the true God in spirit and in truth, would doubtlessly have procured upon you, as well as them, the smiles of Heaven, favourable seasons and abundant harvests. Yet, regardless of all these things, you have despised the proffers of our religious instruction. You have scoffed at our gospel ministers, you have blasphemed our Sabbath, and chosen the season of our most sacred convocation to exercise to the extent, the fury of your devilish malice. For these things, Sachem of Mount Hope,' said Joscelyne, pale and trembling with the feelings, which the recital of these manifold aggressions excited, 'for these things, Philip, the vengeance of heaven shall not sleep, but shall pursue you to irremediable destruction: those whom the sword spares, pestilence and famine shall waste, till your tribes shall, for your wickedness, be driven from the earth, and your name only remembered with curses and execrations.'

"Joscelyne paused from intensity of feeling, rather than an exhaustion of his subject, and as he resumed his seat, Philip stilled the commotion, which was rising among his counsellors, by gently waving his hand. Having, for a moment, sat in silence, Philip rose, and addressed Joscelyne: 'Is the end of your mission accomplished, when you have satisfied the Paukanokets that they have at times drawn the bow with a steadier hand than their neighbours? Do you wish only to inform me that my foot has been close upon the heels of the English?'

"'Brothers,' said he, turning to his Sachems, 'what answer shall we send to our trusty friends the English?'

"One of the Sachems, named Misposki, arose, at the intimation of Philip, and observed, that the person of the ambassador being sacred, it could not be supposed that he was actuated by fear, in withholding the remainder of his talk. Yet it was evident, that something remained to be proposed. He ventured to hope that the chief would, after hearing the white man, answer him after the manner of the Indian nations.

"Philip seated himself, and signed to Joscelyne to proceed.

"'I should, perhaps,' said Joscelyne, 'do my errand more justice, were I to omit that, which was the immediate cause of this embassy, as being so personally interested in the consequence of the unholy aggression. You, or some of your party, did yesterday, in the absence of all defence, assault our garrison, burn our houses, destroy our corn and cattle, murder our infants, and lead, as we have reason to believe, some of our young men and women into a captivity, scarcely to be preferred to death. For this base and cowardly act of wanton barbarity, the colony of Plymouth claims ample restitution for property, and the persons of the perpetrators of the deed to satisfy justice. The mother sits among the ruins of her habitation, and asks of heaven vengeance upon him, who has made her lone and wretched; an outraged community is preparing to wreak full and satisfactory vengeance upon your tribe. The widowed and the childless father, made childless by your murdering hand, while he implores with a father's feeling, the return of all that rendered life supportable, yet menaces you, the authors of his misery with full retributive justice.' Joscelyne flung himself upon his seat, and wrung his hands in the bitterness of his agony; but recollecting the presence in which he was, he hushed his feelings and lifted his eyes towards Philip. Some cloud had passed over the mind of the chief; and some believed that a tear was lingering in his eye; if so, it was the first and last, that Philip ever shed; he had known joys, and their deprivation had taught him vengeance. The Sachem, however, checked these feelings, and prepared to reply to the charges and demands of the Plymouth ambassador.

"Philip rose slowly from his seat, and walked towards the front of his wigwam, or tent. The whole

eastern front was open, and faced upon the expanse of what is now called Plymouth bay.

"For a moment, the chief appeared intent on watching some objects that were moving slowly before him; but, turning suddenly, he beckoned to his chiefs to be seated near him.

"White man," said Philip. Joscelyne approached, and followed with his eye the direction of Philip's hand.

"It was, and perhaps is now, a goodly sight to look eastward from Monk's Hill, at or near sunrise. The delightful expanse of the bay lay before the view, quiet and placid as the breast of innocence. The mists, which night engenders, had rolled off before the influence of an August sun, and a gentle breeze. The fair islands, which then decorated the waters of Plymouth bay, dotted its surface with an inimitable green. Brown's island, White islands, and a vast number of eminences, now unknown, peered above the wave, and gave a beauty and richness to the scene, that the eye, fond of nature, would delight to rest upon.

"We sometimes mourn the change of manners, and wish that the productions of art, which afford us happiness, were as lasting as those of nature. Alas! all that gives delight on earth is fading and evanescent; those very islands, which imparted such beauty to the scene, have passed away. The winds and rains beat vehemently against them, and they have fallen. The lofty height of Monumet, the opposite eminence of what is now Duxbury—Saquish and the Gurnet are only left, if we except the lingering and consumptive Beach, which, like a faithless guard, seems just retiring from its place of duty, leaving the capital of the Old Colony exposed to the buffets of the angry billows.

"Do you mark the bay?" said Philip. "On that island the red men held their councils—there, to the right did Massasoit keep his feast of peace. Every island is sacred to the Indian for some feast, some sacrifice, or some enjoyment. All these broad shores, fertile in their abundant productions, to the right, beyond a white man's gaze, even to the extremity of that cape, whose blue point looms in the easterly wind; to the left, as far as Piscataqua, and back to the country of the Mohawks. All this fair territory and its teeming coasts, did the Great Spirit, whom you call God, give to the red men, and bade them be brothers. On this soil have we lived, since the sun first rose from the great waters. Here have we married our wives. Here taught our sons their father's arts, and seen them share their father's toils. No disease wore down their bodies. No white man's poison enervated their minds. Our youth gloried in their strength. The hoary head was revered for wisdom and experience; and the Sachem was honoured, because the Great Spirit who conferred on him rank, gave him strength of mind and body to support it. Such were the Narragansetts, the Pequods, Nashaways, and Cononicsuts, which though different tribes, all met round one council fire, all hunted in one forest, and all adored the same Great Spirit.

"What are we now? You English have come among us; and, like the curse of the Great Spirit for some unrepented crime, you have brought pestilence and famine, discord and war among us. You gave our Sachems the liquid fire from your bottles; and, when you had burned their brains, you forced them to treaties, which, sober, they would never ratify; and, being dead, their sons could never fulfil. And what is your great Sachem, James, that we should obey him? If he is good, why have his warriors left him? Until the white man came, no Indian forsook his chief.

"You have seized our fairest territories, destroyed our fisheries; you have, by bribes lured our weak, you have sheltered our offenders. You have weakened and vitiated our warriors by rum. You have driven

us from our mountains, our fields, our islands, and our shores, to become denizens of swamps and caves. You have hunted us like otters and bears; driving us from our air and our sun; and then you ask why we war? Who gave you our coast, or by what right do you hold our possessions?

"But you charge us," said the chief, lowering his voice, which had attained a frightful pitch, 'with burning your fields. Look at Mount Hope. There's not a wigwam on my fair hill, where I may trust women and children; and there is not an ear of corn, even now in the midst of summer—not one blade ripens in all my fields—and are we in fault? We built our houses on the southern slope. We planted our corn in its season, and the sun beamed bright, and the wind blew fair upon it; but the foot of the English has been on the land of the Paukanoket, and all is desolate, and you ask "why we war?"

"What virtue have you in regarding the treaties which you have made with us? You formed them at your pleasure, to suit your desire. You possess yourself of our fairest lands by them. You cheat our Sachems with articles which they cannot read, and bind us by them to destroy ourselves, in order to gratify our enemies. The child, even of a white man, would laugh at such a semblance of justice, and sneer at a compact which was made for the benefit of one party, at the expense, and in the absence of the reason of the other.

"You say that you have sent us religious teachers, that we may learn your God. The Indian despises the religion of no man; nor does he treat the god even of a Mohawk, with irreverence. It may be, that the Englishman's God is greater than ours; for, you, who worship him, have weakened and wasted us. It may be, that he is the same; and that ye abuse his will.

"White man, you tell me, that had we submitted to you, we should have shared the smiles of your God. The Great Spirit when he formed these hills and plains, gave them to the Indians for fields and hunting ground; and when we had gathered our harvest, he breathed over us his southern breath, and gave us a new summer for the chase. But your coming has changed it all. Who sees now the Indians' summer!—'tis cold and freezing as the white man's welcome. And what have your missionaries done? They have led the Indian from his squaw and children. They have made him pray and drink. They have taught him to betray his own chief into the hands of the white man, and become the murderer of those who drew their life from him. The influence of your missionaries has destroyed our tribes, and sunk the Indian warrior to the slave of the Englishman. Yes, you have taken from the red men the fear of their own gods, and taught them only a distrust of yours. Instead of the men who strung their sinews at the gush of the mountain stream, you see our youth destroyed by the draughts of your poisoned bottles. The huntsmen of Narragansett chased the deer, when eighty winters had scarcely chilled their blood. Now the Indian warrior, at thirty, halts in the pursuit of the otter. And you ask us why we war?

"You charge us with cruelty to our captives. You who are counsellor of a colony, need not be told, that there is not a tree within your garrison, but has borne an Indian. Every point upon the palisades of your forts, has been capped with a red man's head. You have tortured our warriors. You have starved, burnt, murdered them, in every form. And you ask us why we war?

"But to the object of this present mission—Your garrison has been destroyed, your Sabbath violated, and your children killed or made captives. White man, you have made us what we are. Your leader, Church, has hunted us from our last retreat, and we have fled hither for safety and revenge. His fire has

destroyed our habitation. His sword has widowed us, and made us childless. And you ask us why we war?

"But you say, (and your feelings would have other-ways betrayed it,) that our attack has made you childless.

"Hear me, Englishman. The Sachem of Paukonoket scorns a complaint. But the heart of an Indian may feel, though his eye must not be moistened.

"Two moons since, I sat in my dwelling. A wife and a son made me feel that I clung to life for a noble purpose. I taught my boy the deeds of his fathers, and bade him be like them. I saw his hand grasp the bow of Massasoit, and the blood mount to his boyish cheek, as his strength failed to bend it. The eye of the mother glistened at his young ambition, and I felt that I was a chief, a husband, and a father. Four days since, Church, and your men of Plymouth, set upon my habitation, slayed hundreds of my unarmed men, killed my son and murdered my wife, even in the trying moments of a mother's pains. I escaped with this little band. My country depopulated, a Sachem without warriors, a man, and none to reverence or obey him; widowed—widowed, and childless! And you ask me why I war? Go, white man, to your council fire—tell your chief, tell Winslow, that he has dug up the hatchet from beneath the tree of peace, and it shall not be buried again while Philip has a hand to grasp it, until the English be driven from our borders, or the Paukonokets be swept away, like your wreath of mist, that is rolling from the bosom of the lake."

"After a long pause, Joscelyne ventured to propose to the council a ransom for their prisoners. It was in vain—Philip refused to treat with him. 'We are,' said he, 'a scattered race. Of what use would be to us the white man's gold? Let us keep their children, and we hold them by stronger ties.' Whatever might have been the feelings of Joscelyne, he found it dangerous to linger. He was, therefore, conducted to his raft, and having joined his companions, they departed immediately for the council of Plymouth, who ordered that a reward of £250 be given to any man, that should bring to them the head of Philip. In the mean time a new levy was made, and Captain Partridge started with an hundred soldiers to track the Indians.

"Having dismissed the ambassador, Philip ordered an immediate retreat towards the fastnesses of Mount Hope, at which, the next day, they arrived. During the day following, David and Mahala with the younger captives were left under the guard of a single Indian, who had been wounded in a former skirmish, and was unable to go out with the others. It occurred to David that he or Mahala might escape from him—and if either of them should meet some of Captain Church's men, the whole of Philip's party might be surprised and cut off. This he mentioned to Mahala, and urged her to make the attempt, and leave him to take the chance of the Indian's anger. This, Mahala would by no means consent to, as she should not be so well able as he, to make her way out of the swamp, in which they were, or elude the search of other Indians, who might go in quest of him. After some deliberation, it was concluded that David should make the attempt. Accordingly, in a few hours, watching an opportunity when the head of their guard should be turned, David started from the ground and passing by the Indian, flew through the door of the slender fortress. The guard gave a loud yell, to call to him the assistance of others, but perceiving that David was likely to get beyond his reach, he placed an arrow in his bow, and drawing the string firmly with a hand, that for twenty years had not once failed, he was preparing to let the arrow have its course, which would have put a period to the flight of David, when Mahala struck the bow string with a small sword, that lay near, and the arrow fell harmless at his feet, and springing beyond his reach,

she awaited the coming of the other Indians, who, on learning the flight of their prisoner, prepared for an immediate chase.

"David had the start of them by five minutes. He flew with the swiftness of a bird, and his pursuers, followed with a rapidity that boded no good to his hopes.

"Meantime, Philip and his warriors returning, learned their prisoner's flight, and knowing the danger to which they should be exposed, if he finally escaped, they resolved to break up their camp, and disperse in different parties. This was accordingly done, Philip taking Mahala and the children with him.

"My readers need be under no apprehension of any outrage upon Mahala, as among all the charges brought against the New England tribes, I do not remember of hearing that of lust urged by the whites; that being, as an Indian whom I once questioned on the subject, told me, a white man's trick, not proper for an Indian.

"David pursued his course, with some advantage over his pursuers, as they were encumbered with heavy arms, and in less than an hour, he found himself in an open plain, and consequently but little exposed to the chase of his pursuers. He, in a short time, arrived breathless and faint at Captain Church's camp.

"The reader will readily conceive, that in that age, and under the then existing circumstances, no great exhibition of military pomp was made by Captain Church, as a leader of the Plymouth hosts, consisting at most of from 1 to 300 men, many of whom were, except in mere military grade, his equals: yet there existed, at that time, in the New England colonies, and its influence has been felt even in subsequent years, a dignity of office and calling, which exhibited itself in the deportment of all officers, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, which, while it invited approach, effectually guaranteed against encroachments; it cherished confidence, but chilled familiarity; in short, it was what is usually denominated old fashioned manners, the loss of which as a general habit is so justly deplored, and which can now scarcely be found, except in a few of the old clergy or some ancient judge, in New England; yet, if I were in Plymouth now, I could point out a living instance, even though perhaps the venerable Spooner is no more, of a Judge of probate, who can blend the dignity of a judge with the feelings of a man; who, while the widow and the fatherless look to him as a protector and friend, can teach them also to respect him as the just and upright magistrate. Those who know the venerable Thomas, will understand the manners to which I refer, those who do not, will understand that in the Old Colony, the people have even been simple enough to believe that they were not deficient in respect to themselves, by paying all becoming deference to a man who had been thought worthy to be placed over them.

"Under the influence of a profound respect for a man who was sacrificing his valuable time, and risking his life for his brethren, David made his approach toward Captain Church, not wholly unconscious of the importance which his knowledge of the Indians' retreat naturally gave him.

"As he passed the various sentinels, or small groups of men off duty, a friendly nod of recognition, or a short inquiry distinguished his immediate acquaintance, and a look of doubt or solicitude, satisfied him that his recent captivity was wholly unknown in the little camp.

"His guide exchanged words with the last sentinel, and left David to make his bow to the captain. The door of a deserted cottage opened, and exhibited Church in the act of reading his book of orders, it was a massy volume, strongly bound, and exhibited evident symptoms that its owner, like a true soldier, had well examined his instructions. Church closed the Bible on his entrance, and rose to receive with cordiality his

visitor, with whose family he had an intimate acquaintance.

"The full form of the Puritan leader, lost none of its beauty from being covered with what, in these days would be considered a Quaker garb, if we except the semblance of an epaulette upon his shoulder; and a well secured sword at his thigh. A hat lay upon the table, which in those days was *en militaire*, but in these refined times, would be considered a little better than a 'cock and pinch.' The dignity of Church was in his looks, his form, and manners, and a stranger who had seen him mingling with his men in the common dress and common labours of a camp, would have instantly recognised him as the chief.

"David, the first salutation passed, related in a few words, the destruction of the garrison, the murder of a part of its inhabitants, and the captivity of the remainder; he also stated what little he knew of Joscelyne's unsuccessful mission, and then recounted his own escape, without neglecting to press upon his auditor's mind, the imminent danger in which he had left Mahala. 'Has Philip then returned,' said Church, in a tone that did not seem to require any answer; 'my friend, the news you bring is painful; but the Lord has undoubtedly suffered the heathen to afflict us for our own manifold transgressions. I, however, think I discover that his providence is about working our deliverance, and then we shall soon, by its gracious aid, drive out these godless heathens from the land; meantime, it is necessary that you refresh yourself. Sergeant Washburn,' said the Captain, as he hastily opened the door—Washburn was at once in his presence. 'Let the men be called instantly upon parade; and despatch a man with my respects to the officers and chaplain, and request their immediate attendance.'

"The council was soon formed, and a prayer was made by that pious and godly personage Adoniram Washburn. My limits prevent the insertion of this piece of abjurgatory eloquence, but it was such as the strong mind of a highly educated Puritan would pour forth, when he felt the enemies of the Lord had prospered, and that the faithful failed from among the 'children of war.'

"The council, or rather board of war, concluded that it would be best to divide the company into small parties, and to send them into the neighbouring swamp, in which David had left Philip, with orders to kill every Indian that they should meet; this order was communicated to the men without, who were immediately told off into sections of ten, and despatched in search of the common enemy. David solicited to be permitted to share in the expedition. This, however, Captain Church refused, alleging as a reason that his fatigue would not permit him to keep up with the party, and that he might thus hinder rather than promote the object of their expedition.

"The men were accordingly dismissed, leaving only a small guard for the house. During the night, David obtained permission of Captain Church, to take with him a friendly Indian, and go a little way into the forest, promising to be back by the following noon. Having furnished themselves with a small quantity of provisions, with powder and ball, and two muskets, David and his Indian companion, Ninigret, set out in search of the common enemy. About four o'clock in the morning, our two champions reached the edge of the swamp, from which David had made his escape, and bent their course, as nearly as they could judge, to the wigwam, in which Mahala had been left. Having arrived at a considerable plain, in the body of the wood, or swamp, upon which the 'moon spread her mantle of light,' discovering only a few elevated rocks, and the thick undergrowth of sweet fern, whose leaves glistened, as they trembled in the moonlight, from the weight of the morning dew, and scattered a delicious

and invigorating fragrance, David observed that they could not then be far from Philip's den.

"'Hush ye, man,' said Ninigret, 'Philip is not the Indian to rest on his wigwam when a prisoner has escaped; every rock around you may conceal a Pankanoket; and—whist, what do I see beyond that *Aorn-beem*.'—David cocked his gun.—'Nay, it's but a deer, and the first I have seen for these two seasons; 'tis strange how scarce the game is since you English came, and yet you cannot kill it—I sometimes think Philip is right, and that the white men have no right to our forests.'

"David looked with suspicion at his comrade.—'But you do not, Ninigret, consider the advantage which you all may possess by submitting to us, and sharing in the benefit which civil life offers, and above all, the inestimable blessing of the Christian religion.'

"'I do not believe,' said Ninigret, 'that your white man's life is good for Indians; nor would I have adopted it, had not the too free use of rum, made a quarrel between my tribe and me. As for your religion, Father Eliot said, it brought "peace on earth and good will to men," those were the very words he taught me—and yet, has the white man's sword been sheathed since his arrival? and when I read about the moving of landmarks, which we Indians never dared do, Father Eliot said, that it meant that we must not new notch the pines, nor change the brook, so that more corn may grow in our field than in our neighbour's. But where are the fields of corn in Plymouth which the Indians planted?—where their fishing grounds and oyster beds?—but hush, is there not a light streaming through the chinks of those rocks?'—David watched attentively, and confessed at last, that he believed there was fire there. In a low whisper, Ninigret communicated to David, his belief that some of the chief Sachems were lodged there, perhaps Philip himself; and expressed a wish, that one or both might approach near enough to ascertain the character of those who had 'fled to the rocks.'

"On approaching the place, they soon ascertained, by the clinking noise within, that the Indians were there, and that some of them were engaged in grinding or pounding parched corn between stones. Under favour of this noise, David and Ninigret approached the very side of the rock, which covered a large cave with an entrance on the opposite side; as the pounding ceased, they stopped, and renewed their advance with the industry of the domestic millers within. By this means they were soon enabled to hear the conversation which was held between them.

"'What of the day?' said a strong voice.

"Ninigret applied his mouth close to the ear of David, and whispered, 'tis he, Philip.'

"'What of the day?' asked Philip again, 'what says our Pawwaw?'

"'I have sought the inspiration,' said the Priest, 'a Pawwaw, in sleep but it has not come—I have stretched myself upon the fern in the moon-light but I was alone—I have asked of the Great Spirit, but no answer has come—I have burnt the torches by the spring this night, but no face was in it—I saw, indeed, on the mist a form like Massasoit, but his face was blanched like the white man's—I asked him for the words of the war-song, and the breeze from the English fields scattered him in air.'

"'Sachem of the Pankanokets, thy hand has been mighty in war, and thy hatchet red with thy enemies' blood—thou hast been mighty, but the mightier have come—we were the eagle that sheltered among the pines and nestled upon the crags of the sea; but the white heron hath stolen his prey, and the king of birds must find his game beyond the mountains.

"'Thou wast once, Philip, glorious as the moon; but the moon now sinks beneath the hills of the west, and

a broader and a stronger light is springing from the waters.'

"As the priest was speaking, David could see his shadow projected beyond the mouth of the cave, trembling upon the bushes and fern, as if the speaker was in violent agitation.

"I trow well," said Philip, 'that it is dark—the smoke of my wigwams shall be seen no more. But why should I complain—lonely and solitary, I have no wife to serve me at my council fires—I have no son to lead forth my warriors, and avenge my death—my own hand that once was strong upon the foe, is like yonder English girl's.'

"David started—surely Mahala was there.

"Let our fires be extinguished, lest the English trace us; and prepare to start, for there's no safety here. Church and his men will be upon us, as soon as the English fugitive shall report our return.'

"David and his companion slipped from the rock, and retired behind a strong clump of bushes, about fifty yards distant from the cave, and awaited the appearance of Philip, determined at all hazards to kill him and take their chance with the rest.

"As the sun approached the horizon a thick mist or fog rose from the humid soil, and covered the plain to the thickness of nearly six feet. The spies could only see the top of the rock from which they had descended. 'Is your gun well primed?' said David—'yes,' replied Ninigret, 'and I took the precaution to try its certainty before I started—but hie!' The Indian pointed towards the top of the rock, above which was just discernible the head of an enemy. If it should prove to be Philip, each was solicitous of the honour of destroying the great and cunning foe. At length the person raised himself, and appeared to be looking round to see whether he was watched; they could distinctly hear him say to some one below, 'The dew is disturbed—the English are about us.' David and Ninigret agreed that when he again showed himself, they should both fire at once, at a signal to be given by the latter—the figure again appeared, and as he turned towards them, exhibited the strongly marked features of Philip—both took a deliberate aim. 'Fire at the word three,' said Ninigret. The Sachem raised his whole body above the rock—'mark now,' said the Indian—'one—two—three,'—both drew with certain aim, and the King of Mount Hope rolled a lifeless corpse at the feet of his followers.

"Both started towards the cave to save the white prisoners from the anger of the surviving Indians, charging their guns as they went. David primed his piece, and on pouring the powder into the muzzle of the gun, found to his inexpressible mortification that he had only burnt his priming, the ball and powder being yet in the gun.

"The screams of those who were in the cave, compelled the two to hasten their movements, so that Ninigret was not able to charge with ball. David, fearing every thing for Mahala, flew with the speed of lightning, and arrived in front of the cave just as an old Indian, the priest, had seized a hatchet, and was aiming a blow at the head of Mahala. There was no time to rush between them, David levelled his gun and sent a ball through the heart of the Pawwaw, and blessed God, as the cave echoed with the report of his piece, that he had not shared in the honour of Philip's death.

"Ninigret was immediately at his side; and when the smoke had subsided, they discovered the body of Philip on the spot where it had fallen. The old priest lay stretched upon Mahala, and a few children belonging to the Tincum Settlement, were sitting in mute horror in a corner of the cave. David dragged the priest to one side, and carried Mahala into the air, where she soon revived.

"They learned that, immediately on the death of

Philip, two Indians had escaped in the mist; the priest being old and unable to run, had attempted to revenge the death of his chief by killing Mahala, in which he was prevented by the timely arrival of David.

"In order to satisfy their friends, our two successful warriors determined to carry the body of Philip to the camp, a task of no inconsiderable difficulty, considering the weight of the man and the difficulty of the way.

"Having cut down two stout poles with the Indian's hatchet, and lashed the body of the chief to them, by the aid of his belts, they rested the ends of the poles upon their shoulders, and took up the line of march, the children, with Ninigret carrying his gun, and Mahala at the elbow of David with his musket upon her shoulder.

"I am thinking," said the Indian, after they had got beyond the woods, 'that I never heard a better fire than we made—why there really seemed but one report.'

"David reached his head a little one side to see whether his fellow porter was in earnest in the compliment, or whether he had not some suspicions that only one gun had been discharged, 'Why you know, Ninny, (as he was near the camp he did not think it necessary to call him brother Ninigret,) why you know we fired by word, like captain Church's men.'

"Yes," said the Indian, in his drawling tones, 'and then who would have thought that you could have charged so soon again David,—why you were at the cave long before me, and I had scarcely time to get my powder and wad down. I'll be hanged, if I don't think my old musket will have to bear the blame of Philip's death, and I don't believe she will shoot well afterwards.'

"If you really think so, Ninigret," said David, 'you can even take mine, and I will settle the bargain by giving you both powder-horns.'

"Ninigret consented, and though more than an hundred years had passed, I remembered that I once had just cause to regret the exchange; for the old musket, being preserved in our family, one thanksgiving day, attracted my observation, and seemed to offer itself as a suitable means of exploding a few ounces of powder which I had by some favour obtained. As I was puffing a coal of fire, and applying it to the priming, the whole charge found a ready evacuation *par derrier*, and sadly singed the holiday clothes of myself and little companions.

"Having exchanged guns, the procession moved slowly towards the camp, at which they arrived about 11 o'clock, A. M.

"On inquiring for captain Church, David was informed that he was in council with the officers of a new company which had just arrived from Plymouth.

"What news from Philip," said captain Church, with a smile at the early return of David.

"May the enemies of Plymouth be like him," said the youth, bowing—all started as if to inquire further. "The body of King Philip lays at the door."

"As they moved in a body towards the place, David caught the sounds of a voice which seemed exerting itself to articulate some inquiry—he turned, 'twas the aged Jocelyne—David rushed into his arms.

"And—and—Mahala—surely, when my country is safe, I may inquire—am I childless?"

"She is alive, and with us."

"The old man, overpowered by the excess of his feelings, sunk back upon the seat.

"The officers soon returned, accompanied by Ninigret, satisfied that their work was finished. As they were announcing the rich reward, David's eye caught the form of Mahala, entering—he trembled for the consequence of the interview—she sprung into the arms of her father, who, as he folded her to his heaving bosom, raised his streaming eyes to heaven and

faintly uttered, 'Now, Lord, lettest thou me depart in peace.'

"The feelings of Joscelyne having a little subsided, Ninigret related to the officers the history of their morning's expedition, in which he took care to place the action of David, in rescuing Mahala, in its fairest light. The eyes of Joscelyne gleamed with the fire of youth—which was quenched, however, with the tears of parental pride, when he learned from one of the children present, that Mahala had saved the life of David when he was escaping from the Indian encampment.

"The reward offered by the Governor and Council of Plymouth," said Church, "will be sufficient to place both champions in a fair way of decent competence."

"For the matter of that," said Ninigret, "the old Indian can live without much wampum, nor will his age be greatly sweetened by remembering that it is supported by the price of a brother red man's head. I'll e'en make my baskets and brooms—let the white women buy them. I trow, little Davy, there, will have more need of money than I: it may help him to a wife; but for me, I cannot marry. What squaw will have a red man that has killed his Sachem; and no English woman can wed an Indian. Only, if I have done you service, do not, when poor Ninney is drunk with your rum, do not lock him up in your wooden jail—or thrust his feet into your hateful stocks—for that which you, yourselves, have taught him to do."

"Captain Church having heard the Indian, rose and declared the money offered as a reward for Philip's head, should be divided equally between David and Ninigret, who had both had an equal share in his death."

"David felt a gush of joy as he learned that the liberality of the Colony would now give him a right to claim the hand of Mahala, with a knowledge that he should not make her condition worse by joining her fate with his. But his happiness was soon chilled by the recollection that he really did not have a share in killing Philip."

"He therefore stated to the officers the circumstance, exactly as it stood, and added, that although he felt himself deprived of the share of reward, he was more than repaid in the knowledge that his charge of powder and ball was providentially reserved to preserve the life of Mahala. All were struck with the candour of David, and turned towards the Indian—"Why, I thought," said he, "that two bullets would make more than one wound, though I would say nothing to the prejudice of David."

"A movement of Joscelyne attracted the attention of the company.—'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' said the venerable father, as he placed the hand of the blushing Mahala in that of the trembling David—and loving favour than silver or gold. Take her, my son, she is thine—and may God make her all to thee, that the sainted Rachel was to her father, saving her early death.' David looked with a filial reverence, which spoke all of gratitude that his tongue could not utter."

"The eyes of Ninigret glistened with joy as he rose to say, that if David would share the reward, he would live with him as a friend. Things were easily settled to the satisfaction of all parties. David and Mahala, after receiving the thanks of the Council of Plymouth, were duly published and married."

"In a short time, the fear of the Indians having subsided, David built a small house in Kingston, nearly a mile north of the old garrison, which, I believe, is yet to be seen as 'thou goest down by the way of Jones' River.'

"Here Ninigret spent his days, and some of his nights: a greater part of the latter, however, were occupied in catching eels in the neighbouring stream, or chasing animals over the hills—nor did any one presume to

meddle with the poor Indian, though he should have been twice a week as drunk as a Lord."

"If any one should ask what became of Philip, I can only say, that it is probable that he was buried near Church's camp; but, before that rite took place, a swaggering fellow borrowed the corporal's sword, and cut off the dead Sachem's head.—And this courageous hero's descendants have lately deposited this sword (which it would seem he never returned) in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a memorial of their ancestor, who so heroically decapitated a dead Indian."

"Joscelyne lived among his brethren, revered and beloved, 'till he was gathered unto his fathers like a shock of corn fully ripe."

"Mahala lived to be the mother of many children—David was respected by all around him—his descendants have not been remarkable for any very particular virtues, if we except short memories and long stories."

BALSAM OF MECCA.

THE balessan, balm, or balsam of Mecca, (*Balsamodendron Opobalsamum*.) belonging to the family *Burseracea*, is a native of the eastern coast of Abyssinia, especially at Azab, and as far as the strait of Babel Mandeb. Eruce says, it is a small tree above fourteen feet high, with scraggy branches and flattened top, like those which are exposed to the seaside blasts; the appearance is consequently stunted, and the leaves are besides small and few. He supposes that it was transplanted to Arabia, and there cultivated at a very early period. This was the *Balsamum Judaicum*, or Balm of Gilead of antiquity and of the Sacred Writings, it being supposed at one time to be produced only in Judea. It seems, however, to have disappeared from that country, and the supply to have proceeded from Arabia. Many fables are connected with it. Tacitus says, that the tree was so averse from iron that it trembled when a knife was laid near it, and it was thought the incision should be made with an instrument of ivory, glass, or stone. Bruce was told by Sidi Ali Taraboussai, that "the plant was no part of the creation of God in the six days, but that in the last of three very bloody battles which Mahomet fought with the noble Arabs of Harb, and his kinsmen the Beni Koreish, then pagans, at Beder Hunein, Mahomet prayed to God, and a grove of balsam trees grew up from the blood of the slain upon the field of battle: and that with the balsam which flowed from them he touched the wounds even of those that were dead, and all those predestined to be good Mussulmans afterwards, immediately came to life." To return to the balsam tree: the mode of obtaining it remains to be described. This, according to Bruce, is done by making incisions in the trunk at a particular season of the year, and receiving the fluid that issues from the wounds into small earthen bottles, the produce of every day being collected and poured into a larger bottle, which is kept closely corked. The smell at first is violent, and strongly pungent, giving a sensation to the brain like that of volatile salts when rashly drawn up by an incautious person. The natives of the East use it medicinally in complaints of the stomach and bowels, as well as a preservative against the plague; but its chief value in the eyes of oriental ladies, lies in its virtue as a cosmetic; although, as in the case of most other cosmetics, its effects are purely imaginary.

If refined sense and exalted sense, be not so useful as common sense, their sanity, their novelty, and the nobleness of their objects, make some compensation, and render them the admiration of mankind: as gold though less serviceable than iron, acquires from its scarcity, a value which is much superior.

THE BRIGAND.

MONTALBAN—DE LUQUE.

MONTALBAN. Your business, stranger.

DE LUQUE. That is quickly told.

Before thee stands unscath'd the rebel chief
Whose prowess has thro' all the realm of Spain,
Spread terror wider than its desolation.
I come a suitor to thee.

MONTALBAN. State your will.

DE LUQUE. Beyond the limits of our hemisphere,
Fame's trumpet-tongue has busily proclaim'd
The marvel of thy deeds. In mute amaze
The ragged tenants of the lazar-house
Listen and wonder, while their golden god
Buys their base homage. Now no lazy clown
Groans out his cant of poverty, but thou
Throw'st in his lap thy gold, as 'twere a drug
That stain'd thy conscience.

MONTALBAN. Ha! and who art thou,
That dar'st thus tax my charities?

DE LUQUE. A man!

But one who brooks not haughty questioning;
One who knows better to command than sue—
Who, when he sues, commands. I come to ask
A portion of thy gold—that yellow plague
Which thou dost scatter with a lavish hand,
Among the ignorant and greedy throng,
Who only blotch thy bounties with their vices,
And raise a stagnant mist around thy virtue.

MONTALBAN. If gold's thy only object, freely take
Of mine abundance, for thy frankness draws me,
Despite thy stern and unfamiliar aspect,
Towards thee in fellowship.

DE LUQUE. First know the man
With whom you would in amity unite,
Before you seal the contract. In my breast
The icicles of hate forever form,
Enlarging in their growth, like polar ice,
Intense as that, and deadlier to the touch
Of melting pity. I've been sear'd and scorch'd
Beneath oppression's fierce meridian,
Until my marrow has become a rock
To which my heart has grown, participant
Of its stern nature.

MONTALBAN. But are there no fires
To thaw the ice of apathy within thee?
Are all thy sympathies extinct?

DE LUQUE. All—all—

My heart is marble. Hear and mark, Montalban!
I had a wife and child; my very soul
Was so absorbed in theirs, that all the three
Form'd one united whole: their hearts to mine
Clung, as if their very being hung upon't.
Tho' I ne'er joined the fashion of the times,
And slubber'd mawkish kisses on their cheeks,
Or fumbled them with pestilent caresses,
Ringing my daily darlings in their ears,
Like modern sires and spouses—ne'ertheless
I lov'd them to idolatry: my life
Thriv'd with their thriving, droop'd with their decay.

And in that atmosphere alone I liv'd
Where they shed warmth and brightness.

MONTALBAN. Thou hast rous'd
The slumbering memory of happier times
When I, like thee, was blest. I had a wife
And children too—but they, alas! are gone
Where I would follow them, yet dare not!

DE LUQUE. Ha!

Was it a human hand that dealt the plague
Which made thy paradise a desert? No!
Heaven deals its vengeance, man must stoop to that;
But when the grovelling likeness of ourselves
Lords it in idle mockery o'er his fellows,
And opens a hell to torture us, 'tis then

The rebel swells within us, and the clash
Of mingling passions jars into a storm.

MONTALBAN. I have endured what long has gnarled
my heart,

And left it scarcely pervious to the probe
Of keen sensation. I have suffered much,
Yet bear withal no hatred to mankind.

DE LUQUE. Hear my brief history, and tell me
then

If I have room for love to mortal man.
My wife had early join'd in Luther's creed,
And in the mother's faith the child was rear'd;
Whilst I, who look'd on forms as on old saws,
For which antiquity has gained respect,
Still own'd the Pope pre-eminent. My life,
Which was retired, drew from the meddling throng
A scrutiny that soon conveyed strange tales
Round the distempered neighbourhood, and I
Was pointed, at as one foredoom'd by heaven.

MONTALBAN. Our lot has been too similarly cast,
Not to feel fellowship.

DE LUQUE. Now mark the close
Of my brief tale. My poor, unconscious wife
Was torn from these rough arms, and, with her child,
Shrieking for mercy to the ears of monsters,
Dragged to that den of priestcraft where the doom
Is past, unheard. There the devouring flames
Clung round their bodies, till the gasp of death
Set free the hampered spirit.

MONTALBAN. Injur'd wretch!
I pity thee.

DE LUQUE. Nay pity not, but hate—
Join with me in my loathing to mankind,
And I will clench thy hand, the first rude pledge
Of friendship, but to be dissolv'd in death.
Nigh where the Esta opens her feeble source,
Is the stern outlaw's home,—partake its cheer—
Thou'lt meet a rough, but a right honest welcome.

MONTALBAN. I will accept thy courtesy, and when
We know each other's humours, we may live
On terms of closer union. Lead the way.

* * * * *

MONTALBAN. Why dost thou lead me towards you
towering cliff,
Whose summit peers above the pregnant clouds,
Mocking the angry storms that roar beneath?

DE LUQUE. Approach and listen. Thou hast rous'd,
Montalban,

Memories of days gone by; when, in my fair
And undim'd horoscope, the radiant star
Of my young destiny by heaven's own hand
Seem'd poised in the blue void, without a cloud
To mar its brightness; but alas! how soon
To be o'ercrest with dire and damning ill.

MONTALBAN. Nay, why so sad?

DE LUQUE. Ask the storm why it howls.
Could'st thou but look into my soul, and there
Behold the plague-spots which have sear'd it o'er,
Thou would'st not ask me why I am so sad.
I have done deeds too black for yon fair heaven
To look upon, and my charg'd spirit groans
Beneath its load of guilt. The time is come
When expiation must be made. [*He climbs the brow of
the precipice.*]

Approach

For I would have thee witness that my death
Shall be as stern and fearless as my life.
I'm sick of life and its infirmities,
And long to go to that eternal sleep
Where dreams distract not, and perception's still'd
In everlasting silence. Come what may,
I fear not an hereafter—hell or heaven—
My soul upon the hazard!—[*He flings himself from the
precipice. Brigands approach; Montalban retires
with them behind the mountains.*]

Original.

VIRGINIA WATER:

THE FAVOURITE RESIDENCE OF GEORGE IV.

LOVELIEST spot of the royal isles,
Where nature in endless beauty smiles;
And thro' day and thro' night the song birds wake
Their rapturous notes, o'er bower and lake;
And music, and love, and beauty rose
O'er a luxurious king's repose;
Who wasted 'mid those Cyprian bow'rs,
What Fox had taught in earlier hours.

Here, the glad waters passed along
With all the harmony of song;
While on her path the barge delay'd,
To list to the moonlight serenade:
And the drooping branches kissed the stream,
Which sparkled with joy in the mellow beam:
And the stars look'd out from their azure height,
To witness nature's deep delight.

In such a scene, and such a clime,
'Tis sad to bend to the touch of Time;
To gaze upon the glory round;
The hills with deathless verdure crown'd;
The pomp, the pleasure, and the pride,
Where human bosom never sigh'd;
To think from such delights to sever;
And bitterer far than this—for ever.

But, oh! to him who there enjoyed,
Pleasure's untold and unalloyed;
All that the earth of glory hath,
To please his mind and illumine his path;
To him who spent in royal pleasure,
The soul's most bright and immortal treasure;
To him, indeed, 'twere pain to part,
With a scene so link'd to his breaking heart.

But no favourite heart does Nature know,
The birds rejoice and the roses blow;
And the waters glide as brightly by,
As when beheld by a monarch's eye.
Men fall as leaves from the autumn trees;
Or blossoms strewn by the reckless breeze;
Never can man his breath resume,
But nature has had—shall have no tomb.

But, if lovely now how lovelier then,
When the royal chace awoke the glen,
And the keen-ey'd falcon soar'd above
From the hand of some prince's lady-love?
These were the days when the minstrel's lyre,
Sung beauty's magic and warrior's fire;
And plume and pennon, and casque and lance,
All, fill'd the lists for a lady's glance.

Oh, never was spot, since the wide, wide earth
First leaped from the womb into sparkling birth,
More fitted for pleasure's fairy reign,
Or chivalry's romantic train;
Or the love-tale told in secret bower,
While beauty bent like a sun-touch'd flower,
And smil'd, in her happy heart to hear
The sigh so fond or the word so dear.

But of all the pleasures which *there* may be,
An hour of thought by that wave for me;
When evening's golden wings are furl'd
And silence and night unfold the world.
Where, if a zephyr wake the air,
'Twould seem but the voice of nature's prayer;
And the soul can mount to the starry dome,
Beyond whose light are its hopes and home.

ALPHA.

THE NEW ALMS-HOUSE.

THE "New Alms-House" is an extensive pile of buildings, situated on the west bank of the river Schuylkill, opposite the city of Philadelphia, at South-street, and at a convenient distance from Market-street Bridge on the one side, and Gray's Ferry on the other. The grounds, which comprise a number of acres, extend to the water's edge, where a large wharf, intended especially for the Institution, will be erected.

When completed, the New Alms-House will furnish accommodation for several thousand inmates; for many of whom, separate dormitories will be provided.—Those paupers who are not confined to the wards by illness, will be employed in various mechanical operations, or in cultivating the ground. The police regulations of the establishment will be effective and salutary.

MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

GLUC.—In order to warm his imagination, and transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with a piano before him and a bottle of Champagne by his side, he wrote his two 'Iphigenias,' his 'Orpheus,' and other works.

SARTI.—On the contrary, required a spacious, dark room, dimly illuminated by a lamp suspended from the ceiling, and it was only in the most silent hours of night he could summon musical ideas.

CIMAROSA.—Was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently in the course of a single night he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.

CHERUBINA.—Was in the habit of composing when surrounded by company. If his ideas did not flow very freely, he would borrow a pack of playing cards from any party engaged with them, and fill up the pipes with faces caricatured, and all kinds of humorous devices, for he was as ready with his pencil as his pen, though not equally great with both.

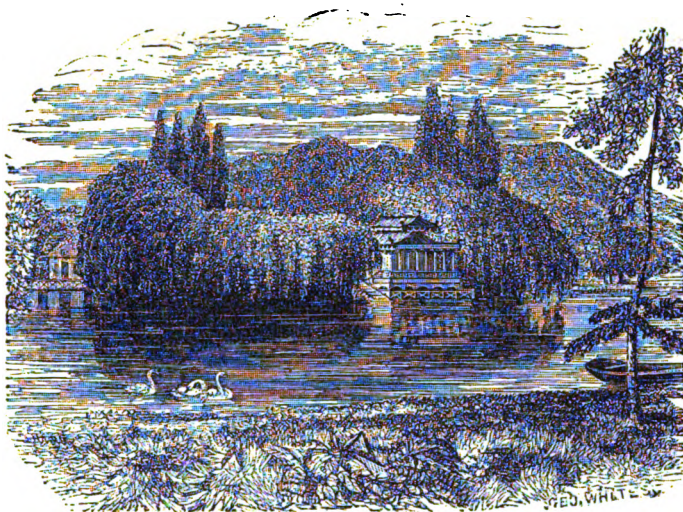
SACCHINI.—Could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gamboling about him.

PASSIELLO.—Composed in bed. It was between sheets that he planned 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia,' 'La Molinara,' and other *chef d'œuvres* of ease and gracefulness.

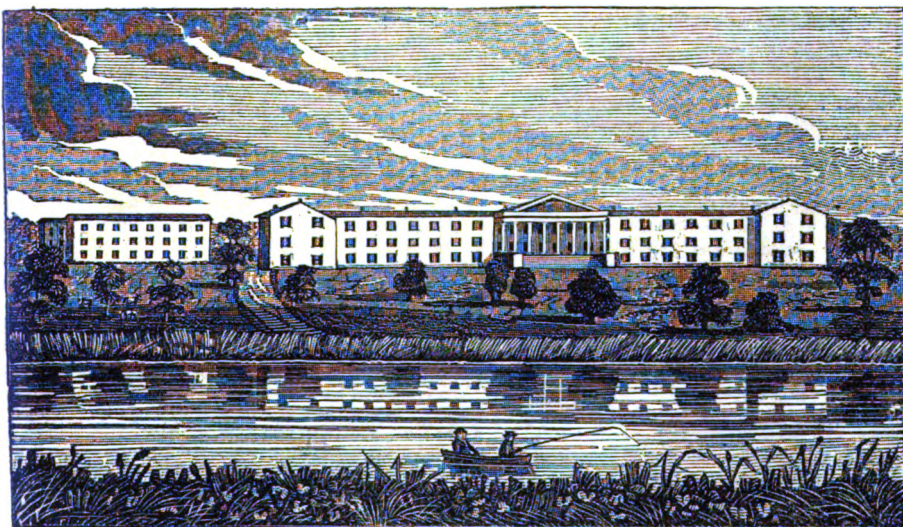
ZINGARELLI.—Would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.

HAYDN.—Solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II, and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a very few moments soared among the choir. Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.—*Harmonicon*.

MAN is born for society—separate him from his kind, place him in an isolated state, his ideas will become distorted, his character will be reversed, a thousand absurd affections will spring up in his heart, his mind will teem with extravagant thoughts, as an uncultivated field is overrun with noxious weeds. Place a man in a forest and he will become a savage; in a cloister, where the idea of compulsion is combined with that of servitude, it is still worse; he may quit the forest, but the cloister he can never abandon. He is free in the forest, he is a slave in the cloister. It requires perhaps more strength of mind to withstand solitude than misery. Misery degrades, but seclusion depraves.—*Diderot*.



VIRGINIA WATER,
THE FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE KING GEORGE IV.



NEW ALMS HOUSE,
WEST SIDE OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, PHILADELPHIA.

Original.

THE MANIAC'S STORY.

THERE are not a few things in the world which it would be well that man should contemplate more frequently—lessons that he should study with the understanding of a philosopher, and with the noble purpose of rendering himself wiser and better. Heaven had made man a little lower than the angels, and although his sin has degraded his nature, and depressed his powers and his merits far below the original standard, yet does he arrogate to himself, a tone more lofty and more bold than he had dared assume, even in pristine innocence—he dares to raise his towering front, not only above the lower orders of creation, but even above his fellow-men, and to say by actions if not in words, “stand aside, I am worthier than thou!”

There are few of us who do not at times indulge this boastful propensity, elevated and puffed up by the circumstances of our existence, fortuitous, or within our own power—be they wealth, or honour, or superior intellect. In the last, especially, do we glory: the triumphs of mind seem best calculated to elicit our admiration of others, or the increased reverence of ourselves. Little do we reflect that the time may come when this intelligence may fail us, or that, striving after things beyond its reach and comprehension, it may burst the confines of reason and launch us on the shoreless ocean of insanity. Should we not then eschew our trust in that, which pressed too heavily, may wreck us in our moment of highest hope, should we not cultivate humility in our actions and our thoughts—forbearing to vaunt our possession of a treasure, “which, like fairy money may turn to worthless leaves and dust.” If we would read a homily to our pride of genius—the most severe but most salutary—we may find it in those melancholy instances where rational consciousness is extinct, and man, possessing the form of man, is no longer an object of reverence and wonder, but of pity or abhorrence.

I was led to these reflections by a visit to the insane asylum at —, England. I had heard the shrieks of the raving, and felt my heart die within me in humble penitence, when I looked upon the vacant features and lack-lustre eye of the harmless idiot. I experienced a sickening sensation as I left the unfeeling, business-like keeper, and pursued my way across the lawn to reach the entrance on the highway; my thoughts flitted rapidly over the scenes I had just witnessed, and I shuddered to think how soon I might be like them. As I approached the gate, I raised my eyes, and saw a figure in my path which riveted my gaze, and made me stand in silent awe. It was a man apparently about fifty years of age, who had evidently once been tall and muscular—he was now considerably bent, and his forehead and cheeks were deeply furrowed. His hair was as white as snow, and hung in curls; his beard, also white, covered his breast and reached below it; and his dress was an odd compound of modern with ancient fashion. The breeches were of faded white satin, carefully buckled at the knee over silk stockings covered with many a darn; his shoes appeared to have been carefully cleaned, and were surmounted with large brilliant buckles. But the upper part of his dress, as far as I could discover, consisted of nothing but a large piece of blue or purple stuff, thrown over his left shoulder and passing round his body after the manner of the Roman toga, and with just that graceful dignity which we are apt to suppose was a mark of the Roman senator. Around the head was twined a wreath of weeping willows, apparently fresh-plucked from the tree, and contrasting mournfully in its lively brilliant green, with the hoary locks on which it lay. I thought

of Lear, and I said to myself, “has he too been cursed with ungrateful offspring—and is this the trophy of their triumph?” It seemed as if I could read untold agony in that furrowed face, in spite of the calmly piercing eye, and the repose, firm indeed, but still repose that was discoverable in the moulding of his pressed lips—there was rather the victory of a mind powerful even in its wreck over intense suffering; and I gazed, and examined, and scanned his whole person with a curiosity and interest, such as I had not heretofore experienced. After a continued scrutiny, in which he followed my eye constantly with his own, he at length spoke in a rich, clear voice, though full of wildness, the following sentences at short intervals, and frequently without any apparent association:

“You look steadfastly at me young man, and your face asks me a hard question—yes, I see it—you are he that I dreamed of last night upon my downy bed—you know it is a downy bed, though they say it is of hair—of hair!—yes, that is a beautiful thing, and so is yours that waves so gracefully over your forehead—it is a fair one, and I know by that, that a certain engraver has not been at work—do you know him?—his name is *Sorrow*—he etches to last—and he will do it soon or late, and then you will be as wrinkled as I. Let me see—you shall have one—two—yes, six furrows across—one for every year—and two besides for the days gone by. Don’t be alarmed—stay—pray stay a little longer—I command it—I will make you my privy counsellor—I would make you my treasurer, but curse them, they have robbed me—of all—my diamonds and gold—except my crown—except my crown! Here is my proclamation—no, that is not it—here, it is the history of my reign—

“With the name of the king
All the land did ring.”

“Read it, and you shall see how princes kissed my hand, and the crowd of nobles fairly squeezed the air out of the presence chamber—ha! ha! ha!—that was a glorious time! and the ladies, too—they were the angels: when I was king the stars went out, and we lived by the light of woman’s eyes—but then they got sleepy—and then, and then, the nobles they vanished—and my sceptre—see here, is it not a proud one,”—and he waved a laurel branch above his head,—“but no matter—this will tell you all about it. That rascal yonder,” (his keeper), “will persuade you it is a lie; but don’t believe the bastard—he, it was, that murdered my queen, and usurped the throne—and the people wept, but it was money that drained the tears from their flinty hearts—but it is no matter. I have drawn a full-length of the devils there, and you can look at them as you list; it is a present—what, refuse!—there, there, take it, and without more words, farewell!—it is not meet a king should hold more words with a subject;—speak well to our beloved people.”

So saying, he stretched out his hand signing me to kiss it, which I did with as much respect as if I had performed the same homage to the Autocrat himself; and then turned away to peruse the manuscript he had so unceremoniously forced upon me. It was as follows:

“MY LIFE.”

“They used to call me the Apollo—and my spirits swelled at that lofty title: for hours together would I contemplate myself in the full mirror that adorned my dressing room, and I exulted and rejoiced that man

was but a beast compared with me; they were all like old misshapen hags, or the vile monster offspring of some unnatural birth; their crooked arms seemed like the unsightly limbs of some crabbed tree, when I admired the gently swelling muscles of my own arrowy limbs, as I raised myself towards heaven and stood erect upon my sculptured feet; and I believed myself a god—and who that looked upon my face would not have thought so too—my eye shot terror into the crowds that cringed around me—my half-open lips swelling with conscious greatness—breathed scorn and contempt upon the idolaters, yet my ears drank in their praises with greediness. Poetry exhausted its magic to weave a garland of harmony worthy of my brow—they called my hair the sunbeams of the divinity, whose name they had stolen for me,—and they spoke of the clusters of raven hair that shrouded my knitted brow, as the thunder-pregnant clouds upon the edge of the beetling cliff. I moved among them as if borne upon the clouds of incense that floated around me, scarce seeming to deign a contrast with the earth; and when I spoke, my voice was like that of the dread oracles of old, at whose awful summons nations have foregone their liberties and stripped themselves of wealth. But I knew that a time must come for all these charms to fade—a time when all these shrines should moulder, and the god be forgotten: and I swore an oath, that my fame should spurn the narrow limits of life—should outlast the body that now held the ascendant; for I was not so bereft of reason as not to feel that all these things must pass away; I did not hope to live forever. So I gathered around me in the dark chambers of my palace, far beneath the ground, in the silence of night, the wise, and the witty, and the ingenious, and I bound them all by a deep oath to secrecy, and then I bade them to shape my soul like unto theirs; and they poured into my spirits the lore of ages in all its sublime magnificence; and they gilded the stream with the blaze of wit, and made it foam with the bubbling waves of eloquence; and when they had accomplished their task I heaped wealth upon them. Then I beheld myself again, and I shouted for gladness at the intellect that beamed in my eye and glanced in every feature; and then I thought I had laid the corner stone of endless glory—that when my bloom should wither, and the blood shrink back to its fountain, I should rule as ever by the sceptre of the mind.

"I did begin to reign:—the greatly learned who once stood aloof from my worship now cast their chaplets at my feet, and I stood confessed the greatest of them all. The angels—I mean the angels of earth—enviored me, and, self-immolated, they were destroyed upon my altars—but I cared not for them, I mocked the anguish of their latest agonies, and laughed at the wolfish gnawings of their maddened conscience; still the infatuated wretches pressed to their perdition—and why should I have hindered them? Was it not becoming in a god to receive such precious sacrifices?

"I moved through the world as the bird of Juno through its narrow realm, strutting with full-blown arrogance, spreading the golden glories of its plumage to the admired and envied. My house was the epitome of European magnificence;—gold was the ornament where the noblest spread their silver with sparing hand, and where shone their scanty gold, my diamonds and rubies burned and glittered with dazzling effulgence. Fountains gurgling from amber vases cooled the breath of ardent summer, and an invisible fire diffused the scented gales of spring amid the chill blasts of dreary winter. My own chamber was the crowning glory of all: its lofty sides were composed of huge mirrors, the mightiest that Venetian skill could construct; the floor of costly mosaic, in figures of quaintness or grace, was only rivalled by the swelling dome above, where every form that imagination could conceive as most lovely, or that the most ardent genius

could depict, clustered around the arching walls bathed in a flood of light from the glittering chandelier suspended from the summit. My couch was formed of down from the snowy bosom of the swan, cased in satin of brilliant dye; cambric and lace were the finest coverings, and the pillow was of ermine more perfect than the monarch's upon his throne, and bound with lace of gold; the drapery was of cerulean satin, the deepest and purest tint that had ever decked the sky, and a fringe of pearls edged it throughout: it was supported by rings of gold, and on every face was the heraldic device I had assumed, brodered in all manner of jewels—and there—did I sleep! For hours after hours have I gazed upon the endless reflections of my chrysal palace—for hours tossed as on the troubled ocean—dreamed things unutterable—and waking, sprang from my couch, tearing into fragments the unvalued treasures that surrounded me, or dashing a chair where I saw him;—I thought it would have slain him, but it only shattered the mirror and left a yawning blank like that of my own heart—and I crept shivering back to my solitary bed, and buried my face in the pillow.

"But I feel the monster coming, and my pen must remain idle, perhaps to be seized again in a moment of horrid phrenzy.

"Oh! she was of those beings that live between earth and heaven, and she assumed a human form to beguile me into love: love! I spent years and knew not what it was; I had heard of it, and my imagination strove to conceive it; but I felt it not;—worship, I understood—it was a prostration of soul and body for gain of good or dread of evil;—they followed me, for I was as a mine of goodly treasures: riches and honour were heaped upon me—but I loved neither the hand that received them, nor that which conferred—God knows I had no love for them: if I had made them or could have swept them from existence like so many worms; if the raising of my hand or the stamping of my feet could have hid them in nothingness, I could not have looked more bitter scorn upon their courtly flatteries; yet the fruit was sweet spite of the tree that bore it.

"But she!—she loved me for myself—supremely, and alone;—the dross of worldly selfishness had not part or lot in the purity of her soul;—it was she that consecrated the glorious night when first I saw her—but it was she that cursed;—nay, she could not;—it was I—my damned passion that made it cursed.

"I was weary and sick of contact with the hireling slaves,—the night sped on, and, mounting my swift steed, I flew from the thronged streets and stifling atmosphere of the man-made city. I breathed more freely as the green fields swept under my eye 'in the clear moonlight, sparkling with dewy jewels,' and silent as the untrodden desert. It was the very deepest hour of darkness;—all the villas were still;—their white sides gleaming in the steady silver sheen;—not a lamp, nor a voice, nor a step bespoke the presence of any thing of human kind; not a sound awoke the echo, save the clattering of my charger's hoofs, as he plunged on, swift and unguided as the wandering lightning. Buried in the labyrinth of my own dizzy thoughts, I knew not whither I was borne, till the freshening breeze, springing up, cooled my fevered cheeks, and tossed the curls upon my temples, for my head was uncovered, though till now I had not taken heed of it. I looked around, and the waning orb of night gave token that it was time to return:—but how, or in what direction? I cast my eyes in every way, but all was new to me, as if I had been transported into fairy land. I was in a little valley formed in the bosom of a cluster of hills:—one side was deeply shaded, but the other gleamed in the emerald brightness of lawn and grove and waving corn. The road was narrow, and soon terminated abruptly before a small house,—almost a

cottage completely surrounded by a dense hedge of hawthorn, and overhung by ancient elms. Where was I? Perhaps in some den of assassins, from whose snare escape was impossible: and I loosened the blade of my dagger, and dismounting, bounded across the hedge.

"Death itself could not have been more mute; but the muteness was not that of danger; it was such as reigned in Eden on the morning of man's creation—it was the calm of innocence. A light beamed from an apartment not far from the ground; I approached softly, and swinging myself lightly upon a limb of a tree, looked down into the chamber. What a sight was that! The man from whose eye the film of blindness has fallen, and who for the first time beholds the beauties of nature, may guess at my sensations. I had beheld the loveliest conceptions of the schools of painting; I had revelled in the witching voluptuousness of Italian art; I had decked my dwelling with the most magnificent productions of Raphael and Titian, and David; I had roved through a galaxy of living models of perfection; sipped the sweets of flowers of the brightest and most glowing hues, and of the most intoxicating fragrance; but here was a being who far excelled the creatures of fancy or of nature; a breathing divinity; a flower—the only one of its kind. I scarcely breathed—my whole soul poured from my eyes; they absorbed the functions of all else; my blood stood still, and like some marble statue, I moved not, spoke not; but appeared bereft of consciousness. A light silk scarf veiled her bosom, without forbidding imagination to prophesy of what that veil concealed. Her hair of chestnut brown was parted in the middle, and coursed down behind the rosy tinted ears till it fell in profuse ringlets over her neck and shoulders: her hands clasped each other, and the tapering arms, blushing with buoyant health through the delicate skin, rested upon the window sill: her lips full, panting, and but partly closed, unfolded the whitest and purest teeth—there was a faint smile upon those lips, that played and waned over the rich cheek and under the long eye-lashes; but it entered not the sanctuary of the eye—that pure deep blue orb rested its full gaze upon the moon that added new purity to the smoothly polished waving throat. Was this not some fairy sporting in the reign of its queen? Was it some spirit purified from earth? or did I dream? Was it some false creation—some cheating phantom to allure me to ruin? I know not:—but a loud neigh from my impatient animal startled my enchantress, and brought me back to life.

"But why dwell upon what followed?—night after night did those sacred shades witness the fervour of our love,—and then her father and brother came with intruding steps;—her father—he was a haughty and penurious noble; her brother, as proud as Lucifer, or as myself:—we met often, but I liked him not—he was not my slave, and therefore I avoided him. But she was my slave, and I was her's, and our chains clanked merrily together. I missed not the prayers of the senseless crowd, for I was worshipped by one whose heart I read as though her bosom was of glass; hypocrisy had not dared to look into it; guile had not even cast its shadow there; but all was fresh unmingled nature; the workings of those fountains which are from the beginning, and which nothing but a tempest can overflow or render turbid. My whole nature became changed: I had something to love besides myself, and all that adoration once offered to self, was breathed to one far worthier. It seemed as if I had treasured up all that had been lavished upon me—all that I had lavished upon myself—for this holocaust; and could I weigh these against the ownership of her heart?

"In the ecstasy of certain and assured success, I demanded her of her father—and—what think you?—none but he could have dared—could I have supposed

it possible!—rather had I seen him roasting at the stake, or headless on the scaffold, than have bent one joint to gain his "Yea." "*Upstart!*" he exclaimed, "*your insolence merits chastisement!*" Chastisement! chastisement!—ha! ha! ha!—yes, that was the word—and did I not tear him limb from limb? No, oh no! I was very cool: I left his presence as a lion turns from the prey he cannot reach, to spring back with deadlier fury. There was a volcano in my breast, for the time smothered and silent, but gathering terror ere it should awake.

"That night I obtained a stolen interview with Ellen, and with well dissembled calmness disclosed the decree of her father; and I saw the high soul burn and toss within her, and her cheek mantle with a blush—the deep blush of shame for such a father. Then did I pray her to be mine—then did I give to the winds and the returnless past, all remorse and pity. I laid not one straw in the way of my passion's whirlwind. Revenge was gnawing at my soul, and I cared not whence it came;—the means mattered not—revenge was my aliment—my hope. Enthusiast never hoped for heaven; or sea-tost mariner longed for the light of blessed day, as I did for the dark banquet of revenge. She saw and felt the consuming fire within me, and she fain would have quelled it:—she hung upon me—she besought me—she turned those angel eyes on mine as if to rob them of their flame—she prayed me to be myself—to remember that he was her father.—But this only added goading to the sharp spur—*her father!* The contrast was too appalling;—that he—the soulless wretch who would have bartered his eternal hopes for an ounce of base metal—that he should have such a daughter—and I hated him more bitterly. Then she commanded me not to harm him; and she made that the condition of her love; and I swore a solemn oath that he should pass my arm unscathed, and I avoided him as a fangless serpent that I would not stoop to crush.

"Not Ellen and I still haunted the dark glade, and still our love grew stronger. Night after night we met, and each but multiplied the intensity of our passion. We counted the globes of fretted fire above us; we sang to the music of the rill; I opened and spread before her the wisdom of the past, and with an eloquence, inspired but by one emotion, I entranced her into mute astonishment; and when excited to the wild energy of earnestness, she would bury her face in my bosom and conjure me to be calm. As well might the Atlantic have essayed calmness on the path of the raging tornado. One look at her; one kiss of welcome as we met, banished all semblance of coldness: her heaving breast, and my throbbing pulses, forbade the thought of separation, and she became my bride—not in the vaulted chapel, not to the pealing of the organ or the solemn tones of the stoled priest, not in the sight of men; no! the oaks of centuries were our canopy and lofty aisles, the echo was our priest, and the anthem of the moaning storm was the music at our wedding. Alas, thou prophet sound! little did we think thee but a shadowed requiem, a type of dread futurity. A blithe honey-moon we had of it; and when Cynthia filled her horns again, we awoke as from a dream: the days flew past and my bride looked sad; and in her melting voice she prayed me to make reparation for her sullied fame, and spare the gray hairs of her aged parent. Then I thought of *chastisement!* and the fiend shook me—and I laughed at the thought of his sorrow! I thought I saw him carried to his grave, and I joyed to think how I should dance above his clay and trample it still deeper into the vile earth!—But I looked on her—I looked upon her pale and melancholy face, and those sweet tempters, and I relented; and for the first time in my life the scalding tears gushed from my straining eyes.

"The next day they sent for me—they, the father

and brother; for they had guessed the secret. I appeared before them, and they bade me be seated; but I stood erect, and demanded why I had been sent for? "To atone for your villany!" shouted the brother; "to give honour to your victim," he cried; his nostrils expanded, his teeth grinding, and his whole frame quivering with rage. I scorned to be commanded or compelled, and therefore I only smiled, but said not a word. Again he called upon me to obey, and the squeaking voice of the old man joined in the chorus.

"Once more he commanded me to make Ellen my wife: I answered but one word, and that was 'never!'" In an instant I lay prostrate on the floor, the blood gushing from my nose and mouth: the next, the door opened and the miserable girl entered; she saw me motionless upon the ground, covered with blood, and her brother, my deadly enemy, standing above me.—She saw his savage look—she reeled, and fell;—I heard a hideous shriek; and, starting from my stupor, beheld her stretched upon the ground: a hideous gash was on her fair temple, whence the life stream rushed in torrents. I snatched her in my arms; I strove to stanch the flow; I held my lips over the wound to keep it together; but the deluge nearly suffocated me.

I pressed my cheek to her's—it was cold and ashy. I held my hand to her heart—one faint beat, and it was still;—the white and glassy eye was upturned—*poor Ellen was dead!*

"The body fell from my hands heavily—I looked up, and saw the brother;—'Devil! murderer!' said I—'this is thy work, and dearly shalt thou rue it.'—Every sinew in my body was strung with a giant's force; my blood boiled furiously, and with a bound and a yell I reached my foe—with both hands round his throat I held him powerless—and I laughed at the baby efforts of the old man to free him. For three long minutes did I clutch the fiend;—I saw the dark blood gather in his swollen face;—I saw his leaden eyes stand from their bursting sockets;—I heard the convulsive rattle in his throat as it writhed under my grasp;—then I felt that all was over, and I spurned the carcass as a dog's. I pressed one long kiss upon the lovely martyr, then fled to the city." And then comes a long blank. "After that the old man rolled in my wealth, and I—why they thought me dead—but didn't know that I was yet a king—aye, a king—is not this a crown—and am I not a king?"

E.

TO A FLOWER

BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.*

If, by the wood fire's blaze,
When Winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of older days
May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherd-race,
Who made the hearth a holy place:—*Swiss Song.*

WHENCE art thou, flower!—from holy ground,
Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field!—thy birth
Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
Pure hands were rais'd to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd, that man should roam,
Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrents foam,
The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
That calm, devoted band;
And rose, and made their spirits felt,
Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grutli's free-born flower!
Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
Which all high thoughts obey.

F. H.

* The field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their Liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

THE ARCTIC LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Gone is the long long winter night,
Look, my beloved one!
How glorious, through his depths of light,
Rolls the majestic sun.
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
The summer is begun!

Aye, 'tis the long bright summer day:
Hark, to that mighty crash!
The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thee where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon this isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear.
Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flaming cloud
Bespeak the summer fled,
And snows, that melt no more, enshroud
The vallies white and dead;
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and lucid dome,
And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by thy couch shall play;
And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile,
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

OUR RECTOR.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I AM no politician, no reasoner upon church and state, the evil or the good of their connexion, a connexion pretty ancient, as far as words go, and tolerably convenient, at times, to both parties, in spite of the jangling which may have occasionally occurred in this as in other unions.

Of late years, however, there has been a prodigious change in the body clerical. The activity of the dissenters, the spread of education, and the immense increase of population, to say nothing of that "word of power," Reform, have combined to produce a stirring spirit of emulation amongst the younger clergy, which has quite changed the aspect of the profession. Heretofore, the "church militant" was the quietest and easiest of all vocations; and the most slender and lady-like young gentleman, the "mamma's darling" of a great family, whose lungs were too tender for the bar, and whose frame was too delicate for the army, might be sent with perfect comfort to the snug curacy of a neighbouring parish, to read Horace, cultivate auriculars, christen, marry, and bury, about twice a quarter, and do duty once every Sunday. Now times are altered; prayers must be read, and sermons preached, twice a day at least, not forgetting lectures in Lent, and homilies at tide times; workhouses are to be visited, schools attended, boys and girls taught in the morning, and grown-up bumpkins in the evening; children are to be catechised; masters and mistresses looked after; hymn-books distributed; bibles given away; tract societies fostered amongst the zealous, and psalmody cultivated amongst the musical. In short, a curate, now-a-days, even a country curate, much more if his parish lie in a great town, has need of the lungs of a barrister in good practice, and the strength and activity of an officer of dragoons.

Now this is just as it ought to be. Nevertheless, I cannot help entertaining certain relents in favour of the well-endowed churchman of the old school, round, indolent, and unbaised, at peace with himself and all around him, who lives in quiet and plenty in his ample parsonage house, dispensing with a liberal hand the superfluities of his hospitable table, regular and exact in his conduct, but not so precise as to refuse a Saturday night's rubber in his own person, or to condemn his parishioners for their game of cricket on Sunday afternoons; charitable in word and deed, tolerant, indulgent, kind, to the widest extent of that widest word; but, except in such wisdom, (and it is of the best), no wiser than that eminent member of the church, Parson Adams. In a word, exactly such a man as my good old friend the rector of Hadley, who has just passed the window in that venerable relique of antiquity, his one-horse chaise. Ah, we may see him still, through the budding leaves of the clustering China rose, as he is stopping to give a penny to poor lame Dinah Moore, stopping and stooping his short round person with no small effort, that he may put it into her little hand, because the child would have some difficulty in picking it up, on account of her crutches. Yes, there he goes, rotund and rosy, "a tun of man," filling three parts of his roomy equipage: the shovel hat with a rose in it, the very model of orthodoxy, overshadowing his white hairs and placid countenance; his little stunted post-boy in a purple livery, driving an old coach-horse as fat as his master, whilst the old white terrier, fatter still, his pet terrier Viper, waddles after the chaise (of which the head is let down, in honour, I presume, of this bright April morning) much resembling in gait and aspect that other white waddling thing, a goose, if a goose were gifted with four legs.

There he goes, my venerable friend the Reverend Josiah Singleton, Rector of Hadley-cum-Doveton, in the county of Southampton, and Vicar of Delworth, in the county of Surrey. There he goes, in whose youth tract societies and adult schools were not, but who yet has done as much good and as little harm in his generation, has formed as just and as useful a link between the rich and the poor, the landlord and the peasant, as ever did honour to religion and to human nature. Perhaps this is only saying, in other words, that, under any system, benevolence and singlemindedness will produce their proper effects.

I am not, however, going to preach a sermon over my worthy friend—long may it be before his funeral sermon is preached! or even to write his eulogy, for eulogies are dull things; and to sit down with the intention of being dull,—to set about the matter with malice prepense (howbeit the calamity may sometimes happen accidentally,) I hold to be an unnecessary impertinence. I am only to give a slight sketch, a sort of bird's-eye view of my reverend friend's life, which, by the way, has been, except in one single particular, so barren of incidents, that it might almost pass for one of those proverbially uneventful narratives, "The Lives of the Poets."

Fifty-six years ago, our portly rector, then, it may be presumed, a sleek and comely bachelor, left college, where he had passed through his examinations and taken his degrees, with respectable mediocrity, and was ordained to the curacy of St. Thomas's Parish, in our neighbouring town of C—; and where, by the recommendation of his vicar, Dr. Grampound, he fixed himself in the small, but neat first floor of a reduced widow gentlewoman, who endeavoured to eke out a small annuity by letting lodgings at five shillings a week, linen, china, plate, glass, and waiting included, and by keeping a toy-shop, of which the whole stock, fiddles, drums, balls, dolls, and shuttlecocks, might be safely appraised at under five pounds, including a stately rocking-horse, the poor widow's cheval de bataille, which had occupied one side of Mrs. Martin's shop from the time of her setting up in business, and still continued to keep his station uncheapered by her thrifty customers.

There, by the advice of Dr. Grampound, did he place himself on his arrival at C—; and there he continued for full thirty years, occupying the same first floor, the sitting-room, a pleasant apartment, with one window (for the little toy-shop was a corner house) abutting on the high bridge, and the other on the market place, still, as at first, furnished with a Scotch carpet, cane chairs, a Pembroke table, and two hanging shelves, which seemed placed there less for their ostensible destination of holding books, sermons, and newspapers than for the purpose of bobbing against the head of every unwary person who might happen to sit down near the wall; and the small chamber behind, with its tent bed and dimity furniture, its mahogany chest of drawers, one chair, and no table; with the self-same spare, quiet, decent landlady, in her faded but well-preserved morning gown, and the identical serving-maid, Patty, a demure, civil, modest damsel, dwarfed as it should seem by constant curtsying, since from twelve years upwards, she had not grown an inch.—Except the clock of time, which, however imperceptibly, does still keep moving, every thing about the little toy-shop in the market place at C—, was at a stand still. The very tabby cat which lay basking on the hearth might have passed for his progenitor of happy memory, who took his station there the night of Mr.

Singleton's arrival; and the self-same hobby-horse still stood rocking opposite the counter, the admiration of every urchin who passed the door, and so completely the pride of the mistress of the domicile, that it is to be questioned—convenient as thirty shillings, lawful money of Great Britain, might sometimes have proved to Mrs. Martin—whether she would not have felt more reluctance than pleasure in parting with this, the prime ornament of her stock.

There, however, the rocking-horse remained; and there remained Mr. Singleton, gradually advancing from a personable youth to a portly middle-aged man; and obscure and untempting as the station of a curate in a country town may appear, it is doubtful whether those thirty years of comparative poverty, were not amongst the happiest of his easy and tranquil life.

Very happy they undoubtedly were. To say nothing of the comforts provided for him by his assiduous landlady and her civil domestic, both of whom felt all the value of their kind, orderly, and considerate inmate; especially as compared with the ricketty recruiting officers and troublesome single gentlemen who had generally occupied the first floor. Our curate was in prime favour with his vicar, Dr. Grampound, a stately pillar of divinity, rigidly orthodox in all matters of church and state, who having a stall in a distant cathedral, and another living by the sea-side, spent but little of his time at C—, and had been so tormented by his three last curates—the first of whom was avowedly of whig politics, and more than suspected of holding Calvinistic doctrines in religion, the second a fox-hunter, and the third a poet—that he was delighted to intrust his flock to a staid, sober youth of high church and tory principles, who never mounted a horse in his life, and would hardly have trusted himself on Mrs. Martin's steed of wood; and whose genius, so far from carrying him into any flights of poesy, never went beyond that weekly process of sermon-making, which, as the doctor observed, was all that a sound divine need know of authorship. Never was curate a greater favourite with his principal. He has even been heard to prophesy that the young man would be a bishop.

Amongst the parishioners, high and low, Josiah was no less a favourite. The poor felt his benevolence, his integrity, his piety, and his steady kindness; whilst the richer classes (for in the good town of C—, few were absolutely rich) were won by his unaffected good-nature, the most popular of all qualities. There was nothing shining about the man—no danger of his setting the Thames on fire—and the gentlemen liked him none the worse for that; but his chief friends and allies were the ladies—not the young ladies, by whom, to say the truth, he was not so much coveted, and whom, in return, he did not trouble himself to covet, but the discreet mammas, and grandmammas, and maiden gentlewomen of a certain age, amongst whom he found himself considerably more valued and infinitely more at home.

Sooth to say, our staid, worthy, prudent, sober young man had at no time of his life been endowed with the buoyant and mercurial spirit peculiar to youth. There was in him a considerable analogy between the mind and the body. Both were heavy, sluggish, and slow. He was no straight-laced person either; he liked a joke in his own quiet way well enough, but as to encountering the quips, and cranks, and quiddities, of a set of giddy girls, he could as soon have danced a cotillion. The gift was not in him. So with a wise instinct he stuck to their elders; called on them in the morning: drank tea with them at night; played whist, quadrille, casino, back-gammon, commere, or lottery tickets, as the party might require; told news and talked scandal as well as any woman of them all; accommodated a difference of four years' standing between the wife of the chief attorney and the sister of the principal physician; and was appealed to as absolute

referee in a question of precedence between the widow of a post captain, and the lady of a colonel of volunteers, which had divided the whole gentility of the town into parties. In short, he was such a favourite in the female world, that when the ladies of C— (on their husbands setting up a weekly card club at the Crown) resolved to meet on the same night at each other's houses, Mr. Singleton was, by unanimous consent, the only gentleman admitted to the female coterie.

Happier man could hardly be, than the worthy Josiah in this fair company. At first, indeed, some slight interruptions to his comfort had offered themselves, in the shape of overtures matrimonial, from three mammas, two papas, one uncle, and (I grieve to say) one lady, an elderly young lady, a sort of dowager spinster in her own proper person, who, smitten with Mr. Singleton's excellent character, a small independence, besides his curacy in possession, and a trifling estate (much exaggerated by the gossip fame) in expectancy, and perhaps somewhat awayed by Dr. Grampound's magnificent prophecy, had at the commencement of his career, respectively given him to understand, that he might, if he chose, become more nearly related to them. This is a sort of dilemma which a well bred man, and a man of humanity (and our curate was both) usually feels to be tolerably embarrassing. Josiah, however, extricated himself with his usual straightforward simplicity. He said, and said truly, "That he considered matrimony a great comfort, that he had a respect for the state, and no disinclination to any of the ladies, but that he was a poor man, and could not afford so expensive a living." And with the exception of one mamma, who had nine unmarried daughters, and proposed waiting for a living, and the old young lady who had offered herself, and who kept her bed and threatened to die on his refusal, thus giving him the fright of having to bury his inamorata, and being haunted by her ghost—with these slight exceptions, every body took his answer in good part.

As he advanced in life, these sort of annoyances ceased, his staid sober deportment, ruddy countenance, and portly person, giving him an air of being even older than he really was; so that he came to be considered as that privileged person, a confirmed old bachelor, the general beau of the female coterie, and the favourite marryer and christener of the town and neighbourhood. Nay, as years wore away, and he began to marry some whom he had christened, and to bury many whom he had married, even Dr. Grampound's prophecy ceased to be remembered, and he appeared to be as firmly rooted in C—, as St. Thomas's Church, and as completely fixed in the toy-shop as the rocking-horse.

Destiny, however, had other things in store for him. The good town of C— was, to its own misfortune, a poor place, an independent borough, and subject, accordingly, to the infliction (privilege, I believe, the voters are pleased to call it) of an election. For thirty years—during which period there had been seven or eight of these visitations—the calamity had passed over so mildly that, except three or four days of intolerable drunkenness, accompanied, of course, by a sufficient number of broken heads, no other mischief had occurred; the two great families, Whig and Tory, who might be said to divide the town, having entered, by agreement, into a compromise to return one member each; a compact which might have held good to this time, had not some slackness of attention on the part of the Whigs (the Blues, as they were called in election jargon) provoked the Yellow or Tory part of the corporation, to sign a requisition to the Hon. Mr. Delworth, to stand as their second candidate, and produced the novelty of a sharp contest in their hitherto peaceful borough. When it came, it came with a vengeance. It lasted eight days, as long as it could last. The dregs of that cup of evil were drained to the very bottom.

Words are faint to describe the tumult, the turmoil, the blustering, the brawling, the abuse, the ill-will, the battles by tongue and by fist, of that disastrous time. At last the Yellows carried it by six; and on a petition and scrutiny in the House of Commons, by one single vote; and as Mr. Singleton had been engaged on the side of the winning party, not merely by his own political opinions, and those of his ancient vicar, Dr. Grampound, but also by the predilections of his female allies, who were Yellows to a man, those who understood the ordinary course of such matters were not greatly astonished, in the course of the ensuing three years, to find our good curate rector of Hadley, vicar of Delworth, and chaplain to the new member's father. One thing, however, was remarkable, that, amidst all the scurrility and ill blood of an election contest, and in spite of the envy which is pretty sure to follow a sudden change of fortune, Mr. Singleton neither made an enemy nor lost a friend. His peaceful unoffending character disarmed offence. He had been unexpectedly useful too to the winning party, not merely by knowing and having served many of the poorer voters, but by possessing one eminent qualification not sufficiently valued or demanded in a canvasser. He was the best listener of the party;* and is said to have gained the half-dozen votes which decided the election, by the mere process of letting the people talk.

This talent, which it is to be presumed he acquired in the ladies' club at C——, and which probably contributed to his popularity in that society, stood him in great stead in the aristocratic circle of Delworth Castle. The whole family was equally delighted and amused by his bonhomie and simplicity; and he in return, captivated by their kindness as well as grateful for their benefits, paid them a sincere and unfeigned homage, which trebled their good-will. Never was so honest and artless a courtier. There was something at once diverting and amiable in the ascendancy which every thing connected with his patron held over Mr. Singleton's imagination. Loyal subject as he unquestionably was, the king, queen, and royal family would have been as nothing in his eyes compared with Lord and Lady Delworth and their illustrious offspring. He purchased a new peerage, which in the course of a few days opened involuntarily on the honoured page which contained an account of their genealogy. His walls were hung with ground plans of Hadley House, elevations of Delworth Castle, maps of the estate, prints of the late and present lords, and of a judge of queen Anne's reign, and of a bishop of George the Second's, worthies of the family. He had on his dining-room mantel-piece, models of two wings, once projected for Hadley, but which had never been built, and is said to have once bought an old head of the first Duke of Marlborough, which a cunning auctioneer had fobbed off upon him, by pretending that the great captain was a progenitor of his noble patron.

Besides this predominant taste, he soon began to indulge other inclinations at the rectory, which savoured a little of his old bachelor habits. He became a collector of shells and china, and a fancier of tulips; and when he invited the coterie of C—— ladies to partake of a syllabub, astonished and delighted them by the performance of a piping bullfinch of his own teaching, who executed the Blue Bells of Scotland in a manner not to be surpassed by the barrel organ, by means of which this accomplished bird had been instructed. He engaged Mrs. Martin as his housekeep-

er, and Patty as his housemaid, set up the identical one-horse-chaise in which he was riding to-day, became a member of the clerical dinner club, took in the St. James's Chronicle and the Gentleman's Magazine, and was set down by every body as a confirmed old bachelor.

All these indications notwithstanding, nothing was less in his contemplation than to remain in that forlorn condition. Marriage after all was his predominant taste; his real fancy was for the ladies. He was fifty-seven, or thereabouts, when he began to make love, but he has amply made up for his loss of time, by marrying no less than four wives since that period. Call him Mr. Singleton indeed, why his proper name would be Doubleton. Four wives has he had, and of all varieties. His first was a pretty rosy smiling lass, just come from school, who had known him all her life, and seemed to look upon him just as a school-girl does upon an indulgent grandpapa, who comes to fetch her home for the holidays. She was as happy as a bird, poor thing, during the three months she lived with him—but there came a violent fever and carried her off.

His next wife was a pale sickly consumptive lady, not over young, for whose convenience he set up a carriage, and for whose health he travelled to Lisbon and Madeira, and Nice, and Florence, and Hastings, and Clifton, and all the places by sea and land, abroad and at home, where sick people go to get well. At one of which she, poor lady, died.

Then he espoused a buxom, jolly, merry widow, who had herself had two husbands, and who seemed likely to see him out; but the small-pox came in her way, and she died also.

Then he married his present lady, a charming woman, neither fat, nor thin, nor young, nor old, not very healthy, nor particularly sickly, who makes him very happy, and seems to find her own happiness in making him so.

He has no children by any of his wives; but has abundance of adherents in parlour and hall. Half the poor of the parish are occasionally to be found in his kitchen, and his dining room is the seat of hospitality, not only to his old friends of the town, and his new friends of the country, but to all the families of all his wives. He talks of them (for he talks more now than he did at the C—— election, having fallen in the gossiping habit of "narrative old age,") in the quietest manner possible, mixing, in a manner the most diverting and the most unconscious, stories of his first wife and his second, of his present and his last. He seems to have been perfectly happy with all of them, especially with this. But if he should have the misfortune to lose this delightful person, he would certainly console himself and prove his respect for the state, by marrying again; and such is his reputation as a sober, excellent husband, especially in the main article of giving his wives their own way, that, in spite of his being now an octogenarian, I have no doubt but there would be abundance of fair candidates for the heart and hand of Our Rector.

WITHOUT all doubt, charity to the poor is a direct and obligatory duty upon all Christians, next in order after the payment of debts, full as strong, and by nature made infinitely more delightful to us. Puffendorff, and other casuists, do not, I think, denominate it quite properly, when they call it a duty of imperfect obligation. But the manner, mode, time, choice of objects, and proportion, are left to private discretion; and, perhaps, for that very reason, it is performed with the greater satisfaction, because the discharge of it has more the appearance of freedom; recommending us, besides, very specially to Divine favour, as the exercise of a virtue most suitable to a being sensible of its own infirmity.—Burke.

* A friend of mine, the wife of a country member, who was very active in canvassing for her husband, once said to me, on my complimenting her on the number of votes she had obtained, "It was all done by listening. Our good friends, the voters, like to hear themselves talk."

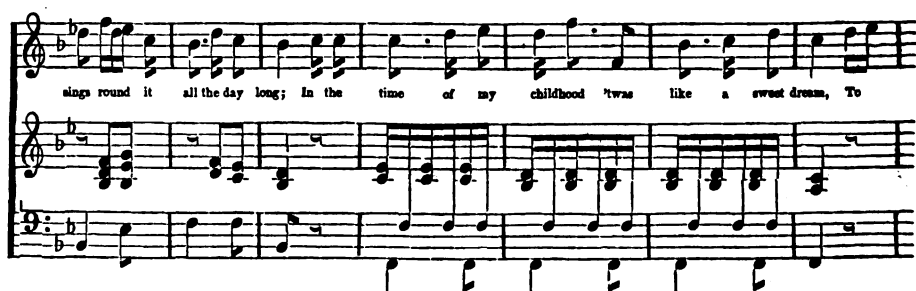
THE BOWER OF ROSES;

BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK,

BY EDWARD L. WHITE—NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by J. Edgar, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



ne - ver for - got, But oft when a - lone, in the bloom of the year, I

think is the night - in - gale sing - ing there yet? Are the roses still bright by the

calm Ben - de - meer.

8va. loco

II.

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave
 But some blossoms were gather'd, while flushly they shone,
 And a dew was distill'd from their flow'rs, that gave
 All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
 Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
 An essence that breathes of it many a year,
 Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
 Is that bow'r on the bank of the calm Bendemeer.

Original.

LOPEZ DE VEGA.

It is related, in the history of the life of this great writer that no less than eighteen hundred comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales*, (a kind of sacred drama,) exceed four hundred, besides which, there is a collection of his poems, of various kinds, in twenty-one volumes. He said, of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to one hundred and thirty three thousand, two hundred and twenty-five sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days, which it would have been difficult for another man to copy in the same time.

John Perez de Montalban relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnivale at Madrid, Lopez and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lopez took the first act, and Montalban the second which they wrote in two days, and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalban seeing that Lopez wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lopez, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lopez replied—"At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written one hundred and fifty other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalban the eight sheets, and the hundred and fifty verses.

Lopez de Vega was twice married. His last wife bore him a son, who died at about eight years of age; the mother did not long survive the child, and this double blow fell most heavily upon this great man. His domestic happiness broken up, Lopez de Vega entered the church, with enough of religious feeling to render him an exemplary priest; but not with so much as to induce him to renounce his literary career, or even abate the ardour with which he pursued it. He was admitted into the congregation of priests, natives of Madrid. So eminent a man was considered as doing honour to the society which he had chosen; and he was very speedily elected first chaplain, in compliment to his endowments; and in testimony of the exactness with which he discharged his priestly offices. Upon the publication of his *Corona Tragica*, a poem upon the death of Mary Queen of Scots, which he dedicated to *Urban the Eighth*; that Pontiff wrote him a complimentary letter, made him promoter Fiscal of the Reverend Apostolic Chamber; sent him the habit of St. John, and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Theology.

He probably took orders at about forty years of age; he lived to be seventy-three; but, towards the close of his life, his mind as well as body seems to have given way; abandoning himself to the Manichean superstitions, he refused to eat meat when his declining health rendered it necessary, because he thought it expedient for the health of the soul, to mortify the body, and he practised self flagellation with such severity, that it is supposed to have hastened his death: after a cruel discipline of this kind, on Friday the 22d of August, 1635, he fell ill, and expired on the Monday following.

"His death," says one of his Spanish biographers, "caused a universal commotion in the court, and in the whole kingdom." Many ministers, knights, and prelates were present when he expired: among others, the Duke of Sesa, who had been the most munificent of his patrons, whom he appointed his executor, and who was at the expense of his funeral; a mode by which the great in that country were fond of display-

ing their regard for men of letters. It was a public funeral, and it was not performed till the third day after his death, that there might be time for rendering it more splendid, and securing a more honourable attendance. The grandees and nobles who were about the court, were all invited as mourners; a *novenario*, or service of nine days, was performed for him; at which the musicians of the royal chapel assisted: after which there were exequies on three successive days, at which three bishops officiated in full pontificals; and on each day a funeral sermon was preached by one of the most famous preachers of the age. Such honours were paid to the memory of Lopez de Vega, the most prolific, and, during his life, the most popular of all poets, ancient or modern. Whatever may be the present estimate of the talents of Lopez de Vega; particularly in other countries than his own; certain it is, no writer ever enjoyed such a full share of popularity. Cardinal Barberini, (says Lord Holland,) followed Lopez, with veneration, in the streets; the king would stop to gaze on him; the people crowded round him whenever he appeared; the learned and the studious thronged to Madrid from every part of Spain to see this phoenix of their country; and even Italians, no extravagant admirers in general, of poetry that is not their own, made pilgrimages from their country for the sole purpose of conversing with Lopez. So associated was the idea of excellence with his name, that it grew a habit in common conversation to signify any thing perfect in its kind: and a Lopez diamond, a Lopez day, and a Lopez woman, became fashionable and familiar modes of expressing their good qualities.

Original.

HANNAH MORE.

A FEMALE instructor, a dramatic writer, a poetess, an author of several publications, whose moral and religious tendency, and the warm philanthropy by which they are evidently inspired, have indisputably established her claim to rank with, if not precede, the great benefactors of mankind.

How few in the paths of literature, how very few, can boast that the purity and utility of their writings have kept pace with their intellectual endowments—too often, alas! in an opposite ratio. The rare praise of not having written a page without a strong, a palpable bias to mend the manners or reform the heart, is the envied merit of Hannah More. Surely no higher tribute can be paid to the talents of an author, particularly a female, than the universal acknowledgment that every page she has written has been subservient to the cause of virtue;—that her great and only aim was, by wholesome precept to soften the ills of this life, and point out the surest, safest means, of attaining everlasting happiness.

Miss More, for many years, presided over an establishment for the education of young ladies, at Bath, in England.

Mr. Burke once observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds—
"What a delight you have in your profession!"

"No, sir," said Dr. Johnson, taking up the question.
"Reynolds only points to get money."

A spirited argument was the consequence of this unexpected assertion, in which Miss More with an animation inspired by a love of the arts, took a decided part against Dr. Johnson, and was eloquent in defence of the disinterestedness of Sir Joshua; insisting, with much of truth, that the pleasure experienced by the artist, was derived from higher and more luxuriant sources than mere pecuniary consideration.

"Only answer me," said the moralist, in an impressive tone, "did Leander swim across the Hellespont, merely because he was fond of swimming?"

Original.

TO A BIRD,

WHICH FLED ON THE AUTHOR'S APPROACH.

BRIGHT bird of the summer
That sung on the tree,
Why leave the wild hush
Of the woodland to me:—
Why deem me of those
Who in winter's bleak hour,
Refuse thee repose
In the brake or the bower?

When winter came down,
Bringing death on his wings,
Thou felt'st not his frown,
Nor the lightnings he flings;
Then young one of summer
Say why dost thou fly,
Giving back the wet grief
To my heart and mine eye.

Does Nature direct thee
To see us as foes,
As she made thee too pure
For our tears and our woes?
Oh! 'tis the same Nature
That made thee so bright,
Which rendered my spirit
Far darker than night.

But Nature gives pity
Where Nature gives breath;
Then come with thy song
From the brier on the heath—
And oh! I shall bless thee,
With bosom as lone,
As ever looked up
To Eternity's throne.

For my soul bath a friend
In thine innocent strain;
Which thro' earth and thro' ocean
I've looked for in vain.
Then, bird of the summer
That sung on the tree,
Come share the wild hush
Of the woodland with me.

ALPHA.

THE LOVE LETTER.

SHE holds the letter in her eager hands,
'Tis from the absent one—most loved—most dear—
Yet statue-like and motionless she stands,
Nor dares to seek her fate—she looks in fear
On the mute herald, ready to bestow
The tidings of her weal—or of her woe!

Perchance, that long-wished record may contain
The chilling courtesies of studied art,
Or speak in friendship's calm and tranquil strain,
Mocking the feelings of her fervent heart,
Perchance, O! thought of bliss: it may discover
The hopes—the fears—the wishes of a lover!

See, she unfolds the page, and trembling reads—
From her dark eye one tear of feeling gushes,
The sudden sun-beam of a smile succeeds,
And now a radiant hope of burning blushes
Oershades her cheek and brow—her doubts are past,
Love crowns her truth and tenderness at last.

Fain would she silent sit, and meditate
O'er her new bliss thro' evening's placid hours,
But gay assembled guests her presence wait,
And she must braid her ebony hair with flowers,
And join the throng—with hurried step she flies,
Her soul's sweet triumph sparkling in her eyes.

Within the gathered folds of snowy gauze,
That veil her bosom, rests the magic scroll,
And those who greet her entrance with applause,
Guess not the talisman whose dear controul
Teaches each look, each accent, to express
The trilling sense of new found happiness.

She wakes her lute's soft harmony, and sings—
Oh! once her very songs appeared a token
Of her deep grief, and she would touch the strings
To tales of hapless love, and fond hearts broken:
But now her lays are all of hope and youth,
Of joyous ecstasy, and changeless truth.

Her guests depart. The moon beams clear and bright,
O'er her still chamber cast their radiance even,
And kneeling in the pale and silvery light,
She breathes her grateful orisons to Heaven,
Then seeks her couch—O! may repose impart
Fair visions to her young and happy heart.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

It is public opinion that gives value to all life's ornaments. A stone dug out of the earth shining brightly, and called a diamond, has, in public opinion, a value amounting to many thousands of pounds—take away public opinion, and it is not worth a straw. Its variety gives it a value, but it is public opinion that sets value upon variety itself.

It is one of the errors of old age to make comparisons between the present and the past, at the former's expense.

He who has not had his portion of infelicity, cannot feel for his fellow creatures as he should do, nor relish life as he ought.

It is falsehood only that loves and retires into darkness. Truth delights in the day, demands no more than a just light to appear in perfect beauty.

Petty and shuffling excuses, which satisfy vain and little minds, do but irritate generous ones, still more than the fault which they would explain away—there is no valid repentance but that which is full and sincere.

A chesnut tree grew at Tamworth which was 52 feet round, it was planted in the year 800; and in the reign of Stephen, in 1165, was made the boundary and called the great chesnut tree. In 1759 it bore nuts which produced young trees.

Man is a creature very inconsistent with himself: the greatest heroes are sometimes fearful; the sprightliest wits at some hours dull; and the greatest politicians on some occasions whimsical. But I shall not pretend to palliate or excuse the matter, for I find by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit, longer than two minutes after twelve of the clock at night, between the 18th and 19th of next month.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel something unpossessed,
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.

It is the same with understanding as with eyes: to a certain size, and make just so much light as necessary, and no more. Whatever is beyond, brings darkness and confusion.

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, as they have more vanity to be pleased: and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

——Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself: but argued, gives a kind of credit
To a false accusation.

The seat of wit—when one speaks as a man of the town, and the world—is the playhouse.

Suffering is sweet, when honour doth adorn it.
Who slights revenge? Not he that fears, but scorns it.

The greatest parts, without discretion, as observed by an elegant writer, may be fatal to their owner; as Polyphemus, deprived of his eye, was only the more exposed, on account of his enormous strength and stature.

The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark, their odour is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is stronger in sunny climates.

It has been observed, that in Italy the memory does more than the eye. Scarcely a stone is turned up that has not some historical association, ancient or modern; that may not be said to have gold under it.

It is truly disgusting to see the scandalous manner in which ladies pamper those nasty, little, good-for-nothing wretches, called lap-dogs.

Want merely unties the cords of life; but disappointment, mortification, embarrassment of circumstances, rends them with a hard convulsive wrench; for the expression of which, imagination can find no adequate figures.

Our first rate works of genius have been almost all produced *currente calamo*. I am often astonished at the excellence of a work, never at the rapidity with which it was written. It is much easier to conceive that "Humphry Clinker" and "Guy Ranning" were written in three months than in as many years.

There are some vices which almost border on virtues: but meanness is of so grovelling a nature, that even the other vices are ashamed of it.

A person who has treated you with attention, but now with indifference, labours under a conviction of having previously mistaken your character, or is now chargeable with misconstruing your conduct; the first

shows a mortifying want of discernment, the last a pitiable want of generosity.

We are sometimes apt to wonder to see those people proud, who have done the meanest things; whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of them, often make the composition we call pride.

Praise is like ambergris; a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

Too elaborate a reply against an impotent defamer, is only to fire at a target; you waste your powder and ball.

It is always dear to buy a thing cheap which one does not want; so it is sometimes dearer to receive a thing as a present, than to pay the price of it.

How beautiful she is! I gaze on her,
As the old miser counts his hoarded wealth;
With this sole difference—his regard surveys
The precious heap, and finds it still deficient;
Still it doth lack what his o'er-anxious heart
Most eagerly desires; but when my eyes
Do read the soft perfection of her face,
I think the fates have granted me enough.
I knew not such felicity could be
On this side heaven; and with requited love,
Supremely blessed and happy; pass on world,
Or good or bad, alike thy ways to me,
In my own world, where nothing I regret
But that a life so sweet should be so brief.

Ribaldry is the secretion of some spirits, particularly the common prize-fighters of political party: it is like the offensive effluvia which serves some animals for attack and defence: a contest with it is out of the question.

Nothing is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising, when the flame that burned before is not yet quite extinguished. Thus, at the hour of sunset, we behold with pleasure the orb of night ascending on the opposite side of the horizon. We then enjoy the double brilliancy of the two celestial luminaries.

The possession of riches never bestows the peace which results from not desiring them.

Men apt to promise, are apt to forget.
So much of passion—so much of nothing to the purpose.

Peevishness is more destructive of happiness than passion, because it operates continually.

RECIPES.

PUNGENT SAUCE.—(SAUCE PIQUANTE.)

Put into a saucepan, a half-pint of vinegar, a branch of thyme, two or three sprigs of sweet marjoram, a leaf of laurel, a clove of garlic, a shallot or a little onion, and cayenne pepper and salt to your taste. Add a glass of broth or gravy. Stew the whole slowly till it is reduced to two thirds of the original quantity: then strain it.

ANCHOVY SAUCE.—FOR FISH.

Cut the flesh of three anchovies into small shreds, and steep them in vinegar for half an hour or more. Then mince them fine, and throw them into a saucepan with a little butter rolled in flour. Add pepper and mustard to your taste. Pour in sufficient vinegar to cover it, and let it boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Strain it, and squeeze in a little lemon-juice before you serve it up.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1858.

FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

EVENING DRESS.—Blue watered silk *faconnee rayee* with tulle and satin folds on the body, and blonde to fall all round, blonde sabots, chip hat with three blue feathers.

Yellow satin dress with a black blonde cap and bows of riband, black blonde sabots.—Head-dress of black blonde and riband.

THE GUIDE TO DRESS.

In a Letter, translated from the French—Paris, 1853.

MY DEAR LOUISA!—With you the season is commencing, with us, alas! it is finished. For myself, I have remained at Paris when every body else has quitted it, and have not yet made up my mind when I shall follow their example. The town is most abominably dull, and I cannot express to you with what regret, I have seen all my friends leave it for the country, or the different watering places. I am enabled to describe to you a few toilettes which I have lately seen at different breakfasts; but you will, perhaps, find them very simple, compared with the splendid dresses which are displayed at your brilliant parties.

As to new materials, we have none, but Miss C. informs me, that, in this respect, you are far more fortunate than we are. I understand you have some beautiful things quite in the style of former days, and which we shall not see till the winter. In truth, my dear friend, it must in future be from you that I should look for information respecting the fashions, for you have certainly now persons among you who bid fair to eclipse our *marchands*, and, after what I have seen, are fully competent to give them lessons in taste.

Muslin dresses, or pelisses, *organdie brodee*, lined with different colours, are worn for half-dress, the capes trimmed with a quantity of lace; betwixt the rows of lace are ornaments of gauze riband.

The luxury of habit shirts is carried this year to a greater extreme than ever, and you would scarcely believe to what an extravagant price we go for the *collifichets*.

In more dressy toilettes, I have seen some very pretty gauzes used for those which are made with short sleeves. These dresses are generally a *corsages a pointes*, trimmed with white and black blonde. Some ladies use old-fashioned laces to trim those which are less dressy. The former have always an under-dress, either of satin, or of *gros de Naples* of the same colour with the gauze, and sometimes the white ones are lined with colours, pink, blue, lilac, citron, and English green.

I have had some dresses made for a country party in the neighbourhood of Paris, where I am going to spend a week.

I must first, however, mention to you a riding habit, which I intend to take with me to the country for my riding excursions, and which every person to whom I have shown it thinks beautiful. You know that we never trust a tailor with the making of those costumes,

but on the contrary we put them into the hands of our most experienced dress-makers; they are thus much more graceful than when made by men.

The petticoat of my riding habit is of dark green cashmere; the *corsage* is a beautiful *canezou* of plaited batiste, and embroidered. This *canezou* has a small embroidered collar, trimmed with a Valenciennes lace, under which a cravat is placed, which ought always to consist of China or watered *gros de Naples*. I have several *canezous*, but I have described the prettiest.

I have a very pretty pelisse in *glace gros de Naples*, parouquet green and white, the sleeves very large above, and very small below; the *corsage* flat, the front trimmed with bows of riband, and with this pelisse I wore a *mantelet* of black blonde, trimmed with riband of the same shade as my dress. I also wore with it a hat of *chip*, with a bunch of pink and green flowers; it was trimmed with blonde and pink riband. Instead of buskins, which are only worn of a morning, I have had laced gaiters of bronze *gros de Naples* to wear with English leather shoes of that colour.

For dinner, I have a lawn dress of lilac, a *l'oreille brochee* of the same colour, with short sleeves, the *corsage a drape et pointe*, the mantille of black blonde; with this I wear long open-worked mittens, exceedingly fine. When I have not my head dressed, I wear with this *toilette* a small cap of black blonde, with flowers the colour of the dress, and gauze ribands.

I have another dress for rainy weather. It is of China silk, with a bronze ground; it has small *ramages* of bright colours, a flat *corsage* and pelerine to match, with long points embroidered, and borders of different colours. I have also had made for this *neglige* a hat of *tissu straw*, with a half-veil of black blonde, and black ornaments. I have also some very pretty *peignoirs* for the morning, one of chalis, with a large Gothic pattern; another of *La Chine* made a *coulisses*, and a third of *jaconet muslin*, trimmed with *garnitures* of embroidered muslin.

I have several morning caps in blonde and muslin trimmed with lace. Hats continue to be worn somewhat larger, and few are made without feathers or flowers and ornaments of blonde. Aprons of *moire* in deep colours, either embroidered or trimmed with black lace, are quite the rage.

Small bags of figured *gros de Naples*, or of black lace, lined with light colours, are worn more than ever. *Mantelets* are likewise worn of puce and black silk, lined with all sorts of light colours, and trimmed with black lace or blonde, having a falling collar also trimmed with these materials.

Morning dresses are generally made in the form of pelisses. The form of evening dresses has not at all changed since my last letter. I have seen nothing remarkable at the play, for all the fashionables have relinquished the theatres for the present, and are not likely to visit them for several months to come.

Adieu, my dear Louisa,

Yours, ever sincerely,

A. DE M.

SIR ROGER DE CALVERLEY'S GHOST.

Your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

This thing of darkness

I acknowledge mine.—*The Tempest.*

THE little village of Calverley, about six miles from the town of Leeds, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque that can be found in the west riding of Yorkshire. The whole of the riding may, indeed, challenge competition, for the richness and variety of its scenery, with any place of similar extent in the kingdom; and, among the many charming spots which it contains, Calverley is entitled to the pre-eminence. The road from Leeds to this village is pretty, even now; but, at the time to which this tale relates, it was infinitely more so. Calverley Wood, which the necessities of subsequent proprietors have reduced to very modest dimensions, extended in the seventeenth century for nearly four miles towards the town of Leeds. The river Aire ran through a part of it, and bounded its extremity, where a large wooden bridge was thrown over it.

There is not a child (not to say an old woman) in the neighbourhood but knows—and, if you should doubt the fact, will swear—that this wood is haunted by the ghost of Sir Roger de Calverley, who was pressed to death in the reign of Edward IV. in consequence of his refusing to plead to an indictment against him for murdering two of his children. Some of what lawyers call the “ancient people” have even seen the ghost with their own proper eyes, and all the inhabitants know somebody who has seen it. The story goes, besides, that the hours of the spectre’s appearance are between twelve and one o’clock at midnight; and that he will leap behind the traveller as he passes through the wood, and ride on the horse’s crupper to the next running stream.

That the ghost did once appear, and act in the odd manner here imputed to him, cannot be doubted; because the facts, as they are detailed in the following history, are as true as any story that ever was told.

The whole of the domain on which the village of Calverley now stands, and the wood just mentioned, as well as a noble mansion called Calverley House, the very ruins of which have disappeared, were in the beginning of the civil wars the property of the Vavasour family. Soon after the commencement of the troubles, Sir Ralph Vavasour died, and left the honours and the estates of his ancient house to be supported by his only son.

Sir Edward Vavasour was of a temper wholly unfitted for the times in which it was his lot to live. He had availed himself of all the advantages which his rank and fortune afforded him; and, after being carefully educated at home, had passed several years in France with his maternal relations, who were of one of the first families in that country. His mind was highly cultivated, and all his habits were of that polished and refined kind which can only be acquired by a residence in courts, and the society of enlightened and noble persons. On his return to England he was soon acknowledged to be among the chief ornaments of the British nobility. The king distinguished him by his favour; and the winning suavity of the youthful baronet’s manners, added to his accomplishments and personal advantages, made him an universal favourite with the inhabitants of the court.

He had married, shortly before his father’s death, the Lady Margaret Butler, a distant relation of the Earl of Newcastle; and this union cemented that intimate friendship which a congeniality of taste had

already formed between Sir Edward and that gallant nobleman.

The state of the times obliged him to retire to Yorkshire, as well to take possession of his paternal estates as to repress by his presence some of the disorders which were beginning to manifest themselves. The influence which a landlord then possessed over his tenantry could not be loosened by any very sudden process, because it was the consequence of numerous and almost paternal kindnesses on the part of the superior, which the inferiors duly appreciated; and it was then no less the desire than it must always be the interest of both parties to support each other. Owing to this feeling on the part of his tenants, the district in which Sir Edward resided, was comparatively tranquil; and he remained at Calverley for some years, a quiet, but not an indifferent, spectator of the events which took place, and without finding any occasion to take an active part in the contest, which raged around without reaching him.

The pernicious contagion of example did, at length, however, reach Calverley; and Sir Edward saw with great pain that he had no alternative but to take up arms against the parliamentary power, whose object, (however just might be the pretences on which they had set out,) now seemed to be the establishment of a tyranny at least as hateful as that of the worst kings. Sir Edward was full of that true and fervent courage which springs from a perfect rectitude of principle and reason, but he was nevertheless reluctant to become a soldier. After the description which has been given of his character, it will be seen that fear (a sensation to which, indeed, he was a total stranger) had no share in causing this disinclination; but it was induced, because he felt he could be more usefully, if not more honourably, employed than in making war, and because nothing but the most stern and unyielding necessity could justify the shedding of blood in such a cause as that which now divided the kingdom, and had broken asunder the most holy and kindly bonds of humanity and of society. Driven, however, to adopt a course which he regretted, he was no sooner convinced that it was at once imperative and inevitable, than he proceeded to enter upon it with the utmost alacrity. He raised a troop of his own tenantry, and, taking an affectionate leave of his mother, of his beautiful young wife, and of two lovely children, who had been added to crown his matrimonial felicity, he placed himself at the head of his retainers, and joined the standard of his friend, who was now the Marquis of Newcastle.

His activity and skill were of the greatest service to the royal cause, and had the effect of exposing him in proportion to the hatred of the opposite faction. Military rank was offered to him repeatedly, and was as often refused without the least hesitation. His reply to the king himself, and to his friend the marquis, was always the same. He had joined the army because he felt it was his duty to support the state, which he saw in danger. The post of a mere volunteer afforded him as good an opportunity of discharging his duty, as he could look for in a much higher rank, and he felt that a simple command was most consistent with his character as a country gentleman. There were, besides, a sufficient number of aspirants for promotion; and he might, perhaps, have thought that his openly declining to increase the number, would teach some

of them to moderate their pretensions: but, although he had no other command than that of captain of his own company, his achievements had been of such a nature as to attract the attention of the enemy no less than of his own party. In the northern counties of England his name was well known; and, great as was the reputation of the Marquis of Newcastle's forces, he was confessed on all hands to be one of its chief ornaments.

Up to the period of the battle of Marston Moor the cause of the king seemed in a prosperous condition. The event of that conflict, however, gave a blow to the royal interests which they never afterwards recovered. Prince Rupert not only insisted upon giving the enemy battle, contrary to the opinion and advice of the Marquis of Newcastle; but he persisted in so ungracious a manner, and so entirely took the command out of the hands of the marquis, that, even if the issue had been less disastrous than it was, the latter nobleman never could again have endured to bear arms in a cause which should place him under the orders of the rash German prince.

It is not necessary to detail the course of that unlucky fight, which, after seeming to incline in favour of either side, at length terminated in the total defeat of the king's troops. It is well known that, notwithstanding the discontent for which the Marquis of Newcastle had so much cause, he, and the force under his command, signalized themselves by deeds of the most determined valour; that they bore the whole weight of the enemy's attack; that they more than once turned the tide of the battle; and that, if they had been allowed to follow up the advantages which they had gained, the defeat of the parliamentary forces would have been certain and signal. The rashness of Prince Rupert led him into an absurd pursuit of one division of the enemy; while his envy of the marquis's superior abilities forbade his surrendering to him any part of the direction of the battle. The consequence was that the close of the day found the much larger part of the king's troops irretrievably beaten; and Prince Rupert then retreated with his horse, and such of the infantry as chose to follow him, within the walls of the city of York. The dead bodies of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiments marked the position which they had taken up in the beginning of the fight, and from which death in its most overwhelming shape had not been able to force them.

The Marquis of Newcastle, his staff, and a few of his officers, who, being well mounted, were able to accompany him, retreated also to York when the face of the fight had become so desperate, that to stay any longer was wholly unavailing. Sir Edward Vavasour fell early in the action; the most painful search was made for his body on the following day, by the orders of the Marquis of Newcastle, but in vain. A few days afterwards some of his servants were sent by his mother, who had influence enough to obtain permission of the parliamentary commander for this purpose; but their endeavours to discover their master amidst the disfigured slain were equally fruitless.

Besides the mischief, which a discomfiture like the loss of such a fight as this must always occasion to the cause of the party upon which it falls, the secession of the Marquis of Newcastle was no less injurious to the king. The Marquis, very soon after the battle, expressed his intention of quitting a country, which, he said, he was convinced he could not save, but which he still loved too well to witness its falling a prey to the ruin which must necessarily ensue. He withdrew with the small number of his adherents who remained; and, escorted by a single troop of horse, he went to Scarborough, where he embarked on board a ship of his own, and sailed for Hamburgh.

The affliction of the family at Calverley may be better imagined than described at the news of the

defeat at Marston Moor, and the death of Sir Edward. All the ordinary forms of mourning were adopted; search was made, as we have already said, for the body of the baronet; and this proving unsuccessful, the old Lady Vavasour, who was a woman of uncommon energy, and whose conduct had secured for her the respect even of such of her neighbours as had espoused the opposite party, procured, without much difficulty, permission for herself, her daughter-in-law, the children, and her servants, to repair to Hull, where she had engaged a vessel to carry her to France, her native country.

It now becomes necessary to impart a secret, which, if the Roundheads had been acquainted with, would have thwarted the dowager lady's plans, and somewhat have frustrated the events of this history. Sir Edward Vavasour was not dead. It is true that he had fallen at Marston; and it is no less true that nothing would have induced him to quit the field alive, if he had been in a situation to act for himself.

At the moment, however, that he fell, a gentleman who was devotedly attached to him, and who had always an unlucky habit of interfering in the concerns of other people, happened to be close by him. This was Sir William D'Avenant, who, from having been, in the "piping times of peace," merely an idle courtier and poet, had now become a soldier of some renown; and, being an adherent and retainer of the Marquis, he was intrusted with a nominally important command, which somebody else executed for him. He loved Sir Edward with the warmest and most disinterested affection; they were sworn brothers: in their less busy times they had capped verses at court, and once clubbed a masque at a royal entertainment. The knight's duty ought to have kept him in York on that day: but his busy propensities led him to Marston Moor; and, when there, his inclination induced him to fight near Sir Edward Vavasour.

Sir William's courage was of a companionable quality; he could never fight until some one would set him the example: by himself, he said, he felt like one line in a couplet, in want of another to rhyme with. He confessed he was so indolent, that, upon some occasions, he would rather be kicked than fight single-handed; yet, such was the sociability of his temper, that, side by side with a real fighting man, he would lay on like one of the Knights of the Round Table. He had been mauling all the parliamentarians who came within his reach with true poetical fervour, bestowing along with each blow some quaint imprecation or odd nick-name upon his adversary, to the great amusement of the soldiers near him, with all of whom he was a great favourite. Not one of the rogues that he smote but he had a jest or a sarcasm for; and he had been cracking skulls and jokes until his strength and his wit were considerably impaired. The conviction that the day was decidedly going against his party came at the same moment that he found himself making a short blow and a bad pun. At this instant, too, he saw his friend Sir Edward go down from a blow dealt to him by a rawboned butcher of Tadcaster, who was a captain in the parliamentary army.

"Knave!" he cried, as he spurred his horse against this ruffian, "thou shalt no more shed the blood of man nor of beast!" and, rising in his stirrups, he cleft the savage giant's head nearly asunder, and brought him down to the ground. "Thus," he continued, "do I revenge my friend, and many a score of honest sheep and oxen."

At this moment a vigorous charge drove back the enemy; and Sir William, whose courage, now that his friend was not able to back it with his example, began to flag, and, like Acres' "to ooze out at his fingers' ends," thought it was an admirable opportunity to return to York, and to carry the prostrate Sir Edward with him, where his wounds might be tended,

if, indeed, (which he very much doubted) medical skill could avail them.

With the assistance of an old soldier, of whose life this was the last kind action, (for a random shot from a Roundhead blacksmith's petronel sent him soon afterwards into the kingdom of the ghosts,) he placed Sir Edward, now nearly insensible, before him on his horse, and set off at a round pace towards York. He soon found, however, that it was hopeless to attempt to reach the city, for a party of the enemy's horse lay before him. To his still greater mortification he saw that he was observed by them: turning, therefore, his horse's head round, he spurred without sparing, and fairly fled away, not knowing nor caring whither, so that he might distance them.

In this he succeeded, for the foes were at that moment much too busily employed to think of pursuing him very far. He proved on this occasion the truth of his favourite saying, that his greatest talent consisted in running away; and, after half an hour's riding, he had completely distanced the soldiers who endeavoured to take him, and had blown his horse. Night was now drawing in: he alighted from the charger, and, loosening his girths, he asked Sir Edward what he thought it would be the best to do?

The baronet was too much exhausted with the pain of his wounds and the loss of blood to answer at any length; but he contrived to express his opinion, that, if by any means they could reach Calverley, it would be better to do so, since all hopes of returning to York were cut off.

"Sounds!" cried the knight, "that's easier talked of than done, my dear Sir Edward. Poor Hamlet, here, whom I so named in honour of my godfather, Shakspeare, and because, his black hide looks in as deep mourning as the Danish prince's suit of sables, is blowing like a smith's forge. What sayest thou, lad?" he continued, apostrophizing the steed, and patting his neck, "canst thou carry us a dozen miles before supper-time? Thou'lt try, I warrant."

He walked by the horse's side for some time, until the animal had pretty well recovered his wind; and, then mounting him again, they proceeded at a sharp pace by a cross road, which Sir Edward was able to describe to his companion, in the direction of Calverley.

Within about five miles of Calverley, Sir William perceived a man before him, mounted on a stout gelding. To accost him he knew was dangerous; but to pass him without doing so might engender suspicions, which could scarcely be less injurious in his present condition. He therefore boldly rode up, and civilly saluted him.

"Whither goest thou, friend?" asked the stranger, in the snuffling tone adopted by the puritans of that day.

Sir William found that the stranger, though not drunk, was what is courteously called "rather disguised in liquor;" he also knew instantly of what description of person he must be, and that he had every thing to fear from him if he should discover who he was. He therefore replied that he was a clothier going to Leeds, and that his companion, who rode before him, had been thrown from his own horse, and was so much hurt that he could not keep his saddle without assistance.

"Art thou a friend to the cause?" asked the stranger.

"With all my heart," replied Sir William; although he was quite sure that the stranger spoke of a very different cause from that to which he meant his own equivocal answer to reply.

"Thou hast a passport from Sir Edward Fairfax, then, to travel this road?" said the stranger.

"I have," replied Sir William, to whom a round lie never cost an effort; and who, as far as his invention could stretch, was never without a passport.

"I have authority to inspect it," said the stranger; and, when we come nigh unto the house of reception, called by the ungodly the Fighting Cocks, about a mile hence, thou shalt produce it before me, that mine eyes may see the truth of thy ways."

"Willingly," said Sir William; "but I pray thee, sir, tell me who it is that this dark night has brought me acquainted with?"

"I am Ananias Fats," replied the other, "an unworthy servant of the Lord: I minister the word of the Meat High, and fight his battles with the arm of flesh when need is, seeing that I am, besides, a captain of Hewson's regiment."

"We must cut his throat," whispered Sir William to his companion. "Art thou that holy man," he added aloud, and with a conventicle twang—"art thou he, whose pious exhortations do arouse the lost people, and whose speech stirs up their sleeping zeal, even as the trumpet rouseth the war-horse?"

"Yea, verily, I am that unworthy vessel," replied Brother Fats.

"And how do thy labours prosper?" asked Sir William in a similar tone. "Do the people of this land hearken unto thy counsel, and give ear to thy pious inspirations?"

"Deaf! deaf!" replied the other, who thought he had fallen in with one of his own stamp. "Were it not that the arm of flesh is strong, and that I can smite those who will not be persuaded, this place would be little better than a howling wilderness. Lo! there are many who do shut up their ears and close their understandings against the counsel of my lips."

"Ignorant and deluded people! But they are of the baser and more brutish class, I must believe."

"Not always, for there is a stiff-necked generation even among those who have horses and chariots, and whose treasures are filled with silver and brass."

"Alas! alas! who are such blind and deaf wretches! who are they that, like the adder, are deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely?"

"There be many such, my brother; and, among others, there is the malignant Lady Vavasour." Here Sir Edward made an impatient movement, which D'Avenant repressed. "I am now," continued the Puritan, "on my road, to try once more if I can open her eyes to the sinfulness of her ways, and prevail upon her to bring back to his duty her wilful son, who has taken up arms for the man whom he calls king."

"Here's a crop-eared villain!" whispered D'Avenant. "But how," he pursued aloud, "do you gain admission to her ladyship?"

"The Parliament's arms are too strong to brook denial, and I have their authority for what I do; so that, albeit her ladyship loveth not the holy ones, I do, nevertheless, purpose to sojourn beneath her roof for many days. It is, as I have been told by Brother Goggle, a goodly dwelling; and the cook is a man cunning in his art, and much skilled in the science of the flesh-pots of Egypt. I shall tarry there, for it is the duty of the saints to feed upon the substance of the unrighteous."

While the communicative Ananias, under the influence of certain potations of ale, was telling his new acquaintance what he meant to do, the latter held a short colloquy in whispers with the baronet. The result of their conference was very soon put into practice. Sir William pulled up his horse, and alighted under the pretence that he had cast a shoe. Ananias checked his beast also; and, before he had time to say a word, he found himself unhorsed and prostrate, with his false friend's knee on his breast, and his pistol at his throat.

"If you speak or stir, you Roundhead villain," cried Sir William, "this moment is your last. Now, where is the commission you told me of?"

Ananias was one of those amiable men who are

never fond of fighting, although they often talk of it; and he was not so drunk but that he knew two men against one were odds, particularly when the one man is on the broad of his back, with a loaded pistol only half an inch from his throat.

"Spare my life, gentle cavalier," said the prostrate Puritan. "Let me live, and you shall have all I possess."

"If you had as many lives as are in Plutarch, I would not spare one of them, unless, in the first place, you give me the commission," repeated Sir William. "Where is it thou wicked Ananias?"

"In my saddle bags," replied Ananias.

"Clap them on our horse, Sir Edward," said the knight to his companion, who, notwithstanding his weakness, had alighted, and now immediately transferred the bags to Hamlet's back.

"And now," said Sir William to the Puritan, "if I should spare thy forfeit life, and give thee another chance with the old one to save thy soul, wilt thou take thyself away from this neighbourhood? for I swear to thee, upon the word of one that hates all Puritans as much as he hates the great devil, who is the father of them and thee, that, if thou art found within thirty miles of this place for the next month, I will spoil thy exhortations for ever. Dost thou promise to obey?"

"Yea, verily, I do, perforce."

"Clap them on our horse, Sir Edward," said the knight to his companion, who, notwithstanding his weakness, had alighted, and now immediately transferred the bags to Hamlet's back.

"So thou wilt spare my life, I promise," said the elder.

"Why, then, I think I will spare thee, not for any love of thee, but because I hate the blood of all thy race, so much that I would not even let it out when I can avoid it. But give me thy sword," he said, as he loosened the sword-belt of the elder, and handed the weapon to Sir Edward; "and I think, too," he added, "I will have thee change clothes with me."

He loosened his grasp a little, and helped the Round-head to rise, but still kept his pistol near enough to make an impression on him.

"Now, then," he said, "unfrock, and speedily! 'It is a naughty night to swim in,' but thou must strip. Be quick, Ananias; thou wert never before honoured with such a *valet de chambre*. Come, thy cloak and band, and the rest of the sheep's clothing in which thou dost enanoce thy wolf's body. Come quickly!" and he added a blow with the flat side of his sword, to quicken the tardy operations of the elder, who, with many wry faces and great reluctance, did as he bidded.

Sir William then transferred his pistol to Sir Edward, with a particular request that, if the Puritan evinced the least symptoms of treachery or refractoriness, he would be so obliging as to shoot him through the head without hesitation or ceremony.

Sir Edward promised; and the knight stripped off his own uniform with great despatch, making Ananias put it on, while he assumed his garb.

When the exchange was completed, Sir William pinioned Ananias's arms, and helped him upon his horse; after which he tied his legs very effectually beneath the animal's belly.

He then went to the road side, and cutting up a stout thistle, he carefully tied it under the tail of the elder's steed.

"There!" he said, "Ananias; as I have prevented thee from smiting thy charger's sides with thy spurs, I have provided for thy rapid journey by putting a goad to his tail; and, as the beast looks to have mettle, I warrant that he will not shortly slacken his pace."

As he finished speaking, he gave the horse a smart blow, at which he set off in a gallop; and the incessant motion of the thistle, which at every bound struck against his flanks, soon increased his pace, to the terror

of Ananias, who went off like Mazeppa on his wild horse.

"Away! away! and on they dash—
Torrents less rapid and less rash."

The elder's journey was not very long: the horse, maddened by the constant stinging in his rear, kept on with unabated speed until he reached a *delite* of the parliamentary army, placed about ten miles short of York. The horse, attracted by the light of the soldier's fire, bounded towards it: the guards, seeing a man in the royal uniform riding up to them, betook themselves to their arms; and, before Ananias, who was breathless with fright, could make himself understood, he was shot through the head by a particular friend and townman of his own, Tribulation Holdfast, who had quitted his trade of a cobbler to become a corporal in Cromwell's regiment. Ananias and he had been companions in wickedness from their boyhood upward, and had both taken to the thriving trade of hypocrisy just at that time when every body who knew them predicted that the gallows must be their inevitable fate. They had both been poachers and deer-stealers: Tribulation had a habit of squinting, and was always reckoned a crack shot by night, or at other improper and unseasonable times; but his skill was never advantageous to the rest of the world, excepting on this occasion. When he examined, by the fire-light, the face of his prey, he was astonished to find his old friend Ananias, and still more so to see him bound hand and foot, and in the uniform of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiment. He was, however, sure that there was a mistake in some quarter or other; and, to put an end to any needless inquiries, which might turn out unpleasantly for himself, he, with the assistance of his comrades, dug a hasty grave, in which the carcass and the memory of Ananias Fats were buried together.

Sir William D'Avenant knew nothing—and, if he had, he would have cared as little—about the rogue he had thus sent headlong to meet his fate. Sir Edward—who, faint and exhausted as he was, had not been able to refrain from laughter at the manner in which D'Avenant had stripped the Puritan, and then dismissed him—now asked his friend what he purposed doing?

"I do intend, with your honour's permission," he replied, "to present myself at Calverley Hall, in the venerable character of Ananias Fats. It would be something dangerous, as well to the good ladies there as to our own insignificant throats, to appear in our proper persons at this juncture: I propose, therefore, to go first, and sound the place; after which I will return to you, and effect your entry. Do you approve of this?"

"Do as you will—your ingenuity and discretion are the best qualities in the world to rely upon in danger; and, just now, I am really so much exhausted that I am wholly incapable of any exertion."

"No matter, gentle cavalier; I will personate this zealous brother so to the life, that, if you could see me, you would be fain to cry out, with Falstaff's hostess, 'O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as I ever see.'"

"I believe," he continued, as they rode onwards, "that I was born under an acting planet: the theatre seems to be my destiny; and, unless these pestilent Puritans should succeed in rooting out, as they threaten to do, the drama from this nation, I believe I shall take up with poetry, and the stage at last. All this comes of having a dramatist for thy godfather: if any other than gentle Wilt Shakespeare had held me over the font, I might have escaped so beggarly a lot; but, hang care! I would not exchange such a sponsor for a better—even if the world ever saw a better, which I doubt

They now approached Calverley Hall, and, by Sir Edward's directions, rode through the park to a small summer-house, which stood at the end of the garden. Here the poet assisted his friend to alight; and, having bestowed him safely upon a couch, he turned his horse into the carriage road, and trotted up at a smart pace to the great entrance. After rapping for some time with the butt-end of his pistol at the door, he heard steps proceeding along the spacious hall; and soon afterwards a small wicket in the door was opened, and he saw the white head of old Gervase, the butler, peeping through it.

"How now? who knocks here at this time o'night?" was asked from within.

"Verily, one of the brethren, who seeketh to commune with the Lady Vavasour," replied the knight, in the tone of the character he had assumed.

"Then, my brother, you must come to-morrow," replied the servant, with an ill-tempered scorn, which raised him highly in Sir William's opinion. "My lady sees neither brother nor sister to-night."

"Man, thou art uncivil," said Sir William; "I have General Fairfax's commission to enter this dwelling."

"This is not General Fairfax's house, but my master's Sir Edward Vavasour; and, unless you have his commission, you enter not here." A good deal of grumbling about "crop-eared canting thieves" followed, which was not quite distinct.

"Do you then resist? and must I use force?"

"You must do just as you like, only I tell you that I have a firelock here; and Ralph, the gardener, has gotten another, which he'll fire from the other side of the house when he hears mine; and, this pitch dark night, we can neither of us tell one o' the brethren, as you call yourself, from a housebreaker; so, unless thy hide be bullet-proof, 'ware making any disturbance here."

Sir William heard the old fellow winding up the lock of his piece; and, when he had finished, the iron-shod butt of it rung upon the stone floor of the hall. He began to think that his masquerading might turn out seriously, so he alighted and approached the door.

"Gervase," he said, in a lower tone, and in his natural way of speaking, "if you love your master, open instantly. I am alone, you have naught to fear."

"Body o' me, though," cried the old butler, to whom the voice was familiar, "that cannot be one of the brethren! Let us look at thy face, man;" and he held his candle up to the wicket.

"Lord love your honour, I know you by your nose," cried Gervase, as he hastened to undo the heavy fastenings of the door, and to admit Sir William.

In a few words the knight explained to him the necessity there was for keeping Sir Edward's arrival secret, lest, as he feared, after the defeat at Marston, the whole country should fall into the hands of the parliamentarians, and in that case his life would be hardly safe. For this purpose he told the butler that he intended to keep up the character of the Puritan whose clothes he wore; and that with the exception of himself and the ladies, he wished no one in the house to know him but as Brother Ananias Fats. He then bade him accompany him to the little pavilion, whence they carried Sir Edward into the house unperceived, most of the servants being at this time in bed. Sir William, after having seen Hamlet safely stabled, desired to be announced to the ladies.

Their anxiety to know the result of a battle, in which Sir Edward was certain to be engaged, had prevented them from retiring to rest; and, although it was now near midnight, and of course long past the hour at which even ladies of quality in those times sought their pillows, the Ladies Vavasour were still up. The dowager lady was employed in working at a tapestry frame, in which she was assisted by a pretty black-eyed girl, an attendant, somewhat above the

degree of a servant. The Lady Margaret had been reading aloud the Countess of Pembroke's "Arcadia," and was just arriving at the termination of the tragic story of Argalus and Parthenia.

The progress towards a perfection of style, which our language has made since the period when this delightful romance was written, prevents us in a great measure from relishing the quaintness of its expressions; but, in spite of this disadvantage, it would be impossible to deny to it as a whole, and to this episode in particular, the possession of very powerful pathos.

The Lady Vavasour had read the account of the death of Argalus, and the sequel, showing how the poor heart-stricken Parthenia, carried by her grief beyond the bounds of reason and the customs of her sex, had put on the armour of a warrior, and, calling herself the Knight of the Tomb, defied, in this disguise, the gallant Amphialus, by whose hand her lover had fallen. Her taunts and insults provoked Amphialus, who would willingly have spared her, to inflict a mortal wound upon her neck; when, upon alighting to see the face of his unknown discourteous antagonist, he discovered, to his grief and horror, that she was a woman.

"The head-piece was no sooner off, but that there fell about the shoulders of the overcome knight the treasure of faire golden haire, which, with the face (soone known by the badge of excellency), witnessed that it was Parthenia, the unfortunately virtuous wife of Argalus; her beauty then, even in despite of the passed sorrow or coming death, assuring all beholders that it was nothing short of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes having, with continuall weeping, gotten a little redness about them; her roundly sweetly-swelling lips a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour Death; in her cheeks the whitenesse, striving by little and little to get upon the rosinesse of them; her neck (a neck, indeed, of alabaster) displaying the wound, which, with most dainty blood, laboured to drown its own beauties; so, as here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfittest white, each giving lustre to the other, with the sweet countenance (God knows) full of an unaffected languishing. Though these things to a grossly conceiving sense might seem disgracious, yet, indeed, were they but apprelling beauty in a new fashion, which (all looking upon through the spectacles of pity) did even increase the lines of her natural fairenesse; so as Amphialus was astonished with grief, compassion, and shame, detesting his fortune, that made him unfortunate in victory."

This tale had excited abundance of tears from the two ladies, whose anxiety for Sir Edward's fate made them full of sympathy for the fabled woes of the personages of the romance; while the black-eyed Dorothy—whose heart had yet experienced so few sorrows of its own, that her tears were always ready to start for those of others, either real or imaginary—wept until she could hardly see her needle.

This melancholy party was disturbed by the entrance of Gervase, who announced Master Ananias Fats, to the astonishment and displeasure of the ladies. They could not conceive what had induced the butler to depart from the ceremonious respect with which he usually approached them, and more particularly in favour of a man bearing such a name.

There was, however, no time to chide, for Ananias entered close upon Gervase's heel, and, with the insolent awkwardness which distinguished the Puritans of the time, he advanced towards the old lady, keeping his hat on, and saluting her in no other way than with a long drawing sigh, partaking somewhat of the mixed nature of a groan and a snuffle.

The old lady drew herself up with all the dignity she could command; and, if looks had the power to slay, hers would have pierced the pseudo Ananias through and through.

Sir William, however, looked at her without changing the affected gravity of his countenance. "Sister," he said, "if thou art she whom men call the Lady Vavasour, I would speak with thee."

"I am the dowager Lady Vavasour."

"Hum! Dismiss the maiden."

"I can have no conversation with thee which she as well as all the rest of my household may not hear."

"Sister, be not obstinate;—again I say unto thee, dismiss the maiden."

"I have no other reply to make to your insolence, but to request you will speedily do your errand, (unwelcome, whatever it may be,) and that you relieve me from this intrusion."

"Sister, thou art—a woman." He added, in a lower tone, "*Il faut qu'elle nous quitte; les nouvelles dont je suis chargée ne sont que pour vous et Madame.*"

The old lady was more astonished than ever at hearing the Puritan speak in French. She saw immediately that there must be some mystery; and now she could account for the abruptness of the entrance of Gervase, who, she did not doubt, was acquainted with it. She therefore told Dorothy, whose large black eyes were rolling about in utter astonishment, to retire.

As soon as the girl was gone, Sir William untied the string of his high-crowned hat, and, his hair falling about his shoulders, he appeared in his own shape—that of an old and valued acquaintance. He related the fatal event of the fight at Marston; the destruction of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiments; the ill fortune of Sir Edward; and shortly touched upon the manner of his escape. This recital, short as it was, was interrupted by the anxious inquiries of the tender and affectionate Lady Margaret, who, when she learnt that her husband was in the house, insisted on being led to him instantly. Sir William moderated her impatience as well as he could; he assured her that Sir Edward was in no danger, although his wounds would render him incapable of any exertion for several days to come; but that which had the most weight with her was his representation of the peril to which her husband's life might be exposed if it should be known that he was at Calverley. A council was held as to the best place of lodging the wounded baronet at once safely and commodiously. It was soon decided that he should occupy two small chambers which formed part of a suite of rooms, and from which a secret staircase led into a little pavilion in the garden: this staircase was seldom opened, and known only to the old servants; and the entrance to the rooms with which it was connected, being in the wainscot, might be easily concealed by a couch, or any other piece of furniture. The preparations were soon made, and before morning Sir Edward was safely installed in his new quarters, and under the care of his fond wife and mother. Here he lived for nearly a month: he was able to take exercise at night in the grounds and in the adjoining wood, and the days were passed in the most agreeable manner. His wounds, which their numbers alone rendered formidable, were nearly well; and he now began to think what steps should be taken for the future. To stay in England seemed useless to the king's cause, and dangerous not only to himself, but to those who were far dearer to him than himself. The example the Marquis of Newcastle had set him of quitting the kingdom, which, if he had been alone, he would not have followed, now seemed the best course for him to pursue, and to this the persuasions of his mother and his wife also strongly inclined him. The dissensions, and, as it sometimes appeared to him, the devoted follies of the royal party, were hardly less disgusting than the falsehood and villany of the parliament. At length he resolved to adopt this measure. The news of his death had long been received at Calverley, and was universally believed by all but those who were in the secret. The servants had been all

put into mourning, and preparations made for the departure of the ladies and the children to France. Permission was obtained without much difficulty, because the prospect of so fat a sequestration as the estate at Calverley was too enticing to permit the members of the council to throw any obstacle in the way of it.

Sir William D'Avenant liked so well the character of the Puritan that he continued to keep it up, and he had even the audacity to travel to Hull under the name of Fats, notwithstanding the possibility which he believed might exist of his meeting the real owner of that dignified appellation. Our readers know that such a possibility was, to say the least, a very remote one; but Sir William, who was not so sure of that fact, had resolved, in case he should meet him, to outface the brother; and he did not doubt that, after a whole fortnight's practice, he should be enabled to beat him, even at his own weapons.

He went to Hull for the purpose of engaging a vessel to carry the Lady Vavasour and her household to France, and had the good fortune to light upon an honest fellow, who commanded a smuggling lugger, and who hated the parliament so much that it was with difficulty D'Avenant could get him to treat with a person of his appearance. Having, however, invited him to the inn at which he lodged, he made so favourable an impression upon the skipper as to overcome all his scruples, although he did it at the expense of a headache, the consequence of keeping the seaman in countenance while he discussed a huge can of a composition, that he called *rumbo*, and which he mixed with his own hand. By the time they were at the bottom of their beverage, the skipper, drunk as he was, was satisfied that D'Avenant was no more a Puritan than himself, and he promised to hold himself ready for sea as soon as he should receive orders. Gamblers and smugglers and thieves are all honourable men, and scrupulously observant of their promises when it suits their interest to be so: of such men it may be truly said, that their words are better than their bonds; and as, in this instance, Master Roger Blurt could get nothing by breaking his engagement, he stood to it like a stout fellow.

Upon Sir William's return to Calverley the preparations for the removal were set about with the greatest diligence; and, in the course of a very few days, the chief part of what was intended to be taken away was carried down to Hull. The other arrangements were also completed, and it was settled that at the close of the day the ladies should depart in a carriage; under the escort of old Gervase and another servant, and accompanied by Brother Ananias, who had condescendingly promised to see them embark.

A livery suit had been provided for Sir Edward exactly like that of the servant who was to attend the carriage with Gervase; and it had been settled that he should make the first part of the journey in the carriage, and that the party should not set out until late in the day, in order to shun observation. They were to cross the bridge at the end of Calverley Wood, and then to take a road by which they should avoid the town of Leeds, where the greatest, or rather the only, danger awaited them. After travelling all night, the servant, a trusty lad, the son of one of Sir Edward's tenants, was to be dismissed, and the baronet to take his character and his place. Relays had been provided on the road, and the whole journey was to be made without stopping any longer than might be wholly unavoidable.

No plan could have been more cleverly arranged; but it is the fate of all human plans to be subject to accidents, which traverse and baffle them. As poor Burns sung,

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-glee;"

and those of the junto at Calverley were not exempt from this common lot.

On the day fixed for the departure they were sitting after dinner, and the conversation had taken a melancholy tone, which was probably occasioned by their being about to quit a spot around which all their best affections were entwined: the prospect, too, of going to another and a foreign country, perhaps for ever, under all the disadvantages of exile, and exposed to innumerable privations so hard to bear by persons who had, until this time, lived in almost unlimited opulence, was not very cheering. If it had not been for the charm (oftentimes deceitful, but, even at the worst, still a charm) which Hope throws about the human heart in its saddest moods, the sorrow of the inmates of Calverley would have been greater; but they thought of their return, and this mitigated their regret at being compelled to depart.

Sir William D'Avenant, whose cheerfulness and vivacity were never to be subdued, drew a glowing picture of the delight with which they would greet Calverley when a short residence abroad had made them duly appreciate its beauties, which he said they were far from doing at present.—Then he talked of France, whither they were going; he described the gaiety and brilliancy of the French court, until he even made the gentle Lady Margaret think it might be as well to see it. He spoke to the old lady of the stately dignity and decorous etiquette which prevailed there—of the respect with which the aristocracy was treated by the people—until she believed that, if she could come back when she liked, she should have pleasure in visiting again a country which she had not seen since her childhood, and which was the native land of her ancestors. He praised the chivalrous and gallant spirit of the youth of France, and talked of the superior refinement and grace which pervaded the higher orders of the nation, until the baronet was persuaded that it was better to live in France, until quiet should be restored to England, than to stay losing his time and his labour in fighting the Roundheads. Sir William had even made Dorothy, who was sitting in a bay window, think that there was nothing so dreadful in going to France, when Gervase entered with a look of considerable alarm, and put an end to his harangue.

"Away, away, your honour, to your hiding-place! Here's a troop of the cursed Club-men coming up the avenue, and God knows what may be their purpose."

In a moment the baronet retired to his chamber; the entrance was carefully closed, and the party had resumed their places, when the leader of the party, whom Gervase had descried, entered the room in which they were sitting.

This man was well known to the Lady Vavasour, and to all the household. He was by trade a millor, and lived at a short distance from Leeds. In his youth he had been one of the most troublesome blackguards that the county could produce; the terror of the quiet people of his own rank, and universally hated. He had been often whipped and imprisoned, and once narrowly escaped hanging; for which good luck he was indebted to the late Sir Ralph, who took pity of his tender years. Having reached the age of forty, he on a sudden became marvellously pious, and, by a consequence then quite in the usual course, he also became a resolute rebel. The habits of his former life, perhaps, led him to join the Club-men rather than the regularly organized forces of the Parliament. They had more of a buccaneering commission; and, unless they were belied, they did not care which side they plundered, so that they did but plunder.

The qualifications of Sampson Ryder could not be overlooked in such a society; he soon procured a command, and was the dread of the whole county. The inhabitants of Calverley had long expected to suffer from his attacks; but he had kept aloof from

them in a very singular manner, and had, on all occasions, shown an inclination to be as civil as the brutality of his nature would allow of. Rascal as he was, he could not but remember that the late Sir Ralph's intercession alone had saved him from the gallows: the old baronet had, besides, been a kind and considerate landlord to Sampson and his father, and he could not quite bring his mind to the commission of any outrage on the Calverley family. His coming on the present occasion was not of his own choice, but in consequence of an order from Fairfax, who had sent him to see the house cleared, and had given him, besides, particular directions to take care that no persons should accompany the ladies but such as had already received permission. This injunction was rather the result of that jealous policy which the general always pursued, than of any suspicion that the suite of the Calverley family would contain any of the royalist fugitives; and of the existence of Sir Edward he had not the most distant notion. Ryder had also been directed to leave a guard at the hall, and to place the rest of his men at a barrier called Bradford Gate, about a quarter of a mile from the side of the bridge nearest to Calverley. This barrier had been strengthened in order to prevent any hostile approach, of which Fairfax said he had received some intimation.

Sampson Ryder, upon his entrance, made a bow, in which his mingled arrogance and awkwardness were displayed in a very amusing manner. He then advanced to the old lady, and, with an air which partook of trembling as well as swaggering, he told her that part of his errand which related to her own departure. The good old lady made no reply; but, thinking that at this critical moment the example of those Catholics who offer a candle to a certain black gentleman, not enrolled among the saints of the calendar, might be advantageously followed, she ordered refreshments to be provided for Master Ryder, and withdrew, leaving him in the hands of the Reverend Ananias Fats.

The supposed Puritan immediately began to engage the leader of the Club-men in conversation, for the purpose as well of gaining time as to enable him to find out the character of the man, in order to turn it to some account. The latter was, however, no such easy matter; he found that his companion was as stupid and as hard-headed a ruffian as ever was employed to do mischief: he listened to the canting harangue with which Sir William, in his assumed character, regaled him, but neither seemed to understand nor to care for it, busying himself in the mean time with long and frequent draughts out of a black-jack well filled with ale, and cutting enormous slices from a piece of cold beef which stood beside it. He, however, found leisure in the mean time to explain to the supposed elder, at greater length than he had communicated to the lady, the exact tenor of his order from Fairfax.

Sir William was greatly perplexed at this untoward event, which, as it seemed, must necessarily overturn all the plans they had formed for Sir Edward's escape, and would even place him in great danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The time was fast approaching at which the departure of the ladies and their suite was to take place; and the person of Sir Edward was so well known to Ryder, and perhaps to many of his troop, that it would be madness to think that any such disguise as they were furnished with could effectually conceal him. There was not a moment to lose, and Sir William was absolutely at his wits' end for a scheme to rescue his friend from the perilous plight in which he was now placed.

He quitted the room for the purpose of holding a short council with the ladies, when, as he crossed the passage, he met Dorothy, the waiting-maid.

"What shall we do, sir?" cried the poor girl, who had been weeping heartily, for she thought that her

master's discovery was certain: "it will be impossible to deceive that brute Ryder and his wicked companions. I wish, with all my heart, that one of the ghosts he is so much afraid of, would carry him away."

"What ghosts? Dorothy," asked Sir William.

"Oh, sir, he believes in all manner of ghosts, and is as much afraid of them as a little child at a nursery tale."

"Is he, indeed?" exclaimed Sir William, who saw through this hint an amiable point in the Club-man, on which he thought he might make a successful attack. "You are quite sure of this, Dorothy?"

"Quite sure, your honour; why he believes that Calverley wood is haunted by Sir Roger's ghost to this day."

"That is the only respectable part of his character that I have been able to discover," replied Sir William, as he hastened back to the room in which he had left the Roundhead.

He again attempted to engage the miller in conversation; and, thanks to the ale which the latter had drunk, he did so with a little better success.

"Brother," said Sir William, with a deep groan, and at the same moment turning up his eyes until nothing but the white of them was to be seen—"brother, we live in dreadful times! Not only does the wickedness of man vex the righteous of the land, but the great enemy himself roams about unchained among us!"

At the moment when Sir William had begun to speak, Ryder had stuck a large piece of bread, wedge-shaped, and weighing a quarter of a pound, into his enormous mouth; and, such was the impression made upon him by the knight's speech, that he sate with his mouth and eyes wide open, and the bread fixed as if it was never to move again. Sir William saw he had made a hit, and went on.

"Yea, my brother, the devil himself is come amongst us, and roars and roams about, seeking whom he may devour."

"The Lord preserve us!" ejaculated Ryder, as soon as he had extricated the crust from his ponderous jaws, "dost mean that th' ould one himself is on earth?"

"As surely he is, my brother, as that thou and I are sinners—and, what is more, he has become a cavalier, and has taken the king's side."

"Why, how do'st know, man!" cried Ryder, who trembled in every joint.

"Has not the news reached thee, then?" asked Sir William, affecting some surprise: "hast thou not heard of this malignant enemy, whom men call Prince Rupert?"

"No, only that he's a Jarman prince without land or money, and that he comes here to fight for so much off ours as ever he can get."

"He is the devil's prime agent, and works by the assistance of hell, to the discomfort of the saints."

"Oh Lord!" exclaimed the Club-man,

"Did you ever see him?" asked the knight.

"Yes," replied Ryder.

"Well, and did you not think he looked as if he dealt with the devil?"

"I think he has a wild kind of outlandish look."

"The fires of hell burn in his eyes; he sits in his quarters reading at night without a candle. And did you ever see the great black dog which constantly goes about with him?"

"Oh yes, often; and once tried to shoot it."

"But could not?"

Ryder shook his head.

"No wonder, for that black dog is the devil incarnate—the foul fiend himself.* Have you heard what he did at Marston Moor?"

"No."

"Why, the prince was unhorsed, and lying in the midst of a band of our soldiers, who, if he were not really a fiend, would soon have made an end of him; when suddenly this black dog burst in among them, and, taking the prince up in his mouth, threw him, as easily as a fox would throw a turkey, across his back, and carried him off. The soldiers of Cromwell's troop say they struck at the dog repeatedly, but their swords either fell short, or sounded upon his black hide like hammers upon an anvil, and made as little impression. He carried his burden off safely; and, in less than five minutes, the prince was mounted again, and renewed the charge."

"Oh Lord, oh Lord!" cried Ryder, as he wiped away the large drops which terror had wrung from his forehead, "what is to become of the holy cause if our enemies have the aid of Satan? I fear no man alive, be he prince or Jarman, or cavalier, or what not; but I can't fight Old Scratch."

"Trust to thy own righteous acts, and the prayers of the saints."

"Pray for me then, holy sir, for I had rather trust to thy prayers than my own righteousness; of which, sinner as I am, it becomes me not to speak."

For once in his life Sampson Ryder told the truth. Sir William saw that he had gained a certain ascendancy over him, which he believed would be quite enough for his purpose. His chief object now was to prevent the departure of the miller before night-fall, when he trusted that he should be able, by some means or other, to secure Sir Edward's passage through the barrier, which was guarded by Ryder's men. He, therefore, continued to invent a thousand other lies, all as frightful as that of Prince Rupert and his black dog, and all concerning the devil in person, until he found he had the miller completely in his hands.

The day had now nearly closed in, and Ryder was impatient to depart, telling his reverend friend plainly that he did not like to ride through Calverley wood after dark if he could avoid it.

"But in my company," said the supposed Ananias, "what can you have to fear? I defy the evil one and all his legions: trust on me, my son, and fear nothing."

Ryder, as may be guessed, was as credulous and superstitious on this point as he was fierce and unsailable on any other; and he acquiesced in all that Brother Fats suggested. Sir William was not a man to lose any of the advantages which were thus presented to him, and he found little difficulty in inducing the Club-man to stay. He left him for a short time while he went to Lady Vavasour, and informed her of the plan he meant to pursue. He enjoined her, in the first place, to commence the preparations for her departure, without manifesting the least concern to the people about the house. He promised that he would do all in his power to ensure the escape of Sir Edward; and he had already done so much that she could not doubt his zeal or ability. He begged her, besides, to pursue her journey without stopping, to the first stage, which had been previously fixed upon, and which was about twelve miles off. This being arranged, he went into the chamber of Sir Edward, to whom he explained all that he had gathered from the Club-man.

"There is nothing," he said, "to be done with this ruffian but by frightening him; I advise you, therefore, to steal out by the garden-gate, and make the best of

and amusing things, the following;—"I have heard it said that in England the people used to take my late uncle Rupert for a sorcerer, and his large black dog for the devil; for this reason, when he joined the army, and attacked the enemy, whole regiments fled before him." The latter fact is perhaps the most questionable part of the story.

* In the old *Duchess of Orleans' "Memoirs of the Regency,"* she has, among a thousand other very odd

your way to the wood. We must needs pass through it in our way from this place. I will contrive so that Ryder shall be my *compagnon de voyage*, and shall have much mistook my man if I do not make him aid our project in some way or other. I mean to frighten him with the old story about Sir Roger de Calverley; do you take care to be near the road, and contrive by some signal to let me know you are within hearing; you must then keep very close to us: you will know the miller by his white coat; he rides a very stout gelding, which can carry two for a few miles as well as need be. When I shall say 'Loup on,' for the third time, you must jump up behind the miller, and spur his horse as hard as you can, while you gripe him tightly. If the worst comes to the worst, and the villain should not be so much frightened as I reckon upon, you must put a stop to his resistance by killing him; but, as the county is full of his friends, this would, at all events, be dangerous, and I hope will not be necessary. If, however, it should, you must do any thing but shoot him, for that will make a noise, and ruin all. Now God be with you!" he said, squeezing his friend's hand: "away to the garden-gate; keep near the path in the wood; and remember, the third time that I shall say 'Loup on,' you must be en croupe."

Sir William then returned to his companion, whom he found recovered from his panic, and giving directions to his men. Five of them Ryder ordered to remain at Calverley Hall, to take charge of and keep the place; the others he dismissed to return and take up their posts in the house near the barrier by the bridge, through which they were to suffer no persons, whether friend or foe, to go over after he, Ryder, and the reverend elder, Ananias Fats, should have passed. "And, hark ye," said he to his lieutenant, "let none of the men get drunk;—and don't stop me to ask the watchword as I pass: 'ounds, they ought to know my coat if the night were as dark as Christmas. Let me and the reverend brother pass; you can make no mistake with his black and my white coat; and, if the parliament itself should come, let no one else pass Bradford Gate until daylight."

The fellow made an ugly bow, by which he meant to express that he understood, and should obey, his commander's bidding; and then mounting, he got his company into such order as they were capable of, and set off at a quick pace towards the gate alluded to. The carriage was soon afterwards brought round to the hall-door, and every thing was ready for departure. The two ladies bade farewell to the ancient building in which they had both enjoyed so much happiness, and with abundance of tears, which were rather shed for the peril in which they knew Sir Edward to stand, than because they were about to quit Calverley, they began their journey.

Ryder would now have set off also; but the worthy and reverend elder, drawing him back by the arm into the hall in which they had before been sitting, told him he had a word or two for his private ear. When they entered he pointed to a seat; and, taking one himself, "My brother," he said, "these benighted sinners, dark as they are in the ways of their own conceit, have nevertheless certain worldly knowledge, which the truly righteous—such as thou and I, brother—need not disdain to profit by. During my sojourn here I have discovered that within these walls there is a small parcel of a curious and ancient wine; a wine indeed so ancient that it ought not to tarry longer without drinking, and it can never be better drunk than at the present moment."

Ryder was afraid of spirits—but not of wine; he had already drunk enough to give him an inclination for drinking more, and he needed little pressing to fall into the proposition. The reverend Ananias went to a cupboard in the hall, and produced from its recesses

two cobwebbed long-necked flasks, the tops of which were covered with that faded green wax which is a thousand times more delightful to the eye of a real connoisseur than the *erugo* that covers the rarest coins of antiquarian treasure.

The Club-man, although he had never seen such things before, had an instinctive veneration for bottles like these; and "the divinity that stirred within them" exercised its influence even over so insensible a clod as he was. The seeming Ananias produced a corkscrew, with which he released the cork from its imprisonment of many years; and the wine, as if rejoicing at its freedom, emitted a perfume to which wild flowers and spring mornings are only secondary in the scale of deliciousness.

Sampson Ryder snuffed up with eagerness and delight the rich and unwonted scent which now reached his olfactory nerves. He already enjoyed it in anticipation; but, when Ananias poured out a bumper of the sparkling liquor, the miller seized it, and, swallowing it at long gulps, his delight knew no bounds: he swore it was the only liquor that a freeman and a soldier ought to drink, and declared he was willing to fight up to his knees in the blood of cavaliers for such a beverage. Sir William encouraged this temper; and, by the fascinations of his conversation, which he possessed the rare and valuable faculty of adapting to the characters of various persons, he kept Ryder talking and drinking with him until the night had completely set in, and the Club-man, though not absolutely drunk, was reasonably stupid.

Brother Ananias now pretended to be in a great hurry to depart, and threw out some obscure hints of having been directed by high authority to watch the Calverley family to the coast, by which insinuations he increased his own importance in the mind of his besotted companion, and effectually avoided suspicion. The horses were ordered; and the travellers mounting, Ryder upon his own gelding, and Ananias upon a stout hackney belonging to Sir Edward, they manfully took the road.

As soon as they were at a short distance from the hall, the false Puritan began to lead the discourse towards the subject of supernatural appearances. This was much to the vexation and discomfort of Sampson, who did not, however, like to show his terror, or to affront the worthy gentleman who had introduced him to a sample of such Burgundy as had induced him to form the pious resolve of returning on the following day to Calverley, for the purpose of appropriating to himself all that he could find in the cellars.*

Sir William went on, therefore, unchecked in his stories about ghosts and devils, and brought the discourse, by an easy transition, from goblins in general to that which was universally believed to haunt Calverley wood. "You know, of course," he said to his companion "the history of Sir Roger de Calverley?"

"Oh, yes," replied Ryder, eagerly, in the hope that his acquiescence might have the effect of diverting the conversation from this topic.

Sir William looked narrowly around him, for they had now arrived at the thickest part of the wood through which their path lay. He perceived a figure behind him, which he immediately guessed to be that of Sir Edward: he waved his hand, unseen by his companion, and saw that his signal was returned; satisfied on this point, he resumed the subject of the ghost.

* We must state here, for the satisfaction of our readers, that when, at a subsequent period, he did venture upon this design, he was miserably thwarted; for all the doors of the choicest cellars had been so carefully bricked up, that, not being in possession of the private marks, by which alone they could be discovered, he was unable to find them, and the wine remained safe in its hiding-place.

"Then," he said, "if you know the history of Sir Roger de Calverley, you know all about *Loup on*."

"No, I don't," said Ryder, whose curiosity was as great as his superstition.

"No!" exclaimed Ananias in seeming surprise: "then I must tell you that Sir Roger de Calverley was, as you are aware, some centuries ago, the possessor of this estate. He was a brave and generous man; had served gallantly in the wars abroad; and lived afterwards on his patrimony, as an English knight should do, making himself and his tenantry happy and contented. He was married to a lady who was as beautiful and good, as he was brave and honest; and for some years they lived in uninterrupted felicity. They had three children, who added to their happiness; and, if experience did not daily show us that it is the lot of mortality to have bitterness mingled in their sweetest draughts, it should have seemed that this couple were beyond the reach of misfortune. A storm of misery was, however, about to burst over their heads, and to involve them in ruin."

"Well, I know the whole story," cried Ryder, with a little impatience in his tone.

"No, you do not," replied Ananias; "let me proceed, for the best part of it is in the sequel. Sir Roger had one fault, and a grievous one it was: but it was one which often accompanies the best natures. He was unconceivably jealous; and, although the virtue and propriety of his wife had hitherto given him no reason to indulge in it, he was himself aware that, if it once should take possession of his bosom, he should not be able to controul it. It sometimes happens that the dread one has of doing any particular thing leads one to do it; and so it was in this instance. This does not happen, it is true, to sound minds; but very passionate minds are never very sound ones. From constantly thinking of jealousy, Sir Roger became jealous, and watched his innocent and light-hearted wife with an intenseness which was of itself an evident mark of insanity. A spark was only necessary to cause the explosion of the fierce contents of his heart; and, by her ill fortune, his wife furnished this. One day, at dinner, the fond father was caressing one of his children, while he kept a wolf's eye on the mother; although, perhaps, he loved her no less at this moment than he had ever done. She, in the lightness of her heart, and with a wish to divert the moody temper of her husband, which had long caused her great anxiety, said to him jestingly, 'I wonder how so grim-looking a father could have so fair a child.' In a moment the demon raged within Sir Roger's bosom: he became ungovernably mad; and, rising from the table, he roared to his terrified wife, 'You confess it then, adulteress! you confirm my worst suspicions! all my happiness is demolished at once, and hell is broke loose upon earth. But I will be revenged,' he cried—'I will be the dupe and wittol no longer; and, seizing one of the knives on the table, he plunged it into the bosom of the child he had been caressing the moment before. The mother, horror-stricken, caught the other child in her arms, and fled away; Sir Roger followed her; and, as she entered her chamber, tore the infant from her arms, and it soon fell another victim to his blind fury. The lady threw herself under the bed which stood in the room; but even this retreat afforded her no shelter from the madness of her husband. He drew his sword, with which he thrust at her several times; and, at length, believing he had despatched her, he went down to the stables and saddled a horse, for the purpose of finishing the extermination of his family by the slaughter of his eldest son, then at a school about ten miles distant. An old servant of the house, who had witnessed, but could not prevent, these horrors, rode off at the same time; and, passing his master on the road, arrived at the school in time to give notice of his intention, and to save the child."

Sir Roger was immediately apprehended, and carried to London; when he was brought to trial for the murder of his children. Upon being arraigned he refused to plead, and was, therefore, condemned to the dreadful sufferance of the *peine forte et dure*. Do you know what that is?"

"Not exactly," replied Ryder.

"Why, then," said Sir William, "it is this: when a prisoner, arraigned of a felony, refuses to answer to his arraignment, the court orders 'that he be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low dark chamber, and there laid upon his back on the floor—naked, unless where decency forbids; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear—and more; that he have no sustenance, save only, on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water that should be nearest the prison-door; and that he should not eat on the same day that he drank, nor drink on the same day that he ate; and that he should be without any litter or other thing under him; and that one arm should be drawn to one quarter of the room with a cord, and the other to another; and that his feet should be used in the same manner; and that in this situation he should remain until he answered."

"And all this Sir Roger endured, being resolved to expiate in his death, as far as he could, the wrong he had done to his family. If he had pleaded, he must of necessity have been tried; and his wife and his servants would have been compelled to give evidence against him. This dreadful pain he was resolved to spare them. Besides which, if he had been convicted, (and there could be no doubt that he would have been,) his lands would have been forfeit to the king, and his heir a beggar: to avoid this, therefore, he remained mute, and was treated in the manner I have described to you. Being a man of prodigious strength, and able to bear great fatigue, it was several days before a period was put to his sufferings: at length, worn out by the acuteness of his pain, and by the tardiness with which Death approached him, he called out, after being silent ever since his apprehension, 'If there be a Yorkshireman in the room, for the love of Christ, let him *loup on*;' meaning that he should thereby increase the weight on his breast, and put an end to his misery."

"Well, mon," said Ryder, who had been listening to hear some new incident in the story which he had not known before, "all this I had heard sin' I were as high as a cabbage-stalk."

"But, have you heard, also," said Sir William, who had now got to that part of the wood which he judged fittest for his purpose, and which was near the end of it—"have you heard, also, that the ghost of Sir Roger still haunts this wood?"

"Marcy's sake, don't talk so hollow," stammered the Club-man, while his teeth rattled audibly together: "don't ye talk about the ghosts at all," he added, whispering, "for how can't tell who be listening to thee?"

"Fear naught," replied Sir William, "but here it is that his ghost does really walk—here in this very wood; and I have heard many a traveller say that he has seen him—nay, more, that he sometimes mounts behind them, and gallops with them to the river, where he quits them; for the spirits of hell, you know, cannot cross a running stream. The only danger, besides the fright, from such a visitation, is, lest the traveller should be induced to break silence: then the ghost would have power to dash him from his saddle, and perhaps to kill him."

"I wish to my heart that we were upon the bridge," said Ryder, whose terrors increased notwithstanding all his efforts to controul them.

"He comes," continued Sir William, "in the shape

of a tall man.—What's that? Oh, nothing but the white stem of a birch.—Sir Roger comes in the shape of a tall man; and, before the traveller is aware, he leaps on to the horse's crupper, calling out, in a voice as solemn and hollow as if it issued from a deep grave, *loup on.*"

At this moment the exclamation of Sir William was echoed by another voice immediately behind the travellers—"Loup on," sounded in the ears of the horror-stricken miller; and, before he could have looked round, even if he had dared to do so, he felt his arms tightly grasped by those of some being who was mounted behind him. The Club-man uttered a low groan; but, between terror and intoxication, was perfectly incapable of exertion, much less of resistance. The horse, either terrified at the supernatural load which he bore, or, as our readers, whom we have been compelled to let into the secret, may think was the more likely, influenced by the spurs of the new comer, set off at a smart gallop, which soon brought them (for Sir William kept up at the same speed) to the gate where Ryder's men were posted. The night was dark; but the Club-men, who were on guard, knew their leader's white coat, and, expecting the elder to be in his company, they did not offer to stop the travellers, and merely uttered a surly "Good night."

"The captain is riding his old pace to-night," said one of the Roundheads.

"He rides as if the devil were behind him," said another.

"Belike he is," said the first; "and I wish he may stick to 'un;" for the captain was not too much beloved in his own troop. They then closed the gate.

In the mean time the travellers kept on at speed. Ryder was more than half inclined to cry out as he passed the gate; but the caution of the elder came across him, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Trembling with fear, and almost sinking from the rough grasp of the demon who held him, he saw with delight that they were approaching the bridge. It was a rude wooden structure, with a rail on one side only. The stream beneath was rapid, but not very deep. "Now," thought the frightened Club-man, "these horrors will have an end;" but he was again deceived; his horse's fore feet thundered upon the bridge; and at the same moment a loud and dreadful voice roared in his ear "*Loup off!*" He could bear no more; his strength and his senses yielded at this last blow, as dreadful as it was unexpected; the hot breath of the fiend behind seemed to have blasted his very soul; and he sunk powerless into the arms of his tormentor. The latter, shifting the hold he had upon him, and checking the horse as he directed it nearer to the edge of the water, loosened Sampson's

large body from the saddle, and, with a slight twist, tumbled him on to the bridge, whence he rolled into the stream. The cold water, and the terror of drowning, soon roused him from his imaginary fears: he swam to the bank, and got safely landed. Long before this, however, the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away, and the noise of the fiend's mad gallop had given place to the total stillness of the night.

"I shall be sorry if he is drowned," said the ghost of Sir Roger to his companion.

"No fear of that," replied the other, "unless the proverb fails him: his gallows destiny is a better preservative from drowning than the best boat that ever was built."

Half an hour's riding brought them within sight of the place where the carriage had stopped. Sir Edward now dismounted, and turned loose the Club-man's horse, which was tolerably blown: he then proceeded on foot to the little inn, where he found his mother and his wife, and relieved them from the agony of suspense in which they had been, until assured of his safety. The horses were brought out: Sir Edward mounted in his capacity of servant, and Sir William took his place in the carriage. They proceeded without delay towards Hull, which place they reached without any further accident; and, immediately embarking on board the boat which Sir William had engaged, were landed, after a prosperous voyage of two days, at the port of Boulogne, and found a refuge in the chateau of the elder Lady Vavasour's brother until the Restoration enabled them to return to Calverley.

Ryder, on getting out of the river, made the best of his way back to the guard at the gate, and with the assistance of his men was put to bed, when his first and his ducking soon brought on a fever, which would perhaps have killed him, but that the lives of such people seem always to be charmed. When he recovered he told the story of his being assailed in the wood by the ghost of old Sir Roger, who mounted behind his horse. He made some trifling additions in his own favour; such as that when he came to the river he threw himself into it, to escape from the ghost; and that he saw the demon seize the elder, Ananias Fate, and vanish with him in a cloud of fire and smoke. He told this so often that he at length believed it himself; and, as the reverend Brother Fate was never afterwards heard of, there was nobody to contradict him. To this day nothing is more religiously believed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood than that old Sir Roger's ghost haunts Calverley wood, and will leap on the crupper of any traveller who shall be rash enough to pass it between midnight and cock-crowing.

SONG FOR MUSIC.

WAKEFUL stars are faintly beaming
With a holy, diamond-light;
Tenderly, serenely—seeming
As they knew not what was night.
Scented breezes, softly creeping
From their elfin coverts, tell
Love-rites to young flow'rets—weeping
Lest their sighs should mean—FAREWELL!

Music haunts me:—mournful singing
From the sleepless waterfall;
Sadly, too, are lone woods ringing
With the night-bird's once gay call.
Fay-lutes, hushed by mortal sighing,
Chime no more in leafy dell:
Slowly is my wrung heart dying—
Surely—as it feels—FAREWELL!

MY SWEET WHITE ROSE.

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose.
O might I wear thee on my breast—
The dark day cometh—let me fold
Thy beauty from the rain and cold;
O come and be my guest!

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
Thy cheek is very pale and fair!
Alas! thou art a tender tree,
My fearful heart doth sigh for thee,
Meek nursing of the summer air!

My sweet white rose, my sweet white rose,
All full of silver dew thou art;
The fresh bloom laughs on every leaf.
Oh, ere thy joy is touched by grief,
Let me bind thee on my heart!

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HABBAKKUK BULLWRINKLE.

THE LOVES

OF HABAKKUK BULLWRINKLE, GENTLEMAN.

ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING.

ABOUT six-and-twenty years ago, a middle-aged North-country attorney, somewhat above five feet eight inches in height, but immeasurably corpulent, with an old-fashioned calf, mottled eyes, and a handsome nose, settled in a large and uncivilized village in the West of England. The manners of the inhabitants were rude and outrageous; their names, customs, frolics, and language, were such as Habakkuk Bullwrinkle had never before been accustomed unto. They cracked many a heart-piercing joke on his portly person; laughed at his ineffectual attempts to compete with the veriest youngsters in the village, at wrestling, or cudgel-playing; rejoiced heartily when he suffered a cracked pate, or an unexpected back-fall; and never employed him in the way of his profession. He could have borne all his misfortunes with decency but the last;—that irked him beyond measure; and he did not scruple to upbraid those who deigned to drink out of his cup, with their folly and villainous prejudice, in measuring a man's wit by his skill at gymnastics, and exclusively patronizing a couple of rascally pettifoggers in the vicinity, whose only merit consisted in their hard pates, and dexterity in breaking the skulls of their clients. The villagers waited with patience until Habakkuk's lecture and strong drink were finished, promised to reform, heartily wished him success in his trade, fell to loggerheads on their way home, and the next morning went for redress to the aforesaid pettifoggers, who fleeced them to their hearts' content for several lingering months, and then mutually advised their employers to settle the matter over a goodly feast.

Habakkuk Bullwrinkle inwardly moaned at the luck of his fellow-priests of the syren, but lost none of his flesh. His affairs, at length, grew desperate. He had been skipping over the land, after the fickle jade Fortune, for many a weary year; but the coy creature continually evaded his eager clutch. What was to be done?—His finances were drooping, his spirits jaded, his temper soured, and his appetite for the good things of this world, as keen and clamorous as ever. He had tried every plan his imagination could devise to win over the rustics, but without effect. He was just about to decamp clandestinely, and in despair, when, all at once, he recollected that he was a bachelor!—His hopes rose at the thought. "How strange it is!" said he, unconsciously snapping his fingers with delight, "that the idea of marrying one of these charming rosy-skinned lasses, who are continually flitting about me, should never have entered my caput before! The whole village is one immense family—a batch of uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, and relations of every intermediate degree, from one to a hundred. If I can but weave myself into this web of consanguinity, my future ease and fortune are certain. They will stand by one of their own kin, let him be ever so distantly related, to the very last. By the laws! it's an excellent project!—I've a warm heart, a winning way, and great choice; so I'll even cast my eye about for a convenient helpmate; eat, drink, and be merry again."

Reader, these were my thoughts, at the latter end of the year 1803; for I am the identical Habakkuk Bullwrinkle above-mentioned. Pursuant to my resolution, I began to wheedle myself into the good graces of the girls. I often met with a very tolerable reception, considering all things, and had many times nearly compassed the object of my hopes, when the demon disappointment, in the semblance of a clod-hopper,

'yclept Andrew Skelpie—walked in to dash the cup of happiness from my lips. I never attempted to kiss a lass behind a hay-mow, or an old tree, but what this fellow would thrust his ugly phiz between me and the sweet pair of lips I was longing to salute! If ever I made an appointment to meet a farmer's daughter, and prattle away an hour or two with her, unseen by all, Skelpie and she were generally linked lovingly, arm in arm together, on my arrival.

The first time I ever beheld this destroyer of my peace, was at a village revel. I shall never forget the manner in which he rose from the grass on which he had been lazily lolloping, and looked out through his half-closed eyelids, at the efforts of the back-sword players on the sward. He was called upon to enter the ring with a fellow about his own height, but more fleshy and comely-looking by half—being precisely what middle-aged good-wives term "a portly figure of a man, and very much to my liking." Skelpie got up from the cool turf, one joint at a time, and made his way into the circle, by one of the most extravagant and ludicrous paces I ever beheld: it was between the ungainly toddle of an ox, and the loose-jointed motion of a drunken, staggering stripling. The portly fellow was a stranger from a neighbouring county, who valued himself on his prowess at single-stick; he had already peeled the bark off a brace of noses, and the gray-headed rustics, who encompassed the scene of action and glory, trembled for the honour of their native village. An immense shout of applause greeted Skelpie's appearance; for, in him, it was well known, the champion of Wedmore himself would find a redoubtable opponent. He surveyed his adversary with a confident and most provoking glance, accompanied with an upturning of the higher lip, and a smack of his horny fingers, that sounded like the crack of a wagoner's whip. He coolly selected a stick, screwed it into his hand-guard, padded his elbows, gave one stentorian "hem!" and then—I never beheld such a mutation in my life!—his eyes flew open, his lips clenched, every muscle in his body was instantly awakened, every limb was in active and most turbulent motion: he hit at his opponent's head, with a velocity that, to me, seemed supernatural; I heard a continual and most merry peal of blows rattling about the scone of the portly stranger, but I could scarcely detect a single motion of the stick. The skin was tough—particularly tough; and, for some time, defied Skelpie's sturdy thwacks. At the close of the vigorous bout he looked amazed, muttered a curse on his ineffectual weapon, and was just about to begin again, when, observing something suspicious about the closed mouth of his adversary, he put forth his hand, and parted the swollen lips of the stranger, from whose mouth a stream of blood immediately gushed. The comely man afterwards acknowledged, that he had received a cut under his lip at the beginning of the play, but had sedulously sucked in the blood and swallowed it, hoping to crack Skelpie's pate before it would be discovered. At this fine old English sport, he who draws from his adversary's head sufficient blood to stain muslin, is proclaimed the victor. Skelpie afterwards threw half-a-dozen sturdy fellows at wrestling, and bore off the prizes at the village games, as he had frequently done on previous occasions. He was by no means handsome in face, fairly spoken, well-made, or merry—the simple wenches idolized the dog for his prowess. He was capricious and false, but they seemed to like him the better. Each, in her turn,

hoped to fix the rover, excite the envy of her predecessors in his affections, and bear off the palm, where they had ingloriously failed. He took no trouble to gain their love, and they unanimously doated on him. I often longed to see him get a good thrashing, and many times felt strongly impelled to fall on him myself; but a whole flood of fears and forebodings, invariably drowned the few sparks of courage and vigour in my breast, and I laudably forbore.

My love-suits were innumerable; but although they usually began and went on auspiciously, Skelpie never failed to beat me off the field in the end. The dog seemed to be unconscious of the mischief he made, and that irritated my spirit in a tenfold degree. He seemed to bear no malice against me, and many times rendered me an essential piece of service. I shall never forget the night when he clutched me by the cheek, and pulled me out of a flood-swollen brook, when I was at my last gasp, and then abused and threatened to bethwack me for being such a fool, and giving him the trouble of wading chin-deep to save me. My intellect, on this occasion, was befogged with the fumes of stout October, and I knew not where I went.

It would be tedious to narrate the whole of my adventures during the year which I spent in seeking out a wife; I shall content myself with particularizing what befel me in the pursuit of the four last objects of my love. And, first, let me introduce Ruth—Ruth Grobstock, the daughter of a rough miller, who resided on a hill about a mile to the left of the village. I secretly wooed her about a month, undisturbed by any mortal; I thought I was sure of her, and began to concert measures for obtaining a dignified introduction to her daddy, the miller.

One evening, after having ruminated for many hours on Ruth's attractions, I determined to roam up to the mill, which I had never before visited—having hitherto carried on my love-suit with Ruth away from her home, at meetings which were too frequent to be altogether accidental. While I loitered about the mill, pondering on the best mode of drawing out Ruth—for she had no reason to expect me—the moon suddenly gleamed full upon me, through an opening in the oak tree which stretched its huge boughs over the white cottage in which the miller dwelt; and methought there was something similar to the malicious smile of an arch woman, when intent upon a prank, gleaming on her sparkling face; her unnecessary glances as she seemed to peep through the tree, for the express purpose of betraying me to observation, threw me into a panic. I had heard of old Grobstock's moods and manners, and I feared him. I felt sure of a kind and endearing reception from Ruth, although I came altogether uninvited and unawares; but I fancied for a moment that I heard her father's flails whistling about my ears, and felt the teeth of his tykes rioting in my fat. My pulse throbbed audibly; and I was on the point of again making my way into the wood that clothed the hill-side, when a multitude of clouds which had been gradually hemming in the light of the moon, suddenly stretched over her face, and relieved my terrors by screening me from her afflicting glances. I rejoiced, and waxed courageous and young in heart again. The curtains of the best room in the little cottage were negligently drawn, and I had the satisfaction, after sundry leaps, of getting a glimpse of Ruth's little and exquisite foot, as it danced up and down before the blaze of a chirruping fire, which sparkled on the broad hearth. A gentle tap at the window set her on her legs in a moment, and before I could reach the door, she was there with an outstretched hand, and a pair of warm, ripe, ruddy lips, pointing forth to greet me. This was delicious!—The friendly clouds were still sheltering me from the moon's eye; Ruth stepped forth, and we stood close at the

foot of the old oak, in the most impervious and delightful darkness imaginable. I was mute with delight, but my happy-hearted, loving little damsel's speech, after a few moments of silence, gradually began to thaw, and at length overwhelmed me with a torrent of words:—"Oh! I am so glad you are come," quoth she; "if you had not, we should not have had a moment's talk together for the week. Daddy's gone out; but to-morrow evening, and the next, he means to stop at home, and get drunk; and, although his over-night's promises in other affairs melt like mists in the morning sun, and are quite forgotten by mid-day, yet, when he says he shall get drunk, he always backs it wi' an oath, and then makes it a matter of conscience religiously to keep his word; so that, you see, my dear Skelpie—"

I was struck all of a heap!—The purport of her subsequent discourse palpably proved, that she had mistaken me, in the dark, for the eternal and never-failing Skelpie. Her lips once more approached mine; I was foaming with rage and disappointment; my hand had shrunk from her grasp, as from the touch of an adder, the instant the detested name of Skelpie escaped from her lips; I had already taken in a mighty draught of breath, intending to shower a whole volley of curses on her and Skelpie, together—when I suddenly experienced a shock, that deprived me of all sort of sensation in an instant. How long I lay in a death-like state I cannot conceive; but I remember well enough, that when I awoke from my lethargy, trance, fit, or whatever it was, I found myself most painfully compressed in an aperture of the oak tree, through which the children were wont to enter into its hollow trunk. The moon was out in all her glory again, and her light fell upon the white brow of Ruth, and the gray jacket of the lean, and, by me, abhorred Skelpie. Yes, there he was, twining endearingly round the sylph-like form of the false maid, who seemed to feel a pleasure in his embraces, which, to me, appeared altogether unaccountable. It was plain, from their talk, that they did not conceive I was within hearing. I would fain have persuaded myself that I was dreaming, but my endeavours were ineffectual; the rugged edges of the aperture insinuated themselves into my sides, and pained me dreadfully. Did Skelpie strike me? thought I: and does he imagine that I rolled down the declivity, from the force of the blow, and am now weltering in the ditch at its foot?—Truly, it was a most tremendous assault; and his conclusion of the effect, judging from the force of the cause, would be far from unreasonable. My case was forlorn in the extreme: my head, and one of my arms, were in the trunk of the tree; I was fixed in a most uneasy, slanting position, and my feet were so placed on the outside, that the moon threatened every minute to reveal them. I would have given the world to be even floundering in the mire of the ditch, or anywhere else, out of the reach of Skelpie's fist. I was almost suffocated, and did not dare to breathe louder than a listening roe: a sigh or groan would in some degree have eased my pangs; but the sight of Skelpie, prevented me from indulging in the consolation of the most wretched.

At length, a loud halloo announced the approach of old Grobstock. Skelpie instantly intimated his intention of decamping, but the vile maid desired him to clamber up the oak, and hide amongst its branches, until her daddy went to bed. Here was a terrific request!—"I won't go into the hollow," quoth he; "'cause the zuppicious ould jakes do always pry into there, avore a' do goa to bed." I took the cuff of my coat between my teeth, and resolutely prepared for the worst;—but Skelpie ascended the other side of the tree. He had scarcely broken off the prolonged salute of the kissing Ruth, when old Roger Grobstock, drunk, and growling, staggered up to the door. "Eh! what lassie—wench! out and abroad at this time of

night!" cried he, as Ruth tripped up towards him. "Ahey! what, vlaunting and trapesing about the whoam-stead wi' some vellow, I'll warrant! Odd! I'll verret un out; only bide a bit, I'll be about un. I be downcast vor want of a frolic to-night; so, ecod! lass, I'll duck the lad avore I goes to bed, just vor a bit of a joke like—all in good vellowship—but, icod! I'll duck un, if he's a friend; and if he is a stranger—dost hear, wench?—I'll drash un wi' the flail, just like a whate-sheaf."

Every word of his speech was equal to a blow: I struggled to get free with all my might; I had succeeded so far as to raise myself upright, when the miller, who had entered the house at the conclusion of his threat, re-appeared at the door with a flaming brand from the hearth in one hand, and a tremendous dung-fork in the other. He staggered directly close up to the tree; but the sight of my out-jutting stomach, and alarmed visage, made him retreat a few paces. He thrust out the burning stick so near my face, that it scorched my cheek; and after surveying my disconsolate and rueful deportment for a minute or more, he grounded his weapon, and accosted me in these words: "Why, thee bee'st a purty vellur, beesen't!—And where did'st come vrom—and who bee'st? Art thee a thief, or—but, noa, it can't be—thee bee'st never come to court our Ruth, bee'st!—speak, twoad, or I'll work tha!"

There was Ruth, looking over her father's shoulder, evidently alarmed at my appearance; Skelpie's heels were dangling over my head; the pronged fork was close to my waistcoat; I stared in the face of the old man, unable to utter a word, but sweating like a baited bull, and plainly expressing my fears by my woe-begone and pallid countenance. I expected some dire punishment for my silence; but old Grobstock, after surveying me for a minute, to my great surprise, burst into a loud laugh, seized my trembling hand, and, with one vigorous effort, pulled me out of my imprisonment. After dragging me, helpless as I was, into the house, and placing me in a chair by the fire-side, he thrust a mug of cider and brandy into my hand, chuckling out, "Why, zooks! chap, how vrighted thee looks!—drink!" Here was a change!

By degrees I summoned up courage: the miller made me drink stontly of his good liquor; and, more than once, seized the dung-fork, and placing himself in a threatening attitude, thrust the points of it close to my breast, in order to make me look frightened again, and amuse him. I was twenty times on the point of revealing the whole affair, but a single look of Ruth's eloquent eye froze the words on my lips.

After an hour's laughter, interrupted only by gaspings for breath, and frequent applications to the jug, my old host gave me a broad hint to depart; and after civilly opening the door, and wishing me a hearty good night, gave me a most grievous kick, that sent me galloping down hill, and betook himself to laughing as heartily as before. I never courted young Ruth of the mill again.

My next love was the pale, down-looking, modest Ally Budd, the niece of that boisterous old harridan, Hester Caddlefurrow; whose name was a hushing-word to the crying urchins for many miles around; they feared her more than Raw-head-and-bloody-bones, the wide-mouthed Bogle, or even the great Bullyboo himself. The lads of the village generally preferred the more hale and ruddy wenches in the vicinity; Ally was not roystering enough for them; she had no capacity to feel and enjoy their rude merriment, or rough frolics; and few suitors doffed the cap of courtship at old Hetty Caddlefurrow's threshold. But Ally was, indeed, a beauty. Her youthful companions and neighbours saw nothing extraordinary in her calm, dove-like eye; but to me, it looked like the surface of a smooth lake, in the still moonlight, with a delicious heaven of love smiling in

its blue depths. I met her several times, at a distance from her home, and made her acquainted with my growing passion; but she always chilled my ardour by a ceremonious reference to her austere and masculine aunt. I laid these evasive receptions of my proffered affection to the credit of her modesty, and loved her the better for them. I used to hover about on the tops of the hills which overlooked her abode, watching for the moment when my young dove would glide forth from the thatched cot, that nestled among the trees beneath me, with a feverish anxiety that I never felt on any other occasion in my life. She neither seemed to shun or court my company; but came forth, smiling, and fearless of evil, like the white star of the evening, in the soft summer's gloaming. The presence of other women, with whom I have been in love, has usually thrown me into a turbulent fever; but Ally Budd's pale, beautiful face, soft eyes, and gentle voice, had a calm and soothing influence on my spirit. Her words fell like oil, even on the stormy tide of her aunt's rough passions; whose ire she could quell at will, and oftentimes saved the offending clowns in the old women's employ from an elaborate cuffing. In this exercise, Hester was said to excel any man in the parish: she had a violent predilection for thwacking, or, to use her own expression, lecturing, her domestics for every trivial offence; and nothing but the high wages which she gave, induced the rustic labourers to remain in her service. I was one evening sauntering round the summit of the hill which immediately looked down upon Hester's house, occasionally stealing a glance from the pathway into the wood towards the rich glories of the declining sun, when a rude hand clutched me by the collar behind, and, in a moment, pulled me backwards into an immense wheelbarrow. The gigantic villain who had performed this daring feat, directly placed himself between the handles of the vehicle, and vigorously trundled it down the hill. I was seated, or rather, self-wedged in the barrow, with my legs painfully dangling over the rim, on each side of the wheel: the velocity, with which we descended the steep and rugged declivity, deprived me of all power; the fellow panted and laughed, pushing on with increased vigour, until we came in sight of the wide-gaping door of old Hester's kitchen. His fellow-labourers, who were seated at the porch, immediately rose at the sight of our novel equipage. —Confound the rascal! he was a most experienced ploughman, and deemed this a fair opportunity of showing his great rectilinear skill, and obtaining the applause of his fellows, by driving me at full speed through the door-way of the house. It stood exactly at the foot of the steepest part of the hill; and, from the tremendous rate at which we travelled, the downfall of the whole edifice seemed inevitable! My senses, which had partially taken leave of me in the course of the descent, returned just as we arrived within a few yards of our destination; I uttered one shriek, desperately closed my eyes, and gave myself up for a buried man.

The next moment I found my body, safe and unhurt, on the hearth of Dame Caddlefurrow's kitchen. There was the dame, seated in her bee-hive chair, staring with surprise, impatience, and anger, at my worship in the barrow. As soon as the clown recovered his lost breath, he proceeded to an explanation of the cause of his introducing such an unsightly and unknown personage as me to her goodly presence. "I ha' zeed the chap," quoth he, elevating the handles of his wheelbarrow to the top of his shoulders, so as to afford the dame a full view of my person; "I ha' zeed the chap scaures and scaures o' times, skulking about the hill, always and vor ever just about night-vall, when I do goa a-voddering the beasts; zo, bethinks I, thic jockey bean't loitering about here zo often, wi' any good plan in his noddle: moorauyer, I ha' zeed un, coming athrit

the yields o' a night, just afore harvest, treading down whole sheaves o' wheat at a voot-vall—that nettled I more nor all; zo I looked out vor un to-night, zipped un into the dung-barry, walked un down the hill-side, and drove un through the ould porch ztraight as a varrow:—zo here a' is, and let un gi'e a 'count ov hisself'—"Ay, let un give an account of hisself," said the sturdy dame; "Who bee'st, 'oosbert'?"—"To say that I was at the point of dissolution, were needless. I began to mutter a few incoherent sentences, when one of the fellows at the door cried out, "He's Habby Bullwinkle, the devil's-bird, down in the village."—"A lawyer!" shouted Mistress Caddlefurrow, in a tone that doomed me, in perspective, to all the horrors of the horse-pond,—"Why, thou bloated raven! thou—" "Zober—zober, mother," whispered a voice behind me; and a hand, at the same time, quietly put the enraged widow back towards her bee-hive; "bide a bit; only bide a bit; hearken to reason." I extricated myself from the barrow, and looked up to see who my protecting angel could possibly be; it was no other than Skelpie. "This gentleman's my friend," continued he, looking drolly towards me; "he and I be main vond o' one another; I zeldom goes to chat wi' a lass, but what he is near at hand; zo—d'y'e mind!—he often come wi' I to the top of the hill, and bided there, while I just stepped down to court little Ally vor an hour or zo; that's all!—left un there to-night. I axed the mopus to come in, but he's modest, main modest, vor a chap of his years." So saying, he resumed his seat, and tendered me the cider-mug and a spare pipe in such a friendly and unsuspicious manner, that told me all was right in a moment. The clowns retired, and the old dame looked on me as kindly as her features would permit, under the impression that I was the chosen friend of her niece's intended husband; for such, I soon discovered, Skelpie was by her considered!—As soon as the storm in my veins had somewhat abated, I looked around for the mild goddess of my idolatry, the lady-like, modest, soft, silver-eyed Ally Budd. She was drooping in a dark corner, with a check apron thrown over her folded arms, and snoring audibly!

I could not bear to think of the heartless creature for a year after; of course I never hovered over the abode of Dame Caddlefurrow again. Skelpie soon deserted the cold lass for another love; and, after being obliged to dance in her stocking-vamps, according to the custom of the country, at the marriages of her two younger sisters, Ally was wedded to an unlucky miser—the most miserable character under the sun. But to resume—after lighting my pipe, I sat for some minutes absorbed in reflections on my late adventure. I did not like Skelpie a whit the better for having shielded me from the wrath of the boisterous widow; a blow from his hand would have been much more acceptable than a favour: I imagined that he was rioting on the idea of having vexed me, by his act of apparent good-nature and kindness; and I construed his silence very much in favour of this vagary of my heated imagination. Presently I heard a noise behind old mother Caddlefurrow's chair, which resembled the faint and irregular chuckling of a woman's half-stifled laugh; and, anon, a tuft of hair, dark as a raven's wing, topped by a pheasant's plume, gleamed over the head of the chair; a white brow, and a pair of laughing black eyes, brim full of tears, followed; and, in a few minutes, Kate Skelpie, the wicked, mischievous sister of my deliverer, tumbled out of the recess, which the dame's chair had effectually shaded. She was a round, dumpy lass, full of tricks as a frolicsome colt, with an impertinent cocked nose, and a pair of lips, that were continually in waggish and most alluring motion. I had seen her before at a farmer's merry-making, when she picked me out for a partner, and, notwithstanding my obesity, obliged me to dance

down six-and-thirty couple of giggling girls, and roaring men:—keeping up, all the time, as grave a face as ever sat on the shoulders of an undertaker. I pitched and leaped about like a gambolling rhinoceros, to the infinite diversion of the company, and my own solitary grief and dismay. Kate and I were the only persons in the room who looked at all solid. I felt an inkling of affection for the lass, even then—why, I know not; and the continual crossings I received from Skelpie, determined me to make love under his own roof, where I should, most probably, be sure of peace and quietness in my trysting; as Skelpie usually past the love time of the nights, about at the abodes of the different village toasts. Here was a glorious opportunity of improving my acquaintance with the twinkling-eyed Kate! She was not such a poetical-looking creature as the snoring Ally Budd, nor so tall and comely as the false daughter of Grobstock; nevertheless, Kate Skelpie was a jocular, pretty, and captivating young lass. I courted her, and prospered.

She had no meddling parents to interfere with us; and Skelpie was, of course absent from home five nights in the week. Many were the pranks which the dear jade played me; but I did not care;—they kept my flame alive, and her occasional kind looks and unsolicited salutes convinced me that I held a place in her heart. In the meantime, however, I carried on the war in another quarter. I had two nights in the week to spare, and these I spent at a farm-house about a mile from the village, with a slender young maiden, named Amaranth Saffern.

One Saturday evening, Skelpie overtook me as I was journeying towards Amaranth's dwelling. He accosted me civilly; and having some serious notions about his sister, I did not scruple to enter into conversation with him. He had not crossed me for above a month; and Kate had informed me, the night before, "that she should have a good bit of gold, if the old chap at the Land's End would but take it into his head just to die a bit:" these were good reasons for my civility, and we discoursed on the most fashionable village topics with great urbanity and mildness. At length, however, we arrived at Amaranth's door; and then, for the first time, the truth flashed upon each of our minds. We were both evidently bent on a love-visit to the fair Saffern. Skelpie looked rather hurt, methought, and could not help heaving a short sigh. However, we both went in, and found Amaranth alone. It was market-day; and her crippled grandfather, with whom she dwelt, as we both well knew, was gone to, and in all probability would remain at, the next market-town until a late hour, according to his usual custom; otherwise, we should almost as soon have ventured into a tiger's den, to despoil the animal of a whelp, as pay a love-visit to the old man's granddaughter. The miller was a lamb, compared with dame Caddlefurrow; and that lady a dove in deportment, to old Jagger Saffern. But more of him anon.

Amaranth, it was plain, favoured me rather than Skelpie. Without vanity be it spoken, I was, at that time, harrng my obesity, which rendered me somewhat unsightly in the eyes of the lean, rather a personable man, and not quite forty. I was by no means particularly solicitous to gain the young Saffern's affections, yet she clung to me in preference to Skelpie, who did all in his power to please her. He was evidently in love, and for the first time in his life, felt the pangs of jealousy in his heart. I was his successful rival!—I, even I, Habakkuk Bullwinkle, the devil's bird, whom he had so long despised, had succeeded in warping the affections of his Amaranth!—He bit his lip, lowered and smiled by fits, and, in vain endeavoured to conceal the state of his heart. Amaranth seemed to rejoice in his torments; she had always been tolerably liberal in her tokens of affection, but on this occasion, she almost exceeded the bounds of probabili-

lity. I did not much like it at last; for I began to think she was making a fool of me. We went on in this way for above an hour, when the old cripple's pony suddenly clattered into the court-yard. Skelpie started on his legs in evident alarm. There was no way of escape, but through a back door into a little yard, which was surrounded by a villainous high wall, so smooth, and well-built too, as to defy even Skelpie's clambering capabilities.

We had not been a moment outside the door, before the cripple entered the house. Skelpie was endeavouring with all his might to get over the wall: he clung like a cat to the bare bricks; but, before he had well reached half-way up, his foot slipped, and down he came. I was standing disconsolately underneath him; he fell so suddenly, that I had not time to get out of the way, and Skelpie's ponderous and hard skull struck me full in the pit of my stomach, and sent me staggering against the back door, which naturally gave way with the shock, and I was precipitated, on the broad of my back, in the very middle of the floor. Luckily, I came in contact with the table on which the candle stood, and extinguished the light in my fall. The embers were dying on the hearth, and Skelpie had hauled me by the legs, back into the yard, before the cripple (who waited to reach his loaded blunderbuss before he looked round) could catch more than a vague glimpse of my form and features. The door swung inward, and Skelpie easily held it fast enough to prevent the cripple from pulling it open;—at the same time carefully screening his body behind the wall of the house, from the cripple's bullets, which we expected to hear rattling through the door every moment. He growled like an incensed bear, and muttered curses by wholesale on poor Amaranth, whom we heard whining most piteously. At length, he seemed to take a sudden resolution, chuckled audibly, and proceeded to barricado the door with all the furniture in the room. Here was an end to all our hopes of enfranchisement and safety. But, oh! dear me! what were my feelings, when I heard the cripple hobbling up stairs, and trying to open a little window which commanded the yard! We were in a sad situation; our only choice of avoiding the lynx eyes of Jagger was by getting into two water-butts, which stood in the yard. The windows of the house looked into every corner, so that we could not possibly hope to conceal ourselves behind them. In we went together, but my ill luck still attended me; Skelpie crouched comfortably in the belly of a dry butt, but the one, into which I floundered, was half full of water. The chilling liquid rose to within a foot and a half of the brim, the moment I got in, so that it was impossible for me to crouch, being actually standing on tip-toe, neck high in water! It was a bleak night, but my fever saved my life.

The cripple's blunderbuss, of unprecedented calibre, was thrust out of the window, before I could well moderate my quick breathing. He looked into every corner of the yard, but, happily, did not perceive my miserable scone, which was floating in the water-butt, immediately beneath him. He descended in a few minutes, and removed the furniture from the door, searched all round the yard, and, at length, discovering the marks of Skelpie's shoes in the wall, concluded that we had escaped, and went grumbling to bed. It was a long time before I would suffer Skelpie to help me out of my hiding-place: he effected the job with infinite difficulty, and led me, dripping like a watering-pot, through the house.

About a week after this adventure, I discovered that Kate and Amaranth, who were once bosom friends, had quarrelled about me, and were now as spiteful to each other as possible. They met, one evening, at old Hetty Caddlefurrow's, and, on comparing notes, found that I was playing a double game. Ally Budd was present, but she said nothing. After lavishing the

usual abusive epithets on me, they began to look coldly upon each other: from cool looks, they proceeded to vituperative insinuations; and, before they parted, naturally came to an open rupture. Occasionally, I suffered a little from their pouting and touting; but, in the main, I was happy enough between them. Each tried all her arts to win me from her rival; they sometimes met, grew great friends, vowed they would both turn their backs upon me for ever, kissed, cried, quarrelled again, and grew more rancorous to each other, and loving to me, than before. Skelpie became an altered man. Amaranth flouted him, abused his sister to his face, and caressed me in his presence;—although, I believe, the husky, if she knew her own heart, loved the fellow all the time. Skelpie dressed smartly, discontinued his visits to all other girls, neglected his games, and even his daily occupations, to court Amaranth. He won the heart of the old cripple Saffern; but the lass still turned a deaf ear to his vows;—she was trying to vex Kate Skelpie. I was completely happy, I felt—but wherefore should I dwell on this love contest?—Skelpie is looking over my shoulder, and does not seem to relish the protracted detail. Suffice it to say then, that the bans of marriage were at length published, between Hlabakkuk Bullwinkle, gentleman, and Kate Skelpie, spinster;—that we were united in due season;—and that Skelpie, a short time afterwards, obtained the hand of Amaranth. The angry passions of the girls soon subsided, and they loved each other better than ever. Skelpie became my bosom friend; I prospered in business; and the two families have lived together for above twenty years, in concord and happiness. The roses have faded in Amaranth's cheek, and the fire of Kate's eye is somewhat quenched; but the relation of my own mishaps, Skelpie's adventures, and our strange courtships, never fails to draw back the youthful smiles of hilarity in both their matronly faces. Heaven bless them!

INES DE CASTRO.

PETER of Portugal's passion for Ines de Castro, was so excessive, as to serve, in some measure, as an excuse for the cruelties he practised on her murderers. They were three of the principal noblemen of his kingdom, named Gonzales, Pacheco, and Coello. They had stabbed her with their own hands in the arms of her women. Peter, who was then, only Prince of Portugal, seemed, from that moment, bereft of reason, and the mild virtues by which he had hitherto been distinguished, were now converted into brutal ferocity. He took up arms against his father, and wasted with fire and sword, the provinces in which the estates of the assassins were situate. As soon as he succeeded to the throne, he required Peter the Cruel, of Castille, to deliver up to him Gonzales, and Coello, who had sought refuge in that prince's dominions. Pacheco had retired to France, and there died.

Peter, when his enemies had thus fallen into his hands, inflicted on them the severest punishment he could contrive. He had their hearts torn from their bodies whilst they were still alive, and took pleasure at being himself a witness of this horrid spectacle. After glutting his vengeance in this manner, the lover, in all the extravagance of love and grief, had the body of his dear Ines taken from the grave; arrayed the corpse in magnificent robes; set the crown upon her livid and disfigured brow; proclaimed her Queen of Portugal, and obliged the grandees of his court to do her homage.—*Histoire de Portugal, par Lequin de la Neuville.*

Bellerophon is said to have overcome the monster Chimera by the aid of the winged horse Pegasus. Perhaps he be-rhymed him to death.

THEY COME! &c.

THEY come! the merry summer months of Beauty,
Song, and Flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick
leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad, fling cark and
care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters
glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tran-
quillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the
hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet
and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup, are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood, with kindest love, to bless and
welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now
are silvery grey—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering
“Be gay.”

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon
sky,
But hath its own winged mariners to give it melody:
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming
like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course
they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who far above
this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler
mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder
wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own
glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his
kind,
Slow swells his beads monotonous to the soft western
wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void
of art,
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep founts
of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed
wight like me,
To smell again those summer flowers beneath this
summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little souls
away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright
summer day.
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless
truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty
heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud
to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight
to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm un-
clouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days
gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round me
dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath
wax'd old!

Original.

WHAT IS DEATH?

BY ALBYN DE RANCE.

“WHAT is death?” I asked an infant,
Clinging to its mother's breast;
Its little heart beat at that instant,
Only for its holy rest.
On its lip a smile was playing,
Tear-drops trickled from its eye;
Unconsciously they mingled, saying—
“'Tis not hard for me die.”

“What is death?” I asked of childhood,
Sporting gaily by the stream,
That murmured through its native wildwood:
Life to him was all a dream.
He smil'd not at the thought of leaving
Early pleasures, bright and fair;
He wept not, but his bosom heaving,
Told the sigh was working there.

“What is death?” I ask'd the blooming
Youth, upon whose brow the sun,
In glory dawn'd, his path illuming,
Pointing to his manhood—on.
He stopp'd awhile, and ponder'd, fearful,
O'er his pastime, fading now;
The hopes of youth-hood, dim and tearful,
Wither'd on that sunny brow.

“What is death?” I asked the pleasures,
Crowding round young manhood's path;
He turn'd, and from those glowing treasures
Started at the name of death.
His eyes were glaz'd in gloomy sadness,
Now his heart to feel was taught,
His frenzied brain strove in that madness,
To steep its sense in burning thought.

“What is death?” I ask'd the beauty,
Treading fancy's fearless road;
Unmindful of the daily duty,
She owed unto herself and God.
She stood a moment thoughtful, restive,
Scalding tear-drops filled her eyes;
Scenes around, so flattering, festive,
She could scarcely sacrifice.

“What is death?” I ask'd a parent,
On whose heart a weight of woe—
That seem'd upon her life inherent.
Hung to see the sufferer low.
She clasp'd her infant to a bosom,
Which no fear of death could move;
Loth to leave the tender blossom,
Of her deep enduring love.

“What is death?” I ask'd a miser,
Hoarding still his golden store;
Scarcely of his gems the wiser,
Grasping eagerly for more.
Terror fierce his face distorted,
Ghastly grew his look, and grim;
He with life had quickly parted,
If his gold could follow him.

“What is death?” I ask'd the wreny;
He whose life was waning fast,
“'Tis,” said he, “beyond these dreary
Paths, to gain a home at last.
To that home my feet are tending,
Thither all my steps have press'd,
Soon my body hails its ending,
And my soul its endless rest.”

A LADY PATRONESS.

A BRILLIANT society was assembled in the drawing-room of the banker, Montfort, one of the fortunate *millionnaires* of the *Chaussee-d'Antin*. Seven had struck; and a servant in gorgeous livery had uttered those words so sweet to the ear of the impatient gastronome, "Dinner is on the table."

I shall not describe the dining-room of the millionaire,—that sanctuary within which are laboured out so many conceptions and projects, so many revolutions, financial and political. Neither will I describe the royal magnificence of a feast which might have shamed those of *Lucullus*. Let it suffice to state, that Montfort, on that day, did the honours of his table to a foreign diplomatist, whose protection he sought for the conclusion of a loan;—to the secretary-general of a ministerial department, whose position enabled him to facilitate the adjudication of a great enterprise;—and to three provincial deputies, whose vote might have the effect of enriching France with a canal, which should pour abundance and fertility into the coffers of the insatiable contractor. And this short enumeration of the principal guests is equivalent to the bill of fare.

Madame Octavie de Montfort, blazing with diamonds, and brilliant in youth and beauty, presided, with grace and liveliness. Amiable and smiling, she replied with equal address to the flatteries of the secretary-general and the madrigals of the foreign diplomatist. Every one was in the happiest vein. Sallies of fancy flew about with champagne corks; the deputies of the centre were noisy as during one of *M. Mauguin's* speeches, and the banker himself was almost a wit.

All things had been discussed, and all subjects exhausted, from the *Abbe Chatel* to *Mademoiselle Bouory*, (in addition to those of the loan, the contract, and the canal,) when the conversation fell on the subject of benevolence, connected with a charitable ball—a fancy-ball which was to collect together the flower of Parisian society. Madame Octavie de Montfort was one of the Lady Patronesses of this great ball, which was to take place within a fortnight. Many sayings were uttered, wise and foolish, on the subject of charity, of the poor, of dancing, philanthropy, and benevolence in *entrechats*—that great invention of modern times. The tear stood in Montfort's eye as he spoke of the families of the destitute, who had no prop and no provision, but the sensibility of the rich. As for Octavie, she was sublime. "Of what value was opulence but to soothe the distress!" Between the second course and the dessert, she had got rid of forty tickets. "She only wished she could dispose of two hundred;—not from vanity, thank heaven! that was a feeling she had never known;—but from pity for the unfortunate orphans whom she loved to call her children, her family."

"Dear Octavie!" said the banker, "it is so rich a pleasure to her to succor the wretched. It is her only joy!"

"Ah! you flatter me," quoth Octavie, "I do it for your pleasure;—for you are happy only when you are doing good!"

At this moment a servant entered, and announced to Montfort that some one wished to speak to him.

"At this hour!" said the banker, angrily;—"you know well, John, that I see no one while I am engaged at table."

The servant drew nearer to his master, and whispered, "It is *M. Didier*."

At that name Montfort rose, begged his guests to excuse him, and passed into his study.

A little man, dressed in black, there awaited the banker. Beneath his arm he carried a huge bundle of papers.

"Excuse me if I disturb you," said *M. Didier*, "but

I can only come at this hour or early in the morning, which would disturb you still more; and as you will not admit of any intermediary in the little matter which you have entrusted to me—"

"To the point—to the point, *M. Didier*!"

"Would you believe, *M. Montfort*, that I left my office this morning at seven o'clock, and that I have not yet dined!—I have made fifteen seizures to day."

"To the point, I beg you. I am engaged. Have you, at length, brought me some money? Shall I obtain my rights from these insolvent debtors?"

"I fear not, *Monsieur*, at least unless you proceed to extremities—the sale of their goods, or capture of their bodies. But your sensibility—"

"You know very well, *Sir*, that there is no such thing in matters of business. Besides, I have not had recourse to your agency but because I had to deal with dishonest persons, who are able to pay."

"They say not."

"So, you have got nothing!—Nothing from *Madame Remy*, the mercer, who has owed me four hundred francs for this year past?"

"Nothing."

"What is the state of the affair?"

"We have got judgment and execution; the sale is for Wednesday—but I wished to see you before issuing bills."

"The sale must proceed."

"She asks three months forbearance. She is wholly without resource, and will be compelled to abandon her business. Her husband, who held a small situation in the bank, is dead of cholera, and she is left destitute, with three young children."

"Oh! she says her husband is dead of cholera? I can ascertain that, through my wife, who is a member of the committee of orphans. In the mean time issue the bills at any rate."

"Very well, *Sir*."

"And that young man, *Fourbreuse*,—he who reads memoirs to the Academy of Sciences—has he yet untied his purse-strings?"

"Alas! *Sir*, the purse must be but poorly furnished, if I may judge by his goods."

"Nevertheless, he must pay the thousand francs."

"A thousand francs! my good *Sir*, the debt is now thirteen hundred and eighty francs, including interest and costs. The poor young man will never be able to pay."

"He must, however. I don't understand being trifled with thus. Besides, *M. Fourbreuse* has a place."

He had one;—a situation of fifteen hundred francs, in one of the colleges at Paris—

"What! he has it no longer?"

"You ordered me to attach his salary,—and he has consequently been deprived of his office."

"So, I have no longer any security!" cried the banker. "*M. Didier*, you will proceed in this matter with the utmost rigour. I know that *Fourbreuse* has resources;—he has talents."

"Unproductive talents."

"I cannot help that. They that have unproductive talents should not incur debts. *M. Didier*, you will proceed."

"Everything has been done;—there remains nothing but the seizure."

"That you will make, then."

"To frighten him?"

"No!—to sell."

"His furniture is not worth more than a couple of hundred francs."

"*M. Didier*, I have duties to fulfil. In this matter I act not for myself alone. *Fourbreuse* is indebted to

the heirs of my father-in-law. If it affected no other than my wife, I would wait;—you know me sufficiently to be convinced of that. But this debt interests, equally, my brother-in-law, the Comte de Blergy, and my sister-in-law, the wife of General Maugrand. You will proceed."

"As you desire, Monsieur."

"You know well, M. Didier," added the banker, as he let out the officer, "that I am not a merciless man. I have waited long for these debts;—but there is an end to all things. Besides, I tell you in confidence, that I have promised the little sum whose collection I have entrusted to you, to my wife, who wishes to contribute them to the benevolent institution of our *arrondissement*, for she is a lady of charity. Good day M. Didier."

At this moment, the noise of the dance reached them, and the melodious orchestra of Tolbecque flung its joyous harmonies into the banker's study. Montfort hastily regained his rich saloons.

It was a delicious fete—an intoxicating rout—a true millionaire's bill. The leaders of finance, the lords of diplomacy, all the world of fashion, were met together in this brilliant assemblage. A thousand lustres shed their dazzling light on women sparkling with the ornaments of dress and of loveliness. The crowded masses of the happy and the powerful moved, to the sound of harmonious music, through chambers embellished with all the appliances of luxury and all the wonders of art. At two o'clock a magnificent repast varied the pleasures of the night, and astonished, by its tasteful magnificence, guests accustomed to the prodigal splendour of ministerial tables. The day had dimmed the brilliancy of the lamps, while yet the dance continued—while a magic and seducing galopade swept in its whirling course that gilded and smiling crowd, and offered to the charmed eyes a moving circle of women, of diamonds, and of flowers.

I forgot to mention, that, at the close of the supper, Madame Octavie de Montfort had already disposed of two hundred tickets for the charitable ball.

Let us leave this scene of happiness and of pleasure, and transport ourselves to the fourth story of a dismal abode in the Rue Guenegand. After a night of watching and labour, a young man, seated before a small deal table, covered with papers, books, and mathematical instruments, near a fire place, in which a few miserable embers yet glowed,—had yielded to fatigue, and fallen asleep with his head drooped upon his breast. An almost expiring lamp cast a dim light upon the pallid and melancholy face of the student. An open door presented to view, within another chamber, a wretched bed, on which lay an elderly lady, whose thin and wrung features spoke of sickness and pain. The poverty of the humble dwelling was slightly disguised by its exceeding cleanness. A few old articles of furniture, the broken relics of former independence, saddened the eye by their ruined elegance. A dog, extended at its master's feet, had just awakened with the first ray of the sun, and looked up at the sleeping youth with an earnest and protecting look. Suddenly the door-bell rang; the dog sprang hastily up, and uttered a low bark, which he at once stifled, as he looked towards the bed of the old woman. "Silence Fox," said the young man, waking up, and rubbing his eyes. "Surely there was a ring at the door;—who comes so early? and he proceeded to open it.

It was M. Didier—the man in black, with the bundle of papers, and the gentle manner and mien. But M. Didier, this time, was not alone. He was accompanied by two other men, in one of whom, Fourbrouse recognized the porter of a neighbouring house.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said Didier, bowing—"you do not recognise me, though I have already had the honour of speaking with you several times. I come for the

payment of the thousand francs, (exclusive of costs,) which you owe to the Blergy estate."

Fourbrouse started.

"And unless I am paid this morning, I shall be under the painful necessity, according to my orders from M. Montfort, to proceed to execution."

Fourbrouse felt his heart cease to beat. He thought of his old mother, who lay sick before him, and now slept quietly on the bed which they were about to sell. His step staggered, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

Before proceeding, and during the time that Didier made his inventory, let us explain the origin of this debt, and inform our readers how the poor youth became indebted to the heirs of the Comte de Blergy for a thousand francs.

In the Comte de Blergy, the father of Madlle. Octavie, scientific acquirements of the first order enhanced the lustre of titles and wealth. In few words, he was one of the distinguished men of his day, the most, and the most deservedly honored.

An important work, published by Fourbrouse, and some remarkable memoirs read by him to the Academy of Sciences, had attracted towards this youth the attention of the distinguished old man, and an acquaintance, sought by the Comte, had arisen between them.

In a short time, an actual benefit conferred, brought, if possible, increased claims upon the gratitude of Fourbrouse. An office became vacant in one of the colleges of Paris; and the Comte de Blergy procured it for his *protege*. The income was small, but the appointment honourable; and it yielded enough, with the produce of some private tuition, to put Fourbrouse in a position to provide for his aged mother a quiet subsistence, and to continue in peace the profound labours to which he had dedicated his future life.

Arrived at the accomplishment of his wishes, Fourbrouse had now scarcely anything to desire, when an unfortunate circumstance arose to trouble the calm of his life, and surrender him a prey to the deepest anxiety. Security, imprudently given, for an unworthy friend, who deceived him, placed him in the most harassing position, and threatened even his personal liberty.

At this painful moment, a letter was brought to him. He recognised the hand writing of the Comte de Blergy, as he broke the seal; but who shall express the feelings with which he found, within the envelope, a cheque for one thousand francs, accompanied by the following lines:

"A common friend has informed me of the difficulty in which your too confiding generosity has involved you. Your repose must not be broken, nor the labours, which are of equal importance to your own renown, and to the interests of science, interrupted, for a miserable sum like this. Accept the inclosed. It is the amount which you require. I am too happy to have the opportunity of serving you. Consider it but as a loan;—you shall repay it when you are able. Take it, if you wish that I should pardon your not having confided your difficulty to me."

Who shall tell that which passed in the soul of Fourbrouse, as he read this note? Filled with the warmest gratitude, but resolved upon refusing the obligation, he hastened to the hotel of the Comte. He thanked him with tears, while he urged him to receive back the generous subsidy; but the Comte pressed him with such earnest friendship, and contrived so well to overcome the delicate scruples of the young man, that Fourbrouse yielded at length to his entreaties, stipulating only that he should sign a receipt for the sum, and an engagement to repay it in a year.

"With all my heart," said the noble old man, with a smile.

The year passed. Fourbrouse had reckoned, for the discharge of his obligation, upon the sale of a treatise

on Geometry; but circumstances appeared unfavourable to the publisher, who was to purchase it. On the day when his engagement fell due, Fourbrouse presented himself, timidly, with his apologies, before the Comte de Blergy.

"What!" said the old man, "thinking still of that trifle! M. Fourbrouse, if you speak of it again to me, it must be a quarrel between us."

Three more years passed, during which Fourbrouse, more favoured of fate than of fortune, gained daily more and more the esteem of the learned, and above all, of the Comte de Blergy, who ceased not to honour him with his confidence and friendship. But the poor young man could not pay the money, and dared not again speak of the debt to his benefactor.

At the end of these three years, the Comte died suddenly, leaving an immense fortune to his son and his two daughters, the eldest of whom had recently married the banker Montfort, and the youngest, the General Maugrand. Unhappily, amongst the millions that he left to his heirs, was found the obligation for one thousand francs, signed by the poor mathematician. * *

We left M. Didier making his inventory in the little chamber of Fourbrouse. The unfortunate student, standing in the recess of his window, looked on with folded arms; an unnatural calm, a sort of convulsive resignation had stolen over him; and on his impassive face, no sign betrayed the tempest of his thoughts, yet bitter were his reflections. "Ah!" exclaimed he mentally, "you who feel tempted to accept of succour from a generous hand, beware, lest your benefactor have sons, or daughters, or sons-in-law, to inherit his fortune, and come after his death to draw you into a reckoning for the benefit. If you have a name that you thought to honour amongst men, by the labours of usefulness, they will record that name in a process! They will have it called over by a huissier's clerk! They will make it the property of a scribe, who shall speculate upon the number of its letters! They will post up your poverty in the market-place! They will print in the journals, and on your gate, the description of your miserable moveables! They will sell them in the public square; and, in the evening go to a ball, where they will institute a raffle, for the benefit of the poor!"

Still, there was a consolation that mingled with the bitter thoughts of Fourbrouse; a something whispered to him, that if there were a name tarnished in the affair, it was, haply, not his, but that of the millionaire banker, those of the vain and titled men, the idle and gilded women, who had taken from him his poor table, his chair, and his bed; from him, the child of indigence and toil, although he had been the friend of their father, and because a few piles more of crowns were wanting to swell an heritage of millions.

Didier and his clerk had now completed their inventory of the young student's room, and a small kitchen adjoining, and the officer was about to enter into the old lady's chamber, when Fourbrouse sprang forward and seized his arm.

"Sir," said he, calmly, "I entreat you not to go in there—my mother is ill, and just now she sleeps."

The huissier paused upon the threshold of the chamber, round which he cast his searching looks, and in a low voice dictated his inventory, while Fox looked at him with a flashing eye, ready to dart upon him, if he should invade the apartment of the invalid.

The old lady had, however, awaked, and from the foot of her bed, which was surrounded by old chintz curtains, she heard the whispering. "My poor Frederic," muttered she to herself, "already at his work and reading over his labours." But too soon she recognised, that it was not the voice of her son, and caught the words, "An old mahogany chest of drawers, with marble head; a pendule, in sculptured brass; two old arm chairs, covered with silk——"

A cry burst from the lips of the invalid—for she

guessed the truth. Fourbrouse sprang towards her, and strove to soothe her, while Didier finished his inventory.

Two days after, Fourbrouse, accompanied by his dog, followed a hearse, which took the road to the Cemetery of Mont-Parnasse.

It was a great night for the poor, the night of the 1st of March, 1833! In one of the most splendid hotels of the quarter of the modern Athens, the sumptuous apartments had been decorated with magnificence for the great philanthropic ball, of which we have already spoken, and which had Madame Octavie de Montfort for one of its lady patronesses. A long string of carriages brought, to this enchanted spot, all that Paris contained of brilliant women and men *comme il faut*. The aristocracy of birth, joined hands with the aristocracy of wealth, in this truly fraternal assemblage, where the sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy expanded all hearts. The richness and variety of the costumes, the profusion of flowers, of lamps, and of gold, gave to the fête the aspect of a fairy scene. All nations and all epochs were there mingled and confounded. Marchionesses of the 18th century, Duchesses of the 15th, abbes, *mousquetaires*, pilgrims, pachas, chevaliers, Swiss peasants, French guardsmen, boatmen, and chieftains, were crowded together, and waved to and fro, amid torrents of light and music. It was a sight to make one adore philanthropy and charity, and give thanks to Heaven that there were such people as the poor.

Madame Octavie de Montfort, by her beauty, her diamonds, and the splendour of her oriental costume, would have attracted all eyes, even if the rose-colored knot, the distinctive signs of her functions, as lady patroness, had not fixed attention upon her. She was the queen of this fête, where also shone her husband, in the guise of troubadour: her brother, M. de Blergy, in the rich costume of a courtier of Henry the Second's time; and her sister, the Baroness Maugrand, habited as a Chinese, and leaning on the arm of a mandarin, General Maugrand. These two dresses which had been expressly procured from China, and were of incredible magnificence, had cost 20,000 francs. But can one make too great sacrifices, when a fête for the benefit of the poor is in question?

All at once, a movement was observed at one of the doors of the saloon, and a mask entered, round whom the crowd gathered, attracted by the singularity of its costume. It was a man clothed in the garb of a beggar, carrying a wallet, and on whose garments were pasted innumerable papers of legal process. His breast, his back, his arms, his legs, were covered with them; Monsieur and Madame de Montfort were amongst the first to approach this mysterious personage, and read what follows, on a large sheet of stamped paper, which covered his breast.

The author has here given exact copies of the different instruments of legal process, on the part of the heirs of the Comte de Blergy, all whose names and descriptions are set out at full length, against the poor student, including the inventory, and ending with the advertisement of sale—which are described as covering the different parts of the body of the mask, but which our readers would not thank us to translate for them;—and the whole ends as follows:—

And on his hat, which was surrounded with a black crape, was a written paper, with these words in large characters—

"The charity of the men of the world."

By too constant association, the sincerest friendship and the warmest love may be estranged, or rather obliterated; as the richest coins are defaced by the friction of each other.

Original.

THE HUSBAND'S FIRST ERROR,

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

THE star is setting now, the little star
 You bade me watch, my love! and then to list,
 With its last fading beam, the hasty tread
 Of thy impatient foot, as swift it flew
 Across the dewy lawn, to meet me here,
 In our own rosy bower; our sweet retreat
 From care and meddling thought. Lo, it is gone!
 Its last soft light is shaded, and my soul
 Grows sad and desolate without thee now!
 Our little one is sleeping on my breast:
 Its soft warm cheek is pressed against my lip,
 In sweet unconscious innocence! I hear
 The soft and hallowed music of its breath,
 And drink its balmy fragrance! Oh, I feel,
 What naught on earth can feel, save that deep fount,
 Of strange and holy tenderness, which lies
 Forever dom'd within a mother's breast,
 Pouring its streams of blessedness and joy
 Through all her being.

'Tis a precious thing,
 A choice rich boon of heaven, to be a mother,
 And taste the nameless unaccompanied bliss,
 Which springs from such relationship! But hark!
 Methinks I hear the whizzing of a bird,
 Scared from its nightly slumbers; now again,
 The hawthorn hedge is sighing in the touch
 Of some swift passer—aye, it must be him.

Not yet, not yet—my love! The moon is high,
 And flings her solemn glory o'er the world;
 The hush'd, reposing world! The midnight breeze
 Is creeping o'er the bosom of the lake,
 Weigh'd down with summer fragrance; but its voice
 Is full of strange forebodings! Low and sad,
 The distant cataract is humming on,
 In its eternal solitary song.

The touch of holy meekness flings her spell
 Across the brow of nature; and I feel
 A deep and precious sympathy of soul;
 A nameless fellowship with that same spell
 Ineffable; and like the treasur'd depths
 Of all the soul's affections. Still I grieve,
 'Mid all this bright and pleasant vision; grieve,
 Because thou comest not! and I feel a void;
 A dark and gloomy solitude of spirit;
 An utter loneliness, which blessed dreams
 Of bright and joyous things can never cheer,
 While thou art absent, dearest! Never, never
 Till this sad mournful eve didst thou thus wait
 Beyond the appointed hour; thy buoyant foot
 Was like the young bird's wing, as near she comes
 To her first worshipp'd brood. Thy lip was warm
 With love's delighted breathings, and thy heart
 Was ever true, and guileless as the light
 Of young Aurora's smile. Oh, wake, my son!
 My precious innocent, awake and cheer
 The dark foreboding gloom, which gathers fast
 Around thy mother's soul!—but list, I hear
 A footstep now! a heavy, measured tread,
 Unlike the light and joyous step of him
 Whose life is blended with my own; and yet,
 It must—it must be him. Now rest thee here
 On this sweet violet bed, my lovely boy!
 While thy fond mother flies, with open arms,
 To meet her own beloved. * * * *

Changed—how changed!

The folded arm, the cold, averted eye,
 The bitter taunt, the mockery of my long
 And patient hours of wakefulness; the laugh
 Of shame and conscious guilt; the reeling form;—
 Oh God, and is it so! Is this the meed

Of all my soul's devotion?—this the dark
 And mournful end of young affection's dream!
 Aye! what shall quench the burning agony
 Which scathes my bending spirit! what shall bring
 The holy charm again, which, yesterday,
 Flung such enchantment round my joyous feet
 As made them tread on roses!—Yesterday!
 Oh, how the light of innocence and love,
 Which then was on my path, is dark as death,
 And chills me with its dreariness! The heavens—
 The bright and glorious heavens! look desolate,
 In melancholy grandeur. Oh, my boy,
 How shall I meet thy playful happy amile,
 While shadows gather o'er thee! Hush, my heart—
 I feel that thou art breaking!

FAREWELL TO THE DEE.

I LEAVE thee, my own river Dee—I leave thy banks
 of green,
 The richness of thy harvest hills, thy summer woods
 serene;

Thy birds, like living lutes, that sing through heaven's
 bright azure free—

I leave thee—oh! my beautiful, my native river Dee!

They tell me, that, in foreign lands, far nobler rivers
 sweep—

So vast, the weary skies do rest upon their shoreless
 deep;

That coloured birds, like tulip-beds, in living lustre
 glow,

And far away, for miles, they say, ten thousand forests
 grow!

Yet tell me, if the flowers I love, I ever more may find,
 Or meet a valley half so dear as this I leave behind!
 What—what to me are forests wild, or birds of painted
 wing?

Let me still hear in English groves the English black-
 bird sing.

I asked my mother why she sought to cross the dreary
 wave—

To quit the farm where we were born—to lose my
 father's grave—

And why the cot my grandsire built this very day was
 sold?

She answered—while she wept the more—that she
 was poor and old!

But yet she hoped for better times, beyond the waters
 wide,

And, come what would, while we were good, our God
 would still provide:

And more I heard, and strove to hide upon my mother's
 knee

The tears I could not all repress, yet hoped she might
 not see.

The forests—how I fear them still! for there the lion
 prowls

The whole night through; the panther, too, with hungry
 fury bows;

And when the white moon veils her brow, the tiger
 quits his lair—

Yet wherefore should I dread to go?—my brother will
 be there!

Then, lovely river! though I ne'er may view thy
 waters more,

Still may the bright heavens shine for thee in glory as
 of yore—

Still may thy flowers in gladness spring—still bloom,
 though not for me!

And bless—oh! bless thee once again, my own dear
 "wizard Dee!"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

"FAINT HEART," says the adage, "never won fair ladye." I know not who it was that gave birth to this "wise saw"—whether it is to be found in Homer, as some say all things may, (it is a long time since we read Homer,)—or whether some gallant son of Mars introduced it to the world by way of forwarding the views of himself and comrades. But this I know, that whoever the person may be, he has much to answer for: much to answer for to the ladies for subjecting them to the affectations and impertinences of our sex—much to answer for to us, for encouraging the belief that such a behaviour is pleasing to the fair.

Perhaps it may be urged that a misapprehension and misapplication of the adage have caused the grievance I complain of. It may be so; but it is not enough that a law is made with a view to encourage merit; it should be so framed as to defy a perversion to the purposes of evil. In the blessed days of chivalry, no doubt, the bravest knights were—as they deserved to be—the most successful plunders in the bower of beauty. But let it be remembered, that, in those days, the gallants were as bold as lions in battle, but in a lady's boudoir, (if such an anachronism may be allowed,) meek as so many lambs. Now, I much fear, the high bearing of our gallants is chiefly displayed in the chambers of their mistresses, while craven hearts are found to tremble in the tent. Alas, for the days of chivalry! In a word—though I speak it with the most perfect good humour, and without a particle of jealousy—I consider the young men of the present day, a saucy, empty, assuming, ill-bred set of fellows, and altogether unworthy the favours of the belles of the nineteenth century.

I am not a nineteenth-century man myself, and I thank the gods (particularly the god of love) for that consolation in the midst of all my sorrows. Forty years ago things were very different: the young folks of that age were men of another calibre, men who paid some regard to *decency*, and were not ashamed to wear the blush of modesty upon all proper occasions. I was a lover then; and I confess, (though at the risk of getting laughed at for my pains,) felt as much alarm at the idea of "popping the red-hot question," as facing a fifteen-pounder. An offer of marriage at that time of day was matter of deliberation for weeks, months, nay, frequently for years:—not, as now, an affair of three interviews—a ball, a morning call, and an evening at the opera. No, no—Gretna Green was a *terra incognita* in those days; and except in plays and romances, no man ever dreamt of stealing a heiress *burglariously*, (for I can find no softer term for it,) or running away with a beauty, and asking her consent afterwards.

The manner of popping the question, certainly, must always vary considerably with the varying dispositions and habits of men. The young lawyer, for instance, would put it in a precise, parchment sort of a way—I, A. B., do hereby ask and solicit, &c.—while the poet, no doubt would whip in a scrap of Ovid, and make it up into a sonnet, or moonlight impromptu. I remember the opinion of a young beau of Gray's Inn, (macaronies we used to call them in those days,) who, on its being suggested that the best way of putting the query was by writing, replied, "No, that would never do; for then the lady would have it to show against you."

But to my tale. About twenty years ago, (I was not then so bald as I am now,) I was spending the midsummer with my old friend and school-fellow, Tom Merton. Tom had married early in life, and had a daughter, Mary Rose, who, to her "father's wit and

mother's beauty," added her uncle Absalom's good humour, and her aunt Deborah's notability. In her, you had the realization of all that the poets have sung about fairy forms, dulcet voices, and witching eyes.—She was just such a being as you may imagine to yourself in the heroine of some beautiful romance—Narcissa, in Roderick Random, for instance—or Sophia, in Tom Jones—or Fanny, in Joseph Andrews—not the modern, lackadaisical damsels of Colburn and Bentley. If she had met the eye of Marc Antony, Cleopatra might have exerted her blandishments in vain: if Paris had but seen Mary Rose Merton, Troy might have been standing to this day. Such was the preading divinity of the house where I was visiting. My heart was susceptible, and I fell in love. No man, I thought, had ever loved as I did—a common fancy among lovers—and the intensity of my affection, I believed, would not fail to secure a return. One cannot explain the secret, but those who have felt the influence, will know how to judge of my feelings. I was as completely over head and ears as mortal could be: I loved with that entire devotion that makes filial piety and brotherly affection sneak to a corner of man's heart, and leave it to the undisputed sovereignty of feminine beauty.

The blindness incidental to my passion, and the young lady's uniform kindness, led me to believe that the possibility of her becoming my wife was by no means so remote as at first it had appeared to be; and, having spent several sleepless nights in examining the subject on all sides, I determined to make her an offer of my hand, and to bear the result, pro or con, with all due philosophy. For more than a week I was disappointed in an opportunity of speaking alone with my adored, notwithstanding I had frequently left the dinner table prematurely with that view, and several times excused myself from excursions which had been planned for my especial amusement.

At length a favourable moment seemed to be at hand. A charity sermon was to be preached by the bishop, for the benefit of a Sunday school, and as Mr. Merton was churchwarden, and destined to hold one of the plates, it became imperative on his family to be present on the occasion. I, of course, proffered my services, and it was arranged that we should set off early next morning, to secure good seats in the centre aisle. I could hardly close my eyes that night for thinking how I should "Pop the Question;" and when I did get a short slumber, was waked on a sudden by some one starting from behind alledge, just as I was disclosing the soft secret. Sometimes, when I had fancied myself sitting by the lovely Mary in a bower of jessamine and roses, and had just concluded a beautiful rhapsody about loves and doves, myrtles and turtles, I raised my blushing head, and found myself *tele-a-tele* with her papa. At another moment, she would slip a beautiful, pink, hot-pressed billet-doux into my hand, which, when I unfolded it, would turn out to be a challenge from some favoured lover, desiring the satisfaction of meeting me at half-past six in the morning, and so forth, and concluding, as usual, with an indirect allusion to a horsewhip. Morning dreams, they say, always come true. It's a gross falsehood—mine never come true. But I had a pleasant vision that morning, and recollecting the gossip's tale, I fondly hoped it would be verified. Methought I had ventured to "pop the question" to my Dulcinea, and was accepted. I jumped out of bed in a tremour. "Yes," I cried, "I will pop the question: ere this night-cap again envelope this unhappy head, the trial shall be made!" and I

shaved, and brushed my hair over the bald place on my crown, and tied my cravat with unprecedented care; and made my appearance in the breakfast-parlor just as the servant maid had begun to dust the chairs and tables.

Poor servant maid! I exclaimed to myself—for I felt very Sterne-ish—was it ever thy lot to have the question popped into thy sophisticated ear? Mayhap, even now, as thou dustest the mahogany chairs, and rubbest down the legs of the rosewood tables, pangs of unrequited affection agitate thy tender bosom, or doubts of a lover's faith are preying upon thy maiden heart! I can fancy thee, fair domestic, standing in that neat dress thou wearest now—a gown of dark blue, with a little white sprig apron of criss-cross, (housemaids were not above checked aprons in those days,) and black cotton stockings—that identical duster, perhaps, waving in thy ruby hand—I can fancy thee, thus standing, sweet help, with thy lover at thy feet—he all hope and protestation, thou all fear and hesitation—his face glowing with affection, thine suffused with blushes—his eyes beaming with smiles, thine gushing with tears—love-tears, that fall, drop—drop—slowly at first, like the first drops of a thunder-storm, increasing in their flow, even as that storm increaseth, till finding it no longer possible to dissemble thy weeping, thou raisest the duster to thy cheeks, and smearest them with its pulverized impurities. But Love knows best how to bring about his desires: that little incident, simple—nay, silly as it may seem, has more quickly matured the project than hours of sentiment could have done: for the begrimed countenance of the maiden sets both the lovers a laughing—she is anxious to run away, to wash “the filthy witness” from her face—he will not suffer her to depart without a promise, a word of hope—she falters forth the soft syllables of consent—and the terrible task of “popping the question” is over.

Breakfast-time at length arrived. But I shall pass over the blunders I committed during its progress;—now I saluted Mary Rose's muffin instead of my own, poured the cream into the sugar basin, and took a bite at the tea-pot lid. “Popping the question” haunted me continually, and I feared to speak, even on the most ordinary topics, lest I should in some way betray myself. Pop—pop—pop!—every thing seemed to go off with a pop; and when at length Mr. Morton hinted to Mary and her mother that it was time for them to pop on their bonnets, I thought he laid a particular stress on the horrible monosyllable, and almost expected him to accuse me of some sinister design upon his daughter. It passed off, however, and we set out for the church. Mary Rose leaned upon my arm, and complained how dull I was. I, of course, protested against it, and tried to rally; vivacity, indeed, was one of my characteristics, and I was just beginning to make myself extremely agreeable, when a little urchin, in the thick gloom of a dark entry, let off a pop-gun close to my ear. The sound, simple as it may seem, made me start as if a ghost had stood before me, and when Mary observed that I was “very nervous this morning,” I felt as if I could have throttled the lad; and inwardly cursed the inventor of pop-guns, and doomed him to the lowest pit of Acheron.

I strove against my fate, however, and made several observations. “Look,” cried Mary Rose, as we gained the end of the street, “what a beautiful child!”

I turned my head to the window, when the first object that met my eyes was a square blue paper, edged with yellow, on which was written in too, too legible characters, “Pop.” I believe I was surprised into an exclamation stronger than the occasion would seem to warrant, and the poor child came in for a share of my anathema. I didn't intend it, however, for I am very fond of children: but it served Mary Rose to scold me about till we came to the church door; and, if possible, bewildered me more than ever. We had now arrived

in the middle aisle, when my fair companion whispered me—“My dear Mr. —, won't you take off your hat?” This was only a prelude to still greater blunders. I posted myself at the head of the seat, sang part of the hundredth psalm while the organist was playing the symphony, sat down when I should have stood up, knelt when I ought to have been standing, and just at the end of the creed, found myself pointed due west. The gaze and wonder of the whole congregation.

The sermon at length commenced, and the quietness that ensued, broken only by the perambulations of the beadle and sub-schoolmaster, and the collision, ever and anon, of their official wands with the heads of refractory students, guilty of the enormous crime of gaping or twirling their thumbs, gave me an opportunity of collecting my scattered thoughts. Just as the rest of the congregation were going to sleep, I began to awake from my mental lethargy; and by the time the worthy prelate had discussed three or four heads of his text, felt myself competent to make a speech in parliament. Just at this moment, too, a thought struck me, as beautiful as it was sudden—a plan by which I might make the desired tender of my person, and display an abundant share of wit into the bargain.

To this end I seized Mary Rose's prayer-book, and turning over the pages till I came to matrimony, marked the passage, “Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?” with two emphatic dashes; and pointing significantly and confidently to myself, handed it to her with a bow. She took it!—she read it!—she smiled!!! Was it a smile of assent? O, how my heart beat in my bosom at that instant—so loud, that I feared the people around us might hear its palpitations; and looked at them to see if they noticed me. She turned over a few leaves—she took my pencil, which I had purposely enclosed in the book—and she marked a passage; O, ye gods and demi-gods! what were my sensations at that moment! not Jove himself, when he went swan-hopping to the lovely Leda—nor Pluto, when he perpetrated the abduction of the beautiful Proserpine, could have experienced a greater turmoil of passion than I at that moment. I felt the score—felt it, as if it had been made across my very heart: and I grasped the book—and I squeezed the hand that presented it; and opening the page tremblingly, and holding the volume close to my eyes, (for the type was small, and my sight not quite so good as it used to be,) I read—O, Mary Rose! O, Mary Rose! that I should live to relate it!—“A woman may not marry her grandfather.”

POINTS IN COMPOSITION.

It is not to be supposed that sublime passages and elevated sentiments can be susceptible of such infinite variety, as to be always new and affecting. Every thing has its boundaries; nor is the case different with regard to true comedy; there is not in human nature above a dozen characters truly comic, and highly marked. Innumerable are the clouds that overshadow truth, her strongest and most glowing colours are not many, but of such of these as are of a primitive, a superior nature, an able artist never fails to make a proper use. Pulpit oratory, particularly that which relates to funeral eulogium, is exactly in the same—moral truths being once delivered with eloquence, the images of wretchedness and weakness, the vanity of grandeur and the devastations of death, being once drawn by masterly hands, in time become common-place; we are reduced to the necessity of imitating, or of going from the point. A sufficient number of fables have been composed by a la Fontaine, all further additions enter into the same system of morality, and the course of adventure is nearly the same. Thus genius, after flourishing for a certain age, must necessarily degenerate.—Voltaire.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

"This ruin of sweet life."—*Shakespeare.*

Who has not heard of Mount St. Bernard, its convent, its monks, its dogs, and its glaciers? It has been the theme of the fashionable traveller, who has started either from one of the universities, or from one of the squares, to see the world, for nearly the last fifth of a century. Every coxcomb who can spare time and money to visit the lake of Geneva, goes a little farther, looks at Mounts Blanc and St. Bernard, and returns to England with a theme for the rest of his life.

Let me then be candid upon my own spirit of adventure, since I was guided in it by a similar ambition. On quitting Cambridge, where I graduated without honour either to myself or to the university, having the means of being idle and of seeing the world, which is but too frequently one and the same thing, I posted off to Switzerland, to explore the aforementioned lake and mountains, and in order that I might lay in a stock of conversation which would serve, upon my return to this dull land, to astonish the non-illuminati for the remainder of my days. I travelled with a friend, just as idle, and of similar views with myself. We had not been at Geneva more than a few days, ere we determined, in the true spirit of enterprise, to ascend the Mount St. Bernard, to explore the pass by which he of Carthage in ancient, and he of Corsica in modern days, the heroes respectively of Cannæ and Marengo, descended the precipitous sides of that mighty "fragment of a former world," and covered the fair plains of Italy with their victorious armies.

Oh! what a glorious thing, thought I, will it be to expatiate upon,—to tell of accidents, not "by flood and field," neither "by lake and mere," but upon the European Caucasus, where the snows are, with reference to time, eternal, and where young lords and esquires go to breathe the mountain air, full ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

My friend and I took up our temporary abode in the little village of Saint Pierre, at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, resolving to avail ourselves of the first fine day to "climb its rugged steep." In order to give the greater character to our adventure, we determined to proceed alone; and as we were informed, upon authority which we could not for one moment doubt, that, from the base of the mountain to the summit, there were directing posts at intervals of about every two hundred yards, we had the less hesitation in attempting the ascent without guides; more especially, too, as we were told that some enterprising spirits had successfully performed the same feat but a few weeks previously to our arrival. There is really a charming excitement in the thought of doing a bold thing, which shall provoke at once the admiration of the women and the envy of the men; for what man is not flattered at being envied by his fellows, when that very envy gains him the admiration of those converse problems in human nature which have such a mighty influence upon the actions of men, whether it be for good or for evil. I really was almost intoxicated with the bare idea that my moral exaltation in the world, would be measured and fixed by my physical exaltation on the mighty Alp, and therefore determined to ascend as high as the natural impediments and my natural resolution would permit. If, thought I, Doctor Paccard and James Belmat could scale the "cloud cap" cone of Mount Blanc,

"Where the gelid sky,
Snows piled on snows in wintry torpor lie,"

I

why should not my friend and myself ascend a mountain upwards of four thousand feet lower, especially when there is such a capital resting-place as the celebrated convent, scarcely more than half a mile from the summit? Swelling with this mental imposthume, and almost wild with the thought of having my name enrolled in future times among the archives of the British Museum or the Institute Royal, by the side of those of Paccard and Saussure, I prepared early one fine morning in September, Anno Domini 1829, to enter upon my perilous undertaking. Having had our shoes regularly spiked, according to the custom of true mountain wanderers, my friend and I left the village of St. Pierre, crossed the picturesque little wooden bridge which divides it from the base of the mountain, and with a sort of knapsack upon our backs, containing cold chicken and lemonade, we commenced our search of the picturesque.

The sun shone out in the full blaze of his glory,—the morning was bright and bracing, when we reached the foot of the mountain. Our path was soon indicated, for we found the directing posts regularly placed, and precisely as they had been described to us.—The first part of our progress was sufficiently easy, as the path was wide and the ascent gradual. The higher we advanced, the more beautiful the prospect became, which we occasionally rested to gaze upon with the most inconceivable delight. A prospect seen from the Alps, is especially exciting, not merely from what is actually presented to the eye, though every thing is new and prodigiously striking, but from the buoyant self-satisfaction with which it is regarded. It is contemplated with a glowing pride of heart, which imparts, so to speak, a microscopic influence to the medium through which it is beheld. Every thing is immensely magnified to the mind, though not to the outward senses, from the novelty of the surprise which it creates, and the natural tendency of the imagination when excited to exaggerate visual objects. We see before us what it has been the very sum of our ambition to gaze upon; we feel that we are standing upon a spot which it has been the pride of thousands to visit, and which thousands desire to visit in vain. We are impressed for the moment by the consciousness of a certain moral superiority that lifts us above the dull mass of our kind, and imparts an elevation and dignity to every thing around, from the powerful associations which it produces; and thus, while the eye wanders over the distant plains, we feel within ourselves the enviable self-gratulating sentiment arise.—How few have seen nature in her rude but stupendous sublimity as I have! What a subject of conversation for the rest of one's life! An ascent of the Alps is indeed no ignoble triumph, and I confess I felt it at this proud moment. It was one of the bright green spots in the wilderness of my existence.

Such or similar were my reflections, and these were considerably enhanced by the circumstance of our attempting alone, the somewhat perilous ascent of the Mount St. Bernard. Many had scaled its lofty acclivities with the assistance of guides, but we had adventured unaccompanied upon our arduous undertaking.

As we advanced, the path narrowed and became exceedingly rugged, but those hirsute mountain occupants, the goats, which bounded here and there upon the lower regions of the mountain, gave a sort of domestic aspect to the scene which greatly diminished

its increasing asperity. We pushed boldly forward, the morning still continuing fine, but a mist every now and then rising from the hills, which threw a sort of opalescent dulness over the bright beams of the sun. After about three hours' energetic walking, we paused at a small tabular plain, which crowned one of the undulations in the hill. Here we seated ourselves upon a projecting ledge of stone, and took part of the refecton which we had provided, and then, much refreshed, commenced our labours up the narrow path that conducted to the summit of the cone. At this part of our ascent we deviated somewhat from the common track, to enjoy the beauties of the surrounding prospect, which was now vastly increased in magnificence, from the circumstance of our greater elevation.

"Here, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy, a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew;
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise."

After four hours' additional labour, we again paused to rest ourselves, but the increased cold and rarity of the atmosphere acted strangely upon our appetites, for we felt less disposed to eat than to drink; however, we picked the bones of a second chicken, drank a couple of bottles of lemonade, and again proceeded on our way. It was now about one o'clock. The brightness of the morning had considerably declined, and we began to feel rather anxious to reach the convent. A thick haze had wrapped the peaks of the neighbouring mountains, so that all objects except those in our immediate vicinity, had become quite indistinct. By this time the cold was so distressing, that it was as much as we could do to keep our limbs from becoming benumbed. Notwithstanding these trifling impediments, however, we continued our journey, and the very idea of overcoming difficulty, was excitement sufficient to give us every prospect of eventual success. Some of the passes had already become exceedingly troublesome to surmount, entire strangers as we were to such extreme rugged ascents, and but for the constant guidance of the finger-posts, we should have imagined that we had deviated from the proper track. Here and there foaming torrents bounded and roared across our path, swelled by the melting of the mountain snows; frequently confusing our inexperience, and greatly increasing the difficulty of our progress. When we had attained to an elevation between six and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, we turned out of our direct path in order to visit an extensive glacier which here almost entirely filled up an immense ravine between the Great St. Bernard and the neighbouring mountain. When we reached the margin of this glacier, the mist, which had for some time been hovering upon the lateral projections of the hill, suddenly dispersed, and the sun poured a broad flood of light upon the glittering masses before us. It appeared as if a mountain lake, lashed into billows by the "strife of elements," had been suddenly congealed, whilst its surges were at their "loftiest swell," and fixed into impotent stillness in the very climax of its commotion. Here and there huge pinnacles of ice rose above the general level of the glacier, assuming, upon a near inspection, forms the most singular and fantastic. We found no great difficulty in passing from the margin nearly to the centre of this barrier, as the undulations were close, and the hollows between them neither deep nor formidable; but as we advanced, these hollows became considerably wider, the icy billows loftier, and of more difficult access, while they were now often separated by deep fissures, called crevasses by the mountaineers, which threatened our progress with such formidable perils, that I considered it wise at once to retrace my steps.

Abruptly from the great mass of the glacier are

sometimes so sudden, that chasms are formed like the yawnings of earthquakes, and vast portions of the frozen mountain fall with a horrid crash into the gulf.—To look down one of these frightful crevasses was enough to turn a stronger head than mine; and though Saussure, in his "*Voyages dans les Alpes*," recommends that the eye should be kept steadily fixed upon the precipice while you are traversing its brink, as the brain ceases to reel in proportion as the eye becomes accustomed to explore the dismal abyss beneath, I, nevertheless, could not muster sufficient resolution to gaze for more than a few moments upon those dreadful chasms, whose depths, to such a superficial scrutiny, absolutely appear interminable. The bright cerulean hue of the icy walls which shut in these bottomless pits, gradually darkening as the eye pursues its course downward, until it terminates in a Cimmerian black, positively curdles the blood of the traveller unaccustomed to explore these rugged lineaments of nature. I could not venture to gaze upon these interminable shafts of ice without an uncontrollable sensation of terror, and though my companion would have proceeded, being of a harder courage than myself, I determined to retreat to the brink of the glacier, which I did with my best expedition, my friend following me leisurely, examining every portion of the frozen substance with the minute scrutiny of one who was stirring up in his mind matter for the display of his *verve*, when he should return among those to whom such things as we had this day witnessed, would be subjects for surprise, at least, if not for wonder.

We now returned to the path we had quitted, to which the friendly directing-post most accurately pointed. I began once more to breathe freely, and my heart bounded with the triumph of an achievement, when its pulses were again for a few moments stilled by the sight of one those Alpine contingencies, of which it is impossible for words to convey more than a very faint idea. Our road for the last half hour had been exceedingly abrupt, and was in some places so steep, that we were absolutely obliged to climb: for a considerable distance we had wound round a lofty battlement of the mountain, the craggy sides of which hung over our path, while every few moments patches of snow fell before and behind us as if they were the gentle heralds of a more fearful precipitation. We had scarcely scaled the most difficult part of the way, when we heard a prodigious crash above, as if the whole mountain had been suddenly cleft in twain by some internal convulsion; this was followed by a strange crackling sound, so continuous and multiplied as it was by the repercussions of the surrounding hills, as absolutely for the moment completely to confuse our senses. When I heard the first crash, however, I lifted my eyes to the brow of the lofty steep which had so ominously hung over our path, and to my astonishment beheld, what I supposed, in the moment of my bewildered surprise, to be the whole hill tumbling into the valley beneath. I soon, however, perceived it was only an immense mass of snow and ice that had accumulated on the rugged projections of its summit and sides; this had detached itself by its own gravity from its insecure support, and was falling upon the path we had just quitted, which it completely blocked up. In sum, we had seen an avalanche! *Mirabile dictu!* Here again was matter at once of triumph and of conversation for home display—for how few people have seen an avalanche! Had we been ascending the higher mountain, we should have been something puzzled about our return, as every trace of the path was obliterated where the snow had fallen, and an enormous barrier raised which we could never hope to surmount; but here we were under no alarm, since we had escaped extinguishment from the gelid deposit, as we knew that the convent was at no very great distance, and that there, we should find no diffi-

only in obtaining assistance to secure our safe return. Thus certified, we proceeded with light hearts and frozen fingers, sometimes

"Whistling as we went for want of thought,"

or, like the boy in the churchyard, "to keep our courage up;" at others, pausing to look at the landscape, which, in spite of cold and fatigue, often extorted from us a simultaneous burst of admiration.

At this point of our progress, we suddenly turned an abrupt angle that bore us from the edge of a precipice into a considerable glade, which sloped, with a very gradual elevation, for at least two or three hundred yards; at the termination of this recess, the path became again so steep that we were once more obliged to climb. Before, however, we reached this spot, the atmosphere had thickened to a very disagreeable density, and as we advanced it became so oppressive as absolutely to arrest our progress; we paused, therefore, upon a sort of landing-place in the ascent, for here it was almost like a natural stair, though very rude and difficult to surmount, hoping that the mist would shortly disperse and leave us a free path. Alas! our hopes were vain; it increased rapidly, until at length it became so thick as to have a very distressing effect upon our respiration. It was moreover considerably insipiated by large flakes of snow, which now fell around us in such profusion that we could scarcely see. To proceed, under these circumstances, was, as I conceived, impossible, and I confess I began to feel all the natural alarms of such a situation. My companion, however, who was of a different opinion, as well as of a different temperament, expressed his determination to push forward in spite of every difficulty, but I, being less rigidly nerved, made up my mind patiently to wait the issue, though, let me avow it, my apprehension at this time began already to be a little feverish. I adopted the most absurd resolution imaginable, as it afterwards proved. I remained perfectly inactive, seated upon a stone from which I had removed the gelid crust that had accumulated upon its small tabular surface, so that in a short time I felt the cold so extremely piercing as absolutely to cramp my limbs, while the skin of my face, which was exposed to the full influence of the atmosphere, seemed to lose its natural flexibility, becoming painfully stiff, and tingled as if it had been struck with nettles. I rose and walked to and fro, but had not the courage to climb the rugged steep before me, and the narrow indentation upon which I stood, was too confined to afford much scope for exertion. I could not excite my circulation into a glow, and I felt it every moment becoming more languid. I was by this time seriously alarmed.

The mist continued to thicken, and the snow to fall in large flakes with increased energy. I began to think seriously that, instead of returning among my friends to recount the wonders I had beheld in this region of cold and sterility, I should leave my bones to whiten on this celebrated hill, and have my body preserved in snow for the discovery and physiological speculations of a future generation. As the thought entered my mind, my brain whirled, and my pulse, rallying from the languor which had hitherto kept it sluggish, throbbed with a much more than ordinary acceleration. I was really terrified, but the increasing cold, from want of reaction, began gradually to paralyze my physical energies, and I felt myself rapidly sinking, in spite of my terrors, into a state of irresistible torpor. I seated myself again upon the stone, closed my eyes in an agony of anguish, of which I can pretend to convey no adequate conception, and concentrating the whole force of my thoughts upon the one awful idea of a sudden and premature death, resigned myself, though with anything but a philosophic insensibility, to my fate.

Merciful Providence! how was my heart given

when I cast my reflections towards my home, where I had an affectionate mother awaiting my return to her bosom, with all the lively anxiety of maternal solicitude. What would be her agony at learning my fate! I shuddered at these dreadful anticipations. The thought was harrowing. It was a mute anguish too big—too potent for words—too absorbing to exhibit itself by any outward expression of suffering. The scenes of my youth were now reflected back upon my memory with a vividness which seemed to bring all the bright features of the past into one dazzling focus; they blazed before my mind's eye with a light so concentrated that my spirit could not endure its intensity; my very soul seemed to wither under the overpowering effulgence from which it turned to the dark gulf that was opening, as I then fancied, deeper and deeper before it, with a shuddering anticipation of horror. I found, by this time, that my senses were gradually lapsing into confusion; there was an indistinctness in my recollection; still for a while the one prevailing thought of home kept a tenacious possession of my mind, but at length gave place to visions the most appalling. I saw the past, as it were, through a prism, which threw over it the most enchanting hues, but yet through a medium so dim and indistinct that every object was magnified by this very indistinctness, while the future was presented to my imagination in dark and terrific contrast, the beauty of the one adding additional force to the terrifying representations of the other.

I had long been accustomed to imbue my mind with classic recollections, and Virgil was an author on whom I dwelt with a continued feeling of delight. It happened that I had been reading the descent of *Æneas* into hell upon the very morning of my unhappy expedition to the Mount St. Bernard, so that the impression of the scenes described in that inimitable poem, were vividly impressed upon my imagination at this disastrous moment. In proportion as the confusion of my thoughts increased, the terrors of Tartarus were pictured upon them with a vivid force of detail, by which they seemed absolutely realised. I saw the surly guardian of the dreary prison-house of the outcasts from Elysium; I saw the fiery lake, the pitchy waters of the Stygian river, the forms of condemned spirits flitting through the murky atmosphere. I fancied I heard the howlings of the damned, the dismal ululations of the triple-headed Cerberus, the shrieks of the tormented, the gibes of triumphing demons, the yells of the despairing. Alas! my wavering thoughts clung to phantoms of the most unutterable repulsiveness. Although I had become, in a great degree, comatose from cold and inaction, still my mind was absolutely quick with these embryos of horror, and similar visions continued to flit before it until it lapsed into utter unconsciousness.

How long I remained in this state I know not; but it is abundantly manifest that I was neither doomed to leave my bones to whiten on the Alp, nor to be pickled in mountain snow for the future benefit of natural history, since I am now alive to record this adventure. I have said that just before my senses left me, my imagination had been engrossed by the gloomy fictions of Tartarus. As soon as I recovered my recollection, which I did very gradually, the same dreary impressions recurred. When first I opened my eyes, a dim light seemed to mock the clear perception of my senses, but the objects around me growing imperceptibly more distinct, it is impossible to describe the agony of my feelings as I gazed upon them. I absolutely imagined myself to be in hell. I listened breathlessly, and distinctly heard an odd hissing noise close to my ear;—presently a vast opaque body was forced between my eyes and the light, and, for the moment, all perception of objects was entirely excluded. I felt a large moist substance applied to my face, like a piece of seethed meat drawn gently over it. It was removed for an in-

stant, then repeated; and this continued until, in an agony of terror, I flung my head on one side, and once more obtained the power of observation; when what was my consternation at beholding the head of a huge dog close to mine, with a tongue lolling out, so long and expansive, that it absolutely appalled me. I was laying upon my back, and so powerless as to be altogether unable to rise. On each side of the broad forehead of this canine monster, I fancied I could discern two additional heads, not quite so vast as that from which the tongue depended, but large enough to terrify a stouter heart than mine.

I was now satisfied in my own mind, that I was an inmate of the infernal regions, and at this very moment under the dreadful guardianship of the Plutonic Dog—the Tartarean Cerberus. As this impression grew stronger, the heads seemed to expand into the most gigantic proportions, and I lay beneath the glaring eyes of my triple-headed gaoler, almost palsied with horror. He put his huge jowl close to my lips, then dropped his enormous tongue upon them, and began to lick me, until, my strength increasing with my terrors, I gave a sudden start, and projected the upper portion of my body as far from his monstrous jaws as I possibly could. At this moment he set up a howl so continuous and terrific, that I thought it would have burst the very barriers of the infernal prison in which I imagined myself to be incarcerated. The dog now retreated, continuing his howl. I had by this time, in spite of my terrors, which remained unabated, more leisure and opportunity to look around me. I appeared to be in an interminable dungeon, into which a dim stream of light gleamed, sufficient to render visible every surrounding object, but whence it proceeded I could not discover. The place around me was a perfect Golgotha, strewn, not indeed with skulls, but with human heads; and this somewhat puzzled me, still my mind, fixed upon the certainty of its first impression, soon settled into the dismal belief that I was on the hither side of Styx, where soul and body were appointed to unite previously to passing that black and tideless river. It occurred to me, moreover, that Cerberus, to whose especial charge I must, as I imagined, have been entrusted, had left his portal to conduct me safe across the Stygian ferry.

Upon casting my eyes more deliberately around me, I saw a vast assemblage of human forms, all mute and motionless; some half draped in a loose cotton covering, and others entirely naked. Some glared upon me from their rayless eyes, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile;" others poured from their eyeless sockets a frightful expression of dark unvarying vacuity which absolutely made my blood curdle; some, again, had every feature fixed with a statue-like rigidity of lineament, which but too eloquently told of life departed; while others bore but the truncated resemblance of the perfect man,—a leg or an arm, or perhaps both, having crumbled from the trunk, which was thus left in a state of hideous and loathsome mutilation. This, then, I imagined to be Nature's great charnel-house, where the crumbled relics of the once living form were deposited, in order to take their natural shape and dimensions, ere they passed into those penal abodes to which they were everlastingly doomed. I cannot describe my sensations as I gazed upon these frightful remnants of mortality, so utterly at variance with the poet's sublime description:—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." I might, indeed, truly continue with the poet:—"And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust!" when I saw it in what terrible deformity around me.

While I was occupied with these dismal cogitations, I was startled by the approach of three figures of grave

aspect, and in as grave attire, which I incontinently took to be those awful dispensers of Tartarean justice, Minos, Eacus, and Rhadamanthus. I shuddered at the approach of these presidents of the criminal courts in the world of outcast spirits. One of them, however, advanced, poured words of sweetest soothing in my ear, lifted me gently from the charnel-floor, and, with the assistance of one of his companions, led me from this scene of most dismal phantasies. I was soon conducted into daylight. I rubbed my eyes, and could scarcely believe my senses, until I found my hand clutched in that of my friend who had accompanied me from the village of St. Pierre. Every thing was soon explained. The hell in which I had fancied myself to be, was nothing more than the BONE-HOUSE OF THE CONVENT OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

It appeared that my friend had reached this charitable asylum in safety. Upon his explaining my situation, the convent dogs were immediately despatched to the spot where I was laying insensible. I was found covered with snow, and supposed to be dead. My body was consequently consigned to the repository for the departed. One of the dogs which had followed the melancholy procession, directed by his strong instinct, had been shut in with me unobserved by his keepers. He continued to lick me until animation was restored, when he howled, and brought three of the monks to my rescue. My terrors had magnified his two ears into two heads. These strange impressions upon my mind will be in some degree accounted for from the circumstance, that in this cold region bodies do not corrupt after death, but gradually moulder; they emit no unpleasant effluvia, remaining for years with scarcely any visible change. In the receptacle for the dead already described, there are a great number of bodies in different stages of decay, in the process of which flesh and bones gradually consume together.

My friend and I were most hospitably entertained for three days at this celebrated convent, which we left with the impression that its monks are among the most liberal, benevolent, and generous beings upon earth. We made our descent in safety to the village of St. Pierre, and shortly after this memorable adventure, took our departure for England.

CASTLE OF VINCENNES.

MANKIND, till lately, were considered as a kind of Deer, which the privileged classes were to use for their own pleasure, or which they were to hunt down for spite or sport, as liked them best. In the mild reign of Louis XV. only, there were fifteen thousand *lettres de cachet* issued for a number of private, nameless offences, as for having formerly been favoured by a king's mistress, or writing an epigram on a minister of state. It was on the ruins of this flagitious system, (no less despicable than detestable,) that the French revolution rose; and the towers of the Bastille, as they fell, announced the proud truth in welcome thunders to the human race. The Castle of Vincennes rises in the skirts of the forest. It was once the residence of the kings of France, and it has been too often the tomb of the victims of their uncontrolled despotism. The draw-bridge, its flanked towers, and above all, its *donjon*, so often the prison of worth, talent, and sensibility, seem to have been spared by time, as monuments of the terrific influence of bigotry and tyranny over human happiness. I had so often read it, so much of that chivalrous spirit of France, which, early in life, captivated my imagination, expired here, sometimes quenched by violent or ignominious death; sometimes wasted away in slow, silent, life-wearrying oblivion, that it seemed to me a monument of suffering presented to my view. The chamber is still pointed out that was occupied by Diderot; where, goaded by a sense of the injustice of which he was the victim, his great and luminous mind had nearly sunk under the blow.—*Lady Morgan.*

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

BY MOTHERWELL.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
 My heart is like to break—
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
 I'm dyin' for your sake!
 Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my brierst-bane—
 Oh say you'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
 Sair grief maun hae its will—
 But let me rest upon your brierst,
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life—
 A poor heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair—
 Or it will burst the silken twine,
 Sae strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
 When we thegither met—
 Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
 That our first tryst was set!
 Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae—
 And wae's me for the destinie,
 That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,
 I downa seek to blame—
 But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a world's shame!
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin;
 Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
 For sorrow and for sin!

I'm weary o' this world, Willie,
 And sick wi' a' I see—
 I canna live as I ha'e lived,
 Or be as I should be.
 But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
 The heart that still is thine—
 And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
 Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes thro' my heid, Willie,
 A sair stoun' thro' my heart—
 Oh! haud me up, and let me kiss
 Thy brow ere we twa-pairt.
 Anither, and anither yet!—
 How fast my life-strings break!—
 Fareweel! fareweel! thro' yon kirk-yaird,
 Step lightly for my sake!

The lavrock in the lift, Willie,
 That lifts far ower our heid,
 Will sing the morn as merrilie
 Abune the clay-cauld deid;
 And this green turf we're sittin' on,
 Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
 Will hap the heart that luvit thee
 As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
 On land where'er ye be—
 And oh! think on the leal, leal heart
 That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
 And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
 That file my yellow hair;
 That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
 Ye never sall kiss mair!

THE PHANTOM KINGS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

A sound woke in the spirit land
 Of voices and of wings,
 A sound as when the gathered wind
 In the old pine forest sings;
 As if in air profound,
 Hovered a sea of sound.

The monarchs of the spirit-land,
 The shadows of renown,
 With the symbols of their old estate,
 Sceptre, and robe, and crown;—
 Another, and another,
 Rose up to meet a brother.

A brother from the living-land
 Came down to join the dead,
 With knighthood and with kingliness
 On brow and aspect shed:—
 And thus with welcome—him
 Bespake those shadows dim.

"All hail! and welcome, brother,
 From feasting and from strife,
 From all the golden canopies
 And thorny beds of life!
 From flatterer and from foe;
 False joy, and real woe!

"Hast thou been called a victor?
 Is thy land trophied well?
 Come down—and with our conquerors
 Choose out a place to dwell:
 They ruled from east to west,
 They are phantoms now, and rest.

"Look not back to earth, crowned spirit,
 But a moment since set free,
 We are strange—but thou art one of us,
 And now to man would be
 As much a thing to dread,
 As if long ages dead!

"Come with us;—all thy fathers
 Have joined us one by one,
 And all of every age and clime,
 That ruled beneath the sun;
 We have the first king here;—
 The last too shall appear.

"With fathers of their people,
 With layers of their race,
 With chiefs of slave-girt palaces,
 Come down and choose thy place;
 To be one with us for ever!
 For EVER! and For EVER!"

And sound died in the spirit-land
 Of voices and of wings,
 And awfully and silently,
 Moved back the phantom-kings!
 To their appointed doom
 Of glory or of gloom!

OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

MADE BY PETER O'CONNELL, OF THE CROSS ROADS, MERCHANT.

PETER CONNELL first began the world as the keeper of a Shebeen house, about four miles from the town of Ballyporeen; by active exertion he gradually advances in the world, and at last arrives at the dignity of a squireen, at least so far as to be able to keep an horse and car, and to farm an extensive tract of land. This advance in the world is to be mainly attributed to the good sense and activity of his wife Ellish, whose industry and steadiness have been the means of correcting Peter's unsettled and intemperate habits, and of almost weaning him from Potheen. Unfortunately for poor Peter, at this period, his wife is carried off by a fever, and he is left without the ballast which enabled him to stand the storms and tempests of life; his grief at the loss is so poignant and bitter, that he flies for relief from his agony of mind to the bottle, the usual resource of our fellow-countrymen, and even of less volatile and better educated men, when in difficulties more easily overcome than Peter's; this is chiefly owing to his kind friends having encouraged him to drown care by a little sup, when he found his grief coming on.

Peter literally fulfilled his promise of taking a jorum in future. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle to bury the recollection of a woman, whose death left a chasm in his heart, which he thought nothing but the whiskey could fill up.

Peter proceeds on in this manner, having become an habitual drunkard, his health rapidly declining, under the artificial excitement, which "often kills but never cures;" his family and his landlord remonstrating with him, but in vain; as a "dernier resort" the priest is applied to, whose remonstrances would have been ineffectual, had he not threatened to stop the masses for the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, and to return the money Peter had given him for saying them—the latter part of the threat is that which would probably have never been executed. In consequence of the priest's interference, Peter at last promises to swear against more than a "reasonable share," and that evening goes to the house of the village school-master to get the oath drawn up.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said Peter, "I'm comin' to ax a requist of you, an' hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in the flask, an' while we're takin' it, we can talk over what I want."

"If it be any thing widin the circumference of my power, set it down Misther Connell, as already operated upon. I'd dip a pen to no man at keepin' books by double entry, which is the Italian method invented by Pope Gregory the Great. The three sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrue Christian. 'The Waste-book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the Journal is purgatory, and the Leger is Heaven. Or it may be compared,' he says, in the preface of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic Church—the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant.' The larnin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arrah, have you a small glass, masther? You see, Misther O'Flaherty, it's consarnin' purgatory, this that I want to talk to you about."

"Nancy get us a glass—oh, here it is! Thin if it be, it's a wrong enthry in the journal."

"Here's your health, masther!—not forgettin' you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed thin, it's not in the journal, but an oath I'm going to take aginist liquor."

"Nothing is asier to post than it is. We must enter

it under the head of—let me see—it must go in the *spirit* account, under the head of Profit an' Loss. Your good health, Mr. Connell!—Nancy, I dhrink to your improvement in imperturbability! Yes, it must be enthered under the—"

"Faix, under the *ross*, I think," observed Peter, "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell of what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself, long ago. Misther O'Flaherty, I only want you to draw up an oath against liquor for me; but it's not for the books, good or bad. I promised to Father Mulcahy that I'd do it. It's regardin' my poor Ellish's sowl that's in purgatory."

"Nancy, hand me a slate and cutter. Faith that same's a provident resolution; but how is it an' purgatory concatenated?"

"The priest, you see, wont go on wid the masses for her 'till I take the oath."

"That's but wake logic, if you ped him for them."

"Faix, an' I did—an' well too: but about the oath! Have you the pencil?"

"I have; just have the thing to me."

"Asy, masther—you don't understand it yit. Put down two tumblers for me at home."

"How is that, Masther Connell?—It's mysterious, if you're about to swear *aginist* liquor."

"I am. Put down, as I said, two tumblers for me at home. Are they down?"

"They are down; but—"

"Asy!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see!—two more behind the garden."

"Well! put down one at Father Mulcahy's;—two more at Frank Carroll's of Kilsay. How many's that?"

"Nine!"

"Very good. Now put down one wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy; an' two over wid Michael Morris, of Cargah. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here. I must confess I was always bright, but at present as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Asy, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all: I've calculated it."

"Well, we'll hould to that. Och, och!—I'm sure, avourneen, afore I'd let you suffer one minute's pain, I'd not scruple to take an oath aginist liquor, any way. He may an' wid the masses now for you, as soon as he likes. Mr. O'Flaherty will you put it down on paper, an' I'll swear to it, wid a blessin', to-morrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, masther, I dhrink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumblers, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in the twenty-four hours."

"Why there's intelligibility in that!—wid great pleasure, Mr. Connell, I'll indite it. Katty, tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, masther, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doin' this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she desarved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you, your health agin! an' God grant you grace and fortitude to go through wid the same oath! An' so he will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

Made by Mr. Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Peter O'Connell, of the Cross-roads,

merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in purgatory, merchantreess, on the other—

I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips, during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring *twelve*, the locality of which is as followeth:—

Imprimis—Two tumblers at home, 2
 Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's, 2
 Tertio—Two more ditto behind my own garden, 2
 Quarto—One ditto at the Rev. Father Mulcahy's, 1
 Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's of Killy, 2
 Sexto—One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Nurchasy, 1
 Septimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah, 2
 12

N. B.—I except in case any Docther of Physic might think it right and medical to order more for my health; or in case I might get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off for a start at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends, where there's drink.

his
 PETER M. CONNELL.
 mark.

Witness present,
 CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

June the 4th, 18—

“I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Mither O'Connell, merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

Dated this fourth of June, 18—

In spite of this oath to which Peter swears obedience, after adding Octavo—one more tumbler out of respect for decent Andy Cavanagh—1. He is still constantly drunk, and after some time obliged again to have recourse to Mr. O'Flaherty.

“Masther,” said he, “we must thry and make the oath somethin' plainer. You see, when I get confused I'm not able to rimember things as I ought. Sometimes, instid of one tumbler I take two at the wrong place; an' earn a bit o' me but call'd in and had three wid one Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all; so I'd thank you to dhraw it clearer, if you can, nor it was.”

“I see, Mr. Connell, I comprehend, wid the greatest see in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to Geography, for I'm at home there, being a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map of the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their places, so that you'll never be out of your latitude at all.”

“Faix, I doubt that, Masther—ha, ha, ha!” replied Peter, “I'm afeard I will of an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do: but no matter; thry what you can do for me this time, any how. I think I could bear a long dozen still, if I don't make mistakes.”

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

“Now, see this dot—that's your own house.”

“Put a cross there,” said Peter, “an' thin I'll know it's the Cross-roads.”

“Upon my reputation you're right, an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, and we'll make it a Hieroglyphical as well as a Geographical oath. Well, there's a cross, wid two tumblers—is that clear?”

“It is, it is! Go an'.”

“Now, here we dhraw a line to your son Dan's.

Let me see: he keeps a mill an' sells cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel and a yard-wand—There's two tumblers. Will you know that?”

“I see it—go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go astray.”

“Well, what next? two behind your own garden. What metaphor for a garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant you. A bit of a hedge will do an' a gate.”

“Don't put a gate in; it's not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink they say he's goin' a gray gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though.”

“They're down; one at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we translate the priest?”

“Faix I doubt it will be a diffiquest business.”

“Upon my reputation I agree with you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P. P; afther his name; pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What'd you think of two turkeys?”

“The priest wud like them roasted, but I couldn't understand that. No; put down the sign of the horsewhip, or the cudgel, for he's handy and argues well wid both.

“Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, and there'll be the sign of the priest.”

“Ay, do, Masther, and faix the priest 'll be complete; there can be no mistakin' him thin. Divil a one bat that's a good thought!”

“There it is in black an' white. Who comes nixt? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spede and harrow. Well, that's done. Two tumblers.”

“I won't mistake that either; it's clear enough.”

“Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy. Bartle's a little lame, an' uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he holds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it.”

“Wud there be no danger of me mistakin' that for the priest's cudgel?”

“Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of Geography, they're two very different weapons.”

“Well, put it down, I'll know it.”

“Michael Morris, of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig driver—I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?”

“I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my day. Put down the pig; an' if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sould him about four years ago—the fattest ever was in the country; it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat.”

“The spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh, of Lisbuy. Now do you see, I've dhrawn a line from place to place, so that you've nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy?”

“Andy! let us see. Andy! Pooch!—What's come over me that I've nothin' for Andy? Ay! I have it.—He's a horse-jockey. Put down a gray mare I sould him about five years ago.”

“I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a gray mare wid black ink.”

“Well, make a mare of her, any way.”

“Faith, that puzzles me. Stop, I have it! I'll put a foal along wid her.”

“As good as the bank. God bless you, Mither O'Flaherty; I think this 'll keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me afther dark, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a sitch. Sure you deserve it, afther the trouble you tack.”

Poverty is accounted disgraceful; but how notable the defect in him who boasts of high descent.

THE SPIRIT OF THE HURRICANE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

It is strange how calmly we read, or how carelessly we pass over, events in the public prints, which, did we witness them, or hear them described by an eyewitness, would melt us to tears, or startle us with horror. It may be the selfishness of our nature which pities more the little we it is forced to look upon, than greater suffering which appeals not to our senses, but comes like a tale of olden times to our ear:—It may be the habitual incredulity with which newspapers—those “organs of the public mind”—are perused by the greater portion of his Majesty’s subjects: the consciousness that the same story told in seven different papers, will be told in seven different ways; and that the starving wretch who has moved our compassion in the police report of the *Times*, may, by a different version of his affairs, be made to provoke our laughter in the *Morning Herald*.—It may be our incapacity of attaching the same importance to things at a distance, and those immediately within our own observation:—I say it may be from any or all of these causes, (and a wide field does the question open to the curious in metaphysics,) but the fact is certain, that the description of a shipwreck or a hurricane, in which millions of property and hundreds of lives have been lost, is not read with half as much emotion (by the generality of newspaper readers) as the account of the sufferings of an under-valued, over-whipped, Westminster school-boy.

It was from one who had been a witness of the horrors of the Barbadoes hurricane; whose heart had been riven, whose reason partially obscured by the events connected with that appalling visitation, that I collected the few facts which form the ground-work of this narrative. “An ow’r true tale” it is, and one in which neither the obscure rank of its heroine, nor the *peu romanesque* crime and punishment of its hero, could prevent my taking the most lively and painful interest.

It was in the July of 18—, that the beautiful vessel, *La Gloire*, anchored off the coast of Barbadoes. She had on board her usual complement of men and sailors; her captain, Auguste Delmar; and passengers to different parts of the West Indian Islands. Among so many individuals, three particularly claim our attention; Charles Louvel, the second mate; Henri Lafitte, midshipman; and M. Van Brockel, a Dutch planter, and proprietor of immense estates in Barbadoes. Charles Louvel was a general favourite on board *La Gloire*; his frank, handsome face, shaded by the long ringlets sailors are so proud of; his gay laugh; his store of anecdotes, sometimes witty, sometimes pathetic; his untiring good nature; his activity and eagerness in whatever might be his employment for the time; his recklessness of danger: all these peculiarly sailor-like qualities had their due weight on the hearts and minds of his messmates. Only with the captain, who was strict even to harshness, Charles Louvel was not a favourite. Auguste Delmar was young, and proud of his command: educated himself in the strictest rules of subordination by the admiral his father; accustomed to hear, day by day, from the

lips of that revered parent, precepts and lessons incalculating order in the minutest things, as absolutely necessary to the quiet government of that little world, a man-of-war, he impressed it rigorously on those under him. The kindness of Louvel’s heart, his willingness to oblige his companions, did not excuse, in Captain Delmar’s eyes, an occasional carelessness in the execution of his duty; and Louvel’s song, and Louvel’s story, which counterbalanced in his messmates’ opinions, the habit he had acquired of occasional intoxication, only incensed his stern superior the more, since the unchanging gaiety of his manner seemed to prove a recklessness of reproof, and contempt of authority. No serious fault, however, had as yet drawn down on Louvel a marked punishment. Delmar, though strict, was just; and though he certainly would rather the man had not belonged to his ship, he took no harsh and oppressive means of proving his dislike.

But if the captain did not share in the enthusiasm Louvel inspired, Henri Lafitte, the youngest, sickliest, and palest, of all boys who ever were sent to “rough it” as midshipmen, amply made up for his lack of love. Too feeble for the sports—too timid and tearful for the jests of his wilder companions—too simple and neglected to be able to converse with the more gentlemanlike and intelligent of the little community; his long days and wearisome evenings were spent in that worst of all solitude—loneliness in a crowd of busy creatures. Shrinking from some, avoided or overlooked by others, taunted by a few, and going by the appellation of “la petite blonde,” or “Mam’selle Fanny,” the orphan boy scarcely ever moved his lips to speak or smile. He bore the lonely watch at night as he best could, remembering, as he looked across the cold waste of waters, the sweet face of his mother, shading the lamp with her hand, and bending over his bed to bless him; and then crept to his hammock to shed unnoticed tears. For him the waves had no freshness, the winds no melody, till the day that Charles Louvel first noticed his slight figure, leaning anxiously forward to catch the thread of the story he was telling. So struck was the seaman by the deep melancholy imprinted on so young a face, that he paused to gaze on him, and followed up the tale by an account of the exploits of a certain Captain Lafitte, who was Henri’s grandfather, and whose courage and kindness were scarcely surpassed by “the gallant, good Riou.” At no age is the pride of ancestral fame more strong than in the dawn of our days. Henri’s pale cheek flushed, his eye sparkled as the sailor spoke. And his companions—they who had taunted him—looked from the narrator to the neglected boy, and honoured him for being Captain Lafitte’s grandson. In the excitement of the moment, Henri himself seemed something of a hero in their eyes; and when the last battle was fought, and the death of Lafitte was described, waving his country’s flag above his head e’er his arm dropped powerless by his side, they unanimously gave three loud, hearty cheers.

From that hour the boy’s character seemed to change; he walked with a lighter step; he laughed at little jests; he listened to the wind singing through the shrouds, and mocked it; wondering that its voice had ever sounded sad to his ear; he mingled with the other midshipmen, and all of them assured him he was an altered being. But most he loved to talk to Charles Louvel of his home in France, of his fair mother; of his sister, *la petite Fanchette*; of his buried father; and all those memories of the heart, which after years of

* I know a village full of respectable inhabitants, (staunch Whigs, whose every-day dress was a smock-frock and leather gaiters,) where the stoning to death of Miss Rachel Smith’s cat entirely overpowered the interest they felt, when the old ministry sat down to consider what they could do, if the new ministry were fairly turned out, and gave up the point in despair.

folly or of crime may smother, but cannot extinguish; even as the pure stars are clouded over, and yet burn brightly behind the mass of murky vapour which hides them from our eyes. To all these tales of Henri's childhood, Charles Louvel listened attentively; and he, too, would talk of his sister, or rather half-sister, since she was the daughter, not of his mother, but of a woman of colour whom his father (who was also a sailor) had fallen in love with when he came to Barbadoes many years ago. To this girl, according to Louvel's account, nothing could compare: not, as he himself said, that she was very beautiful, (except her eyes,) but her voice was so soft, and her step so gentle, and she loved Charles better than any other created being. It was for *her* sake he was so glad to go to Barbadoes: he had not seen her since she was fifteen, and that was three years ago; it was for *her* sake that he was so anxious, so impatient, for leave to go ashore as soon as the ship had reached her destination.

At length the happy moment arrived; with a light heart, Louvel sprang into the boat, singing, in the *patois* common among the French slaves, a well known Barbadian air:—

“Toi aimez moi, Marie,
Quand moi vais partir, ma chère!
Toi aimez moi, Marie,
Car moi vais mourir.”

Poor Louvel! little did he or any of his messmates think that it was to be the last time his voice should ever take the tone of gaiety; and that those simple but melancholy French lines, so carelessly repeated, contained a vague prophecy of his approaching fate. Surely it is a blessed gift from the merciful Creator, our ignorance of what is to be; and yet how often do we blindly seek to penetrate the future, though to know it were to double all our woes in the expectation of the blow, and make joy tasteless by the certainty of its fulfilment!

Charles Louvel had gained, in one half hour, the humble dwelling of the freed slave who was mother to his beloved sister Pauline. Symptoms of neglect—of disorder—struck him as he rapidly approached the door. It was open; he entered unperceived, and in the inner room he beheld his young sister, kneeling by the low matted bed, with a small crucifix in her hands, which she pressed to her bosom:—while low and stifled sobs from time to time escaped her. An exclamation of painful surprise broke from his lips; and Pauline, hastily rising, stood for an instant as if doubtful who she saw, then flinging herself on his bosom, she wept there with a weak wailing cry like that of a forsaken child. Long she wept; and it was not till many a sorrowful kiss had been printed on her brow, and the plaits of her black and glossy hair stroked back with a brother's fondness, as if the caress might help to soothe her, that Charles ventured to ask the meaning of the misery he beheld, and what ailed her mother, who lay on the mat in a heavy stupor. Pauline explained, with many a rapid gesture, to which her graceful figure and wild dark eyes gave eloquence and beauty, that for the last year every thing had gone wrong with them; her mother had been not only unable to earn any thing, but had required constant attendance, and was so much addicted to the use of spirituous liquors, that it had, she firmly believed, brought on her death; that to add to their misery, the overseer of the estate her mother had formerly belonged to, had been to persuade her that the best thing she could do was to surrender herself a slave, since she was starving where she was, and would, at her mother's death, be utterly alone in the world. On her refusal to agree to this plan, Pauline said the overseer became furious, and swore he would have her claimed as one of the slave children belong-

ing to the estate, and seized accordingly. “I knew there were none to defend me,” said the poor girl. “I have lived in hourly dread of being seized; I have been afraid to move, even if I had dared to leave my mother. I have not so much money as would buy a cake of bread; and for the last three days I have tasted nothing but a slice of water-melon which an old woman gave me in charity.” Charles Louvel strained her to his heart, which throbbed with mingled feelings of agony, affection, and pride; and at length hiding his face in his hands, the rough sailor sat down and wept. When he became calm, he took Pauline's hands in his, and steadfastly gazing into her face, he said, “No, my poor sister, you shall not starve; you shall not be a prey to the cruelty of avaricious men. Captain Delmar will not hear our story unmoved; I will ask him for my pay in advance, and bring it you. You shall get the washing from our ship, and pay some one to help you; and before I go, we will arrange some plan for your leaving this island for the country where there are no slaves.” Pauline smiled through her tears, and waving her hand to him as he disappeared, she sank down again by the side of the invalid, to recommence her patient and unwearied watch.

When Charles Louvel stood again on the deck of *La Gloire*, his disappointment was great at finding the captain was gone on shore. His was a case which admitted of no delay, and naturally impatient as well as affectionate, his brain whirled almost to madness when he figured his young desolate sister spending another night without food. He turned abruptly, and asked two or three of his companions for money, but none of them were able to assist him; they all hoped and expected, but the present, the *present* was what he wished to brighten. The wild and almost impracticable plan of following the captain on shore, and *there* urging his request for some loan or advance of money, flashed across his mind. Then rose the remembrance of Delmar's stern inflexibility; of his resentment of any thing bordering on disrespect. “Even if I find him,” murmured Louvel, “can I follow him into a merchant's house, or stop him in the street and ask for my pay? No; and yet it is a matter of life and death. Pauline! my sister!” He paused irresolute. At this moment, M. Van Brockel, who was walking up and down the vessel, stopped, and feeling in his pocket as if in search of something, he turned to Louvel and begged him to go down into his cabin and bring him a telescope, which he had left there when looking over some papers. The seaman, with instinctive readiness to oblige, started from his reverie, and went below. He entered the cabin, found the telescope, and was rapidly preparing to go on deck, when his foot caught in the cloth which hung over the table; part of the cloth slipped; and a box which was near the edge, fell off, and opening in the fall, displayed a quantity of gold and silver coin, which rolled over the floor in all directions. A thought, rapid and electric, brought a crimson glow to Louvel's cheek. He knelt, and hastily picking up the money, flung it in, shut the box, (which he grasped as though he would have glued its fastenings together,) and stood at the cabin door. He paused—he thought of Pauline—he thought of her words—“for three days I have only eaten a piece of water-melon.” He went back and opened the box, and gazed at the heap of coin that glittered before his eyes. “How little, how very little of this, would make *her* happy! I could replace it when Captain Delmar paid me;—no one would know it. It would take an hour to tell this money over.” And with the last idea came a vision of Van Brockel counting it—of his discovery and disgrace. He covered his face with his hands, and with a bitter execration rushed from the spot. His foot was on the last step but one of the cabin stair, the fresh cooling sea-breeze fanned his

shook, when he recollected that, in his confusion, he had left the telescope for which he had been sent, on the table. Slowly he again descended—slowly he entered the cabin, and stood fast in thought at the fatal spot. Wild were his dreams—wild and quick; they chased one another through his mind like lightning flashes in a storm; and in one he saw his sister—his forsaken Pauline—seized by the ruffianly overboard, and dragged to a shameful and oppressive toil; he saw the slave driver raise his whip to strike her bended figure; he started fiercely, to interpose his arm between that delicate and graceful form and her tyrant guide; he struck a blow—the vision vanished, and the ringing coin vibrated below his heavy hand, as it rested, rumbled with its own violence, on the lid of the treasure chest! Oh, ye rich, when will the poor and wretched feel that they have no right to one atom of your superfluity, even though your gains should be hoarded only for the pleasure of counting them? Louvel thrust his hand into the box; he looked not to see whether it was gold or silver; he said not to count the stolen money, but he took a handful, thrust it into his pocket, and ran on deck with the telescope. Van Brockel saw not his agitation—his eyes were fixed on the skies; he raised the telescope, and muttered a prophecy of a storm. Louvel turned away; he felt sick and faint as a frightened woman, but it was not fear of the coming storm which blanched his cheek.

Again the boat bounded over the waters; but Louvel sang not—spoke not: his head leaned on his clenched hand, while the surf drifted in his face; and his three companions looked at each other, and wondered. Suddenly he started. The surf near the shore was rough and violent. Each wave beat the boat back to the open sea. A vague and insane fear of being pursued and taken, crept into his heart: he had never before known what fear was; he felt it—it was a strange and thrilling agony. He could no longer bear it; he leapt into the waters—they closed above his head. "Shall I then perish without saving her?" thought he; and the thought sent a fresh vigour to every limb. With desperate energy he reached the shore, and rushed to the hut: he flung the money at her feet, and sank exhausted. A few moments passed away, and the girl spoke: "Pray with me, Charles, for my mother is just dead!" Her voice—her mournful voice smote on his soul. "I cannot pray, Pauline; but there is money—money to save you—to bury her—to ruin me." His words were wild: but his young sister heeded not, for she was gazing on the face of the corpse. At length she turned: "I ought to thank you, I know I ought; dear, good Charles," said she, "but you have surely brought a great deal of money; and, oh! Charles," continued she, with a look of surprise and disappointment, "I fear this will be of no use unless you can get it changed—it is not the coin of the country!"

A heavy blow from the hand of one we trusted—the sudden stab of the assassin's knife—the shock of an earthquake—are faint images of the stunning effect of this simple sentence on Charles Louvel. "Not the coin of the country!" He had then committed a grievous sin—disgraced his profession—risked his life—and wronged his neighbour, for a vain dream! "Not the coin of the country!" Pauline must then continue to suffer—perhaps perish of want. And yet they sat together with a heap of precious coin before them, as if to mock their misery! He could not change it, even if he had known where to go for that purpose. What should a seaman do with a handful of gold coin, of which he did not even know the value? He would be instantly discovered. He looked up at his innocent sister with an expression of utter despair. "Here, here," said she, eagerly, "here is a little silver piece that will do—this one. This one!"

Charles rose, and they proceeded together to purchase food, and with many a promise of returning the next day, and a fearful hope of being enabled to replace the stolen money, he departed. That night, that first night of guilt and wretchedness, Louvel never closed his eyes, or if he did, a feverish start woke him with vague terror, from his momentary forgetfulness; the next morning was one of intense agony; he waited—he watched. Van Brockel at length made his appearance upon deck. Charles Louvel breathed more freely, and at length, having watched his opportunity, he prepared to descend the cabin stairs, but suddenly the captain, who had been conversing with Van Brockel, called to him sternly to remain. But why should we dwell on this painful scene? Suffice it that in the view of his assembled shipmates, Louvel was convicted of the theft; he produced the money, told his story, and was sentenced by Captain Delmar, who thought the present a fit opportunity for making an example of him, to receive a hundred and fifty lashes. This sentence was duly executed, and at length the tortured and exhausted man was left to the care of the surgeon, who commenced dressing his wounds; not a groan, not a sigh escaped the seaman—the quivering flesh raw with repeated stripes, was all which told of human life. Presently a timid hand undid the fastening of the door, and with an appealing look at the surgeon, Henri Lafitte entered. For a moment the dim eye brightened, and the sufferer faintly murmured, "Quoi, M. Henri, vous daignez?" "Tenez," said the little boy, while the tears rose to his eyes, "si la petite Fanchette mourait de faim, que pourriez-vous moi—aussi j'en aurais fait autant!"† The sailor grasped the boy's hand, and his lips trembled with an effort to speak; at length he gasped out, "you say that to console me, but nothing can comfort me—pain I can bear, but the shame! the shame!" Henri hesitated a few moments, and then he laid some money on the table, and said, "We have subscribed that for Pauline, how shall we get it conveyed to her?" An hysterical laugh was Louvel's only answer; he sank back in his chair; his lips parted with a ghastly smile, and the bubbling blood appeared on them. "He's dying—he's dying—my own kind Louvel!" shrieked the boy, as he knelt by his side. "Hush, Monsieur Lafitte," said the surgeon, "he has broken a bloodvessel, but he may recover."

In the hospital of Barbadoes, by the side of the wasted form of her adored brother, sat the dark-eyed Pauline; her face was wan with watching, her eyes heavy with tears; from time to time a low short cough startled her into agony, and then again there was a dead silence. "I am so thankful that I shall not survive this disgrace," said Charles Louvel feebly, as he half turned his head towards his patient nurse. She could have shrieked and knelt to him, and begged him to live for her, and her only, but she stifled back her agony, for she knew that vehement emotion would kill him. "Is La Gloire still at anchor in the bay?" said he. "It is—it is—dear brother." "Well," said her brother, "I hope before she weighs anchor, my bark of life will have reached the port. I could not bear to think her sails were set, and she on her way to la belle France without me. I should feel deserted—deserted!" Pauline choked back her tears and was silent. The dying sailor closed his eyes, and faintly pressed the hand that held his. "Oh God," thought she, as she gazed on his wasted but still handsome countenance, "is this justice, or is it murder?" She looked again; the long black lashes lay on his sunken cheek, and his breathing was scarcely perceptible;

* "What, Mr. Henry, you condescend."

† "If little Fanchette was to die of hunger, perhaps I too should have done the same."

suddenly he opened his eyes: "did you ever love?" asked he. "I never loved any but you, Charles." "Not me—not me," murmured he, with a faint smile; "Not your brother—some one when I am gone—to cherish you; you are so beautiful, so gentle." "Oh never, never," passionately exclaimed Pauline, "if I do not love you, then shall I never love. I have had no thought, no dream of any thing but you, since we were children together. If you live, I live; if you die, I die. Why not you, brother, why not you?" and she repeatedly kissed the hand she held, while her tears flowed without restraint. But suddenly she checked herself and rose, "See," said she, with a mournful smile, "how I have wearied and agitated you. I will leave you—shall I leave you? and you will rest while I get some fruit for you." She left the hospital, and slowly wound her way to the marketplace.

The air was hot and heavy; so heavy that she could scarcely breathe. Presently she met a crowd of people hurrying from the town; "What has happened?" exclaimed she. "The hurricane! the hurricane!" shouted some of those she addressed. "My brother!" said the wretched girl, "my brother! let me go to my brother!" But there was no returning; the dense crowds of terrified people pressed round her; she was borne onward as by the course of a torrent; onward and onward; some hurrying, others dropping and fainting by the way, disregarded by their companions, whose bereft reason left them the mere instinct of life. Still with a plaintive voice Pauline continued to mourn him whom she could not aid, and might not see. Suddenly the sound of a "rushing mighty wind" swept over the bosom of the earth, and ruffled the face of the waters; the multitude stood still like a frightened flock of sheep; they had no longer the heart to strive; they no longer knew which side to fly from the dark wings of the devouring hurricane spread above their heads. It came, and horrible desolation was spread in a moment through the island; they were scattered, that multitude—like autumn leaves; whirled here—dashed there—lifted up into the thick and choking atmosphere, or thrown to the earth by the fall of the palm trees which had shadowed them so long. The babe was crushed beneath the mother's breast; the bones of the strong man were crushed like rotten wood; the shrieks of the dying, the wail of the living, the screams of racking pain, mingled confusedly with the wild roar of the tempest wind, and the distant dashing and booming of the agitated ocean. Darkness was on the land and the sea—a horrid darkness which was not night; it seemed as if the last awful day had overtaken the sinful earth, and that its destruction had commenced; proud buildings, "the work of men's hands," fell crashing and thundering to their foundation, the solid earth. Temples dedicated to God, and pillared houses for the rich man, shared one common ruin—all was laid waste and desolate. Pauline remained insensible after the first shock, for some time: when she recovered, she found herself beneath a shelving rock, which, by the quantity of sea-weed drifted into it, she thought must be near the sea. From time to time, stones, branches, and other things were whirled past her; sometimes hitting her, sometimes eaving her uninjured; and all the while a horrible noise like the raging of a thousand furnaces, mingled with occasional crashing sounds, continued to affright her ears. Bruised, stiff, and languid as she was, she felt that none of her limbs were broken, and devoutly thanked Heaven; she crept to the utmost verge of the cavern or rock, beneath which she had been pressed, and even amid the war of the elements, she slept.

For two days the hurricane raged; and then, having spent its fury, and performed the mysterious will of the Creator, the giant wind was lulled to rest, and the sul-

len waves dashed to and fro with lower crests at each succeeding rise and fall. Pauline crept forth, and having eaten part of a broken cocoa-nut, numbers of which lay scattered about, she with difficulty climbed outside the rock which had afforded her shelter, and from its summit gazed round upon the island. Oh! what a desolate scene was there! Ruined towns; villages swept away; woods overthrown; the ripe grain laid level with the earth; and the wrecks of vessels in the bay, where La Gloire had been so smoothly anchored! As this last thought passed through her mind, her brother's image rose before her. "Alas, alas! how shall I find strength to reach the hospital!" and she wept feebly. "Look! look!" exclaimed a boy's voice near her; "a woman is standing there, unhurt and alone." "Hush!" said his companion, "it cannot be a woman; see how fearlessly she gazes round her, over the ruined island: it is the Spirit of the hurricane!" "Spirit of nonsense," said the boy again; "it is a young and pretty creature, who has been saved by some strange mercy like ourselves. Come and speak to her, we may perhaps assist her." "No, no; let us look for Captain Delmar; God knows what is become of him: and that poor fellow Louvel! I would give a great deal to know that he was safe." Pauline heard not the last kind sentence; at the sound of Captain Delmar's name she fled, as if it contained in itself a power to kill. At length she reached the town: heaps of dead or dying wretches lay in its streets, crushed by the fall of their houses; in the principal street, underneath his horse, lay the lifeless body of young Delmar. Shuddering, Pauline passed on, to meet a yet more horrible sight. The hospital—that goal of her wild and unreasonable hopes—lay partly levelled with the ground, partly unroofed; the principal beam in the building, which was a yard in thickness, had been shivered like a stick; many of the sick had crawled outside the doors, and there died, too weak to creep further; some had been crushed within. Pauline's eye wandered in search of Charles Louvel; and half she feared to meet a mangled corpse; but as her glance rested on his pale, placid countenance close at her feet, she almost thought he still lived. She knelt and passed her hand across his brow—she felt his heart—*all* was stiff and cold: but in one hand a few flowers she had given him, were still clasped; and from the other, which was raised above his head, her handkerchief floated on the ground. Pauline clasped her hands, and shrieked hysterically. "Yes!" said she, "he has died without pain—he has died waving me back, for he knew the storm was coming!" As she spoke, she sank on his body, never to rise again. Nature's energies had been strained too far; and there, by him for whom alone she lived, she died. Henri Lafitte and his shrinking companion, found their bodies, and buried them side by side; and many a year afterwards, their young brows saddened, and their voices changed, when they talked of **THE SPIRIT OF THE HURRICANE.**

DEATH.

THIS grim messenger seems to enter a cottage only as a gentle deliverer from the miseries of human life; but into courts and the seat of grandeur, with insult and terror. To languish under a gilded canopy, to expire on soft and downy pillows, and give up the ghost in state, has a more gloomy aspect, than, at the call of nature, to expire on a grassy turf and resign the breathless clay back to its proper element.—What does a crowd of friends or flatterers signify in that important hour to the most glorious mortal? Which of his numerous attendants would stand the grave for him, or answer the summons of the supreme tribunal.

LIVERPOOL.

THE commercial intercourse which has increasingly existed between this country and the city represented in the annexed engraving, renders it an object of interest to every American citizen; as to that intercourse is owing in no inconsiderable degree, the good understanding, the fellowship, and the social harmony which at present exist between the once hostile nations: thus bestowing upon both, not only commercial but moral advantages. The following description of the city of Liverpool, strikingly exhibits the effects of enterprise, which from an inconsiderable town, elevated it to a business importance which stands without competition, and proves the advantages always derivable from perseverance and industry.

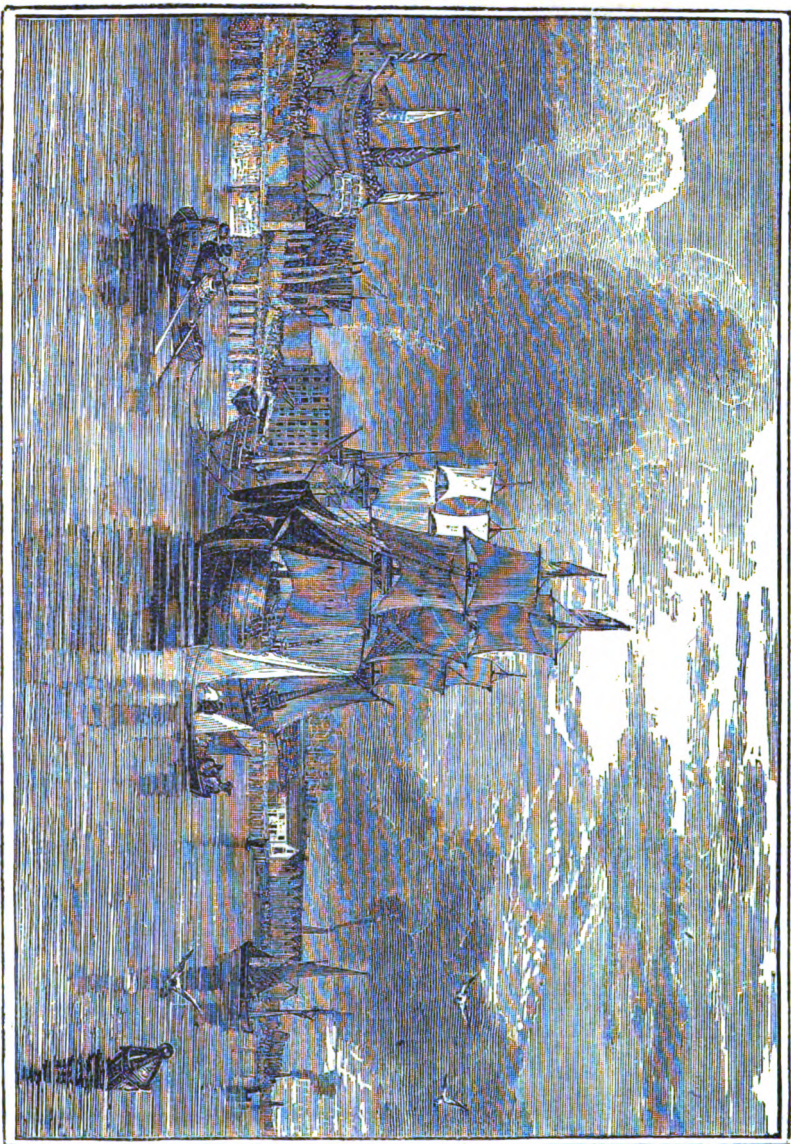
Liverpool, a city in Lancashire, England, with markets on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Up to the close of the seventeenth century it was a very inconsiderable place, having only one church, which was a chapel of ease to Walton, a village three miles off. In 1669, an act was passed to make it a distinct parish, and erect a new church. Since this period it has been gradually advancing in importance; and, with respect to population and commerce, it is become the second port in the kingdom. It extends three miles along the east bank of the river Mersey, and about a mile in average breadth; contains twenty-three churches and chapels for the establishment, a much greater number of meeting-houses for dissenters, five Roman catholic chapels, and a Jews' synagogue. Among the public buildings, which comprise numerous specimens of architectural taste, the most important are the town-hall, exchange buildings, lyceum, Wellington rooms, corn exchange, infirmary, St. John's market, blue coat school, dispensary, asylum for the blind, theatre, atheneum, music hall, news room, custom-house, and a borough jail on the Howardian plan. The streets are generally spacious, some of them elegant, and the greater part lighted with gas. At the head of the institutions for literary and scientific pursuits, is the Royal Liverpool Institution, opened in 1817 at an expense of £30,000. To enumerate the asylums for the wretched and unfortunate, of every description and denomination, would be altogether incompatible with our limits. The increase and prosperity of Liverpool have been greatly promoted by the enterprise and skill of its inhabitants, by its local advantages, commanding the trade of Ireland and America, and by the wisdom of the corporation in abolishing all exclusive laws, and encouraging every species of industry and commercial talent. The principal manufactures, besides those connected with the shipping, which employ an immense number of persons, are fine porcelain, watches, glass, iron, salt, copperas, &c. The watch movement and tool business is almost confined to this part of the country; and the breweries, soap-works, brass and iron foundries, sugar-houses, &c. are on an extensive scale. Few towns possess accommodations for shipping at all comparable to Liverpool: it has, at present, six docks, the Dry Dock, Salthouse Dock, King's Dock, Queen's Dock, George's Dock, Prince's Dock, North Dock, and Brunswick Dock, which with their basins occupy nearly a hundred acres of land. The estuary of the Mersey may be properly termed an arm of the sea, opening to this port a ready access to the Western sea, and ships of any burden may come up fully laden to the town; while the system of canal navigation opens a communication inland with all parts of the kingdom. This port is now estimated to engross a fourth part of the foreign trade of Britain, a sixth of its general trade, and to furnish one-twelfth of the shipping: its customs amount to nearly £4,000,000, and its exports exceed even those of the metropolis. The town is governed by a mayor, and sends two members to parliament—48 miles S. of Lancaster, and 206 N. W. of London. Longitude 3 W. lat. 53 22 N.

APOTHEOSSES OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

APOTHEOSSES, or consecrations, were very much in use among the Romans: for they consecrated their dead emperors, and ranked them in the number of the gods, that they might afterwards worship them as such. Herodian speaks thus of the ceremonies of such consecrations:—

"The Romans were accustomed to deify such of their emperors as had children to succeed them, which consecration they called an *apotheosis*. This ceremony was celebrated throughout the whole city, with a mixture of joy, sorrow, and religious worship. The body of the deceased they buried in the usual manner, with great pomp and solemnity: which done, the custom was to make an image of wax, as like the dead person as possible, and to place it at the entrance of the imperial palace, upon a bed of state made of ivory, and covered with a cloth of gold. On one side of this bed the whole senate sits in black, for a great part of the day: and on the other, the women of quality, who neither wear gold nor jewels, but appear in plain white habits, which is also their mourning. This ceremony lasts seven days, all which time the physicians come to visit the waxen body, and every time declare it to grow worse and worse. At the end of those seven days, when the body is supposed to be dead, certain young men, chosen out of the equestrian and senatorial orders, take it upon their shoulders, and carry it all along the *via sacra* to the old *forum*, where the Roman magistrates were wont to lay aside their authority; here, on each side, were scaffolds built—the one for the young men of quality, and the other for the ladies; both which sang the praises of the deceased in grave, lamentable tones. After this, they take the body from thence and carry it to the *campus martius*, where there is a kind of pyramid built, three or four stories high—every one of which is less and less to the top, and all four square. This is all of wood, and covered with gold tapestry, adorned with ivory and paintings, but the inside full of combustible matter. The form of this structure, in short, is not unlike those towers they build for light-houses. In the second story there are open doors, and in that, they place the bed, together with aromatics and perfumes of all kinds, and those in great abundance, piling up great heaps of them: for there is no nation, or city, or person in any dignity, but what sends on this occasion presents to do honour to the deceased prince. After they have thus made great piles of aromatics, and the cavalry is arrived, all the horse ride round the pyramid, observing a certain kind of cadence, not unlike the Pyrrhic dance. The chariots also drive about in the same order, with persons in them habited in purple, who personate such of the Romans as were famous either in war or in the administration of civil government. All which ceremony over, he that is to succeed in the empire takes a lighted torch, and sets fire to the machine, which others do on all sides. This fire soon seizes the aromatics and combustibles. This done, an eagle is let loose from the uppermost story, which, frightened by the flames, makes haste to soar out of sight—the people believing that it carries to the regions of bliss the soul of the prince. From that moment, they pay him the same religious homage that they bestow upon their other gods."

I cannot present our modern heroes and wits, vulgarly called sharpers, more naturally, than under the shadow of a pack of dogs: for this set of men are like them, made up of finders, lurchers, and setters. Some search for the prey others pursue; others, take it; and if it be worth it, they will come in at the death, and worry the carcass. It would require a most extensive knowledge of the field and of the harbours where the deer lie, to recount all the revolutions in the chase.



VIEW OF LIVERPOOL.

MY WEDDING DAY.

THE clear merry tones of a girlish voice awoke me from a sweet slumber, and still sweeter dream. Methought I was dancing the gallopade at the Montpelier Rotunda at Cheltenham, with my first love, the Honourable Captain Mowbray of the Guards, and enjoying the combined delights of rapid motion, exhilarating music, coloured lamps, green-house plants, and the intelligent glances of a pair of the finest hazel eyes in the universe. The unwelcome intruder on my slumbers was my sister Fanny, a girl of fourteen, who exclaimed in a cruelly shrill pitch of voice, "You have no time to lose, Emily;—it is half-past eight;—not a moment of to-day should be wasted;—it is the happiest day of your life!" I slowly opened my eyes; my sister held a taper in her hand, not, as might be supposed, as an emblem of the torch of Hymen, but as a matter of dire necessity: my shutters were unclosed, but instead of admitting light, they only made me sensible of the existence of a dense yellow fog—it was the month of December; the preceding day had been bright and frosty, but that contradictory and unpleasant operation of Nature, "a cold thaw," had taken place during the night, and a drizzling rain completely obscured the window pane:—if happiness reigned over this day, she certainly appeared in her dishabille!

It was my marriage morn—no wonder my sister deemed it happy; she, poor thing, was still subject to all the tortures, ordinary and extraordinary, of the school-room; back-boards, close bonnets, chemical lectures, four language-masters, and five hour's practising per diem; and on consideration, as my dream gradually faded from my mind, and I turned to the realities of life, I began to think it a happy day likewise. I was five-and-twenty, and had been perceptibly declining in prettiness for three years. I had met with many attentions, but few proposals. Captain Mowbray had nothing but poverty to offer me, and although I lamented the necessity of my refusal, I could not repent that I had given it. I had failed to accomplish an *entree* into Almack's; papa was unreasonably stingy in my allowance, and mamma unreasonably observant of my flirtations. My elected husband, Sir Mathew Medium, was a baronet of three thousand a year; I should have jewels and a carriage, I should be my own mistress, and perhaps my husband's. "Yes," I rejoined with a yawn, "It is undoubtedly the *happiest* day of my life!"

My *femme-de-chambre* began to array me: I looked in the glass; she assured me, with professional flattery, that I had never appeared to such advantage. I could not believe her: I was labouring under the effects of that unbecoming and unromantic malady, a violent cold in the head; the rose-coloured tint of my cheeks had departed to my nose, and the light of my eyes was as obscured and invisible as that of the sun. She threw a dressing-gown over me, and announced that Monsieur de Mille-fleurs, a celebrated French friseur, who had been recommended to me from high authority, was awaiting my commands. I followed her to the boudoir—it was a melancholy scene. It was, like my sleeping-room, filled with yellow fog, and was illuminated by a solitary lamp; the Frenchman stood by, brandishing his instruments of torture. I caught a glance of myself in the mirror; my white wrapper, pale cheeks, and flowing tresses, gave me quite the air of a victim: it was a scene worthy of the judgment-room of the Inquisition! I took down from my book-case a small volume bound in crimson silk—it was an Annual of two year's standing—and resigned myself to the scientific fingers of my tormentor. It may seem surprising that I should feel any inducement at such a time to study an old Annual, but there was "attractive metal," in the pages of the one in question. Mowbray

had written a sentimental tale to illustrate an equally sentimental engraving in it. I read it with more admiration than ever, and when my *femme-de-chambre* ventured respectfully to remark that she "did not think I should like the effect of my *chignon*," I fretfully desired her not to interrupt me.

At length my labours, and those of Monsieur de Mille-fleurs came to a termination: just as I closed the Annual, he placed the last black pin in my garland of orange flowers. Fanny at that moment entered the room, and her undisguised laughter, and assurances that he had made a perfect fright of me, caused me to raise my eyes to the mirror. My hair was dragged away from my forehead in a style which gave an air of something between the lunatic and the vixen, and the huge towering bows and knots at the top of my head, assimilated ill with the pale and anxious countenance beneath them. It was too late, however, to level this unfortunate fabric, and erect a new one; time was wearing on, and I was quickly arrayed in the cold and comfortless splendour of white satin, gauze, and blonde, and pronounced ready to descend to the company who were now beginning to assemble. A tap at my door was just then heard, and two notes and a small box were delivered to me. The first note was from an aunt, whose presence at my wedding I had particularly desired; she was the widow of a rich nabob, who had left his property entirely at her disposal, and her long diamond ear-rings, innumerable sparkling rings, and superb India shawl, rendered her a desirable assistant on occasions of festivity like the present. She expressed her sorrow that she was prevented by sudden indisposition from attending on me, and hoped that I would oblige her by accepting the accompanying gift as a token of her esteem, good-will, &c. I knew myself to be in high favour with her, and ever since my marriage had been settled, I had exhausted my imagination in conjectures on the probable magnificence of her wedding present. I hastily opened the box, and took out layer after layer of cotton and silver paper; at last I arrived at the bottom, where I fully expected to find a deposit of jewellery, and discovered—three small, neat, China jars, for the mantel-piece I had never been formally introduced to them before, but I knew them perfectly well by sight: I had seen them at the Soho Bazaar, where they were ticketed one guinea and a half in price. The other note was from my favourite female friend, Louisa Danvers, who was to share with my sister Fanny the honour of attending me as bride-maid: it was also an excuse, but the reason was mysteriously expressed; "She had long been engaged in marriage against the wishes of her friends; fear of my prudential caution had prevented her from confiding the secret to me—her fate was approaching to a crisis. I should know more hereafter; in the meantime, as the notice was so short, she hoped that I would accept the services of her cousin, Harriet Sutton, as bride-maid in her stead." I was concerned at my friend's folly in devoting herself to the horrors of love in a cottage; and Harriet Sutton was a dowdy dependant, but still I was glad of her company: for I felt secure that Louisa must have invested her with the bride-maid's attire, which was to match with that worn by Fanny, a celestial blue silk dress, and white hat wreathed with convolvuluses. I descended out of spirits and out of humour. There is a French proverb, that "no woman is ugly when she is dressed;" but I felt that full dress in a foggy winter morning was no beautifier to any woman, or at any rate, not to me. The company were a shade less wretched in appearance than myself, for they had the comfort of bonnets and high dresses, but they all looked cold and de-

pressed; and the bridemaid, to my utter dismay, had been abandoned to her own resources of finery, and was arrayed in a dress of Egyptian brown silk, with three deep bouces, and an enormous Leghorn bonnet; the contrast between the freshness of appearance, and the obsolete fashion of these articles, plainly demonstrating that they had constituted her gala attire for at least seven years! Every body assured me that I had never looked so well before, and that this was the happiest day of my life, and I was too civil to contradict them.

Of the bridegroom little can be said; he was elderly, red-haired, very shy, and very corpulent—of course he could not be expected to look or behave like a hero. The carriages were announced, and we soon reached St. George's, Hanover square. As we entered the vestry-room, another bridal party were preparing to leave it. I remarked them with attention; their rank in life was evidently much below mine.

The bride was a pretty pleasing young woman, dressed with remarkable neatness and simplicity; her ingenuous features indicated health and modesty, and she had enough of the air of weeping to be suitable to the occasion, without disfiguring her appearance; the tears floated in her eyes, but did not descend on her cheeks. The bridemaid, evidently a sister by her extreme likeness, was almost as pretty as the bride, and might have appeared quite as much so, in an equally interesting situation. The mother, a comely placid looking woman, was contemplating her fair daughter with a smile of tranquil satisfaction; and the cordial good-humoured father was warmly shaking hands with his new son-in-law, an athletic, open-countenanced young man. The party were evidently all happy in themselves, and in each other; it was a simple, but a touching sight. I looked round on my own over-dressed, drowsy, listless train of superfluous attendants, half of whom I knew to be indifferent to, and the other half to be envious of me. I had long been convinced of the hollowness and frivolity of the gay world, but I had never before been so sensible of its vulgarity and bad taste.

The ceremony was soon performed, and we returned home, where a splendid *dejeune* was prepared; things now began to assume rather a more tolerable aspect. Gunter is one of the few artists whose performances always put English people in real good humour for the time, but still the event went off heavily; it might be recorded by that "word of fear," equally "unpleasing to the ear" of the fashionable and mercantile world, a "decided failure!" Mamma was thoroughly discomposed by the foggy morning, my pallid looks, the want of generosity in the present of my aunt, and the want of uniformity in the dress of my bridesmaids. Papa was never very brilliant at any time, and being accustomed to late hours, he was on the present occasion more than half asleep. My sister Fanny seldom spoke in company, especially if it were desirable that she should do so; she was of that unhappy age, when girls are always silent when they ought to talk, and talkative when they ought to be silent.

Towards the close of the repast, a friend of the family entered the drawing-room; he had not been invited, but, like Paul Pry, he was in the constant habit of "dropping in" where his presence was not required; he was a good-natured man, and a great news-monger, two striking recommendations, but he always contrived, with the best intentions of giving pleasure to his friends, to tell them news which was particularly disagreeable to them. After oppressing me with clamorous congratulations, he continued, his broad countenance odiously beaming with benevolence—"You do not want much, my dear, to add to your happiness on a day like this, but I have a piece of news to tell you about your old friend Captain Mowbray, which I am sure you will be delighted to hear. A miserly relation

of his, from whom he entertained no expectations, has just died, and left him heir of his large property; the amount was at first reported to be a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, but I am glad to tell you that I met this morning with an intimate friend of the deceased, who assures me that any one might safely give Mowbray two hundred thousand for it, and get a good bargain by so doing!"—"I am—rejoiced—to—hear—it," I with difficulty stammered out, my heart palpitating almost to bursting, and the tears starting to my eyes. "And," pursued my tormentor, "it is particularly acceptable to him at this moment, for he had been engaged for some time to a charming young lady without money, and they had actually just made up their minds to marry and starve, when this fortunate wind-fall came to reward them for their disinterestedness." I attempted to inquire the name of the "charming young lady," but my temples throbbed violently; the room appeared to turn round, and hastily pleading sudden indisposition, I took the arm of my sister and retired. "Poor thing," exclaimed an unsuspecting matron, who sat near me, "her feelings are too much for her—joy overpowers as well as grief—this is the *happiest* day of her life!"

Left alone with my sister, I had fresh cause to lament the absence of Louisa Danvers, who united sense and sensibility sufficiently to prove an excellent comforter. Poor Fanny was a very inefficient substitute; she cried, and scolded me by turns, reminded me that she had always advised me to marry Mowbray, wondered that I should have hesitated to accept such a man, even if sure of living on bread and water with him; then lamented that I had not heard of his accession of fortune the day before, which would have been plenty of time to break off my marriage; and then again, recollecting the account of her engagement, vented her indignation on my unknown rival, whom she declared herself convinced was very artful, ugly, and disagreeable. I was glad to exchange her society even for that of my husband, and a short time saw me arrayed in my travelling apparel, and seated in a carriage which was to convey us to Richmond. The windows were dimmed with the incessant rain, my tears flowed with equal perseverance, and the conversation of Sir Matthew fell on my ear with just as dull and monotonous a drizzle. I cannot remember much of his discourse, except that he lamented the state of the weather, and hoped that it would clear, deplored the bad aspect of affairs in Ireland, and touched on the Slavery Question, and the East India Company's Charter.

Gloomy, however, as was the ride, I could not look forward with any pleasure to its termination; we were to pass the first few days of our honeymoon at the house of a married brother of Sir Matthew's. Mr. Medium was, like his relative a complete non-entity, but his wife I particularly disliked; she was a crafty, selfish woman, much beneath her husband in point of rank, but yielding to no one in vanity and ambition. Owing to Sir Matthew's long continuance in "single blessedness," she had flattered herself that the baronetcy and estate would eventually centre in her eldest son, and of course regarded me with very unpleasant feelings, as the destroyer of her maternal visions; conventional policy induced her to cloak her dislike of me in a double-voiced garb of courtesy, but natural coarseness of character caused her to over act her part so glaringly, that her flattery could not impose upon the most credulous hearer; there was something absolutely feline in the fawning excess of her fondness and caresses. Dinner passed as heavily as could be anticipated; no one was there but the family, and I had the consciousness that the eyes of all the servants and all the children were directed towards me, in eager curiosity to see how I should behave under my new honours of brutal consequence. In the evening the newspaper came. Mrs.

Medium officiously seized it, that she might read aloud to me the paragraph of my marriage, which, with modern foresight, had been sent to the press the day before. Alas! she had little need to give me the intelligence: I was painfully conscious that I was married, without finding it necessary to refer to the fact in print. Having read the announcement, she turned to the next paragraph. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "it is no wonder your friend Miss Danvers excused herself from attending you as bridesmaid—she was married herself on the same morning!" "Married! to whom?" exclaimed I, eagerly, my fancy running through a long list of younger brothers with whom Louisa had sung, waltzed, and flirted during the last season. She read the name of the bridegroom with dreadful precision and emphasis—"The honourable Captain Mowbray, of the Guards!" The symptoms of my morning attack returned upon me; I pressed my hand on my forehead, and was obliged to have recourse to my embroidered pocket handkerchief and *eau de Cologne*; but the window was instantly thrown open for my benefit, and a relieve of foggy night air admitted, which enabled me to "sit it out!" "How strange it is, my dear," observed my unsuspecting husband, "that you should have twice been taken ill to-day, when you were hearing news about young Captain Mowbray!" My sister-in-law said nothing, but she fixed her keen gray eyes on my face, with an expression which denoted that she thought it any thing but strange.

This last *contre-temps* completely destroyed my spirits, and I said little more than yes and no for the ensuing two hours. Towards the close of the evening, the eldest daughter of my hostess, a pert forward girl just emancipated from boarding-school, said to me, "Now your wedding-day is nearly at an end, Lady Medium, has it not been the *happiest* day of your life?" Had I been in the palace of Truth, I should certainly have replied that it had been the most miserable; but I was not desperate enough to feel inclined to "electrify my audience," by so startling a burst of ingenuousness. Some author, whose name I forget, says: "As society can only be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, may serve the purpose just as well as the new!" I therefore determined to let the axiom in question pass uncontradicted; but like many other imperfect and minor moralists, although willing passively to sanction a falsity, I was not inclined actively to tell one. I therefore replied to the young lady's teasing question, with equal truth, politeness, and self-possession: "I only hope your own may be just as *happy*!"

FUNERAL OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

It is admitted that of all the ancient funeral pomps, none equalled in magnificence that of Alexander the Great, when his body was brought in state from Babylon, to Alexandria in Egypt.

The car was not only extremely rich and magnificent, but contrived also with a most wonderful art and workmanship: Hieronymus was the workman. First he made a golden coffin, not cast, but worked, and exactly fitted to the length of the body; he then half filled it with aromatics and perfumes, both to give an agreeable odour, and to preserve the body; upon this coffin there was a golden coverlid, and over that was raised a purple canopy embroidered with gold; the imperial arms were placed close to it. The car which carried this, had a golden vaulted roof adorned with scales covered with jewels. The roof was eight cubits high, and twelve long, and under it was placed a square throne, all of gold: there were two stags' heads in grand relief, on the side of the throne, from which, two gold rings, each of two palms diameter, hung down, and from them a large festoon, expressing

all the various colours of flowers, of an inimitable beauty and art.

At the top of the car there was a fringe in form of net-work, from which little bells hung down, yet of sufficient size to be heard at a good distance. In each corner of the roof there was a victory carrying a trophy. The roof was supported by golden pillars, with chapters of the Ionic order, and within these pillars, there was a lattice-work of gold, about a finger thick, and four tablets, disposed parallel to each other, adorned with figures of animals.

On one of the tablets, Alexander was represented sitting on a car, holding a sceptre, attended by the *Macedonians* on one side of him, and the *Persians* on the other, and before him the armour-bearers. In the second tablet, elephants armed as for war, followed the king, carrying *Indians* before, and *Macedonians* behind, on their backs; both nations in their proper arms. In the third tablet there appeared squadrons of horse drawn up in line of battle, and on the fourth, ships disposed as if ready for a sea-fight. At the entrance of the vault lions were placed. Between every two pillars there was a golden *acanthus*, which reached nearly to the top of the chapters. Over the roof there was a purple canopy exposed to the air, and bearing a golden crown, but as if composed of branches of olive, and when the sun glanced on it, the reflected light shone on the beholders like lightning. This grand car was supported by two axle-trees, which went into four wheels of the Persian fashion. The spokes were gilt; but that part of the wheel which touched the ground, was covered with iron plates. All that part of the axle-tree which was seen was gold, and in the shape of a lion's head biting a javelin. In the middle of the vault there was a hinge placed so artfully, as to prevent its rocking from side to side in rough and uneven roads. The car had four poles, and each had four rows of four mules each, to draw it, so that sixty-four mules were used to draw the car, and those the strongest and the best that could be procured. Every mule had a gold crown on its head, and a golden bell on each jaw, and a collar of jewels around its neck. All the people of the cities through which this car passed thronged to see it, and could scarcely satisfy themselves with gazing at it. The train which attended it was pompous, and in accordance with the splendour of the car: a vast number of pioneers and labourers levelled the road for it to pass, and the choicest troops attended. Arideus, who had the charge of the corpse, after having spent two years in making preparations for this pompous march, brought the body in this manner to Egypt from Babylon. Ptolemy went with his army to meet the body, as far as Syria, and when he received it, paid to it all possible honour. He did not send it to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, but to Alexandria, a city which Alexander had built and named, and which was one of the noblest in the world, and there built a mausoleum, which, for its grandeur and magnificence, was worthy the greatness of Alexander.

When he had placed the body there, he celebrated his funeral with heroic sacrifices, and the most pompous games of every description.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at, that the wisest men in all ages, have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and where it chiefly consists. An eminent writer named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any of his own.

TO BEAU AND BELLE I FORTUNES TELL; THE TYROLESE FORTUNE-TELLER,

AS SUNG BY MISS LOVE;

THE SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS BY JOHN PARRY.

PIANO FORTE-VOICE.

Allegretto.

Clar. Bassoon. Flanti.

p

Tutti.

f

Ritard.

To beau and belle I for - tunes tell, Come round the Gypsy and

we you wail; Come, maidens dear, and ne - ver fear A

lit - tle wholesome truth to hear.

f

The smile that plays, a thousand ways, That courts ad-mi-rers by its

wanton gaze, Will ne'er obtain a faithful Swain, And then you know you sigh in

vain; But on your cheek let blushes speak The heart's best virtue which true

Lovers seek, And smiling eyes so-cure the prize, Girls list to me if you be

wise.

cres.

II.

Young Gentlemen, as Ladies then
 In merit are increasing, nine to ten,
 'Tis fit that you, should be so too;
 I hope, at least, to mend a few.
 The cruel stare, the vulgar air,
 Alarm the gentle and the modest fair;
 'Twas Heav'n's decree that Man should be
 Companion, Guardian, Guide, all three!
 And let me say, 'tis thus you may
 Obtain, and long preserve your lordly sway;
 Make Hearts, not Eyes, your lawful prize,
 Men, list to me, if you be wise.

TO NATURE.

"Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes!
Flamma amem, sylvasque, inglorias!"

GREAT daughter of the Sire Supreme!
In whose reflective charms we see,
Unscathed, the mitigated beam
Of viewless Deity.

O, lead me, Nature, to thy shade!
Far from life's varying cares and fears;
Affections spurn'd, and hopes betray'd,
And naught unchang'd, but tears;—

And guide me on, through sun and storm,
With thine immortal steps to range;
In variation, uniform;
Immutable in change.

Oh! teach me, on the sea-beat hill,
Or by the mountain torrent's roar,
Or in the midnight forest still,
Thy great and awful lore!

Nor less, beside the calm clear sea,
Or, in the leafy cool reclined,
With thine own greenwood minstrelsy
Restore a wearied mind:—

And grant my soul a bliss to own
Beyond earth's mightiest to bestow,
Which Love himself might give alone,
If Love be yet below.

Oh! I have loved thee from a child!
And sure, on childhood's rapturous hour,
Thine eye of loveliness hath smiled,
With most approving power:—

For in that season bright and sweet,
Roams the blest spirit pure and free,
Ere woman's art, or man's deceit,
Hath stolen a thought from thee.

And I would be thy child again,
Careless, and innocent, and still;
Oh! snatch me from mine own wild reign,
To heed a holier will!

Oh! sadly is the soul unblest,
That ne'er the sacred joys hath known,
Of those who in thy temple rest
Majestically lone!

And, smit with a celestial love,
In secrecy converse with thee,
And hear thee bring them from above
Thy wondrous history!

How, when the great Omnifick word
Through the far halls of Chaos rang,
And life the dark cold billows stirr'd,
Thy charms to order sprang—

Forth danced, thy genial steps beneath,
Herbage and flower; to weave thy pall,
Campania brought her painted wreath;
Her roseate treasures, Gaul.

Recount thy Sire's unbounded power,
Recount his unexhausted love,
Who sent thee, from this cloudy hour
The shadows to remove—

And teach me, in thy still recess,
To search a clearer page than thine,
Where Mercy, Wisdom, Faithfulness,
Illumine every line!

So when I cease on thee to gaze,
May I thine author's glory see,
In realms whose voice shall chant his praise,
When thou no more shalt be!

MORNING, NOON, EVENING, AND NIGHT.

BY F. S. MULLER.

THE morning star—the morning star—when the sun-
beams brightly rise,
And gladden with their beams of light the distant
eastern skies;

Aurora hails their rising up above the distant hills,
The earth re-echoes with the song of a thousand gush-
ing rills.

The night-stars droop their purple wings before the
dawning ray,

The flowers ope their rainbow leaves to welcome back
the day;

And every bird and mountain-bee, from woodland,
cell, or bower,

Come forth with joyous song and shout to hail the
morning hour.

The noontide ray—the noontide ray—when the sun-
beams from on high

Look down upon each mountain top in pride and ma-
jesty;

The hills are clothed in the gorgeous beam, and the
woodland streams flow on,

In golden sunshine, and in shade, in loveliness and
song.

And ocean depths are gleaming low, and down to their
gem-lit mines,

The noon-day sun-light pierces through, to where the
coral shines;

The heavens above have not a cloud to veil the sun-
beam's power,

Earth, air, and sky, are shadowless, at the noontide's
sunny hour.

The evening star—the evening star—when the golden
light of day

Is sinking down beneath the sea, with a beautiful
decay;

The twilight comes with her silent wing, spread o'er
the earth and sea,

The dew is falling to the ground and gemming lawn
and len:

The winds have hushed their gentle voice, and closed
their silver wings.

The waves are flowing to the shore with mystic mur-
muring,

And hushed are every harp and song, in castle, hall,
and bower,

Bird, breeze, and bee, are gone to rest, at evening's
dewy hour.

The holy night—the holy night—when every voice is
still,

And the silver moon is rising o'er the dreamy Latmian
hill;

When the shined stars are watching out, in beauty
from the sky,

And gazing down on every flower, and every sleeping
eye;

When the earth and sea are slumbering too, and naught
breaks on the hush,

Save the lone sound of a forest's stream, or a wander-
ing torrent's gush,

It is an hour of loveliness, of beauty, and delight—

It is an hour when eternity is watching o'er the
night.

THE PROPHECY.

"He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy."—*Flower the Eighth.*

It was the morning of the montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior collegier, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the pageant of the day. Morley, his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry collegers proceeded in regular array to Salthill, where the captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence, flourished a flag as preliminary to the busy proceedings of the morning. After this ceremony had been duly performed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of authorized robbery, stopping every passenger from the prince to the bargeman, and demanding *salt*, an Etonian synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road, on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of his path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his countenance an expression of sternness rather than amenity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew high upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck of beauty was indeed upon his lineaments, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.

The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hennar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of gray cotton, carefully gartered with white ribbons, and he was shod with a short buskin which reached just above the ankle. He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "moley's the only wear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colours which composed it. Morley remembered to have heard, that a person had been frequently seen in the neighbourhood who was supposed to be mad, and who it now occurred to him precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded *salt*.

"*Salt?* what mean you?"

"*Money.*"

"Go to the rich."

"We exact from poor and rich alike."

"*Exact!* thou art then both publican and sinner."

"Come wilt thou depose thy tribute?" and he extended the mouth of a richly embroidered bag. "Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained."

"Beg? Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy livery belies thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave's serving man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee; but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape's serving monkey." The blood rushed to Morley's cheek in a torrent. "I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!"

"I beg not, but exact."

"And suppose I should refuse thy demand—thou art not a very formidable assessor."

"Then force should compel it." The stranger smiled scornfully. "Come, disburse; a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation: we take any thing but copper."

"If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms, I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fie upon your custom. You rob!—ay, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well—I say it at all risks, and in good current English—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your school-fellow, and purchase an honourable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalized larceny in his behalf, with the devil's requital. A word to the wise—if thou'rt a fool, why thou wert born no better than thy kind, and wast therefore born to be fooled."

"What mean you?"

"I mean, in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush to help to mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom thou art graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain."

Morley was staggered. He felt his heart throbb with indignation, but was absolutely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it at once so commanding and uncommon, associating, too, with it, as Morley did, an idea of insanity, that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills, and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed. Morley tried to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinal, like the sybil leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was foolish enough to do

a silly thing, merely for the sake of realizing the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, can'st thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be? 'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus, 'too much learning hath made thee mad.'"

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the tremor within. There's lie written upon thy face; 'tis marked as legibly as coward upon thy heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is *unblushingly* contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throb of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitters of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out. They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as 'the gall of asps' within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering. Farewell!"

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now control, exclaimed—

"Stay; one question more before we part. As I am to be unhappy, is my life to be long or short?"

"Let me see thy palm." He took Morley's hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, "Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birth-day; death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon it—but we must all die; what matters it when?"

Saying this, he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto buoyant spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavours to disguise.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that I can have any thing to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why then should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his integrity or to doubt his love."

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to be-

ware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind, the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced, and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This, Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in *statu pupillari* at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought, that such a *trifling accident* could in any way operate upon Clavering's friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been any thing but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of some very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might, after all, be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly, however, after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man, who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, however, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumoured deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Clavering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty, and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning, his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely three and twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not

control it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since even the sacred scriptures represent the hour of death as a matter hidden among the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering, afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years, he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birth-day, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year, however, rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very unchequered life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. She had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be assured of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was ever present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one-and-twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening evil: on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully ex-

pected to see it realized. His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birth-day at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were only now a few hours to the conclusion of this long-dreaded day, and the almost impossibility of any thing like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed, showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly:

"My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet? This is your thirty-fourth birth-day; there you are, alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan's confusion."

Every drop of blood in a moment left Morley's cheeks; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, "he has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet." Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied, and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired; but it was evident that the mother's ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly re-awakened had, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. "Like a giant refreshed with wine," the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart, a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eyelid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o'clock struck; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote sullenly upon Morley's ear like the wail of the dead. He started, his cheek grew paler, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and, for a moment, he sunk back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should repair to the drawing-room, in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind. Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his

soul to be so easily dialogued. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded.

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection; maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humour, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded, and shortly after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She, however, at length

succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she flattered herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly, throwing on her dressing gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bedside, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birthday. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

THE SOUL.

WHAT is the Soul? It may not be
A light which Chance hath waked to birth;
Nor is that power, Necessity,
The mother of the earth.
Philosophy in vain may teach
That Nature formed this glorious whole;
In worlds which science cannot reach,
"God!—God made man a living soul!"

What is the soul?—a deathless ray—
A gift of that immortal hand
Which from blind chaos struck the day,
And held, unpoised, the sea and land—
Who o'er the earth shed beauty rife,
Who gave sublimity its might,
Who waked the planets into life,
And bowed the starry globe of night.

From stern Necessity call grace—
Call order from the dreams of chance—
Bid your material god replace
The heavenly fountain we advance:
The seasons would return no more,
The erring planets lose their track,
Confusion stalk from shore to shore
And Ruin shout to Chaos back!

Can knowledge, then, oppress the brain
O'erload the reason's glorious might;
Imagination's wing restrain,
And blind our intellectual sight?—
No: the rivers of the world combined
Have never fill'd the boundless sea:
And what is ocean to the mind?
Like time unto eternity!

Not knowledge hath debased the sense,
But vice—that, even in our youth,
Saith to religion's light, Go hence!
I will not, dare not, know the truth!
If I deceive myself, 'tis well:
Let me live on, and still deceive:
If sinners tread the brink of hell,
"Twere death "to TREMBLE and believe!"

Original.

ALL AROUND MUST PERISH.

Thus mighty Nature speaketh:—
All around must perish.
All that mankind maketh,
All that mankind cherish.

Childhood's fragile flower;
Youth-hood, bright and tender;
Manhood's giant power;
Strong ambition's splendour.

Youthful warrior's boldness,
Maiden and her lover,
Winter with its coldness
Soon shall crush and cover!

Battle's brazen clangor;
Fame's extended pinions;
Nations' envious anger;
Kingdoms and dominions!

Gently singing fountains;
Halls of minstrel's story;
Adamantine mountains
With creation hoary.

The forest's pride of ages;
The universal ocean;
That mystery of sages,
The stars' eternal motion.

The lightning's winged fleetness;
The tempest's awful power;
The thunder's rolling greatness;
The cataract's foaming shower.

The cloudless skies, extended
Around the circling world:—
All, all shall yet be rended,
And into chaos hurld.

Thus mighty Nature speaketh:
All around must perish,—
All that mankind maketh—
All that mankind cherish.

ALPHEA.

ALL FOLLOW THEE:

I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou goest, o'er land or sea,
On fortune's tide, or by fate's decree,
Still will I follow, follow thee!

Love is the holding chord of life,
And when 'tis sever'd both must fall;
For love will live to our final heat,
And never, never yield at all.
The lamp will burn when the taper's fed,
And the light will still be bright;
When one expires the other yields,
And sinks in endless night!

And such is love,
Wherever 'tis found, on earth, or sea;
Such as it was, 'twill ever be,
And I will follow, follow thee!

The world may coldly frown upon
The loveliest and the best;
'Tis not the evil one, alone,
That care's cold couch hath prest.
But in the wreck of all our weal,
We may be happy still;
For the sun will shine o'er the barren glen,
As bright as on vine clad hill.

And love like the sun
Spreads rapture on all it beams upon;
Then, when our day of life is done,
'We'll fade with it too, for our course is run!

Till follow thee in scenes of bliss,
Of pleasure and of pride;
And should we tread the paths of care,
Still I'll be at thy side;
I'll share thy bliss—I'll soothe thy care,
With precepts from above;
My lot's with thee, where'er it be,
And this, and this is love!

I'll follow thee,
Wherever thou goest, o'er land or sea;
On fortune's tide, at fate's decree,
Still will I follow—follow thee!

THE WIND IN THE WOODS.

'Tis a pleasant sight on a vernal day,
When shadow and sun divide the heaven,
To watch the south wind wake up for play:—
Not on the sea where ships are riven—
Not on the mountain, mid rain and storm,
But when earth is sunny and green and warm,
O woodland wind, how I love to see
Thy beautiful strength in the forest tree!

Lord of the oak, that seems lord of the wild,
Thou art shaking his crown and thousand arms,
With the ease of a spirit, the glee of a child,
And the pride of a woman who knows her charms;
And the poplar bends like a merchant's mast,
His leaves, though they fall not, are fluttering fast;
And the beach, and the lime, and the ash-crown'd hill,
Sins to its core at thy wandering will.

The pines that uprear themselves dark and tall,
Black knights of the forest so stately and old,
They must bow their heads when they hear thy call,
Aye, bow like the lily, those Norsemen bold;
And every tree of the field or bower,
Or single in strength, or many in power,
Quiver and thrill from the leaf to the stem,
For the unseen wind is master of them!

It is gallant play, for the sun is bright,
And the rivulet sings a merrier song;
The grain in the meadow waves dark and light,
As the trees fling shade, or the breeze is strong.
And over the hills, whether rocky or green,
Troops of the noon-day ghosts are seen;
The lovely shadows of lovelier clouds,
With the gloom of the mountains amongst their crowds.

The birds as they fly scarce use their wings,
They are borne upon those of the wind to-day;
And their plumes are ruffled, like all green things,
And flowers, and streams, by his noisy play.
One hour—and valley, and wood, and hill,
May be sleeping and shining all bright and still;
Not a wave, not a leaf, not a spray in motion,
Of all which now looks like a vernal ocean—
Beautiful this;—yet I love to see
Thy strength, O wind, in the forest tree!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE of the greatest misfortunes in life, is that of being compelled to live with those who, by the very character of their own minds, are prevented or incapacitated from appreciating ours.

There are people whom we love when they are absent from us, but who, when present, cause us to feel a repugnance towards them which engenders a temporary dislike, and consequently an unjust appreciation of their character.

Blockheads are exceedingly afraid of being quizzed, and cannot tolerate the slightest joke at their expense.

If you hear a man affecting to be very stupid, depend upon it he considers himself an exceedingly clever fellow.

There are 7,700 veins in an inch of coloured mother of pearl. Iris ornaments of all colours are made by lines of steel from 200 to the 1,000th part of an inch.

Love and devotion are supposed to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo, as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

Is it not true that the young not only appear to be, but really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love? It calls forth all their beauty.

Words must be fitted to a man's mouth. It was well said of the fellow that was to make a speech for my lord-mayor, he desired to take measure of his lordship's mouth.

To buy books as some do, who make no use of them, only because they were published by an eminent printer, is much as if a man should buy clothes that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous tailor.

Marshal Saxe computed, that in a battle only one ball of 85 takes effect. Others have computed, that only one in 40 strikes, and no more than one in 400 is fatal. At the battle of Tournay, in Flanders, fought on the 22d May, 1794, it is calculated that 236 musket-shot were expended in disabling each soldier that suffered.

If it were to be recommended for nothing else this was enough, that pretending to little, leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it.

Man in himself a little world doth bear,
His soul the monarch ever ruling there;
Wherever then his body doth remain,
He is a king that in himself doth reign,
And never feareth fortune's hott'st alarms,
That bears against her patience for his arms.

An Italian philosopher expresses in his motto, that time was his estate: an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and generally satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.

There is, perhaps, not an instance of a man of genius having had a dull woman for his mother, though many have had fathers stupid enough in all conscience.

It should seem that indolence itself would incline a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivance to be a knave.

Who can explain the operation of that sentiment which creates around the one object of our love, a halo of life and beauty, which extends to all animate and inanimate nature; and of that other sentiment which, when we cease to love, strips the object of our late passion of all its adventitious charms, and reduces it to the ordinary level?

Love is the fever of the soul; passion is the delirium of that fever.

I would apply to metaphysicians what Scaliger said of the Basque people.—"It is asserted that they understood one another, but I do not believe it!"

Paris, a city of pleasure, amusement, &c. in which four-fifths of the inhabitants die broken-hearted.

Should you meet with a young man who is exceedingly sensible, and neither talks nor can relish nonsense, you may rely upon it he has no genius of any kind. If, in addition to this great load of sense, he is a theatrical critic, and bores the company about acting, actors, and such stuff, you may safely pronounce him a blockhead.

No moral perceptions are so blunt as those of the selfish; theirs is the worst of near-sightedness—that of the heart.

When you set about composing, it may be necessary for your ease, and better distillation of wit, to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better, for an author like a limb, will yield the better, for having a rag about him: because, I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree, (which is the surtout of it,) to make it bear well: and this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument, why

wits, of all other men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher: because the richest minerals are ever found among the most ragged and withered surfaces of the earth.

Foul Envy, thou the partial judge of right,
Son of Deceit, born of that harlot Hate,
Nursed in Hell, a vile and ugly sprite,
Feeding on Slander, cherish'd with Debate,
Never contented with thine own estate;
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,
Whose words be gall, whose actions end in blood.

They that govern must make least noise. You see when they row a barge, they that do the drudgery work, slash, and puff, and sweat, but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles as 40 to 10, or as four to one.

Fraimlofer, in his optical experiments, made a machine in which he could draw 32,000 lines in an inch breadth.

Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases.

Vanity is like those chemical essences, whose only existence is when called into being, by the action of some opposite influence.

Marriage is like money—seem to want it and you never get it.

As it is the chief concern of wise men, to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of Philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

We have heard of the solitude of the wide ocean, of the sandy desert, of the pathless forest, but, for a real, thorough, and entire knowledge far beyond Zimmerman's of the pleasure of solitude, commend us to a young damsel doomed to a sofa and female society, while quadrille after quadrille is formed in her sight, and the waltzes go round, like stars with whose motions we have nothing to do.

A man who practises pistol shooting, for the purpose of making himself formidable as a duellist, is uniformly an arrant coward.

RECIPES.

CURRY SAUCE.

Put into a sauce-pan two ounces of butter and a table-spoonful of curry-powder (or of powdered turmeric if more convenient,) half a grated nutmeg, half a spoonful of saffron, and two spoonfuls of flour. Add sufficient boiling water or broth to cover it, and let it stew a quarter of an hour. Strain it, stir in a little more butter, and serve it up.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Bake ten tomatas, with pepper and salt, till they become like a marmelade. Then add a little flour or grated bread crumbs, and a little broth or hot water. Stew it gently ten minutes, and before you send it to table add two ounces of butter and let it melt in the sauce.

CUCUMBER SAUCE.

Put into a sauce-pan a piece of butter rolled in flour, some salt, pepper, and one or two pickled cucumbers minced fine. Moisten it with boiling water. Let it stew gently a few minutes, and serve it up.

Long Street, August 1833. (The building is now the site of the
Athenian Buildings, Philadelphia August 1833.)

THE LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

THE BRIDE MAID;

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE bridal's glittering pageantry is o'er;
Dancing is weary; and the joy of song,
Tired with its own wild sweetness, dies away;
Music is hush'd; the flower arcaded halls
Cease to prolong the bursts of festive glee;
For luxury itself is satiate,
And pleasure's drowsy train demands repose.

But see! the dawn's gray streaks are stealing thro'
The high-arch'd windows of a stately room,
Shedding a pale light on the paler brow
Of one, who with a breaking heart hath stol'n
From the gay revels of that jocund night,
To vent, unpitied, agony alone.
In fearful immobility of form
And feature sits she in her blank despair,
Like the cold sculptured mourner on a tomb,
When silent marble wears the touching guise
Of woman's woe—but oh! not woe like hers,
Whose every pulse doth vibrate with a pang
Too stern for tears. Her dark, dilated eye
Is fix'd on things she sees not nor regards.
Her silent lute lies near—its chords no more
Shall wake responsive to her skilful touch;
For he who praised its sounds, and loved to see
Her white hands busy with its murmuring strings,
Hath made all music discord to her soul.
Gems that a princess might be proud to wear
Are sparkling in her sight; but what, alas!
Are gems to her who hath beheld the hopes—
The cherish'd hopes of life forever crush'd,
And withering in the dust like yon gay wreath
Which she hath in her bitter anguish torn
From the sad brow it lately garlanded,
And bade her maidens "hang it on her tomb!"

Invidious eyes were on her when she stood
Before the altar with the bridal train
Of her false love—ay! those who coldly scann'd
Her looks and bearing, eager to detect
The struggling pangs which woman's trembling
pride

In that dread hour, had nerved her to conceal
Beneath the haughty semblance of disdain
Or calm indifference, when the man she loved
Plighted his perjured vows to other ears—
A knell to hers, at which life's roseate tints
Fled back affrighted, never to return
To her pale cheek, whose marble hue betray'd
The tearless bride-maid's secret agony.

The task is o'er, and she is now alone,
Musing o'er memory of hopes that were,
But are for her no longer—vanish'd dreams
Are they for which she mourns. She'd mourn no
more

Could she behold him as he really is,
Stripp'd of the veil in which too partial love
Hath dressed its idol. She would turn away
And marvel that a heart so pure as hers
Had wasted tenderness on one like him.

THE TRAVELLER'S EVENING SONG.

FATHER, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant-bough
O'er the sky's last crimson glow;
Hush'd is now the convent's bell,
Which erewhile with breezy awell,
From the purple mountains bore
Greeting to the sunset-shore.
Now the sailor's vesper-hymn
Dies away.

Father! in the forest dim
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves, that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave's distant moan;
In the deep tints of the sky,
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O'er the wild,
Oh! be *Thou* the lone one's aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chesnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools, now low and dark,
Where the wakening night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle-nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams,
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away—
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made.
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
Where no roof to that blest head
Shelter gave—
Father! through the time of dread,
Save, oh! save!

POOR ABERGAVENEY;

A CLERICAL MEMOIR.

THE country town of ——— boasted both physicians and surgeons in good store, and they were all more than ordinarily respectable; but at their head stood very pre-eminently Dr. St. Clare. He had been thoroughly educated, and possessed abilities highly capable of benefiting from that education. His mind was considered as at once religious and philosophical, and he discharged all the duties of life as one whose principles were well based. But, alas! who is perfect? Dr. St. Clare had one private, but master fault. On the Christmas-eve of 1801, his eldest son, a boy of fifteen, returned from college in order to spend the holy-days. It had been his first absence from home, and his return was looked forward to with excessive pleasure by his gentle mother, kind father, and nine happy boys and girls, all of whom received him with open arms. But his mother, whose mildness and spirit of acquiescence were proverbial, felt slightly irritated on this evening, by the Doctor hurrying the children, one after another, a full hour sooner to bed than usual, and when, at last, it came to "dear Tom's" turn, she could not help hinting that she had rather hoped to be somewhat later than usual on this happy occasion.

"My dear," said her spouse, "you should consider that Tom has travelled sixty miles to-day, and for a youth of his slight frame, and who has been more confined than usual for some months, that is rather severe work. I see he requires rest; and, besides, I have to ride early to-morrow morning, and as you always insist on seeing me breakfast, it is time, on your account, to retire."

She said no more, but withdrawing with her son, she left the Doctor in full possession of the dining-room.

They were no sooner gone than he rose from his seat, locked the door, withdrew the key, and snuffing the candles, put his hand in his pocket, and brought from thence a packet which might contain three sheets of ordinary post paper. This he turned over twice or thrice, peeped in at the ends, and examined the plain and scarcely impressed wafer seal.

At that moment the table cracked, as tables sometimes do in an overheated room. He started, dropped the letter into his pocket, and extinguished the lights. After a pause, he lighted a wax taper and retired to his consulting room, where no one ever presumed to disturb him. Here, however, he again secured himself; and lighting a large lamp which stood on a table, stirring the fire, and putting on a small tea-kettle, he once more withdrew the letter from his pocket, and waiting until the water was fully boiling, went through the usual process of softening a wafer. He had just effected his purpose, when the door bell was pulled with a sharpness that indicated impatience, and the Doctor, at the same moment, threw a thick cloth over the lamp.

"Has Mr. Thomas St. Clare arrived?" said a person in an agitated voice.

"Yes, sir."

The gentleman, it would seem, was proceeding into the lobby; for the servant said, "You canna gang in, sir; they're all quiet, and have been this half hour."

"Quiet at half-past nine! You must be mistaken; they would never go so soon to bed on the night of their boy's arrival. I have just been to the coach guard for a letter, but he tells me that he saw my brother put it into the hands of Master St. Clare; and I must have it to-night."

"But, deed, I fear ye canna get it. The Doctor

and Sandy rede maist a' last night, and they're to ride soun the morn, and I canna disturb the house. It's an hour, I dare say, since Sandy gaed to his bed, and that's the way I'm opening the door. We're to ha' company the morn—ye'll be here—and am getting forrit Sandy's wark, for thae rides maks him as gude as naeboddy."

It seemed as if the visitant's mind was too much occupied to permit his interrupting her, or even to speak when her harangue had ceased, for he stood silent a considerable time. At last he said—"Oblige me, my good girl—there, this is Christmas eve—oblige me by asking Master Clare for the letter. I was unfortunately detained in the country, else I should have been here four hours since."

"Would to God that you had," sighed the Doctor, who heard all that passed. "Would to God that you had."

The girl soon returned, and said, "Mr. Tom gae the letter to his father."

"Well, ask the Doctor for it;—he cannot be in bed."

"But he can; howsoever I'll see."

She returned, saying, "My mistress says the Doctor's no in his room, and that maybe he's out."

"Good God!" exclaimed the young man.

"Oh fie! Whist—and you to be a minister. What signifies the bit letter compared with an oath?"

"I am exceedingly surprised at all this. Why the door-chain was up—he cannot be out."

"Tut, to be sure he's out. The Doctor can do a handle things that other folks canna do."

And so saying, according to the Scotch phrase, she "clashed the door in his face," and went muttering along the lobby, "keepin' folk claverin' there; however, I've warrant it's a guid shillin', and it's come in guid time noo when the mistress has ta'en it into her head to lock her wark-box."

All this time the Doctor had stood in no enviable situation. Indeed, short of the compunction attendant on crimes of the deepest die, we can scarcely conceive a more astounding confusion than his must have been.

When the door closed, he seated himself, drew his breath, separated his fore-finger and thumb in order to press the damp wafer into its former state; but his repentance and honour proved weak opponents to his master passion. Besides, the letter was from one of the professors under whose immediate care his son had been;—perhaps it contained remarks on his abilities or conduct;—and he almost persuaded himself that he had a right to see what was said of his boy. Mr. Abergavenny, the gentleman who had called for the letter, was the youngest of four sons and six daughters, while the professor just alluded to was the eldest, so that there was more than twenty years difference in their ages.

Slowly and attentively did Dr. St. Clare twice peruse what he had thus surreptitiously obtained; and with something approaching to a groan, did he restore the whole, as well as he could, to its original state. But somehow it did not please him; the wafer was rebellious, and the ends of the envelope could not be compelled into their former compact and exact folds.

He retired to bed, but could not be said to rest; and, after a feverish and wearisome night, he started up, on Christmas morning, long before day-light, ordered his horse, and rode forth, in the hope that the sharp air might brace his nerves, and the approaching light present objects to his view which might divert his

mind from the recollection of his meanness. How far he succeeded in either the one or the other we cannot tell.

Young Abergavenny was in his twenty-first year when the above mentioned incident took place. His father had been a country banker, and died in 1800, merely not a bankrupt, leaving a widow, six daughters, and his youngest son, all unprovided for. But yet, though almost a boy, and worth nothing, to him these seven females confidently looked for support. The eldest son (the professor) had married early, and found his fees, &c. &c. quite little enough for the support of a wife, an increasing family, and genteel appearances. The two others were abroad, had not hitherto supported themselves, and, for some years to come, must struggle for existence. There was but one road to the means of support for young Abergavenny—a Scotch Church,—and by a lucky coincidence, as it seemed, the old incumbent of — died a few months after Mrs. Abergavenny had become a widow. Her youngest son, the subject of this little memoir, had all his life been intended for the divine vocation; hence the females of his father's family now fixed their eyes on him as their sole hope: and, in fact, until he should be provided for, he had the pain of sharing in a maintenance procured partly by credit and partly by loans, if not gifts. Considering all these pressing circumstances, some people were shocked at the tardiness with which he went through the previous steps to being licensed; and still more so, when he could hardly be prevailed on to write a letter of thanks to the patron who, unasked, had sent him the presentation to the Church of —, his native place.

John Abergavenny had hitherto been an universal favourite with all who knew him; which, owing to his father's situation and extraordinary popularity, was every body. His mother, in her anxiety to have the grateful and proper thing done towards their patron, had betrayed her son's backwardness, and were there not enough of people to propagate the surmises of ignorance and idleness? "What could the lad mean? Was he not sensible of his mother's and sisters' destitution? Did he not know that their existence, that is, their station, depended on him?" A cause was sought for his apparent ingratitude,—for the more than indifference which he had exhibited towards his good fortune, and for his previous slowness in fitting himself for discharging the heavy responsibility which it had pleased Providence to throw upon him.

It was speedily agreed on all hands that it was consciousness of inability. "But he had passed his trials." "Umph!" said some; and "Whough!" said others; "We all know what sort of trials are passed, and what sort of folks are passed upon us." But he was always reckoned a clever youth. "Yes, and a kind one: yet see how little he seems to rejoice in the prosperity that awaits his family."

During the intermediate time between the presentation and ordination, all eyes were upon him, and it was remarked that he had lost the brilliant hue of health which had hitherto shone upon his fair and sunny face, that his lively and sweet blue eye had become dull and sunken, and that the elasticity of his step was gone. The hitherto popular boy and youth began now to have enemies. What a taint there is in misfortune! yet no one knew what his misfortune was. His first sermon was anticipated by the majority with invidious sneering, by a portion with such obscure doubts as to prevent any committal of judgment on their part, and a few kind hearts did beat high with hope and fear.

The day arrived. He appeared to drag himself up the pulpit stairs; but he read a psalm, and got through a prayer with tolerable success. His text was remarkable and inapplicable to the particular day, at least so most people thought, even in the short space of

reading, in a slow and hollow tone—"As a madman who scattereth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, 'I am in sport.'" As he uttered the last word, he fixed his eyes on Dr. St. Clare, whose seat was exactly opposite to him, and instantly fainted.

Dr. St. Clare happened that day to be the only medical man in church; but he seemed fixed to his seat, and suffered the poor young man to be carried out without even an inquiry.

Abergavenny was seized with a nervous fever, and did not leave his room for many weeks; during which time, as is usual, his place was supplied by the presbyter. It was rumoured that they taxed him with the singularity of his text on the day of his unlucky first appearance, and that he answered very coldly, and with a dignity which the excessive sweetness of his disposition seldom suffered him to assume, that "he did not know he was amenable to the Presbytery for his texts; and that he supposed, if he had chosen, in all scripture, the words most irrelevant, no one could dare to find fault since it was scripture."

The public mind very much resembles a collection of mob boys; a straw will turn it. "Halloo!" to the villain. "Hey!" to the saint. It depends on less than a breath which it shall be. Which it should be is often known only to God.

The previous change in Abergavenny's appearance, his sudden fainting, and his remarkable look towards Dr. St. Clare, which many had observed, turned the tide of disfavour for a space on the physician. "He had surely been guilty of something which had wounded the feelings of the poor young man, and every one knew that he was particularly sensitive." The Doctor had a secondary fault, one which is almost a natural consequence of intense curiosity, viz. a tendency to sneer; for the consciousness of possessing secrets known to nobody else is very apt to generate this cruel and unmanly quality. It was immediately resolved, in all the committees of scandal, that he had inflicted something of contumely on the young minister. This passed current for some days, but, on mature consideration, such a cause could not have produced such an effect. "No, no, the Doctor's a doctor; and, faith, doctors get into queer secrets—ay, that is just it." This was the more especially sufficient, inasmuch as Dr. St. Clare was always mute on the subject: and, generally speaking, a man is never so well justified as by silence,—that is, if he be of a certain standing in society.

The former feeling towards Abergavenny had been that of an ill-defined disapprobation, a something which, as it were, stood on the slenderest pivot, to be turned by any chance; but now there was a chillness towards him approaching to the freezing point.

The congregation for a time went to church uncertain which co-presbyter was to preach, and at length became totally indifferent about going at all. They had ceased to inquire after a man that they were scarcely disposed to call their pastor, and dozens were on the point of taking seats in the different secessions. But their inert attention was roused one Sunday morning by a report that Mr. T——, then a rising orator, was that day to hold forth. The very bells seemed to be inspired. There was a pith and clearness in the tingle which had not greeted the ears of the parish of — for a long time. The air was breathless, and the sun shone forth with that sweet complacency which we are apt to fancy peculiar to a Sabbath morn. There was a quiet bustle, especially in the suburbs. Chest lids were up—coats and hats were brushed—and a quarter of an hour before the usual time all the plebeian seats were filled. In five minutes more, shopkeepers, &c. &c., might be seen in their places; and even the aristocracy (for they, too, had heard the titillating news) arrived a short space too soon. All were

seated—noes were blown—the pinch preparatory to attention taken—Bibles turned up the right way—ladies leant their pretty cheeks on gloved or ungloved hands, as colour or ornaments might induce—and the patron sat with his arms recumbent on his green velvet cushion. All, in short, was insignificant of the deep attention of people curious to see and to hear. Eyes were eagerly bent on the pulpit stair, and the hearts of those liable to extra-excitation could scarcely be said to move. The minister's seat began to fill, and—good heaven!—Mr. T——, the expected orator, followed the ladies, and placed himself beside the youngest and the fairest! What next! An awful pause ensued! It is, in fact, astonishing how rational creatures can be so excited.—(Query, are they rational?) At last, with a firm step, an upright look, and, in fact, the bearing of one who has buckled on his sword and bared his right arm, Mr. Abergavenny entered his pulpit. There was a simultaneous change in position. The plebeians leant their heads on the fronts of their seats—the shop-keepers took a pinch of defiance, or opened and ruffled the leaves of their Bibles—the ladies withdrew their elbows from their leaning places, and reclined back, and the patron raised himself to his utmost sitting altitude.

Mr. Abergavenny looked five years older, than when he had been last seen, but he was entirely self-possessed. His text was from Jeremiah,—he always preferred the Old Testament,—and the words were, "How do you say we are wise, and the law of the Lord is with us! Lo! certainly in vain made he it, the pen of the Scribes is vain." It would lengthen our memoir too much to give even the briefest abstract of the sermon that followed, farther than that it embraced the follies and sins of the world, the presumption of saying that we are like those who have a divine law for their guide, and the hitherto small moral effects resulting from it. Suffice it to say, that those who raised their heads to listen and to scoff, remained in unmovable attention, and perhaps scarcely an eye was withdrawn from his face until he had ceased to speak. There was no allusion to himself in any way, excepting at the close of the service, when he said, "Being still weak from a recent illness, a reverend brother will do duty for me in the afternoon."

No one (not even the ladies) spoke in their seats, and all went forth in utter silence. A complete reaction had taken place. People wondered that they should have found any thing surprising in a young man being too modest to rush into a situation of such responsibility; or that a change consequent on much serious thinking should have taken place in his appearance; or that he should have fainted on the immediate approach of so severe an illness. They even found out that it was perfectly natural, under the influence of sudden sickness, perhaps of acute pain, to have fixed his eyes on a medical friend, the man who had known all his ailments from boyhood. "The Doctor's conduct, indeed, was quite inexplicable, but all was assuredly right with the young orator." An orator! How far was John Abergavenny's eloquence removed from the thing called oratory! How little did he wish to be thought the possessor of such froth!

So great had been the forenoon's excitement, that even the animated, thundering, and impressive Mr. T—— was listened to in the after part of the day with something approaching to a yawn.

The unexpected discourse of Abergavenny served most of the parishoners for conversation during the week, and Saturday evening found man and woman anxious for the morrow's exhibition. Exhibition! the word dropped insensibly from my pen, and calls for an apology. It must be found in the deep tincture of Scotch feeling with regard to the pulpit gladiators of this country.

Ill-nature and suspicion were lulled asleep; no one

hinted that the sermon might be borrowed, or that, even if his own, it might be the top and cream of his mind. There was an unpretending sincerity about it which forced a belief of its originality; and there was a richness in the vein which gave ample hope of its not being soon exhausted. Not often had human penetration made so good a reckoning; as there was no other apparent effort, so there never was a falling off.

In six months after his ordination, or rather after his first sermon, Mr. Abergavenny lost his mother, and the event seemed to fall upon him with a weight which the most devoted and even romantic filiality could scarcely account for. This was fresh subject of remark, for the public is exceedingly exact in its measurement of grief. The funeral cake is not cut with more precision than do all around assign a certain number of unsmiling days; but, "hitherto shalt thou come and no further." "What could be the meaning of this more than usual grief? Surely he must be compunctious for some unkindness to her!" However, as he abated not one iota of his clerical duties, he was soon forgiven; and as he never visited by any chance except on duty, he made no blank in the social circles. The marriage of his youngest sister to the Rev. Mr. T—— took place soon after his mother's death; and, by a most extraordinary run of good luck, the whole remaining sisterhood were married in rapid succession.

Notwithstanding the admiration which Mr. Abergavenny called forth as a preacher, and the impossibility of discovering any of his duties undischarged, yet something there was to find fault with—his unocial habits; and these, people began to say, proceeded from a parsimonious disposition. But had this been the case, he would have rejoiced in the disposal of his sisters; instead of which, he seemed to be only less distressed than by the death of his mother. However, it was guessed that hitherto his finances might have been at the disposal of his sisters, but when he should be left alone then they could fairly judge.

When left in solitude he led the life of an ascetic. One elderly female domestic formed his household, and his food was of the simplest order. This, together with the strain of his discourses and other circumstances, led some to suspect that he leant to the faith of the Mother Church. The people shuddered as the tremendous appalling thought would now and then cross their protesting brains, and sometimes one old wife would seize the arm of another, and exclaim, "I'm no sure about this constant attendance at ilka body's last gasp—can folk no dee without him? It smells sair o' papistry." "Not only that," it would be responded, "but we a' ken what a cheerfu' merry lad he was, and hoo ill he liked anything that was sad or waesome; noo, wha kens but he attends the sick and deeing with such wonnerfu' care as a kind o' penance as they ca't! What an awfu' thing that is, folk poonishing themselves!" "It is that, woman. And then he gies sae muckle to the puir. They tell me that was the way lang syne wi' the papist priests—that they gae fourpence out o' every shilling they got, forbye platefu' o' meat at their monkish doors. I declare it gars aye a' grue just to think that maybe we sit ilka Sabbath hearing a papist! An' whiles I think we're a' bewitched, for there's unco little gospel in his sermons." "Deed that's true; but he draws us aye back on the Sabbath morning, and learned and unlearned a' like to hear him." Such discourses were now and then stirred up, as some fresh cause of wonder occurred, such as going out in the most inclement season and worst weather to visit, and, if poverty required, to nurse those who were labouring under the most infectious or loathsome diseases; and it was sometimes suspected that his charities ran him to the last sixpence before his stipend became due.

It was true, as old Janet said, all liked him as a

preacher, but all had not exactly the same opinion of his sermons.

Towards the close of the tenth year of his ministry, he was observed to become more attenuated than ever, but his intellectual fervour seemed to be increased. People gazed and listened with an awe which perhaps they scarcely avowed to themselves. Who, indeed, could behold him unmoved? who view without emotion that prematurely stricken appearance, and the deep sorrow which seemed always to pervade him, inasmuch that it was sometimes evident his very enunciation was forced, while some feeling, but for a powerful effort, must have choked him?

It is curious, that although a congregation (a Scotch one, at least) may have seen a man enter his pulpit for fifty years, twice every Sunday, they still look at him, on his appearing, as if they expected to see something new and strange in his face. I should imagine, however, that this gazing on the pastor belongs exclusively to what are called *reformed* congregations, because they go rather to hear than to worship. For, with the exception of the English church, even in prayer they listen for some novelty—something to tickle the perpetually craving ear, besides that their thoughts are not driven inward, nor their souls occupied by private devotion.

The exploring look was not wanting on the last day that Mr. Abergavenny ever appeared before his people, and every one was surprised and pleased on beholding again something of his juvenile joy of countenance. They turned round and looked at each other, as much as to say, "Do you see that?"

Psalms and prayers over, he opened the Bible at the passage intended for the subject of his discourse, and pausing for a longer space than usual,—for it may easily be supposed he was not a man of "effect,"—he surveyed his congregation as if he would note whether they were probably all present. He then said, "My friends—for in general I believe you are friendly to me—I have now ministered amongst you for nearly ten years, and during that period, I think, you will acquit me of ever having directly or indirectly alluded to myself, except officially. On this day you must pardon me, if, for a few minutes, I crave your attention to myself alone." He was suddenly affected, and stopped for a moment in order to regain his usual firmness.

He resumed with, "This is the last time I shall ever address you. Clergymen have been deposed, not often willingly on their part—but—I here solemnly depose myself. Why I do so, I do not deem it a part of my duty to disclose. *That why* is known only to myself and to other two individuals. When I die, all shall be known to such as care, saving the name of him who—but enough of this.

"After this declaration, which should have followed, not preceded, my sermon, you are not bound to sit still and hear me once more, but I am anxious to impress on your minds the fallacy of your own hearts, and often when you hear of crime, you may look inward and say, 'Might I not have been the man?' I think this impression will be more powerful when you are all aware that, after uttering my final amen of this day, I shall preach no more."

He was seen to tremble, and to hold by the sides of the pulpit; but he soon rallied, and read, without further preamble, the parable of Nathan. "The words of my text," said he, "are—'Thou art the man!'" He gave a striking picture of the insidiousness of vice, and the awful close which too frequently takes place; concluding each separate portrait with the doubt whether we might not tremble at the possibility of the words of Nathan being one day, through the power of our passions, applied to ourselves.

At last he said, "I have in this discourse used the anti-climax, presenting to your view the greater crimes first, because they are comparatively few; but the

smaller ones poison, and that daily, the whole stream of life. What I am about to conclude with, you will perhaps, one and all, reckon beneath the dignity of the pulpit,—I mean, curiosity,—what may be called social curiosity, as opposed to philosophical. Trifling as this vice may appear, I hope to prove that there is not one which is more generally mischievous."

After enumerating many serious evils which may ensue from this despicable fault, he wound up a case of great individual misery, and concluded with the words, "How would any one here feel, if it were said to him, in reference to this sad wretchedness, 'Thou art the man?'" As he uttered this appeal with a strong and deep, almost hollow, emphasis, he fixed his eyes on the face of Dr. St. Clare. There was mortality in the gaze. He sunk back on his seat, leant to one side, and never moved more!

His discourses had often, almost always, been better than on this day; but owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this final discourse had been preached, the attention of his hearers had never been more deeply riveted. All started up; but one young man, a working optician and general mechanic, was the first to ascend the pulpit stairs. He loosened Mr. Abergavenny's neckcloth, and put his hand to his heart, to feel if it beat; but it was still for ever. Presently two surgeons assisted him in carrying the body down, and, by his desire, in laying it upon the table in the elder's seat. The young man, to whom some way or other, in the general panic, the precedence seemed to have been yielded, addressed the surgeons, after the usual means of bleeding had been tried in vain, and said, "I suppose you are satisfied that life in this unfortunate person is extinct?"

"We are so," was the reply.

"Then, in the meantime, let us cover his remains with the pulpit gown until arrangements are made for his removal to the manse."

An elder now stepped forward, and said, "How is all this? Is there no one here but a young man, of inferior station, and who has never been a communicant, and who is more than suspected of gross infidelity, to give orders in this sudden emergency?"

"This is neither time nor place for dispute," said the youth; but my character is very dear to me, and I demand to know in what relation in life I have been unfaithful, which I take to be the true and genuine meaning of the word just used? And I desire to know, sir, on another account than my own: it is meet that he who shall render the last honours—duties I would say—to this unhappy person, should be free from all gross charge."

There was a dead silence: the elder, at last, cleared his voice, and had recourse to an evasion (in which, however, there was sincerity) to get himself out of the dilemma.

"You have," said he, "called our late pastor unfortunate and unhappy. Do you mean in the circumstance of his death, or have you any other meaning? It behoves us to know this."

"No man," said Benjamin Foster, "can be called unhappy in his death, unless he has cut short the task assigned him. But surely you all know that the amiable man whose remains lie before us, was most unhappy, and he who is unhappy is surely unfortunate. It may, indeed, seem strange that I—who may be what is called an humble individual—should assume so much; but you all know that I have been honoured by his conversations. His mind was somewhat amused by the diversity of my employments, and—you will probably call me vain—he even found some relaxation in hearing my remarks. But I solemnly declare that he always sought to combat those opinions which differed from the established rule of thinking. Yet," and he looked around him, "are there not some here! I could name a dozen," (and he met the conscious eyes

of at least that number,) "who guessed the cause of his misery. I am not, however, one of the two individuals who actually know, beyond a doubt, the cause of his self-deposition."

"I think," said the elder, "you asserted that you would render to him the last honours."

"I did so; and will make good my right. He has for some time considered his life as very uncertain, and I can show you the place in his writing desk where there is a letter, in which I am entrusted with his history, whatever that may be, and with a few pounds, reserved from the claims of the poor and his own absolute wants, for his funeral expenses. Therefore I shall, as was his wish, which is intimated by a separate note, make the sole charge of his funeral."

Benjamin showed his credentials, and not even the elder disputed his right.

After the funeral was over, a few called on Benjamin Foster to be informed of the cause of Mr. Abergaveney having given up his charge, when he read as follows from the letter of the departed clergyman:—

"All who recollect me when I was a boy and youth, must acknowledge that I was mild and peaceful, and also that I was the pet of the family—not a spirited, wrangling pet, who atones for the trouble he occasions by the fun and humour of his freaks. 'The very child of Peace—Obedience was my motto. Alas! this may be carried too far, and the time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when it will be said, 'that there is a vicious contentment.' My profession was fixed for me, but my criminal acquiescence could not shut out thought. Doubt rose on doubt. O! the agony of those doubts to one who has been told that he must believe! At last, as I saw that my doom approached, 'I burst the bands of fear,' and disclosed all in a letter to my brother, the professor of divinity at ——. He replied, urging what has been urged a million times, and clenching the whole by a picture of the situation of my father's family! 'First family,' said he, 'you can preserve in its station merely by teaching men to be good. Can these be a task more consonant to your benevolent nature?' 'Bad as I was, I could not have been lured by flattery. My attachment to my mother and sisters was the bait. My mind was above the shame of pride or station, for I well knew that he who best obeys the dictates of a good morality, holds the best rank. But I had not courage to see such beloved females reduced to labour. And most especially why?—O! I have gnashed my teeth as I again and again repeated that 'why?'—Because, the son and brother was a *Doubter*! Alas! was I a worse man except in one deed than all around me? But that one deed—and he who knew it daily confronted me. Yes, my brother's answer was committed to unsafe hands, and my secret was torn from me. While I write this, the drops fall from my forehead as I think of the shame and agony I have endured. Then the first grand object for this horrid perjury was soon removed from me, and, one by one, the whole, and I was left without an excuse for my crime. I know that I ought to have removed five years ago; but my compassion was again my bane. I grieved for the wretched—the starving poor; and for their sake I have endured a severe conflict. But it must cease. May the God of Eternal Truth pity and relieve them! But no—this vast globe is launched in the ocean of space, and as surely will the laws of concatenation move on, as if we were under the influence of Calvinistic predestination.

"Yes, the conflict is over. My own provision—how worthless does it seem! I have just one pang left.—Could my mother have foreseen this?"

Benjamin Foster erected over Mr. Abergaveney's grave, with his own hands, a white marble stone, bearing the following inscription:—

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

This great general was certainly one of the heroes of the last century—a century abounding in heroes. His courage, his force of mind, his integrity, and his piety—will entitle him to that dignified appellation.

In one of his letters to Louis XIII. of France, who had written to him to express his sorrow, at being told that he was dejected on account of Wallenstein's successes in the field against him, he says: "I am not so ill at ease as my enemies wish to give out. I have troops enough to oppose to them, and troops which will never lose their courage but with their life. We skirmish together every day; and I think that Wallenstein begins now to experience what troops well disciplined and courageous can do, especially, when they fight for so noble a cause as that of general liberty, and defend kings and nations who are groaning under the yoke of tyranny and persecution."

When the town of Landshut, in Bavaria, surrendered to him at discretion, the principal inhabitants of it fell down upon their knees before him, and presented him with the keys of their town.—"Rise, rise," said he; "it is your duty to fall upon your knees to God, and not to so frail and feeble a mortal as I am."

Gustavus never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead toward the enemy; sometimes with, and sometimes without book. This done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army. The effect of this chant, with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible.

Immediately before the battle of Lützen, so fatal to himself, but so honourable to his army,—he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth psalm, made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Coburg, which begins—"God is our strong castle." The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the ministers and all the soldiers in the army. To this, succeeded a hymn made by Gustavus himself, which began—"My dear little army fear nothing, though thy numerous enemies have sworn thy ruin." The word given by the king for that day was, "God be with us."

The ministers of Louis XIII. of France, were desirous to insert in a treaty between their sovereign and Gustavus, that the king of France had the king of Sweden under his protection. Gustavus spiritedly replied, "I have no occasion for any protection but that of God, and I desire no other. After God, I acknowledge no superior; and I wish to owe the success of my arms to my sword and my good conduct alone."

The uncommon method which Gustavus Adolphus king of Sweden, employed to obtain the friendship of Banier, so celebrated for his attachment to this prince, and distinguished for the many victorious battles he fought,—deserves to be recorded. Perhaps no other king ever adopted such measures to gain a friend.

The father of Gustavus, Charles X., whose reign was marked with blood, killed Banier's father. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with the young Banier, he requested him to quit the chase, and ride with him into a wood; when they came into a thick part of it, the king alighted from his horse, and said to Banier, "My father was the death of yours. If you wish to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately; if not, be my friend for ever." Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at such magnanimity, threw himself at Gustavus's feet, and swore eternal friendship for him.

"Life," said Voltaire, "is thickly sown with thorns, and I know of no other remedy than to pass quickly through them.—The longer we dwell on our misfortunes, the greater is their power to harm us."

SIR THOMAS MORE.

THIS great man was born in London, in the year 1480. His father was Sir John More, one of the Judges of the King's Bench, a gentleman of established reputation. He was early placed in the family of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Chancellor of England. The sons of the gentry were at this time sent into the families of the first nobility and leading statesmen, on an equivocal footing; partly for the finishing of their education, and partly in a menial capacity. The Cardinal said more than once to the nobility who were dining with him, "This boy waiting at table, whosoever lives to see it, will one day prove a marvellous man." His eminent patron was highly delighted with that vivacity and wit which appeared in his childhood, and did not desert him on the scaffold. Plays were performed in the archiepiscopal household at Christmas. On these occasions Young More would play the improvisatore, and introduce an extempore part of his own, more amusing to the spectators than all the rest of the performance. In due time Morton sent him to Oxford, where he heard the lectures of Linacer and Grocy on the Greek and Latin languages. The epigrams and translations printed in his works evince his skill in both. After a regular course of rhetoric, logic, and philosophy, at Oxford, he removed to London, where he became a law student, first in New Inn, and afterwards in Lincoln's Inn. He gained considerable reputation by reading public lectures on St. Augustine, De Civitate Dei, at Saint Lawrence's church in the Old Jewry. The most learned men in the city of London attended him; among the rest Grocy, his lecturer in Greek at Oxford, and a writer against the doctrines of Wickliff. The object of More's professions was not so much to discuss points in theology, as to explain the precepts of moral philosophy, and clear up difficulties in history. For more than three years after this he was Law-reader at Furnival's Inn. He next removed to the Charter-House, where he lived in devotion and prayer; and it is stated that from the age of twenty he wore a hair-shirt next his skin. He remained there about four years, without taking the vows, although he performed all the spiritual exercises of the society, and had a strong inclination to enter the priesthood. But his spiritual adviser, Dr. Colet, Dean of St. Paul's recommended him to adopt a different course. On a visit to a gentleman of Essex, by name Colt, he was introduced to his three daughters, and became attached to the second, who was the handsomest of the family. But he bethought him that it would be both a grief and a scandal to the eldest to see her younger sister married before her. He therefore reconsidered his passion, and from motives of pity prevailed with himself to be in love with the elder, or at all events to marry her. Erasmus says that she was young and uneducated, for which her husband liked her the better, as being more capable of conforming to his own model of a wife. He had her instructed in literature, and especially in music.

He continued his study of the law at Lincoln's Inn, but resided in Bucklersbury after his marriage. His first wife lived about seven years. By her he had three daughters and one son; and we are informed by his son-in-law, Roper, that he brought them up with the most sedulous attention to their intellectual and moral improvement. It was a quaint exhortation of his, that they should take virtue and learning for their meat, and pleasure for their sauce.

In the latter part of King Henry the Seventh's time, and at a very early age, More distinguished himself in parliament. The King had demanded a subsidy for the marriage of his eldest daughter, who was to be the

Scottish Queen. The demand was not complied with. On being told that his purpose had been frustrated by the opposition of a beardless boy, Henry was greatly incensed, and determined on revenge. He knew that the actual offender, not possessing anything, could not lose anything; he therefore devised a groundless charge against the father, and confined him to the Tower till he had extorted a fine of £100 for his alleged offence. Fox, Bishop of Winchester, a privy Councillor, insidiously undertook to reinstate young More in the King's favour: but the Bishop's Chaplain warned him not to listen to any such proposals; and gave a pithy reason for the advice, highly illustrative of Fox's real character. "To serve the King's purposes, my lord and master will not hesitate to consent to his own father's death." To avoid evil consequences, More determined to go abroad. With this view, he made himself master of the French language, and cultivated the liberal sciences, as astronomy, geometry, arithmetic, and music; he also made himself thoroughly acquainted with history: but in the mean time the King's death rendered it safe to remain in England, and he abandoned all thoughts of foreign travel.

Notwithstanding his practice at the bar, and his lectures, which were quoted by Lord Coke as undisputed authority, he found leisure for the pursuits of philosophy and polite literature. In 1516 he wrote his *Utopia*, the only one of his works which has commanded much of public attention in after times. In general they were chiefly of a polemic kind, in defence of a cause which even his abilities could not make good. But in this extraordinary work he allowed his powerful mind fair play, and considered both mankind and religion with the freedom of a true philosopher. He represents *Utopia* as one of those countries lately discovered in America, and the account of it is feigned to be given by a Portuguese, who sailed in company with the first discoverer of that part of the world. Under the character of this Portuguese he delivers his own opinions. His *History of Richard III.* was never finished, but it is inserted in Kennet's *Complete History of England*. Among his other eminent acquaintance, he was particularly attached to Erasmus. They had long corresponded before they were personally known to each other. Erasmus came to England for the purpose of seeing his friend; and it was contrived that they should meet at the Lord Mayor's table before they were introduced to each other. At dinner they engaged in argument. Erasmus felt the keenness of his antagonist's wit; and when hard pressed, exclaimed, "You are More, or nobody;" the reply was, "You are Erasmus, or the Devil."

Before More entered definitely into the service of Henry VIII. his learning, wisdom, and experience were held in such high estimation, that he was twice sent on important commercial embassies. His discretion in these employments made the King desirous of securing him for the service of the court; and he commissioned Wolsey, then Lord Chancellor, to engage him. But so little inclined was he to involve himself in political intrigues, that the King's wish was not at the time accomplished. Soon after, More was retained as counsel for the Pope, for the purpose of reclaiming the forfeiture of a ship. His argument was so learned, and his conduct in the cause so judicious and upright, that the ship was restored. The King upon this insisted on having him in his service; and, as the first step to preferment, made him Master of the Requests, a Knight and Privy Councillor.

In 1520 he was made Treasurer of the Exchequer: he then bought a house by the river-side at Chelsea,

where he had settled with his family. He had at that time buried his first wife and was married to a second. He continued in the King's service full twenty years, during which time his royal master conferred with him on various subjects, including astronomy, geometry, and divinity; and frequently consulted him on his private concerns. More's pleasant temper and witty conversation made him such a favourite at the palace, as almost to estrange him from his own family; and under these circumstances his peculiar humour manifested itself; for he so restrained the natural bias of his freedom and mirth, as to render himself a less amusing companion, and at length to be seldom sent for but on occasions of business.

A more important circumstance gave More much consequence with the King. The latter was preparing his answer to Luther, and Sir Thomas assisted him in the controversy. While this was going on, the King one day came to dine with him; and after dinner walked with him in the garden with his arm round his neck. After Henry's departure, Mr. Roper, Sir Thomas's son-in-law, remarked on the King's familiarity, as exceeding even that used towards Cardinal Wolsey, with whom he had only once been seen to walk arm in arm. The answer of Sir Thomas was shrewd and almost prophetic. "I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favour me as any subject within this realm. However, Son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go."

In 1523 he was chosen Speaker of the House of Commons, and displayed great intrepidity in the discharge of that office. Wolsey was afraid lest this parliament should refuse a great subsidy about to be demanded, and announced his intention of being present at the debate. He had previously expressed his indignation at the publicity given to the proceedings of the house, which he had compared to the gossip of an ale-house. Sir Thomas More therefore persuaded the members to admit not only the Cardinal, but all his pomp; his maces, poll-axes, crosses, hat, and great seal. The reason he assigned was, that should the like fault be imputed to them hereafter, they might be able to shift the blame on the shoulders of his Grace's attendants. The proposal of the subsidy was met with the negative of profound silence; and the Speaker declared that "except every member could put into his one head all their several wits, he alone in so weighty a matter was unmet to make his Grace answer." After the parliament had broken up, Wolsey expressed his displeasure against the Speaker in his own gallery at Whitehall; but More, with his usual quiet humour, parried the attack by a ready compliment to the taste and splendour of the room in which they were conversing.

On the death of Sir Richard Wingfield, the King promoted Sir Thomas to the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. At this time the see of Rome became vacant, and Wolsey aspired to the Papacy; but Charles V. disappointed him, and procured the election of Cardinal Adrian. In revenge, Wolsey contrived to persuade Henry that Catharine was not his lawful wife, and endeavoured to turn his affections towards one of the French King's sisters. The case was referred to More, who was assisted by the most learned of the Privy Council; and he managed, difficult as it must have been to do so, to extricate both himself and his colleagues from the dilemma. His conduct as ambassador at Cambray, where a treaty of peace was negotiated between the Emperor, France, and England, so confirmed the favour of his master towards him, that on the fall of the Cardinal he was made Lord Chancellor. The great seal was delivered to him on the 25th of October 1530. This favour was the more extraordinary, as he was the first layman on

whom it was bestowed: but it may reasonably be suspected that the private motive was to engage him in the approval of the meditated divorce. This he probably suspected, and entered on the office with a full knowledge of the danger to which it exposed him. He performed the duties of his function for nearly three years with exemplary diligence, great ability, and uncorrupted integrity. His resignation took place on the 16th May, 1533. His motive was supposed to be a regard to his own safety, as he was sensible that a confirmation of the divorce would be officially required from him, and he was too conscientious to comply with the mandate of power, against his own moral and legal convictions.

While Chancellor, some of his injunctions were disapproved by the common law judges. He therefore invited them to dine with him in the council chamber, and proved to them by professional arguments that their complaints were unfounded. He then proposed that they should themselves mitigate the rigour of the law by their own conscientious discretion; in which case he would grant no more injunctions. This they refused; and the consequence was, that he continued that practice in equity which has come down to the present day.

It was through the intervention of his friend the Duke of Norfolk that he procured his discharge from the laborious, and under the circumstances of the time, the dangerous eminence of the chancellorship, which he quitted in honourable poverty. After the payment of his debts he had not the value of one hundred pounds in gold and silver, nor more than twenty marks a year in land. On this occasion his love of a jest did not desert him. While Chancellor, as soon as the church service was over, one of his train used to go to his lady's pew, and say, "Madam, my Lord is gone!" On the first holiday after his train had been dismissed, he performed that ceremony himself, and by saying at the end of the service, "Madam, my Lord is gone!" gave his wife the first intimation that he had surrendered the great seal.

He had resolved never again to engage in public business; but the divorce, and still more the subsequent marriage with Anne Boleyn, which nothing could induce him to favour, with the King's alienation from the see of Rome, raised a storm over his head from which his voluntary seclusion at Chelsea, in study and devotion could not shelter him. When tempting offers proved ineffectual to win him over to sanction Anne Boleyn's coronation by his high legal authority, threats and terrors were resorted to: his firmness was not to be shaken, but his ruin was determined, and ultimately accomplished. In the next parliament he, and his friend Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, were attainted of treason and misprision of treason for listening to the ravings of Elizabeth Barton, considered by the vulgar as the Holy Maid of Kent, and countenancing her treasonable practices. His innocence was so clearly established, that his name was erased from the bill; and it was supposed to have been introduced into it only for the purpose of shaking his resolution touching the divorce and marriage. But though he had escaped this snare, his firmness occasioned him to be devoted as a victim. Anne Boleyn took pains to exasperate the King against him, and when the Act of Supremacy was passed in 1534, the oath required by it was tendered to him. The refusal to take it, which his principles compelled him to give, was expressed in discreet and qualified terms; he was nevertheless taken into the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, and upon a second refusal four days after, was committed prisoner to the Tower of London.

Our limits will not allow us to detail many particulars of his life while in confinement, marked as it was by firmness, resignation, and cheerfulness, resulting from a conscience, however much mistaken, yet void

of intentional offence. His reputation and credit were very great in the kingdom, and much was supposed to depend on his conduct at this critical juncture. Archbishop Cranmer, therefore, urged every argument that could be devised to persuade him to compliance, and promises were profusely made to him from the King; but neither argument nor promises could prevail. We will give the last of these attempts to shake his determination, in the words of his son-in-law, Mr. Roper:—

“Mr. Rich, pretending friendly talk with him, among other things of a set course, said this unto him: ‘Forasmuch as is well known, Mr. More, that you are a man both wise and well learned, as well in the laws of the realm as otherwise, I pray you therefore, sir, let me be so bold as of good-will to put unto you this case. Admit there were, sir, an act of parliament that the realm should take me for King; would not you, Mr. More, take me for King?’ ‘Yes, sir,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘that would I.’ ‘I put the case further,’ quoth Mr. Rich, ‘that there were an act of parliament that all the realm should take me for Pope; would not you then, Master More, take me for Pope?’ ‘For answer, sir,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘to your first case the parliament may well, Master Rich, meddle with the state of temporal princes; but to make answer to your other case, I will put you this case. Suppose the parliament would make a law that God should not be God; would you then, Master Rich, say that God were not God?’ ‘No, sir,’ quoth he, ‘that would I not; sith no parliament may make any such law.’ ‘No more,’ quoth Sir Thomas More, ‘could the parliament make the King supreme head of the Church.’ Upon whose only report, was Sir Thomas indicted of high treason on the statute to deny the King to be supreme head of the church, into which indictment were put these heinous words, *maliciously, traitorously, and diabolically.*”

Sir Thomas More in his defence alleged many arguments to the discredit of Rich's evidence, and in proof of the clearness of his own conscience; but all this was of no avail, and the jury found him guilty. When asked in the usual manner why judgment should not be passed against him, he argued against the indictment as grounded on an Act of Parliament repugnant to the laws of God and the Church, the government of which belonged to the see of Rome, and could not lawfully be assumed by any temporal prince. The Lord Chancellor, however, and the other Commissioners gave judgment against him.

He remained in the Tower a week after his sentence, and during that time he was uniformly firm and composed, and even his peculiar vein of cheerfulness remained unimpaired. It accompanied him even to the scaffold, on going up to which, he said to the Lieutenant of the Tower, “I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.” After his prayers were ended, he turned to the executioner and said, with a cheerful countenance, “Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short, take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry for thine own credit's sake.” Then laying his head upon the block, he bid the executioner stay till he had removed his beard, saying, “My beard has never committed any treason;” and immediately the fatal blow was given. These witticisms have so repeatedly run the gauntlet through all the jest-books, that it would hardly have been worth while to repeat them here, were it not for the purpose of introducing the comment of Mr. Addison on Sir Thomas's behaviour on this solemn occasion. “What was only philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his manners.”

He was executed on St. Thomas's eve in the year 1555. The barbarous part of the sentence, so dis-

graceful to the Statute-book, was remitted. Lest serious minded persons should suppose that his conduct on the scaffold was mere levity, it should be added that he addressed the people, desiring them to pray for him, and to bear witness that he was going to suffer death in and for the faith of the holy Catholic Church. The Emperor Charles V. said, on hearing of his execution, “Had we been master of such a servant, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions than such a worthy councillor.”

No one was more capable of appreciating the character of Sir Thomas More than Erasmus, who represents him as more pure and white than the whitest snow, with such wit as England never had before, and was never likely to have again. He also says, that in theological discussions the most eminent divines were not unfrequently worsted by him; but he adds a wish that he had never meddled with the subject. Sir Thomas More was peculiarly happy in extempore speaking, the result of a well-stored and ready memory, suggesting without delay whatever the occasion required. Thuanus also mentions him with much respect, as a man of strict integrity and profound learning.

His life has been written by his son-in-law, Roper, and is the principal source whence this narrative is taken. Erasmus has also been consulted, through whose epistolary works there is much information about his friend. There is also a life of him by Ferdinando Warner L. L. D., with a translation of his *Utopia*, in an octavo volume, published in 1758.

THE COUNTESS POTOZKA.

MR. TWEDDELL visited a remote corner of Europe—Tulczyn, in the Ukraine, where he passed some time at the seat of the Countess Potozka, and in the company of her numerous guests, and her neighbours the distinguished family of the Duke de Polignac. He thus describes the princely hospitality of the Countess Potozka:—

“The Countess has indeed a princely establishment, about 150 persons daily in family. The Marshal Suwarrow, and a great number of his officers occupy a wing of the palace, which is a very large and magnificent building. I have an apartment of three rooms, to myself. The family never unites before dinner-time. Each person orders breakfast in his own apartment, and has all the morning to himself; this is very convenient; a perfect liberty of conduct upon all occasions. The Countess sends a servant to me every morning to ask if I want anything, and at what hour I choose to ride out. I have a carriage and four horses, and one of her servants to attend me whenever I please. We are just restored to tranquillity after a mighty bustle. There has been a great wedding in the family. We have had a great crowd of Russian Princes; and all the feet of the Ukraine have been summoned to dance.

“Marshal Suwarrow, the hero of Ismael, is a very extraordinary character. He dines every morning about nine o'clock. He sleeps almost naked. He affects a perfect indifference to heat and cold; and quits his chamber, which approaches to suffocation, in order to review his troops, in a thin linen jacket, while the thermometer of Reaumur is at ten degrees below freezing. His manners correspond with his humour: he finds that it suits his troops, and the people he has to deal with. I asked him, if after the massacre at Ismael, he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the day? He said he went home and wept in his tent!

“I have seldom passed my time so pleasantly as in the Ukraine. But the greatest treasure to me was the society of the Polignacs, with whom I dined three or four times a week, and spent the whole day. It is truly a rare thing to see women who have always lived in the great world, and on its very pinnacle, and who, while they appeared made only for that, so highly possessed of every charm that gives a relish to private life.”

AMIAILITY.

THERE is no word more misapplied than amiability, nor any ingredient of our happiness so lightly considered, and yet so all-important, as temper, which, though very much kept out of view, exercises so strong an influence over the trivial occurrences which make up the amount of life's enjoyment. Amiability is commonly applied to such as are of an equable temperament—whose resentments are not easily excited, nor when aroused, violently expressed. But though I might congratulate the possessors of such dispositions, I would not applaud them for the exercise of a virtue, in merely following the natural bias of temper. Besides, there is a true saying, "behave the fury of a patient man;" these smooth and quiet tempers are able to cherish a concentrated venomous feeling, which is any thing but amiable, and perhaps wounds the deeper, that it is expressed in cold and measured terms.

There is another class who are generally called passionate, good-hearted people. These are the volcanoes and whirlwinds of the domestic world, and because, after they have outraged the feelings of friends, inflicted violence and injustice upon their unhappy dependents, they condescend, when reason returns, to feel—perhaps confess a late regret, they are termed good-hearted. Miserable they who share the goodness of such a heart! Others there are, who have been aptly likened to the continual dropping of rain; their ill temper does not vent itself in any one act of violence, but oozes out in perpetual peevishness. But many are the shapes that ill temper assumes, and all dismal. By indulging an asperity of speech in trifling matters, we discover and aggravate ill temper. We would often excuse ourselves by urging that it is only our way and manner; but that which renders another uneasy, even for an instant, is an evil way. Neither is the assertion strictly true, *the manner of the moment is the feeling of the moment*. Away then with this insufficient plea: amend the temper and the manner will be softened; cherish the spirit of gentleness, and kind words and a gentle demeanour will necessarily follow. The various cross accidents of life, and the petty vexations to which every one is exposed, occasion a constant demand upon the temper, and he who would pass usefully and pleasantly through the world, must acquire some government over his passion; for an unstable man, like a city without a wall, is at the mercy of fools and children, or like a helpless vessel, the sport of every passing wind. Our path is often rugged; sometimes so beset with difficulties that it is narrow too; some walk alone—some, surrounded with helpless beings, whose presence is at once their joy and their anxiety; while a few seem to bowl through life, so even is their course: but all are mutually dependent for kindness; every one needs the cheering influence of good temper—the soothing charm of a soft answer. How are the perplexities of business increased by the indulgence of unconciliatory dispositions. How many feuds and litigations arise from an easily offended spirit, or for want of a few calm words.

But it is in domestic life—man's last, holiest sanctuary, where, frightened from a selfish, clashing world, peace would seek an asylum, that temper would seem the dispenser of good or evil. Wearied, baffled, wronged, and chagrined abroad, we may find consolation in the charities of home. There we are sure of sympathy; there is faith unswerving; there the welcoming hand, the listening ear: but let us beware that we introduce not evil temper within its sacred precincts, lest we excite terror instead of confidence, and find forced submission in the place of sympathizing affection. Who has not painfully felt the influence of ill temper over his home enjoyments; how many a gloomy hour, a clouded brow, and silent meal, perhaps

unkind words, may be traced to this prolific source of unhappiness. How frequently under its evil, poisonous sway, do we wound the heart that we love. What bitter accents does passion prompt, whose import we would fain recall: but like water poured upon the earth, they may not be gathered up. And how often do the looks of our friends, the fearful obedience of our menials, and even the monitor within, ask us—"Dost thou well to be angry?" This one defect will cloud the brightest qualities. The gift of genius, the pride of integrity, linked with unamiable feelings, may win distant admiration, but cannot secure to us the love of those around us; and where is the heart that is satisfied with cold applause—that seeks not some object on which to repose its tenderness?

Worse than in vain, too, all religious profession, where the temper is unrestrained. Empty and unacceptable the most splendid offering, if on the altar of sacrifice we have not laid the spirit of anger: for, surely, the first step towards the source of benevolence must be the cultivation of his spirit. Pernicious as all will readily allow the effects of ill temper to be, to restrain and subdue it needs no common effort—is no light task. Most other errors steal upon us gradually, —we have a little time to fortify our hearts; but this, as it were, takes us by surprise: hence the necessity of resolute vigilance. Greater is he that ruleth his spirit, than he who taketh a city. Greater indeed, inasmuch as the concerns of the moral, outweigh in importance the revolutions of the physical world. The spheres which roll around us in such order and majesty, how almighty the design and power that appointed their mysterious course! These material existences obey the laws of their divine mover, and are subject to no erratic influence. "The stars stand in their courses, and none ever fail in their watches." But who shall govern the tumultuous spirit: what laws circumscribe its wanderings? With every promised aid from heaven, how difficult for man, even in one particular, to rule his passions! Yet arduous as the performance of this duty may be, it must be attempted, not only to secure our present happiness, but to warrant a hope of future felicity. And who is willing to forego this hope? Not the most debased of men. It is twisted around our heart-strings. Among all the pollutions of guilt, or the entanglements, the hurries of earthly cares, there are moments when the soul, conscious of its destinies, aspires, though perhaps but feebly, towards its native heaven. But how shall an envious, revengeful, violent spirit, enter the abode whose very atmosphere, we are taught, is composed of serenity, purity, and love. Shall the unmerciful find welcome at the throne of the merciful? Can the violent stand before him whose appellation is the Prince of Peace—whose last precious gift to men was peace? Let us not then be deceived, nor think slightly of that which is so intimately connected with our well-being. In the temper that we allowedly live, we shall probably die; and we have no reason to believe that the seal which death shall stamp upon our characters, will be effaced even by the hand of Omnipotence.

Why have those been statesmen who have never ruled, and heroes who have never conquered? Why have glorious philosophers died in a garret, and why have there been poets whose only admirer has been nature in her echoes? It must have been, that these beings have thought only of themselves, and constant and elaborate students of their own glorious nature, have forgotten or disdained the study of all others. Oh, yes! to rule men we must be men—to prove that we are giants, we must be dwarfs.—Our wisdom must be concealed under folly—our constancy under caprice.

THE WIDOW'S SUMMER EVENING.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

A SWEET wee cot, deep in a glen,
A burnie rinnin' saftly by,
Green hills ringed round on ilka side,
Aboon a smiling summer sky;—
Wi' sic a wild an' simple scene,
I in thy wanderings met yestreen.

Beside that wee cot's hamely door,
I saw a lanely widow stand;
Her face was fair, an' youthfu' still,
But pale, as was the snaw white hand
On which she prest her drooping cheek,
As if in thocht too full to speak!

She lookit at the flow'ries wild,
That blush'd sae bonnie at her feet;
The rich auld trees, whar mony a bird
Trill'd high amang the branches sweet:
And oh! it made me wae to see
The mournfu' meaning o' her e'e!

She lookit at the burnie clear
That glancin', trickled through the glen;
The heathery brack, sae calm and lane
Frae gaze an' tread o' noisy men;
The heaven a' gowden wi' the licht
O' sunset on a simmer nicht!

She lookit silently an' lang,
Till she could think to look nae mair,
Then wiped the starting tear awa'
Wi' ae lang ringlet o' her hair;
An' thus began unto herself
The current o' her thochts to spell:—

"Ay! it's a bonnie simmer even,
And a' below, around, aboon,
Is sweet, an' saft, an' fresh, an' green,
In this bricht langest day o' June:
And a' is smilin' on the land
As if new sprung frae Heaven's great hand.

"On sic a nicht as this, I feel
Fu' mony a thocht o' bygone times
Come rushing owre my swelling heart,
When life wi' me was in its prime;
And aye I lo'ed was kind an' true,
The earth hides in her cauld breast now!

"I canna bide to look around
Upon thae green an' grassy braes,
The fringe o' gowd on yon hill-top—
They speak sae weel o' ither days!
The vera scent o' thae wee flowers
Is fu' o' tales o' lang-past hours!

'Twas in this very glen my e'en
First opened on the rosy licht;
And here, in mair than fren'ship, flew
How mony a balmy simmer nicht;
And here sic dreams were dreamt o' bliss,
The warld ne'er kent sic happiness!

"Oh, heart o' youth! Oh, heart o' love!
How aft hae ye in fondness given
To earth sic pure and fadeless joys
As can belang to nocht but Heaven!
It cannot be but in that sphere
Ye'll find the hope that cheats ye here!

"It canna be that sauls were made
Wi' sic deep power to love in vain;
I canna think on Willie dead
And that I'm roaming here my lane,

Nor feel that baith, in some far home,
Shall live whar change nae mair can come!"

A peacefu' smile came owre her face
As thae last words fell frae her tongue,
Just like a sweet glint o' the moom
Upon the sleeping ocean flung:
Then slow she glided frae my e'e,
And left me to my wanderings free.

MELANCTHON.

CHARLES EDWARD,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

"He reached, with his devoted bow, the wild and distant vale of Culloden about sunset. His appearance was afterwards described by a peasant who lived to an advanced age, and who, telling of a girl, who thoughtlessly gazed down the glen, when it became suddenly filled with horsemen riding at a furious pace—impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland superstition, are only visible between the wink of the eye and the other, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would draw the strange and magnificent apparition to the spot.—*History of the Jacobites in Scotland*, 1765.

SEK where they come with furious speed,
Along the wild and lonely vale!
No voice, no sound of man or steed—
They sweep as sweeps the rushing gale.
No shadows on the ground they cast,
Their's is no tardy mortal band;
Tidings they bear, with eager haste,
To the glittering realm of Fairy-land!
Their plumes are streaming on the breeze,
A white rose on their helms I see,
As darting through the yielding trees
They gleam between the light and me.
Be fix'd my eyes—close not awhile,
Nor let the pageant fade away,
That seeks my senses to beguile
With all its seeming brave array.
Ha! still 'tis here, and nearer now
The gallant horsemen spur amain;
But on each cheek, and on each brow,
Are traces as of mortal pain.
Even thus, amidst the gloomy wood,
The phantom knight pursues his way,
Onward through brake, and dell, and flood,
His train their restless lord obey;
Even thus their brows are stamp'd with care,
Even such their features of despair!
Their swords—what stains bedim each blade!
Can those be drops of fairy dew?
Their scarfs—alas! the tartan plaid,
Soil'd, torn, and dyed a crimson hue!
Hide, hide my eyes, the dreadful sight,
No dream, no vision ye behold;
But warriors, urged to desperate flight,
How vainly true—how vainly bold!
The fatal truth I see—I know;
'Tis he, fair Scotland's cherish'd flower,
Who pass'd this vale not long ago,
In all the pride of youth and power.
Upon his crest sat honour crown'd,
Beauty and joy were on his brow;
Not yet the year has mark'd its round—
Where are his glittering prospects now?
All vanish'd in Culloden's fight,
All scatter'd by a whirlwind's blast,
All fled, as from my straining sight
He and his band like shades are past!

* See the Legend of *Hellequin* and his phantom family.

THE PRINCE DE NEMOURS;

SECOND SON OF LOUIS PHILIP, KING OF THE FRENCH.

THE father of the Duke of Nemours is, as observed in a former number, indebted for his elevation to the throne of France, entirely to the mutability of fortune, but, to that elevation, the subject of the accompanying engraving does not owe his title, as he was previously in possession of it. This title originated in the name of a castle named Nemus, and which name was subsequently changed to that of Nemours, a small town in France, in the department of Seine-et-Marne. During the reign of Louis XIV. the duchy of Nemours was given by that monarch to his brother Philip of Orleans; and it continued in the possession of that house until the period of the revolution. The present Duke of Nemours is the second son of Louis Philip, King of the French; he was born on the 25th day of October 1814, and is, therefore, now, in his nineteenth year. On the third of February 1831, the deliberations of the Belgic National Congress, which then commanded the attention of Europe, terminated in the election of the young Duke of Nemours to the new throne of Belgium; but the proffer was declined by Louis Philip; as the acceptance of the Belgic crown by the Duke might be attended by a general war in Europe. This decision of the reigning monarch is ascribed to the influence of Lafitte, the prime Minister. We subsequently find this scion of a royal stock transferred to the battle-field, where his coolness and intrepidity excited the admiration of the most experienced of those who formed the protective expedition which lately occupied Belgium. The contest before Antwerp was particularly calculated for a display of chivalrous action, and it has been universally admitted that, upon the youthful feelings of the Duke of Nemours, it had its inciting effect. In introducing his name it is impossible not to refer to those circumstances which have attended the fall of two of the most powerful monarchies that ever existed; and to view with astonishment the various changes effected in that nation of continued change: where the people have, in fact, procured no permanent advantage; nothing but the possession of an unbeneficial novelty, which to-morrow may overthrow; and which, traced to its various causes and connexions, offers a lesson for the study of the philosopher, which embraces principles the most sound, and conclusions the most advantageous.

The recent events in Portugal, and the more recent recognition by England, France and Sweden, of Donna Maria, as sovereign of that country, lead to the probability, and, indeed, to the hope, that the throne of Braganza will not again be polluted by the blood-stained person of Miguel: hence, therefore, the activity with which speculation has been looking around for a consort for the prospective queen. Among the many mentioned are the Duke de Nemours, on whose part, a conversation appears to have taken place between the King of the French and the Duchess of Braganza, relative to the proposal that Donna Maria should marry the Duke, his son. But the heart of the young queen is not her own, she having previously bestowed it on her uncle the Duke of Leuchtenberg; and the proposition was therefore peremptorily refused by the Duchess of Braganza. It may not be uninteresting here to state, from a rather authentic source, the circumstances which attended this transaction: it will, at all events, show what difference there is in the mode of managing these things between Kings and Duchesses, and the plainer sort of people.

"A few days before the arrival of the Duke de Leuchtenberg at Strasbourg, the Duchess of Braganza was one Sunday at the Tuilleries. On a sudden his Majesty Louis Philip led her towards a window, and expressed a desire that the Duke de Nemours should marry Queen Donna Maria; but he had scarcely utter-

ed a few words when the Duchess interrupted him and said: "I ought, Sire, to speak to you with more frankness than an ambassador would in the diplomatic situation in which I am placed; but I love my daughter-in-law, Donna Maria, as if she was my own child. I also love my brother the Duke de Leuchtenberg, and cannot suffer you to repeat a demand which can have no result, seeing the mutual affection that exists between my brother and the Queen of Portugal." His Majesty Louis Philip appeared greatly piqued at these words, and orders were immediately despatched by telegraph to prevent by all possible means the entrance of the young Duke into France."

MILTON.

THE genius of Milton, the contemplations, the powers of intellect in invention and combination, are above example and comparison. In proportion to the terror excited by the sublimity of his design, is the delight received by his wonderful execution. His subject, and his conduct of it, exalt him to a supreme rank: to a rank, with which all other poets compare but as a second class. Homer's intercourse with the gods is, when they descend, as Satan entered Paradise, in mists and clouds to the earth. Shakespeare, though the first scholar in the volume of mankind, rises "above the wheeling poles," but in glances, and flashes of sublimity. Tasso up to the heavens "presumes;" but Milton "into the heaven of heavens," and dwells there. He inhabits, as it were, the court of the Deity; and leaves on your mind a stability and a permanent character of divine inhabitation and divine presence, of which no other poet gives you a thought. Others rise to sublimity, when they exceed; Milton's institution, his quality, his element, is sublimity; from his height he descends to meet the greatness of others. The constitution of Milton's genius, his creative powers, the excursions of his imagination to regions untraced by human pen, unexplored by human thought, were gifts of nature, not effects of learning. But the learning, though not the first subject of our admiration, is not to be passed over without a degree of praise to which, perhaps, no other scholar is entitled. To Hebrew, he added the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish: and these he possessed, not with study only, but commanded them in ordinary and familiar use. With these, aiding his own natural genius, he assumed a vigour of intellect to which difficulties were emptions that courted all that is arduous; that soared to divine counsels, without unworthiness; and met the majesty of Heaven, without amazement or confusion.

That the praise of Milton is, to have no thought in common with any author, his predecessor, cannot be urged. Though he thought for himself, he had a just deference for the thoughts of others; and though his genius enabled him, without helps, to execute; he disdained not to consult and direct himself by the most approved examples. It was his peculiar study to explore the traces of genius, in whatever authors had gone with eminence before him. He read them all. He took the golden ornaments from the hands of the best artists; he considered their fashion, their workmanship, their weight, their alloy, and storing and arranging them for occasion, he adapted them as he saw fit, to the chalice or pixie, formed from the sublime patterns of his own mind. To form the *Paradise Lost*, what learning have the sacred or the classic books that has not been explored? and what are the beauties, or the excellencies of either, that he has not there assembled and combined? 'Tis a temple constructed to his own immortal fame, of the cedar of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the marble of Paros.—*Cursory Remarks on Ancient English Poets*, by P. Neave.



PRINCE DE NEMOURS.

POOR ROSALIE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

[THE following pages record a remarkable circumstance which occurred a few years ago in some part of France; but as I made no memorandum of it at the time, I have forgotten the *when* and the *where*; nor can I recollect the names of the persons concerned. All I can vouch for is, that the *outline* of the story, and the leading events, are perfectly true.]

IN a small village in, as I believe, the south of France, lived an elderly lady, who was supposed to be rich, though her style of living was rather penurious. But as her charities were many, and she denied no one but herself, she was regarded with affectionate respect; and was particularly commended when she took into her house a young girl, whom I shall call Rosalie, the daughter of humble, but of very estimable parents.

Rosalie's childhood was happy; and so might her youth have been, had she not lost one of the best of mothers when she was only twelve years old: a mother who, having had rather a superior education, sedulously endeavoured to impart her knowledge to her daughter. Rosalie's father, for some years after the death of his wife, seemed to think his child sufficient for his happiness; but at length he married again; and, in his second choice, he gave to himself and his daughter a domestic tyrant. Poor Rosalie toiled all the day, and sometimes half the night, to please her task-mistress, who, as soon as she had a child, insisted that her husband's daughter should be its nurse, and do the chief part of the household work besides.

As child succeeded to child, Rosalie's fatigues increased every year; and if her father ventured to repay her patient industry by an affectionate caress, his wife desired him not to spoil still more, by his foolish fondness, a girl whom he had sufficiently spoiled already.

Happily, Rosalie's mother had been enabled to instil into her mind the duty of entire submission to the divine will; she, therefore, bore her hard lot with cheerful resignation.

But, however little her harsh and unkind step-mother appreciated her worth, Rosalie was beheld by the whole neighbourhood with affectionate pity and esteem, except, perhaps, by those mothers who were mortified to hear her called the prettiest as well as the best girl in the village; yet even they were forced to own she was pious and dutiful, "though certainly they could not think her a beauty;" and every one was pleased when the old lady before mentioned, offered to take her as a sort of companion. At first, the step-mother declared she could not afford to lose her services; but, on the kind friend's promising to pay all the expense of a servant in her place, and on her giving handsome presents to the children, the selfish woman consented to give up Rosalie, and the dear pleasure of tormenting her.

It was a great trial to Rosalie and to her father to be separated; he, however, was consoled by the belief that his ill-treated child would be happier away from home; but she had no such comfort. On the contrary, she feared that her too yielding parent would miss her ready duty and filial fondness. Still, as her health was beginning to suffer for want of sufficient rest, she felt the necessity of the removal, and was deeply thankful to her benefactress.

As the old lady had only one female servant, Rosalie became her waiting maid as well as amanuensis; and the gardener, a married man, who did not live in the house, officiated sometimes as her footman. The chief part of her fortune was settled on a nephew and niece who lived at a distance; but she informed Rosalie and her friends, that she had left her in her will a comfortable independence. Her motive for mentioning this bequest was, probably, the suspicion which she was known to entertain, that a young man in the village, of a higher rank than Rosalie, beheld her with admiration; and she hoped that his parents might not object to the marriage, should a mutual attachment take place, if they knew that she had provided for her protegee.

The poor girl herself was too humble to suspect that any one admired her. She only knew that Auguste St. Beuve, who was a general favourite, spoke to her with great kindness, and that he sometimes stopped to converse with her when he met her on the road. But there is reason to believe she had overheard him pass some encomiums on her person on the memorable evening when they met at her cousin's wedding—the only festival she had ever been permitted to attend—and that she had remembered and repeated these praises at a moment, which, as it afterwards appeared, was big with her future fate.

Rosalie left those nuptial festivities at no late hour, yet long after the gardener had gone home. The other servant, who was always deaf, and who then was more than usually sleepy, let her in, and immediately went to her own bed; while Rosalie, who slept in the old lady's apartment, undressed in the sitting room adjoining, for fear of disturbing her. Never had the poor Rosalie looked so well, and never (for some years at least) had she felt so happy. It was the first marriage that she had ever witnessed; the first time she had ever worn a dress that was peculiarly pretty and becoming; and her youth, for she was only just eighteen, made her pleasure in both these things natural, and perhaps excusable. But still, her greatest delight had been derived from her father's presence. He had been with her all the day, and without his wife! And she had hung on his arm: he had told her she looked well, and danced well; and, what was far more precious, he had said she was a good girl, that he missed her every day, and that he loved her dearly!

Certain it is, that, lost in agreeable thought, she stood looking at herself in a glass far longer than she had ever done before; and, in the intoxication of her vanity, newly awakened by the praises which she had overheard, she exclaimed aloud, as she drew off her gown, "Oh, le joli bras! Oh, le joli bras!" (O the pretty arm!) And she prepared for bed that night, vain and conscious of her personal beauty. But her heart soon reproached her for having given way to a mean, unworthy pride; and she said to herself, "Well, if weddings and entertainments always turn heads as these have turned mine, I hope I shall never go to another: but then," she modestly added, "perhaps I am weaker than other girls!" However, prayer relieved the burdened heart of the young and humble penitent, and she soon sunk into the deep unconscious slumbers of healthy innocence. Alas! to what overwhelming agony did she awake! Having risen, spite of her fatigue, at the usual time, she was quitting the room with as light a step as she entered it, looking back to

be certain that she had not disturbed the old lady, when she saw that the curtains of her bed were turned back, that the bell-rope was tied up, and, on approaching nearer, she found that something was drawn quite close round the neck of her benefactress; and that, while she slept, probably, some murderous hand had deprived her of life!

At first, she stood motionless, paralyzed with horror, but restored only too soon to a sense of feeling. She rest the air with her shrieks! The gardener, who was already at work, immediately rushed into the room, followed by the other servant; and they were as distracted as she was when they found what had happened. In a short time the room was filled with many who mourned, more who wondered, and some who began to suspect and accuse. "Who had done this cruel deed? Who had a motive to do it?" The first thing was to ascertain if she was quite dead; and they proved she had been dead some hours. The next duty was to see whether she had been robbed; and it was discovered that her pockets had been turned inside out, and some old plate had been removed from a closet below. There was no trace of any footstep in the garden; but the window of the lower room was open.

Doubtless she had died by strangulation; but was it possible that Rosalie had heard no noise, no struggles? And she was strictly interrogated; but her eye was wild, and her senses so disordered, she seemed incapable of understanding the questions put to her.

There were some persons present who believed that this was consummate acting; and when, on being asked if she knew what the old lady had in her pocket, she said, "Yes;" and taking her murdered friend's purse out of her own pocket, exclaimed, "Here, take it, take it!" It was thought that, actuated by remorse, she had desired them to remove from her what she had endangered her soul to gain.

"But where is the pocket-book, and plate?"

"What pocket-book—what plate?" was her agitated reply.

"Surely, she who knew where to find the purse, knows where to find the rest of the stolen goods!"

"Stolen!" repeated the poor girl, uttering a piercing shriek, as the consciousness of being suspected came over her mind, "stolen! the purse was given me to buy faggots for the poor—the poor—the poor indeed, now! Oh! my dear, lost, murdered benefactress!" Then, throwing herself on the body, she gave way to such a burst of agony, that even the most suspicious of her observers could scarcely believe she was even privy to the murder.

It was now discovered that the piece of linen which lay near the corpse, was an apron of Rosalie; and though it was contrary to all probability, that, if she had been guilty, she would not have removed this fancied evidence out of sight, still, agitation of mind was said to account satisfactorily for this suspicious circumstance; and ere one half hour more had elapsed, Rosalie, stunned, bewildered, and unable to do any thing but weep, was committed to the prison of the next town, on the charge of having STRANGLED HER BENEFACTRESS.

The gardener and the other servant had both been examined; but he was able to prove an alibi, and there was no reason to suspect the deaf woman. It was some time before Rosalie entirely recovered the use of her reason; and she almost lost it again when she recollected where she was, and why she was there. But Rosalie now felt the advantage of being habitually pious; for, knowing in whom to trust, she was at length able to look her accusers in the face, with calmness and resignation. To her solemn assurances that she was innocent, the reply was: "Then if you did not commit the murder, who did?"

"I ~~didn't~~ know nor suspect," she answered; "and I could have no motive to commit it, for to whom was my poor friend's life of such consequence as to me?"

"Nay, nay, you knew she had provided handsomely for you in her will."

"I had forgotten that," she exclaimed. "Oh! my best, my only friend!" and she sobbed with renewed agony.

A further trial awaited Rosalie. She expected that her step-mother would believe her guilty; but she was not prepared to hear that her father refused to see her—he who, but a few hours before, had said, "He loved her so tenderly: and her health sunk under this blow. But, as the surgeon said her life was in danger, he went to the prison, though reluctantly; as his wife had tormented him into believing, or admitting, that Rosalie might, possibly, be privy to the murder; still, the moment that he saw her, and that rushing into those arms which vainly endeavoured not to close on her, she exclaimed, in a tone which truth alone can give, "Father, I am innocent, quite innocent!" He pressed the poor sufferer to his bosom again and again, saying, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "I believe thee! I believe thee!" From that moment Rosalie's health revived. However he visited her no more, as he was again worried into an acknowledgment that it was just possible she might be implicated in the black deed, though he could not conceive how; but the reason of his absence was concealed from her, lest she should have a relapse.

There was another person whom Rosalie vainly hoped would visit her in her distress; Auguste St. Beuve—whose praises had betrayed her into the weakness of self-admiration—neither came nor sent! And the poor girl was frequently repeating to herself, "And does he, too, believe me guilty?"

Her trial had been delayed, in order to give time to discover the plate and pocket-book, and also to find out who, amongst the young men in the village, were the most intimate associates of Rosalie. Accordingly, the strictest inquiries were instituted; but the virtuous and modest girl had no associates whatever of the other sex; and though one young man visited her in prison, it was believed that he had no previous acquaintance with her. Auguste St. Beuve was the only one who had ever paid her any attention, and his situation in life placed him above suspicion.

At length, after she had been for many days persecuted by the entreaties of her priest and others, that she would confess, the hour for her appearance at the awful bar arrived; and she stood there unsupported by any earthly aid, save that of conscious innocence. The trial was long—the examination severe—and the circumstances were deemed strong against her. To every question, she answered in a modest, humble, but firm manner; and whether it was that her youth, her beauty, and gentle graces prepossessed her judges in her favour, or whether the legal proof was not sufficient, she was, at the end of some painful hours, unanimously acquitted, and instantly discharged. Alas! the delight of being declared innocent was damped to poor Rosalie, by the fear that she should not be permitted to find shelter under a parent's roof.

Avarice, however, did for her what justice should have done. The heir of her poor friend, convinced of Rosalie's innocence, and pitying her sufferings, offered to pay her immediately the legacy which his aunt had left her; but the sensitive girl shrank from accepting it. She was suspected of having committed, or concerted the murder of her benefactress in order to hasten her possession of the sum in question. She, therefore, positively refused to run the risk of confirming any one in the belief of her guilt by receiving it. And she persevered in her delicate and well-motivated refusal, till her father, instigated by his wife, command-

which to accept the money; then she complied, and, reluctantly, when she found that, on condition of her paying for her board, she would be again received into his house.

Once more, therefore, she was under her father's roof; and she tried to bear, in the pleasure of being near him, and still beloved by him, the increased persecutions which she had now to undergo. Her tyrant was continually telling her that she still believed her to be the murderer's accomplice; at least, therefore, she could not do too much to show her gratitude for being admitted under the roof of a respectable person; and there were times when Rosalie had reason to believe her father was persuaded to be of his wife's opinion. She had, also, the misery of finding herself sometimes shunned by those who had once professed a friendship for her. Auguste St. Beuve no longer stopped to talk with her when they met; and it was evident that, till it should please heaven to bring the real murderer to justice, a stain would always rest on her character.

At length, her daily trials, spite of her trust in Providence, deprived her of strength sufficient to labour as usual; and she had soon the added misery of being told by her brothers and sisters, of whom she was very fond, that their mother said, she was a very wicked woman, and they ought not to love her. It was at the foot of the cross that Rosalie sought refuge on these occasions, and there she found it!—there she found power to bear her trials without murmuring, though she could not conquer the increasing debility which anxiety of mind and ever fatigue had brought upon her. She had, meanwhile, one solace dear to her heart—that of visiting the graves of her mother and her friend, of decorating them with funeral wreaths, and of weeding, with pious hand, the flowers which she had there planted. As her health was now evidently too delicate to permit her to perform her wonted tasks, her step-mother insisted on being paid more for her board; and she would soon have left her penitence, but for the following circumstance.—One young man, as I have related above, and one only, had visited her in prison; led thither, for he was unacquainted with her, merely by the generous wish to prove his entire belief in her innocence.

This young man left the village suddenly, soon after Rosalie's acquittal took place, after having, for some time, appeared disturbed in mind. A few weeks subsequent to his departure, he informed his relations that he should return no more, having left France for America. It was instantly reported and believed that he and Rosalie had secretly been lovers and accomplices in the murder; that when she had received her legacy she had refused to marry him, and that he had gone away in order to conquer an unsuccessful attachment, and also to avoid all chance of detection. This event put the finishing stroke to poor Rosalie's misfortunes. She was now almost universally shunned; and even her father, when he witnessed her sorrow at the young man's mysterious departure—the effect of gratitude merely—was sometimes induced to believe it was the result of self-upbraiding.

"And is it possible," said Rosalie, "that you can think him a murderer, and me his accomplice?"

"Why no—not positively so; but appearances are strong against you both."

The truth was, that, having repeatedly admitted to his wife the possibility of Rosalie's guilt, he had tried to reconcile his weakness to his conscience, by believing that he might have admitted a truth.

And it was a father whom she tenderly loved, her only earthly hope, who had thus spoken to her! It was almost more than the poor Rosalie could bear; but she remembered that she had a father in heaven, and was comforted.

To remain where she was, was now impossible; nor

could her step-mother allow her to stay, as she was told it would be a disadvantage to her own daughter, if she harboured such a creature. Accordingly, Rosalie was told that she must seek a distant home.

This was now no trial to her. Her father had owned that he thought she might be guilty; she therefore wished to fly even from his presence. But whither should she go? There was one friend who would, as her father thought, receive her for her poor mother's sake, even in her degraded state; and to her care, by a letter which she was to deliver herself, her father consigned her. Nothing now remained, but to take an affectionate farewell of her kindred as might be permitted her; to visit the grave of her mother and her friend, breathe her last prayer beside them, and take her place in the Diligence which was to bear her far from her native village, in order to remain an exile from her home; till He, who is able to bring "light out of darkness," should deign to make manifest her innocence. She was going to a small town in Burgundy; and it was with a beating heart that the injured girl quitted the Diligence, and, with her little bundle, asked where her mother's friend resided. The question was soon answered, and the residence pointed out; but she had the pain of hearing that she was dead, and had even been buried some days. However, she found that her son-in-law and his wife were at the home, and she ventured thither. But no sooner had the master and mistress, in her presence, read the letter together, than they both changed colour, and with an expression of aversion in their countenances, declared that, under her circumstances, they could not admit her into their family; and Rosalie, in silence and in sorrow, turned from the door. Whither should she go now? The evening was then far spent; therefore, for that night, she hired a bed at a small guinguette, or ale-house. In the morning she decided on quitting the town, and proceeding on foot to the next village, lest those who had denied her entrance into their house, should prejudice the townsfolk against her. Accordingly, she set off quite early in the morning, and arrived, after a few hours, at so pretty a village, that she resolved to stay there; and, if possible, hire a small room, and try to procure a service or some employment.

She was not long in procuring the first, and hoped she had procured the second; but, when the person who was going to hire her heard her name was Rosalie Mirbel, and whence she came, she regarded her with a look of painful suspicion, and, saying she would not suit her, shut the door in her face.

What was it now expedient for her to do? Should she change her name, as it was evident that it was only too well known? But this, the principle of truth, inculcated in her by her mother at a very early age, forbade her to do. All she could do, therefore, was to go forward, and as far as she could from her native place, in hopes that the farther she went, the less likely it was that she would be recognized. The next day, when she paid for her night's lodging, she saw, by the countenance of the man of the house, that he had been told who she was; and, on going out, she saw a crowd evidently waiting to look at her; nor could she, though she walked very fast, escape from the misery of hearing some abusive names applied to her, and execrations of her supposed crime.

Rosalie clasped her crucifix only more closely to her breast, and continued to trust that the hour of her deliverance from unjust suspicion would, in time, arrive.

It was noon before the faint and weary sufferer reached the suburbs of the next town, and saw a kind looking woman, in deep mourning, sitting at work at the door of a cottage. Her pale, care-worn cheek, and her dress, encouraged her to accost her. Perhaps the recent loss which she had sustained had softened

her heart; and Rosalie ventured to request, first, a draught of milk, and then a lodging if she had one to let.

"Thou shalt have both, my child," was the ready answer. "Come in and sit down, for I am sure thou art tired."

Rosalie did so, and, as soon as she was rested, she was shown the neat apartment which, at a moderate rent, she was to occupy, and which had only just been vacated. She then told the good woman her name was Mirbel, Rosalie Mirbel; and she anxiously fixed her eyes on her face, to see what effect that name had on her. To Rosalie's great alarm, she, too, started, but not with any sign of aversion; on the contrary, she took her hand, and, gazing on her with tearful eyes, said, "I am glad thy name is Rosalie. It was that of my dear lost child, and I shall like thee the better for it;" then, throwing herself on her neck, she wept the dead Rosalie in the arms of the living one. It was with a heart full of thankfulness that Rosalie lay down that night; hoping that she had not only found a permanent home, but a second mother. When Rosalie had been some days in her new abode, and had obtained as much employment as she required, through the exertions of her hostess, she wrote to her father, giving him her address, and begging to hear from him. She had long resolved not to spend any of the money still remaining of her legacy: that she reserved for her brothers and sisters. "I shall not live long," thought Rosalie; "my heart is nearly broken, but one day my father and they will love me again—one day my innocence will be made known; and they will be very sorry to think how cruelly they judged the poor Rosalie, who, as they will then find, loved and forgave them."

At length, she could not be easy without telling her kind friend who she was; accordingly she said, "Dear Madelon, I have a sad secret weighing on my mind, and I cannot be satisfied without revealing it to thee."

"Nonsense!" replied she, "I hate secrets!—I will not hear it, darling!"

"Oh, but you must!—you do not yet know who I am."

"I know," returned Madelon with deep feeling, "that thou art the child of sorrow, and that is enough for me!"

"Good, generous being!" cried Rosalie; "but I am called more than the child of sorrow, I am, though falsely, accused of—of"—

"I know it, I know it already! Some one passing through the village, saw thee and knew thee, and came to tell me what thou wast said to be; but I did not believe thee guilty!—no, no, dear child, how could I! She a murderess—said I, when I have seen her averse even to kill the bee that stung her! No, no—and I sent him off with his wicked tales!"

"Then you will not cast me from you, my best friend!" said the poor girl, bursting into a flood of soothing tears, and throwing herself into her arms.

"Never, never!" And this was the happiest day that Rosalie had known since her misfortunes. But no reply came from her father; and, though she wrote to him every year, for five years successively, she never received an answer. "Well then," said she to her indignant companion, "I will write no more, and try to be contented with knowing I have a parent in you, Madelon." Still, spite of her habitual trust in the goodness of Providence, this neglect of a beloved parent had a pernicious effect on her health, and it continued to decline.

Her beauty, which had been chiefly derived from the brilliant colouring and plumpness of youth, was now considerably faded; still, occasional fever sometimes restored to her eyes their wonted lustre, by giving a crimson flush to her cheek, which even ex-

ceeded in tint the vanished bloom of health. Another trial was now hanging over her. Her adopted mother was evidently labouring with some secret uneasiness—she was restless—she often went out—and she saw her frequently talking apart with her landlord; and, when Rosalie went with the poor woman, as usual, to pray at the grave of her daughter, she used to throw herself along the turf, and weep with a degree of violence such as Rosalie had never witnessed in her before; and she once overheard her say, "while I can—while I can." Still she continued to assure Rosalie that nothing material was the matter. She was too soon, however, acquainted with the truth. Madelon's landlord unexpectedly appeared before her, during the good woman's absence, and when she was almost too ill to see any one. He then abruptly told her that, having found out who she was, he had given Madelon notice to quit in so many days, unless she sent Rosalie away. "This," added he, "I tell thee myself, for I suspect Madelon has not had strength of mind enough to do it."

"She has had too much kindness to do it," she faintly replied.

"Indeed!" rejoined the landlord; "I suspect she means, old as she is, to seek some distant home with thee."

"Ha!" cried Rosalie, remembering her late uneasiness, "I believe you are right, and that she does mean to quit a house which she could keep only on such terms. Oh, it is very hard on us both!"

"Not on thee, girl; thou hast only what thou hast deserved. It is hard on the good Madelon, especially as she has saved some money; and how could her friends be easy to let her live alone with a young woman who?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Rosalie, trembling with indignant emotion, "I understand the vile insinuation, and I will depart!—and secretly, as this is the case. But at present I am too unwell to undertake a journey: and who knows but I may be in mercy permitted to die here, and then my unmerited persecutions will be ended."

"Girl! girl!" replied the landlord, "thou hast been only too much favoured, in being permitted to live so long." So saying, he withdrew, leaving Rosalie more miserable than ever. When Madelon returned, she was alarmed at finding her worse than when she left her; and she was surprised at the more than usually affectionate manner in which Rosalie welcomed her.

"My dear child!" said the good woman, "I trust that nothing shall ever part thee and me. I could not now bear to separate from thee!" And Rosalie, bursting into tears, shut herself up in her own room.

"Ah! I see she thinks she is going to die," said Madelon to herself; "and I think so too sometimes. Well, if she does, I shall not long survive her; it will be like burying my own Rosalie again!" Little did she suspect that Rosalie was intending to quit her for ever. "Thy will be done!" said Rosalie, in the secret of her heart, that night, "and I will again go forth a friendless wanderer!" comforting herself with the remembrance of what the preacher said in his sermon the preceding Sabbath-day, "that God judgeth not as man judgeth;" and with the text which he took from Job: "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!"

The next morning, as she was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she

used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, perturbed, and, as she thought, sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the window, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again; but she withdrew immediately, because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the same man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from evident intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, "*Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!*" and then ran out of the garden. At first Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered; but, the next moment, conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone; and on the night of the murder! But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated must have overheard them—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them, and must consequently have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction; and, in Rosalie's mind, it amounted to positive conviction: but was it sufficient to convince others? There was the difficulty; but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going away from that spot. What could she do!—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost; therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road to the town mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she run a risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message, and was told the magistrate would see her in a few minutes, that she recollected in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of such weak self-admiration, she was going to appear; but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and which she must not shrink from. When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so overcome that she could not speak, but burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my poor girl!" said he; "and who are you? Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!"

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollected to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

"To be sure I do," said he; "and a young girl who lived with her, was tried for the murder."

"Yes—and acquitted!"

"True; but I thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie, somehow or other, was guilty."

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself; then, raising her meek eyes to his, she said, in a firm voice, "She was innocent, sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel."

"Thou!—then looks are indeed deceitful," replied the magistrate, fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

"Not so, if I look innocent," she answered.

"But what can be thy business with me, young woman?"

"I am sure I have discovered the *real* murderer; and I come to require that you take him into custody on my charge."

"He! what! oh, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled; so thou art going to turn informer—is that the case?"

"I am innocent, I tell you, sir, therefore can have no accomplice; and I never saw this man in my life till three days ago."

"Girl! girl! dost thou expect me to believe this? What is he?"

"A carpenter."

"What is his name?"

"I do not know."

"And where is he?"

"In the neighbourhood."

"But where could I find him?"

"I do not know."

"Then how could I take him up!—and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!"

"Not till you have heard me." Then, rendered fluent by a feeling akin to despair, she told what even to herself began to seem an improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect on the magistrate was such as to overwhelm her with shame: for, repeating over and over again, "Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!" he gave way to the most immoderate laughter; but, when he recovered himself, he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she could dare to expect that, on such trumpery evidence as this is, he should take up any man, and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring; and against a man, too, of whom she knew neither the name nor the abode. Rosalie, now, for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself the proof of the man's guilt must be, sunk back upon a seat in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

"And you do not believe me!—and you will not take him up!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

"Certainly not. Recollect thyself! What! is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm, a proof that he has committed a murder?"

"But you know that is not all."

"No; but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thy self-praise—heard thee"—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed, "Do not laugh—I cannot bear it! You will drive me out of my senses!"

"Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee, does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee, and repeated them to him, and he, recognising thee"—

"But I never saw him in my life till now."

"Indeed!—recollect thyself! He must have known thee, personally at least; that thou canst not deny."

"Certainly not; and he saw and heard me, also, that fatal night; and I tell you again he is the murderer!"

"But listen, young woman; art thou prepared to assert that on that night, and that night only, thou wast ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?"

"I am—it was the first and only time."

"And thou expectest me to believe this?"

"I do."

"Why, girl, it is most unnatural and most improbable!"

"But it is true; and even then I was only repeating the praises I had overheard."

"Well, then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection!—and that will not help thy suit at all, I can assure thee. Besides, in this case the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm, as seen at the window."

"Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. See!" she cried, baring her now meagre arm, "Is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, sir; and, if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me!"

"Young woman," he replied, in a gentler tone, "I see thou art unwell and unhappy, and I would oblige thee if I could do so conscientiously; but recollect, the charge is one affecting life!"

"So was the charge against me; but, being innocent, I was acquitted; and, if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must he be."

"But then a stain will rest on the poor man's character."

"So it does on the poor girl's, as I know from fatal experience," replied Rosalie, in the voice of broken-heartedness. "Oh, sir! had you seen this man, and heard him, as I did, mimicking both the voice and manner of a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar, and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say."

"I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet that is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial."

"But cannot he be confronted with me?"

"Surely!"—here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek, for she heard the well-remembered song; and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate as if for protection, exclaiming, "There he is! Oh, seize him—seize him!"

"Where, where?" cried he, running to the window. Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out as he staggered along the road to the town.

"What! that man with the scarlet handkerchief tied round his hat?"

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if he should know that man again, pointing to him as he spoke.

"Know him again, sir!—I know him already!" replied the servant. "His name is Caumont, and he is the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window shutters."

"And what sort of man is he?"

"A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place, I hear—and is much given to drinking; but he is a good workman, and is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him."

"So, so," said the magistrate, thoughtfully, (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks); "A queer man—does not stay long in a place—given to drinking! You may go now, Francois; but do not be out of the way."

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie, for a considerable time, in the strictest manner; and he also dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction.

"Without difficulty!" said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning though modest glance; "have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?"

"Well put, young woman," replied the magistrate, smiling; "perhaps the man confided in the cautious and conscientious scruples of a magistrate; but, what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did; and at all events, I now feel authorized to apprehend him."

Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him; while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officer reached the guinguette, or public house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance; and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent on exhaustion. The moment that he saw them enter, he changed colour; and, subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed, in a faltering voice, "I know what you come for, and I have done for myself! But I am weary of life," then, without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who, very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie, she looked like the guilty, and he like the innocent person, so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony, but more especially, his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment; and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison, to take his trial the ensuing week. The heir of the old lady was then written to, and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest; and Rosalie passed the intervening time in a state of agitating suspense. At length the day of trial arrived, and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges. With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of justice now, to those which she experienced on a former occasion! Then she was alone, now she was accompanied by the generous, confiding Madelon; now she was the accuser, not the accused, and her mild eye was raised up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

The proceedings had not been long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither resolved to speak the whole truth; and he confessed, without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone planned, and he alone committed the murder in question. At these words, a murmur of satisfaction went round the court; and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who, unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the smiling Madelon.

He then gave the following detail:—He said that, as he passed through the village, he had heard at a public house, that the old lady was miserly and rich; that, having lost his last penny at a gaming table, he resolved to rob the house when he heard how ill it was guarded, but had no intention to commit murder unless it was necessary; that he stole in, in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting room, before Rosalie returned; that from the window of that closet he had seen and heard Rosalie; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two murders, and kill Rosalie first; but that, when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him; besides, she was in such a sound sleep, there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face in order to stifle her breath, and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket-

bank, searched the plate closet, carried away some pieces of plate, and buried them a few miles off; and had only dared to sell them one piece at a time; that he had never ventured to offer the draft at the banker's—that he had, therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for risking his precious soul—and that, unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could; but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him and the young girl, who had, he knew, been tried for his crime, thus strangely and unexpectedly together at this far distant place, and where he seemed to run no risk of detection; that then the evil one, intending to destroy him, had prompted him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. "But," said he, addressing Rosalie, "it is rather hard that you should be the means of my losing my life, as I spared yours. I might have murdered you, but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold!"

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judges assure her she had only done her duty; she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal from whose sentence there is no appeal; and "Have mercy on him—don't condemn him to death!" burst from her quivering lips. No wonder, therefore, that before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness, met death with every sign of penitence and remorse, and was engaged in prayer with the priest till the awful axe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie to learn from the priest that Caumont desired the young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greater part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul.

The next day, all ranks and conditions of persons in the village thronged the door of Madelon, to congratulate Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances; but her gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favour; while her apparent melancholy and declining health inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes; and the landlord of Madelon, ashamed of his unjust severity, was desirous to give a village fête on the occasion, as some reparation for his past conduct.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice in, in the death of a sinful fellow creature, however just might be his punishment; and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation was a little damped by the consciousness that it had been purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation, to commemorate it otherwise than by prayer and thanksgiving, breathed at the foot of the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed; and, as she had not heard of him for more than a year, and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty respecting him which proved a counterbalance to her joy. "But I will write to him," said she to Madelon, "and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet, oh! there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!"

"Shame on him for it," cried Madelon, "he does not deserve thee, darling!"

"Hush!" cried Rosalie, "remember, he is my father, and I will write this moment."

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage door, and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father—and the first words that met her eyes were, "My dearest, much injured, and innocent child!"

"Oh!" said Rosalie, faintly, "as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial, and—but not!" she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, "no—this letter is dated days before even the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him!"

"To be sure," said Madelon, "the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago, but had been ill!"

"Oh, merciful Providence!—oh, blessed Virgin!" cried Rosalie; "how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded! Now is the rankling wound in my heart healed, and for ever! My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont! Madelon, that I shall now soon recover I doubt not. But what is this?" she cried, reading on; "My wife is dead, and on her death bed she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to thy letters, and then had suppressed thy letters themselves, so I was led to believe that thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew thou wast alive, as one of our villagers had seen thee several times during the last five years; but judge how pleased though shocked I was, when she gave me one of the intercepted letters, and I read there the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child! Long had I repeated of having *seemed* to think thee guilty, for, indeed, it was always seeming. Come, come directly to my arms and home! Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee; and, if our neighbours still look cold on thee, no matter, we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee."

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through, without being blinded by tears of thankfulness, for this proof of a father's love; nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her constant enemy, her step-mother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died penitent, and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

"Well, then," said Rosalie, "now I shall return to my native village, and so happy! And who knows but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly? Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now such a happy home!—and how ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly!—Auguste St. Beuve, and every one! Madelon, dear Madelon! is not this a blessed day?"

Madelon replied not—she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out, "It may be a blessed day to thee, yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart! Thy home may be a happy one, but what will mine be? Unkind girl!—to be so very glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee, and believed thee innocent even when thy own father!"

"Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!" exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck: "Indeed, I have no idea of home unconnected with thee; my home will not be complete unless it is thine also—and thou must go with me!"

"What! and leave my dead Rosalie?"

"To be sure; I know thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon."

"Yes, darling; but then thou wast friendless and unhappy; but now!"

"I shall be unhappy still, if she who would so kindly have shared my adversity, does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes, thou must go with me, and we

will come, from time to time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave."

"But if thy father will not let me live with you."

"Then we will live in a cottage near him."

"Enough!" cried Madelon, "I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling!"

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening, and their meeting was indeed a happy one. Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one else should be equally convinced; and he took care that the papers which contained the proceedings should be widely circulated.

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money, not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice—as in that she only did her duty—but as some amends for all the unmerited suffering which she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home, accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom the former had warmly invited to live with them, was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbours—nay, the whole village, came out to meet them. Amongst the rest, Ro-

salie observed Auguste St. Beuve; but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her previous character against every suspicious circumstance, had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. This young man had suddenly followed to America, unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had long loved. He had married and buried her there; and, on his return to his native village, he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him, and had thereby rendered some service to Rosalie.

But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer under unmerited obloquy, was considerably damped by the alarming change in her appearance. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind; and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having "fought a good fight," restored her to health.

While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating those words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul:—"THOUGH HE SLAY ME, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM!"

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"No conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel; nothing heard,
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and an endless darkness."—*Fletcher.*

A MIGHTY and a mingled throng,
Were gather'd in one spot;
The dwellers of a thousand homes,
Yet 'midst them voice was not.

The soldier and his chief were there,
The mother and her child;
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke, none mov'd, none smil'd.

Those lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by;
After that heart-sick Hope deferr'd,
They met—but silently!

You might have heard the gliding brook,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.

Your voice to whispers would have died
For that deep Quiet's sake;
Your steps the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break!

What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?
How could the ever sounding life
Among so many cease?

Was it some pageant of the heavens,
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human souls
In reverential love?

Or did some burdening Passion's weight
Hang on this in-drawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of death?

A mightier thing—Death, Death himself,
Lay on each lonely heart;
Kindred were there, yet hermits all—
Thousands—but each apart!

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

Love rear'd his shrine in Chantilly*—its walls
Resounded with the mirth of other days,
When monarchs feasted in its marble halls,
And jewel'd pomp, and pride, and beauty's blaze,
And deeds heroic, lent their lustrous ray
To gild thy setting sun—renown'd Conde!

Grief raised her voice in Chantilly—and long
An exile, wander'd forth her latest lord;
But, say, did joy lift her forgotten song
What time she hail'd the royal sire restored?
No!—quench'd his Light of Home—ah! home no
more—
A casket rifled of its brightest store.

Oh, who shall point the maddening thought† that
rise,
Wasting with wo the Father's aged breast—
Low in the dust his blooming hero lies.
And he—when wearied nature sinks to rest,
Last of his line, shall yield his tardy breath,
While alien hands divide the spoils of death.

One wish remain'd—it grew from day to day
A yearning and a passion—'till his heart
Loathed this frail tenement of earthly clay,
That held him from his dearer self apart,
And long'd to pierce the visionary gloom,
And clasp his martyr'd child in realms beyond the
tomb.

Ill fated Chief! around thy lonely bier,
Darkness, and clouds, and mutter'd horrors close;
Yet, let not pity check the generous tear,
If vast thine errors, vaster still thy woes—
And he who bids the raging billows cease,
Can to thy contrite spirit whisper Peace!

* L'Isle d'Amour is one of the prettiest parts of the garden.

† "Comment peut-on vivre!" was, a few days before his death, the exclamation of the aged prince.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS;

FOUNDED ON A RECENT CIRCUMSTANCE.

I WOULD I were absolute Queen of Britain for the space of one calendar month, (no treason to their gracious Majesties, whose loyal subject I am.) The sole and single act of my, or, to speak legally, our queenship, should be to abolish, disperse, and utterly annihilate all fashionable boarding-schools—to send the French governesses home to their millinery—the English ones to asylums to be supported by the voluntary contributions of all British subjects, who desire wives with heads and hearts—the pupils home to their respective mammas. But what mammas? Fashionable fine-lady mammas. Heigho! our right royal scheme is impracticable. Even an absolute queen is like the “cat i’ the adage,” and must be fain to let “I cannot, wait upon I would.”

But wherefore and whence my antipathy to these *soi-disant* mental miseries of Britain’s wives and mothers? Because I was trained in their ways, and governed by their laws, until my eighteenth year; and because they sent me forth frivolous and thoughtless, unskilled to find the path to happiness, although I had from nature, beauty, some talent, and quick strong feelings—from fortune, rank, riches and fashion—doubtful gifts, which embitter woe as often as they heighten bliss.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child, and was divorced. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother’s disgrace, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never more heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little, and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possession of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I who was intrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation’s wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, or moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study: my pleasures were “all of this noisy world,” all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother’s bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth: the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and chill, “still as a frozen torrent,” yet destined to leap to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving

rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.

I was now eighteen, and I resolved to avail myself abundantly of my legal liberty. I took a splendid residence in town, purchased the companionship of a tonnish widow, and delightedly resigned myself to the intoxication of the triumphs that awaited my entrance on the gay world. I trod the spacious apartments of my mansion with a transported and exultant sense of freedom and independence. I danced along, the mistress of its brilliant revels: song, and light, and odour, floated around my steps, and my free heart bounded gaily to the beat of mirthful music. Life seemed a feast—a gorgeous banquet—I, an exempted creature, whom no sorrow nor vicissitude could reach. The young and brave, the affluent and noble, strove for my favour as for honour and happiness; every eye offered homage, every lip was eager to utter praise. Ah! it is something to walk the earth arrayed in beauty, clad in raiment of nature’s own glorious form and dye. And what though it be not fadeless? What though the disrobing hand of death must cast it off to “darkness and the worm?” is it not something to have been a portion of the “spirit of delight,” a dispenser of so many of the “stray joys” that lie scattered about the highways of the world? Surely loveliness is something more than a mere toy, when but to look on it ennobles the gazer, and raises him nearer to truth and heaven. For me, although in the first giddy years of youth, I knew not how to prize aright my gift of nature; I yet felt that the joy of being beautiful springs from a warmer and purer source than vanity. Still I prized too highly the potency of personal attractions, when I believed them absolute over the affections. I lived to learn that there are hearts which it cannot purchase.

Meantime, the gloss of novelty grew dim; my keen zest for pleasure began to pall, and the monotony of dissipation grew distasteful to me. The flowery opening of the world’s path had been bright and gay; but it was now no longer new, and I began to inquire whither it would lead. I was hourly assailed by the importunities of my noble suitors; but I was in no haste to abridge the triumphal reign of vanity. I was a stranger to the only sentiment that could render marriage attractive to one situated as I was, and I consequently regarded it as an event that would diminish my power and independence. I had, too, considerable acuteness; and I believed that many of my most ardent admirers would have been less impassioned, had my dowry been less munificent. In this class I was secretly disposed to rank Lord E—, the handsomest and most assiduous of the competitors for my heart, hand, and estates. I was quite indifferent to him; and his pleadings gratified no better feeling than vanity. But my coldness seemed only to heighten his ardour, and he had the art of making the world believe that he ranked high in my regard. By his pertinacity, and the tyranny of etiquette, I found myself his almost constant partner in the dance, and he neglected no opportunity of exhibiting the deportment of a favoured lover. Reports were constantly circulated of our engagement and approaching union, yet I did not dismiss him from my train; I contented myself with denying any positive encouragement to his pretensions, because, though I did not love him, his society pleased me as

well as that of any one else; and I sometimes thought that, should I marry, he deserved reward as much as another. True, there were some young and generous hearts among my suitors—some who might perhaps have loved me disinterestedly, who were captivated by the charms of my gaiety, youth, and fresh enjoyment of life; but love cannot always excite love even in an unoccupied heart, and mine was alike indifferent to all—as that I was in danger of forming the most important decision of my life from motives that ought not to influence the choice of a companion for an hour. But fate, or rather providence, had reserved a painful chastening for my perverted nature. Freed as I was from the ties of kindred or affection, I had no friends through whom death might afflict me, and pecuniary distress could not touch one so high in fortune's favour. There was but one entrance through which moral suffering could pass into my soul, and that entrance it soon found. Nothing seemed so unlikely as that I should ever nourish an unhappy affection, or know the misery of "loving, unloved again;" yet even such was the severe discipline destined to exalt and purify my character.

I was in the habit of attending the parish church of the fashionable neighbourhood in which I resided. I went partly from an idea that it was decorous to do so, but chiefly from custom, and the same craving after crowded assemblies, which would have sent me to an auction or a rout. Neither to service or sermon did I ever lend the smallest attention. It was not that I was an unbeliever. No, I neither believed nor doubted, for I never reflected on the matter at all. This infidelity of levity is a thousandfold more demoralizing than the infidelity of misdirected study. Wherever thought is, there is also some goodness, some hope of access for truth: but folly, the cold, the impassive, is well nigh irreclaimable. Our courtly preachers were cautious not to disturb the slumbering consciences of their hearers, and the spirit of decorum, rather than that of piety, seemed to actuate them in the discharge of their functions. But a new preacher was sent to us. He was, indeed, a fervent and true apostle. When he first entered the pulpit, directly opposite to which my pew was situated, I scarcely looked at him, but my ear was soon caught by the solemn harmony of his voice and diction, and I turned towards him my undivided attention. Ah, Genius! then first I knew thee—knew thee in thy brightest form, labouring in thy holiest ministry, robed in beauty, and serving truth! It seemed as though my soul had started from a deep, dead slumber, and was listening entranced to the language of its native heaven. I experienced what the eastern monarch vainly sought—a new pleasure: for the first time, I trembled and glowed under the magic sway of a great mind—for the first time, heard lofty thought flowing in music from the lips of him who had embodied and conceived it. Never shall I forget that high and holy strain. It was a noble thing to see that youthful being stand before the mighty of the land, their monitor and moral guide—they, old in years and high in station, the rulers and lawgivers of a great nation—he, devoid of worldly honours and unwendowed, save by the energy of his virtuous soul and God-given genius. What moral power was his—what a blessed sphere of usefulness! It was his to wile the wanderer back to virtue by the charms of his eloquent devoutness—to startle the thoughtless by the terrors and the glories of the life to come—to disturb with the awful forethought of death the souls of men who were at peace in their possessions, and lift to immortality the low desires of those who had their thoughts and treasures here. Nerved by a sublime sense of the sacredness of his mission, he did not spare to smite at sin, lest it should be found sitting in the high places; but his divinely gentle nature taught him that we "have all of us one human heart," and that the unerring way

to it lies through the generous and tender feelings. Charity and entire affection for the whole human family, were the very essence of his moral being, and the saintly fervour of his philanthropy shed a corresponding, though far fainter glow into the bosoms of his hearers. It is not too much to say, that none ever listened to him without becoming, for the time at least, a nobler and more rational creature. And to exert weekly so sacred and benign a power as this, was it not to be a good and faithful server of humanity? For me, virtue and intellect were at once unveiled before me, and they did not pass unhomaged. I imbibed delightedly the grand and exalting sentiments of Christian morality: I had not, indeed, become as once religious, but thanks to the "natural blessedness" and innocence of morning life, I wished to become so, and this is much, for it is "the desire of wisdom that bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."

I left church, my imagination full of the young divine. I longed much to meet him in society, and find whether his manners and conversation would dissolve the spell which his genius had cast upon me. My wish was soon gratified, for his society was much courted; and never, among the pretenders to exclusive grace and fashion, did I meet a person of such captivating demeanour and endearing modesty, of mental curiosity so charmingly veiled, as Stephen Trevor. Long after our first acquaintance, I expressed my hearty admiration of him with the frankness natural to my disposition. I could perceive that my doing so arrayed against him the envious jealousy of my admirers, and in especial of Lord E——. They needed not to fear, so long as I could speak of him so unreservedly. The dignity of Trevor's character inspired me with such profound awe, that I could never summon courage to offer him a single compliment; but my bearing towards him was more courteous and respectful than it had ever been to any other man of his years. He, however, had little in common with the circle of which I formed a part; he was sometimes among, but never of us; his selected friends and companions were of a different stamp, and my acquaintance with him was consequently limited to brief and occasional interchanges of conventional courtesy. He knew little of me, but I had perused and re-perused his lovely character, and learned from the perusal how to solve the sage's debated question of "What is virtue?" The Sabbath was now my day of rest, and peace, and joy. I looked forward to it with the rapture of a child who anticipates a holiday. But it was not the Creator whom I thus joyed to worship; it was before his glorious creature that I bent in almost prostrate idolatry. Yes, the flattered, adored, and haughty heiress—she who had trifled with human hearts as with the baubles of an hour, was now pouring out her first affections an unregarded tribute—was won by him who alone had never wooed her favour—to whom her boasted beauty and her boundless wealth were valueless as dust and ashes, and in whose regard the lowliest and homeliest Christian maiden was of more esteem than she. Yes, imagination, passion, sensibility, long dormant, now awoke—to what a world of suffering! But if suffering, it was also life—life, whose sharpest pangs were worthy and ennobling. Why should I blush to own, and shrink from describing, the heavenliest feeling of my nature? Why not glory that my spirit turned coldly away from the frivolous and base, and bowed in reverent homage at the shrine of worth, and wisdom, and holiness, and genius? Yes, it was through my admiration of these great qualities, that love won its impeded way into the far recesses of my soul. Blessed be nature, that gave me strong sympathies, able to struggle up through the trammels of a false and feeble education! Blessed be love—aye, even its very thorns—for by it I was first led into the sweet and quiet world of literature, and felt the infinitely growing joys

of knowledge, and learned to gaze delightedly upon the changing and immortal face of nature.

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful. This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the æsthetic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat firmly enthroned; his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or pining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poetry, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I desisted from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silence into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted;" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded. I grew weary, weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin-born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected

me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revelation would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were far ever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye, and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblest men—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny do use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my underservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death! O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his aching eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other slight acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that

the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too, that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate, "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbblings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever-haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, on leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unhopedy joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time free from the prying observation of others, and this together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralyzed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on

intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of *La Pastorale*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss —— are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill;" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes into Devonshire next week, for a change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I nor loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, the imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E—— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E——. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E—— had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the infliction of a visit from Lord E——, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:—

"My dear Augusta—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to all his property, except a pelfy portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion

as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognised me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait, you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother,

"HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of release from Lord E——. I flew to nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"My dear Brother—if you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my own heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As to my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E—— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once, from his abhorred thralldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c.—more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love, and sighs and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and, congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly, his languid professions of constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying the dictates of affection, by urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I had never loved him, and found it convenient to be mightily indignant thereat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and drawing my harp towards me, sang with mock pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I trilled forth in merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E——'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E——'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E—— had proved; and, though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion

based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes, were a sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E——, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss ——, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E——, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears on the bosom of my dear confessor, when owning my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his wedded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been beloved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overflowing tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled the ring of our betrothment, as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect, was not a dream.

Since then, years have passed, many and full of blessings. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious husband, has reverted to our dutious children, who know how to use it better than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them, in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

THE MISERIES OF BEING AN AGREEABLE FELLOW.

"I'd rather be an umbrella
Than an 'agreeable, pleasant fellow.'"—*Old Song.*

"In all my wand'rings through this world of care,
Of all my griefs—and heaven has given my share,"

I have ever found my "agreeable" qualities the
greatest curse nature could have put upon me. From
my earliest hours

"I could smile, and smile, and smile, and be *agreeable*."

Nature seemed to have formed me just as she was
taking her wine, for I was, and am still

"An abridgement of all that is pleasant in man."

I can dance, sing, scrap-bookise, play the guitar,
speak Italian and French, scandalize my best friend,
choose a hunter, agree that "charity covereth a mul-
titude of sins" with Miss N—e, and take a hand at
ecarte with her Grace of ———; but, like the hero of
the "Happy Valley," I am still miserable—not a sec-
ond elapses between the "never ending still begin-
ning" raps at my door—my purse is drained by the
unpaid invitations of my acquaintances—night after
night am I compelled to be the Apollo of the scene—
my cheek has become bronzed by the "tropic flames
of beauty's eyes," and a constant exposure to the noon-
tide sun in gipsying parties, water excursions, park
driving, and ciceroneing—nay, so enormous is the de-
mand for my company, that my tailor has set up his
carriage, and my boot maker has taken his casino at
Kew by my patronage alone. In vain I learn Zim-
merman by heart, in hopes of becoming a "bore;" in
vain I speak to my law friends of the game laws or the
Catholic bill;—their "Oh las," disarm me at once,
and I must be "at my *pleasant* work again."

And now for my tale of woe. I have before said,
that even in the springtide of childhood I was agree-
able—from which, with "all sedition, privy conspir-
acy, and rebellion," good reader, "good Lord deliver
thee!" lest like me, thou live to see the miseries of it,
and become unthankful.

It would little amuse the reader (gentle or ungentle)
to know how often I was "Dalby'd, Duffy'd, and God-
frey'd," or carried down from the nursery to be "little
deared" in the boudoir, or caressed in the servants'
hall;—pass we over all that to my school days, when

"Ushers flogg'd, and boys gave forth their 'Ohs.'"

"Never believe a great broad-faced, beetle-browed
spoon, when he tells you, with a sigh that would upset
a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are
those he spends at school," says the editor of the Scotch
Magazine. I beg to be an exemption from this rule,
and trust the reader will not doubt my veracity, when
I affirm that mine were the most delightful of my ex-
istence. Far different from the rough, unchristian
usages of pedagogues, birches, and unfeeling ushers,
were my hours. Of an evening, when all "my co-
mates and brothers in exile" were boring their brains
over Homer, Xenophon, and those "ancient monsters;"
or, "sweetly sleeping, sweetly snoring," on their stone-
like beds, I was seated comfortably by the drawing-
room fire, or promenading the shrubberies of my tutor,
making the "agreeable" to his lady, or regaling her
guests with *solosa la Veluti*; instead of the intamous
"sky blue" wherewith my schoolfellows dosed them-

selves; my breakfast consisted of buttered toast, an-
chovy paste, cream, coffee, and various meats, and
when the little unfortunates were turned out mid ice
and cold, to warm their limbs with exercise in the
open air, I was permitted to draw near the blazing
hearth, or the "Doctor's tea-table;" and all because I
was "agreeable."

I spent the time in this manner for four years, at the
termination of which, being eighteen, I was sent to
Oxford, and then I found the misery of being "com-
panionable." Instead of making my way with credit
and distinction to the highest classes, I found myself
lamentably deficient; my former master's "fair leader"
had completely ruined me with toast and kindness,
and I stood below many "men" (anglice boys of nine-
teen or twenty) whose heads scarce reached my waist-
coat. I was not long at "Queen's" before it was
known I could sing a good song, empty a bottle, gave
the most elegant dinners of all the collegers, and had
the most indecent Venuses money could buy, to stock
my "rooms" with. Then again commenced my ruin
—my wine parties were frequent, my vehicle con-
stantly rolling, my companions agreeable, and my
studies neglected. At length the examination ap-
proached, and I endeavoured to make up by hard
study and perseverance what I had lost by over kind-
ness and visiting; but it was useless—the day came
—the questioning commenced, and I was "spooned."
Mad with vexation and disgust at the publicity of my
disgrace, I was seeking my rooms, when my path was
impeded by the foul fiend himself, in the shape of
Henry Augustus Demander.—before my arrival reck-
oned the most delightful fellow of all the Halls. That
he hated me I was well aware, for I had many proofs
of malignity. "Good morning, squire," said the tor-
turer, advancing towards me with a laugh that savoured
strongly of the fiend, "how are ye this morning?—
nay, man, do not look so ferocious, for I will not rob
you of your well-earned honours, I have no ambition
of 'spoonbilism,' believe me." Heated to the utmost
by passion,

I hastily seiz'd him, full dress'd as he was,
For I very well knew what the knave meant;
And swinging him rudely, too rudely, alas,
He stumbled and fell on the pavement.

But like another Anteus, instantly rose with redoubled
strength, and would, no doubt, have made my face
any thing but beautiful, had not my guardian angel
descended in the shape of Dr. Study, the head digni-
tary of my college. Afraid of being detected in such
a situation, Mr. Demander took to flight, leaving me in
the possession of half a yard of his gown and a lewd
copy of Ovid. I had not been at home more than
half an hour, when my late antagonist favoured me
with an invitation to meet him next morning, as "be-
came a man of honour and a gentleman," at a short
distance from the town. Although no coward, I must
confess an antipathy to that false idea of courage
which frequently leads men to murder each other to
support their "honour," and to prove to the world how
willing they are to be made "butts" of on the slightest
occasion. Such lives are scarce worth preserving if
they be at the disposal of every knave that can draw
a trigger. Such were my contemplations as I sat pe-
rusing my enemy's note; but when I remembered

that all eyes were upon my conduct, I gave up my philosophy, and calling for my deak,

"I penn'd an answer—sent it—fought,"

and wounded Mr. Henry Augustus Demander in the right arm, which, as it enabled him to wear a black silk sling, and look "interesting," he no doubt freely forgave me. Fearing expulsion, like many great men, I prudently resolved to retire, (vulgariter, avoid kicking out,) and accordingly left the university, wishing my agreeable qualities at the bottom of the bottomless pit.

Having lost all chances of succeeding in obtaining a living by this "untoward event," I next turned my thoughts to the army, wisely resolving as the "church militant here on earth" had refused to enlist me, to seek it beneath the banners of his Most Gracious Majesty; and as the war in Spain was then going on tolerably successfully, that is to say, there being not more than five hundred men killed per diem, I purchased a commission in the —th regiment of hussars, of the Right Hon. George —, who liked the sound of the band better than the booming of

"Great ordnance in the field;

or,

"The shot, the shout, the groan of war,"

and joined the great Arthur at Badajoz: every one knows (or *may* know, if they will read Lieutenant-Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War) the hardships we warriors underwent in that part of the world: my sufferings, like every other officer's, were very severe: at Salamanca I was obliged to pistol a charger, that three months previous to my departure from England, had cost me three hundred and fifty guineas. At Burgos, I saw my baggage, containing three full dress jackets, valued at fifty pounds each; and a dozen pair of "Hobby's best," carried off by a fellow with mustachios that might have served to sweep the roads; and at Talavera, was forced to feed upon beef-steaks and onions dressed in the breastplate of a guardsman! I know not how, but so it was, whether the Frenchmen thought it a pity to slay such a handsome set of fellows as composed our regiment, or had compassion on our "innocence,"—but on our return to England we found only twenty-four men, and those chiefly of the file, had perished, while in most other corps the loss was immense. Perceiving in the gazette a lieutenancy in the —th dragoons was vacant, I wrote to my colonel, begging his interest to procure it: he promised, and I had every hope of obtaining the promotion, for the commanding officer was a man of high family; but my hopes were vain—the secretary wrote me that it had been already obtained by the son of an earl. Seeing little hope of advancement, at the close of ten years I sold out, contrary to the desire of my brother officers and my colonel, who, I afterwards found, on applying at the horse guards for my pay, had sent a request to the highest quarter that my petition might *not* be granted, as I was a "damned pleasant fellow, and he did not wish to lose me from the mess;" and thus was the "service" deprived of a faithful soldier, because he was too "agreeable" to be promoted. Disgusted with the world and worldlings, I drove down to an estate of my father's, in Suffolk, determined to "misanthropise" and be romantic; but all my plans were disconcerted by the

"Large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy hands"

of Miss Emily Hathenden, whose estate bordered on my own. As scenes of passion, like law cases, are far more agreeable to those interested in them, than to those who do not participate in the glorious uncer-

ainty of either, be it sufficient to say, that after the usual quantity of nonsensical love epistles, vows breathed by moonlight, presents, eye discoursings, and sighings, I obtained a promise from my lady love that she would be mine;—but "vanity of vanities!" just as I was about to select the usual quantity of lace and jewellery, for the first appearance of my "lady" as a bride, down came Mr. Courtem in a chaise and four told me he was going with his family to Switzerland for the summer months, and I was such a "devilish pleasant fellow," the ladies had "sworn" they would not go without me. I could not possibly refuse, as this gentleman was very likely to be prime minister on the downfall of the opposite party, and had promised me the first borough that became vacant; besides, his son had been my second at Oxford, and Mrs. Courtem used to send me such presents at my first academy; but yet I could not readily tear myself from her whom I loved so tenderly. We wept, we promised eternal faithfulness to each other, broke a sovereign (sixpence is a vulgar coin) and parted. Months flew by, and I returned with my friends to England, picturing the happiness in store for me, and forming plans to increase it; but,

"Alas, for human happiness!

Alas, for human sorrow!

Our schemes all come to nothingness!"

They were but schemes, airy castles, baby-houses,—which a fillip of fate throws down in an instant. Anxious again to behold my heart's idol, I ordered post-horses, and went down immediately to her father's seat, and learned with aching brain and heated heart she was married. Thus did I lose the best wife in the world, because, forsooth, I was "an agreeable fellow."

These, gentle reader, are a *few* of the miseries my "agreeableness" has brought me into; were I to write them *all*, six octavo volumes would scarce contain them: if therefore like me you have the misfortune to be a pleasant companion, for your own sake "check the inclination;"—quote Greek; call Mrs. Norton's beautiful poem, the Sorrows of Rosalie, namby pamby; run down Rouge et Noire or Ecarte; dress vulgarly; sing without a voice; abuse Ascot with the Hon. James —, or drink port with the guards,—do any thing that is nonsensical; but if you wish to be at rest,

"Eschew the agreeable vein,"

lest it bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

CHARLES A——.

One of the best and most wholesome signs of the progress of sound thinking, in matters of education is, that while classical literature is not so inordinately and exclusively cherished as formerly, every facility to acquire it is ten times more encouraged. Thus we have in progress translations of the classics—not, indeed, so good as the classics themselves, but still the next best thing. And really for those orders of men who wish to know, but can scarcely afford time to the preparatory acquisition of two difficult languages, these translations are of inestimable use. As a reservoir for great and abstract principles of action, individual and political, the ancients are but of trifling value; but every thing that should accompany, illustrate, enforce, adorn such principles, are to be found among them in so copious and golden a profusion, that he who wants to well express modern opinions, should imbue himself with the nobleness and simplicity of ancient language. What an unfailing tutor for a pure style in English, is the knowledge of Latin!

THE TRAITOR;

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

IDA—BERTRAM.

IDA. At length we meet; how I have sought for thee,
That my full heart might vent itself in words,
And so find rest. Oh Bertram, is it true?
Hast thou entrapped, betrayed, lured on to death
The man who was thy general? whose arm
(Thou could'st not slay him but in manacles?)
So oft hath fought and conquered by thy side?
Hast thou done this?

BERTRAM. I have. And were it still
To do again, I would repeat the deed.
From the hushed camp, at midnight, forth I led him,
Under pretence to show the secret pass
Which leads to Ilderstein. His boasted watch
Heard not the creaking of the iron doors
That closed upon their proud victorious chief.
He thanked me as we went; yet chide not thou,
For, Ida, had I loved thee less, perchance
I had been less a traitor.

IDA. Love me, Bertram!
Love me! why so you loved Count Insinger—
Or said you loved! so stood in his bright presence—
So watched his open, undeceiving eye—
And read therein the temper of his mind—
Whom yet thou hast betrayed to chains and death.
And thou didst let him thank thee! Bertram, Bertram!
Did not thy blood run cold when his true hand
Grasped thine? when from his unsuspecting tongue
The words of thankfulness gushed forth, as 'twere
From the full fountain of a grateful heart?
Didst thou not shrink and shudder at his touch?

BERTRAM. He is mine enemy, and thine; the foe
Of all thy father's house; the oppressor's tool
Wherewith we are ground to dust. I was his soldier—
But that was when he loved the armour's rust
Better than ermined robe or waving plume—
He is too courtly for a general!
And as I loved him once, so now I hate him!

IDA. Why, meet him then upon the open field;
There, front to front, make ye your quarrel sooth;
And God be with the right! Now mark me, Bertram!
Thou hast been counted brave. When horrid death
Was round thee, and above thee, and beneath thee—
When the loud clash of arms, the roar of guns,
The shouts confused of those that fought and won,
The feeble groans of those who fought and fell,
Were hoarsely mingled in one common sound;—
And the sulphureous canopy of smoke,
Slow floating on the carnage-sickened breeze,
Gave distant glimpses of the routed foe;—
High hast thou felt thy heart in triumph bound.
Look back to them, for never shall those days
Return to bless thee with a glorious joy.
Go where thou wilt, the curse of fear goes with thee!
The consciousness that thou hast played the traitor—
That in this wide and weary world of ours,
There is one voice whose tones would chill thy heart,
One eye before whose glance thine own must quail.
This single thought shall scare thy midnight hour,
Dash from thy feasting lips the untasted cup,
Unnerve thine arm in combat, blanch thy cheek,
And make a coward of thee, German soldier!

BERTRAM. Ida!

IDA. There is a mournful mockery in thy tone,
For it doth bring me back thy better days,
When my lone prayers, breathed forth at Heaven's
high throne

Were not thy scoff; when on that iron brow,
Guilt had not set his seal, nor fierce revenge
Lit up a dreadful fire within thine eyes.
Then thou didst love me; then my voice could sway—
Then life—oh! happy days!

BERTRAM. Thou weepst, Ida!

IDA. Should I not weep, remembering what thou wert,

To witness what these fearful years have made thee!
But *he!* thou'lt free him, Bertram, wilt thou not?
For my sake—*mine!* Ah! wherefore dost thou pause?
Even now thy shrinking and irresolute eye
Wanders from place to place, as though the earth
Were a broad tablet, from whose written rules
Thou might'st direct thy course. Wilt free him, Bertram!

BERTRAM. I have no power.

IDA. I know thou hast not power
To open wide his prison doors, and say,
"Go forth, and breathe again the mountain breeze,
And slake thy hot brow in the mountain stream,
And climb with vigorous limb the mountain's side.
And grasp thy brother warriors' hands in thine,
For thou art free!"

This, Bertram, *this* I know thou canst not do;
The lion *thou* hast toiled, the hunters guard,
And well by day and night their watch is kept.
But thou who couldst so wisely plot to slay,
Can'st thou not plot to save? Is there no hope,
No wild escape, no glimmering ray of light?
Oh! if you ever loved me, free this man!

BERTRAM. Vain is thy adjuration! vain thy prayer!
The feverish brow lies cold; the well nerved limbs,
Slackened and stiff, no longer need more space
Than half the narrow dungeon could afford.
Death—*death* hath freed Count Insinger!

IDA. Oh, heaven!
But thou dost jest—thou couldst not tell it me
So calmly, were it true; thy lip would quiver.
Thine eye would shrink; thy hand, thy hand, would
tremble;

Thy voice would falter forth the horrid words,
Even as a tale of blood is ever told;
Thy brow—oh, God! that grim and gloomy smile
Sends a chill poison creeping through my veins!
And yet it is not true! he could not die!
Young, proud, brave, beautiful; but yesternorn
The chief of thousands, who would all have given
Their life's blood, drop by drop, for love of him.
He could not die! Who told me he was dead?
The tameless energy, the aspiring hope,
The proud ambition, the unshaken truth,
That dwelt within his heart—have all these perished?
Is his name but a sound? his memory
A fitting shadow, which from time to time
Shall steal across our hearts and sadden them,
And pass away again like other shadows?
Is all that was Count Insinger cold dust? [*Pauses.*]
Save me, dear Bertram, playmate of my youth!
For horrible dreams are madd'ning my poor brain;
Catch me, and fold me closely to thy bosom,
Ere that dark rivulet of crimson blood
Which flows between us part our souls for ever.
Hark! there are voices ringing through the air;
They call thee, "*murderer*," but answer not.
I'll hide thee! not in the earth, for there *he* lies;
Nor in the sea, for blood hath tinged its waves;
But in my heart—my wrung and broken heart!

[*Sinks down.*]

I had a loved companion of thy name
In days long past, and for his sake I'll hide thee;
And thou shalt bear a message from my lips
To his far distant ear. He'll weep for me—
I know he'll weep: I would have wept for him,
Though he forsook me. Tell him that his name
Was the last sound that lingered on my tongue.
Bertram! it is earth's music! Bertram! *now!* [*Dies.*]
BERTRAM. If thou hadst cursed me, pale and broken
flower,

I could have borne it! if thy heart's deep love
Had turned to hate, I could have braved that hate.
But *this!* oh God!—

THE MINIATURE.

Look on this picture."—Shakespeare.

CHAPTER I.

MR. DIAPER GARNET was standing at his shop door, diving his hands into his pockets; anon rubbing, and causing them to revolve over each other with a leisurely satisfaction; presently, introducing his thumbs into the arms of his waistcoat, casting an eye occasionally at the sunny atmosphere around; and, in short, betraying evident comfort with the most perfect composure.

And indeed, as things went, Garnet might very reasonably deem himself well off. Just married to a pretty little creature, who, in addition to a constant flow of high spirits, and an inexhaustible stock of good temper, had brought him a sufficient dowry; established in a jeweller's shop, which, although small, contained, not to mention that priceless gem Mrs. G., many others of inferior value and lustre; and blest with an inimitable skill in the adjustment of jewellery, and irresistibly persuasive in the recommendation of plate, what could possibly thwart his advancement in life?

His thoughts had been occupied all the morning by a review of the flattering circumstances of his situation. He called to mind the pithy and profound sayings of his master, old Agate, now deceased, and lying in the adjacent churchyard; by a heedful interpretation of which he had caused himself to prosper. He remembered, with a triumphant smile, (for he had now discarded them,) his juvenile faults, vices, and indiscretions; he conjured to memory that auspicious day, when, twitching from its congenial cotton, one of his own wedding rings, he insinuated it on the left hand fourth finger of his Lucy; and, above all, he had the eye of retrospection upon those three per cents transferred into his own name in the books of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, just over the way.

To have seen Garnet at this moment, you would have sworn that he deserved these blessings. There was a seraphic delight in his round and cherubic countenance, as he warbled a soft and sentimental air. He was gorgeously dressed in an open blue coat, a velvet waistcoat enriched by a gold chain, and pantaloons of amazing tightness. He was going presently to the exhibition with Mrs. Garnet.

The approach of a young lady dissipated the concluding shake of "Love's young Dream," and brought signals of recognition into his visage. "Ha, my dear Miss Lucy Penfold," said he, with kind solicitude, "'tis a world since I saw you! how is your excellent father?" Miss Lucy satisfied him upon that point.

"Mother?"

"Quite well."

"Yourself?"

"Also quite well."

"Why then, all's well," retorted Garnet, laughing at his own wit. "But pray walk in, the pathway is so narrow, and we have so many accidents from the cabs at this corner. A dreadful accident happened just now. Oh! there are many lives lost by cabs—this was a young man, very fine young man too; here's his card—Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg. But what ails you, my dear Miss Penfold? you turn pale—sit down—that's right—hilloo!—what the deuce!—fainted, by the Lord!"

With these words Mr. Garnet leaped over the counter, and sought to restore the young lady by the application of salts. As he hung over her, he could not help

thinking that he had never seen her look so charming before. Miss Lucy Penfold was, certainly, a very pretty girl, but Garnet had tender recollections that rendered her additionally interesting. He had once sighed for her, and sighed in vain. A desperate thought crossed the threshold of his brain. He quailed at the idea of welcoming it. "Eh? what? shall I? Mrs. G.'s not in the back parlour. No one will be the wiser. I'll snatch a kiss."

Just as he was about to perform this felonious feat, Miss Lucy revived, and murmured in a faint voice, but with a trembling emphasis, "Did you say, sir, that the young gentleman was killed?"

"Killed, Miss!" said Garnet, striving to recover a composure, which the surprise of her revival had in some measure disturbed; "killed, Miss!—young gentleman!—ey—Fogg—oh, no—killed—no—bruised his elbow, or some such small matter. No, I said dreadful accidents *did* sometimes happen; but, you're so susceptible. Miss Penfold, pray be calm;" and he attempted a glance of tender interest at the invalid with one eye, while he sought to include, with the other organ of vision, a prospect of the back parlour.

"And now, Miss Lucy," resumed the indiscreet goldsmith, "that you are a little composed, pray take the protection of my arm to your father's; nay, I will not be refused."

"Well, since you are so very kind," said the young lady, "and as I'm still very weak, I will defer the business I came about, and accept your offer;" and the pair slowly departed from the shop.

CHAPTER II.

"I'll teach Mr. Garnet to pay attention to ladies in the shop," exclaimed a pretty little woman as she issued from the back parlour, with a roguish smile upon her small lips. "I do believe the man was going to kiss the young person. Oh these men! Well, he shall never hear the last of it. I'll take care of that—but what's this lying upon the ground?"

It was a miniature portrait of a young gentleman in a blue coat, yellow waistcoat, white kerchief, and somewhat ostentatious frill; his hair neatly curled for the nonce, and his eyes directed sideways, as though he were looking for the frame; in which ornament, however, the picture, was deficient.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Garnet, sitting down on the shop stool, and leaning her hand on one knee, "a very nice young man, indeed. I wonder who he can be; how different from Mr. Garnet? Certainly," she resumed, after a pause, looking obliquely at the picture with her head on one side, the more critically to examine it, "certainly G.'s face is that of a griffin by the side of this—he shall smart for this morning's impudence, the little villain." So saying, and carrying the painting with her, Mrs. Garnet retired again to the back parlour.

Presently in runs Mr. Garnet, wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and drawing his watch from his fob. "My dear Lucy, are you ready?" said he, with forced vivacity, for his conscience smote him, as he dropped his head through the opening door of the back parlour, "we shall be too late for the exhibition."

"Not in such a hurry, Mr. Garnet," said his wife, calmly, "we are too late as it is, I'm sure. Pray, sir, come in." Garnet crept forward with the look of a culprit.

"Who was that young lady in the shop this morning, sir?"

"Who—in the shop—this morning," faltered the goldsmith; "ha! ha! ha! that's a secret, Mrs. G.—a little private affair of my own," added he, with a rueful pleasantry, as though, by gaily avowing a secret intrigue, he should ward off suspicion; "a secret, I say, not to be divulged," rubbing his hands, and winking his eye knowingly.

"Then you should keep your secrets better, Mr. Garnet, that's all I know," said the lady; "you think I didn't see you kiss the girl, I suppose. Ah! Mr. G., Mr. G."

"God bless my soul, Mrs. Garnet," cried the jeweller, with a cool confidence worthy of a better cause, yet inwardly quaking at this unexpected discovery, "really you make such strange charges; you're such an eccentric woman!" hardly conscious of what he uttered; "you are such a little quiz, you know you are, aren't you now?" and here he attempted to pinch her waist coaxingly, and began to dance about the room to hide his confusion.

"Well, well—it's no matter, Mr. Garnet, it is a happy thing for me that I have a consolation elsewhere," said Mrs. Garnet, pointing, and looking tenderly, at the same time, at something which she held in her hand. "What have you got there, my dear," cried Garnet, with renewed nerve and vigour of speech—"a lock of my hair, eh? Come, come, you must not shear off Sampson's hair by stealth, thou fond Delilah."

"It cannot concern you what I have in my hand," returned the wife, kissing the precious treasure fondly.

"Nay, now, I insist upon seeing what it is, Mrs. Garnet—resistance is vain—ha! a portrait!"

"Yes, a portrait, sir."

"Really, Madam, this is very indiscreet, not to say culpable," said Garnet, seriously—"I never had a portrait taken. Let me look at it. The portrait of some fellow, I'll be sworn."

"Why, Lord bless me! Mr. Garnet, how you tease," exclaimed the lady, with provoking coolness—"as though it could signify to you whose portrait it is. I have had other beaux in my time, you may be sure."

"The beaux may go to the devil!" cried Garnet, with a look of defiance, exploring the remotest corners of his pockets, and striding about the room in a fury.

"For shame, Mr. Garnet, to mention the devil in my presence," simpered the lady, without lifting her eyes from the portrait at which she was fondly gazing.

"I will see it!" shouted the jealous jeweller, as, like Mr. Wordsworth's cloud, which

"Moves altogether, if it move at all,"

with a simultaneous spring, like a tiger, he obtained possession of the miniature. "Pretty doings, pretty doings, upon my word!" exclaimed he with a hysterical chuckle—"this is excellent, upon my word—ha! ha! ha! upon my life, it's good—not three months married, and—capital!—ruin and misery—glorious!—despair and madness!"—and the overpowered little man rushed madly into the shop with the portrait.

CHAPTER III.

"I CERTAINLY was a great fool," said Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg, a young gentleman of imposing appearance, as he stood musingly at the front of the Royal Exchange, "to quarrel with Lucy as I did, and to fly in the face of old Penfold, by beating him at cribbage;—besides, that trip to Margate was in every respect ruinous; and now I find the door shut in my face, and the servant inaccessible to silver. I'll go down to the little goldsmith who helped me up, after my fall from the cab—he may, perhaps, assist me."

So saying, our soliloquist walked down the street, and soon found himself in Garnet's shop.

That distracted man was seated on a stool behind

his counter, upon which both his elbows rested—his head having fallen into his extended hands. He was busily engaged in examining something before him. "I am come, sir," said Fogg, with respectful politeness, "to thank you for your kind attention to me. I am the ex-cab passenger of this morning."

"Sir," sighed the goldsmith, slowly raising his head, "the unfortunate are ever entitled to such services as—ah! what!" and he fell to a second scrutiny of the counter, and then, tilting himself back upon his stool, leaned against the edge of a glass case behind him, and pushing his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, gazed with a wo-begone countenance at the stranger.

"May I ask, sir," said the other with surprise, "what you have been, and are gazing at with, permit me to say, such lack-lustre expression?—a portrait!—by heavens! my portrait. How came you by this? Speak, goldsmith; where did you get it? Confess, jewel-setter, confess."

"Where did I get it?" returned Garnet, in a deeply moral tone, as though it were a prelude to a religious discourse, shaking his head and pointing to the door of the back parlour—"there!—my wife."

"Your wife!" shrieked the other, falling upon the shop stool with all the immobility of the national debt, and, like that incubus, as though he were never to be removed.

"My wife, I say," repeated Garnet, beating his forehead—"Lucy, there, reluctantly gave it up to me."

"Lucy!" screamed Fogg, burying his face in his hands—"lost, for ever lost!"

"Lost, for ever lost," echoed the goldsmith, "my good sir, do take your elbows off that glass case: if it should give way, they'd play the deuce with the brooches below: lost!—then there's a pair of us—God bless my soul!"

"Please, sir," said a man, as he entered the shop, pulling off his hat, and smoothing two inches of straight hair on his forehead—"you promised to wait on Mrs. Deputy Tomlins at three—it's now half past."

"By the by, and so I did," cried Garnet, as he bustled from his stool, and drew a small case from a drawer. "I'll be with her instantly. Pray, Mr. Fogg, don't stir till I return—this matter must be investigated," and seizing his hat, and throwing up his eyes and hands, he darted from the door.

Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg remained for a considerable period buried in profound grief;—at length, raising his head, he murmured with a vindictive pressure of his teeth together, "Ass that I was—idiot—incurable fool—to go to Margate—on pleasure, I think I said to myself—on pleasure, ha! ha! and lest my Lucy to be snapt up by a mercenary and morose brooch-seller. But why, why do I reproach myself? Is she not to blame? Is not perverse Penfold culpable! Then welcome revenge! Come hither, immense Roland, for a prodigions Oliver: the thought pleases me; yet how?—But why?" he resumed, deviating into another train of thought, "Why do I sit here like a fool?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, sir," answered a boy who had been called to mind the shop during the absence of Garnet, looking from under the enormous brim of a hat, six sizes too large for his small skull.

"Peace, mysterious cub, peace," cried the distracted one, eyeing him with a baleful look—"I am ill, faint, weak, and wo-begone;"—then, sitting bolt upright upon the stool, and elevating his eyes, he turned round as on a pivot, till his face fronted the glass door of the back parlour. "In there, in there, boy," darting his finger before him—"a glass of water might be procured?"

"Pray, sir, walk in," said Mrs. Garnet, who had been eye-piercing through the corner of the cambrie blind for a considerable time, and now opened the

dear—"you seem unwell—pray come in and rest yourself."

"Ten thousand pardons—but I am indeed indisposed," cried the bereft, as he tottered into the parlour.

"I fear, Madam," said he, when he had swallowed a glass of water, "that I give you much trouble; but an announcement on the part of your brother has so agitated me."

"My brother, sir!" interrupted Mrs. Garnet, calling up from the depths of memory a little boy who had died of the measles twelve years before—"my brother, what do you mean?"

"Your brother, madam, I repeat," answered Fogg, impatiently, "just now stepped out to Mrs. Deputy Tomlins—has agitated me by a communication—he is blessed with the possession of a lovely wife."

"Do you think so?" returned Mrs. Garnet, with a soft smile, which, however, was instantaneously exchanged for a visage of extraordinary gravity, as she recognised the original of the portrait, and noted the strange manner in which he confounded relationships. The wildness of his eyes, also, favoured the idea that he was a recently self-emancipated maniac.

"Has he been married long?" said Fogg, with an alarming start, as a torturing reminiscence shot through his brain.

"Oh, no, sir! a very short time indeed," said the trembling wife, a vision of the incurable department of St. Luke's intruding itself into her mind.

"But why do I ask these idiot questions?" he continued, querulously; "my dear madam, you are goodness itself to listen to my ravings; permit me, when I am more calm, to call and repeat my acknowledgments of your kindness;" then seizing her hand, and kissing it, "farewell," he cried, and opening the door, stumbled over the couchant form of Garnet.

That blighted goldsmith was, indeed, drawn up into a compendious mass of concentrated misery. His hands were tightly clenched upon his stooping knees, his neck sunk between the shoulders with the lax pliability of a turtle's; and the one open eye was endeavouring to peer through the blind, with a ten-argus power of vision. "Wretch!" he gasped, as the other tumbled over him, but further utterance was denied him—"Wretch! ah! you say true, I am indeed a wretch," said Fogg, rising, with a grim smile, "but you—oh! how much the reverse! too happy in the possession of such a wife;" and he retired shuddering from the shop.

CHAPTER IV.

GARNET thought verily that his lot was too much for man to bear; and, accordingly, applying to a closet just behind him, he drew forth a bottle, and directed the neck to his mouth, leaning leisurely back that a sufficient portion of the cordial might find its way to his inner man. While in this constrained posture, he was interrupted by the entrance of somebody into the shop, and turning round, and hastily replacing the cork, the presence of Miss Lucy Penfold greeted him. "Oh! my dear Mr. Garnet, pray tell me," said that young lady, "do you know the gentleman who just left your shop?"

"I do, Miss, I do," answered he with unnatural emphasis, setting down the bottle in the closet, "his name is Fogg—a fog that has obscured my sun of happiness for ever: look there, look at that room; it contains my wicked wife."

"Your wicked wife, sir!" said Lucy, confused; "what do you mean? you surely are not so foolish as—"

"I have discovered all," he roared. "I have discovered an attachment subsisting between Fogg and my wife!"

"Gracious heavens! Mr. Garnet," cried the young lady, sinking upon the stool, "you do not mean!"

"I mean revenge," said he, clenching his teeth and hands.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, sir, do not talk so; it is I who am the most miserable of human beings!" and she sunk back faintly.

"God bless my soul!" cried Garnet, "why you are not going to faint again, I hope; you're subject to fainting fits, I fear;" and he scrambled to the closet, and seized the bottle; but, finding that the young lady was recovering, he stealthily placed it to his own lips in a trice, and returned—"What's the matter, Miss Lucy, what is the matter?" he whispered, wringing his hands, "I have trouble enough of my own, Heaven knows; surely"—and lifting his head, he met the reflection of his own face in a glass opposite. A thought flashed across him: he drew up his shirt collar. "Surely," he continued in a softer tone, "this concern cannot be for me.—Oh! might I hope that in that bosom?"

"Oh! no, no, no," cried Miss Penfold, weeping, and pushing him from her.

"Oh! yes, yes, yes," returned he,—"say yes, then at least I shall be blest."

"You will, will you, Mr. Garnet," cried a voice with terrific shrillness in one ear, while the other was seized upon and wrung excruciatingly; "these are your sly ways, are they? to pretend jealousy of me, in order to cover your own designs. Oh! Mr. Garnet, Mr. Garnet!"—and here his partner fell into a passion of tears.

"Something strikes me that I shall go distracted," said Garnet, hopelessly raising his spread palms to his head, and sitting down upon the stool—"Oh, misery!"

"Misery, indeed," retorted his wife, sobbing with convulsive sighs, "you have made me miserable, you know you have."

"There now!" cried Garnet, appealing to Miss Lucy, as he sprang from the stool with his extended hands sticking out from his sides like the fins of a fish, "did you ever hear the like? the woman has lost all sense of shame; didn't I see the man kiss your hand through the blind? didn't I see it, I say, with this eye," shooting his finger towards the organ in question.

"And didn't I see you this morning, Mr. Garnet—now, confess—through the very same blind?"

"Hush, hush, woman!" interrupted Garnet, solemnly, "you know not what you say, deserted alike by reason and virtue."

"I am sorry, madam," said Lucy, interposing, "that there should be any misunderstanding, but I trust that I am in no measure the cause of it."

Mrs. Garnet made no answer, but retired into the parlour.

"I came, Mr. Garnet," she continued, "about a trifle which I fear I must have lost; nothing was picked up in your shop this morning?—not that it is any longer valuable to me."

"Nothing, nothing, Miss Lucy," answered Garnet, not heeding the question. "Picked up! yes, information that has distracted me."

"Good morning, sir; I hope to find you calmer when I see you again;" and the young lady departed.

"Calmer! yes in the stiffness of death, perhaps," murmured Garnet, with a bitter grin.

"Mr. Diaper Garnet," said his wife, coming forward with red eyes, a white handkerchief, and a severe placidity of countenance, "we must part; your unjust suspicions of me, coupled with your own shameful proceedings, render it absolutely necessary that we should part."

"Ha! ha! this is too much, this is too much, upon my soul," chuckled Garnet, with a stifling and in a fearfully guttural tone—"ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" and now reason seemed to be taking an eternal leave of him, but that, as he tossed his head back at the last interjection, it came in contact with the edge of a glass

case, with a crash that threatened the cleaving in twain of his skull.

"What need of this violence, Mr. Garnet?" resumed his wife, alarmed at his forlorn aspect; "we can never more agree on this side the grave; it is better, therefore, that we should separate."

"Oh, hour of wo! that it should come to this," groaned the goldsmith, physical and mental pain struggling for the mastery. "Go in, Mrs. G. and we'll talk of it presently. You are right, we never can be happy again;" and when his wife was out of sight, he fell into a fit of tears.

CHAPTER V.

In the meantime, Fogg had betaken himself to a chop-house in the neighbourhood, and there (for even despair has an appetite) solaced himself with a beef-steak. He, however, found himself, in half an hour, opposite Garnet's shop. "Yes, I will see her for the last time,—I will learn from her own lips the reasons of her cruelty and desertion of me, and then leave this hated country for ever." So determined, he drew himself up before the shop window, and examined with a vacant eye the gold pins and bracelets. Garnet observed him, as he stood at the back of the shop bathing his afflicted head with an embrocation of vinegar. "Oh! I am looked upon as a mere cipher in my own house, that's quite clear—the deuce take the fellow's impudence, he's coming in; well, I'll confirm my suspicions at all events, I will not wrong Mrs. G. rashly," and under the counter dived the goldsmith. Mr. Henry Augustus Fogg now walked in, and tapping at the door of the back parlour, was admitted. "I am come, madam," said Augustus, in a melancholy tone, "for a purpose which true lovers must applaud, to take a last farewell of your sister-in-law—lead me to her."

"My sister-in-law!" cried Mrs. Garnet; "oh, sir, do leave me! You have been the innocent cause of much misery in this family. Your unhappy infirmity can alone excuse"—

"Madam," interrupted Fogg, "where is Mr. Garnet's wife—fate shall not hinder our final interview."

"She is here, sir, I am Mr. Garnet's wife."

"Gracious heavens! what mystery is this?—Propitious powers! who then is the young lady I met coming into the shop this morning? Oh, joy unutterable!"

"I know not who she is," said Mrs. Garnet; "but this I know, that, in consequence of her, I am the most miserable of women."

"How, madam?" cried Fogg, "what horrible mystery is this?—explain."

"Must I confess my husband's shame, and my own despair?" cried the lady, in a state of doubtful perturbation.

"Do, madam, by all means, I entreat—let Garnet's disgrace be made manifest, or any thing, rather than my suspense should continue."

"There is something wrong, then?"

"Something wrong? Madam, you tremble"—

"An unfortunate and guilty attachment between Mr. Garnet and that young person."

"Ha!" bellowed Fogg, seizing a pair of scissors which lay on the table; "where are the unprincipled pair; even this small instrument would suffice,"—and he stalked about the room, opening and closing his weapon with demoniac violence; "but oh! why do I rave! forgive me, best of women! that I have put you to the torture of confessing this degrading fact," and he fell upon one knee before her. "Ha! what noise was that?" rushing to the glass door, the pair were just in time to behold Garnet, as he rose up, strike his head against the counter, over which he scrambled, and rush from the shop.

"Is Miss Lucy within?" cried Garnet, panting, as

the door of Penfold's house was answered, in obedience to his peremptory knocking.

"She is, sir."

"Send her here instantly."

Miss Penfold, who, alarmed at the extraordinary noise, was loitering on the stairs, approached. "Put on your bonnet and shawl, and come with me," said Garnet.

"Really, Mr. Garnet, after this morning's"—

"Pho, pho, nonsense," said he, "you're wanted, I say;" then lowering his voice to a whisper, and putting his forefinger to the side of his nose—"they're there."

"Who are there, sir? I do not understand you."

"My wife and"—and he swelled up his cheeks as though he would fain enact Boreas, "and Fogg! come, come!" Miss Penfold made no further objection, but suffered herself to be hurried by the excited goldsmith to the scene.

"Ha! ha! have we caught you?" cried Garnet, with a triumphant shout, as he dragged Lucy after him. "Miss Lucy Penfold, look there, I beg of you; here's a caution to wives and families."

"Unheard of audacity!" said Mrs. Garnet, "to bring her into the very room with us! look, sir, do you see? Do you mark the perfect shamelessness of the guilty parties?" Fogg did indeed look and see, but he seemed to be curiously examining vacancy.

"Come, come, this won't do, Mrs. Garnet," said her husband, "it's discovered."

"It is, indeed," retorted Mrs. Garnet; "and now, sir, I look to this gentleman for redress and protection!"—turning to Fogg.

"From me, madam," said Fogg upon his knee, "expect that love which ungrateful Garnet has transferred to another."

"Say you so?" quoth Garnet, in like manner going upon his knee, and addressing Lucy.

"Deign, Miss, to receive assurances of my affection; and if this portrait will avail to impress"—

"My portrait again, by heaven!" cried Fogg.

"Which I lost this morning," said Lucy.

"Which I found!"—said Mrs. Garnet.

"Lost and found! what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Garnet. "Ha! I see it all," springing into his wife's arms. "My dearest Mrs. G., but how is this? explain Fogg, dear Fogg, explain. Do you know Miss Lucy Penfold?" Lucy blushed.

"I do indeed," answered Fogg.

"Oh, your most obedient! I see how it is;" and the joyous goldsmith danced about the room—"let's be merry"—and he drew out the decanter and glasses; "you shall stay with us, and we'll all go together this evening to old Penfold."

"Well, there never was such an extraordinary mistake, was there?"

"Never!" answered all, in simultaneous concert with the goldsmith.

OMEGA.

THE palace of vengeance was a vernal paradise, the eglantine bowers of the graces, the rose and myrtle groves of love. The presiding genius, jealous of the happiness of two lovers, places them in this magical spot. They enter with the feathered feet of rapture—oh, amiable solitude, delicious silence and friendly shade! The genius was certainly a man of the town, one experienced in the promenade of Bond street; his project could not fail, the eternal iteration of the same attentions, and the same ideas, communicated a languor to their rapture; in a word, our two lovers finished by a frank and reciprocal confession, that they had long viewed each other—first with indifference, and now with considerable pain. A paradise was the palace of vengeance! So much for solitude.—*d'Israeli.*

A FEW WORDS ON COURT FOOLS.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit;
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And like the haggard check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as the wise man's art."—*Shakespeare.*

"FOR O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot." Shakespeare banished the hobby-horse, and the Lions have well nigh banished Shakespeare. The Fool (confessed) has shared the fate of the hobby-horse; his bells no longer jingle, noisy and senseless as his wit; his Marrotto is no longer flourished in mockery and disdain; gone are his gibes and his gambols, his songs, and his flashes of merriment; and, save in the magic pages of Wild Will of Warwickshire, and of his potent rival, the Magician of the North, (honoured be his memory!) all traces of this motley race have faded from our view.

To give some idea of the important parts which have been played by this now extinct race of actors, is the object of the present communication, which, if it exhibit no pretensions to the learning with which Mr. Douce and Professor Flogel have treated the subject, or to the wit displayed upon it by Mr. —, in the *Liberal*, may perhaps be written in a more appropriate style, to wit, after the manner of fools—foolishly.

"Les Foux sont aux Echecs les plus proches des Rois," and in by-gone days, the court jester enjoyed the same proximity to royalty, in the presence-chamber, which his namesake still retains upon the chess-board. To trace the origin of this strange office would be to inquire too curiously, and would lead to the bestowing of a larger proportion of tediousness upon the reader, than he might be inclined to receive. Let us, therefore, pin our faith upon the assertion of the learned Divine, who preached the funeral sermon of one of the greatest fools of his day, Hans Miesko, the court jester of Philip II., Duke of Stettin.

Hans Miesko was born about the year 1540, at Schwibus, in Silesia, and having, at an early age, betrayed symptoms of idiocy, was placed by his parents in the hospital of that town. Fool as he was, however, Miesko not being satisfied with this arrangement, soon fled from the hospital, and led a wandering life till he came to Stettin, where the reigning duke, Philip, took him into his service as court jester. Though his tricks and his jests so pleased his first master, that he retained his office until the duke's death, and would appear to have been equally grateful to Philip's successor, Duke Francis, not one of them has been handed down to us, and Miesko would probably never have been remembered, but for his death, which was rendered remarkable by a *funeral sermon*. This strange effusion was not only preached, but printed; not only printed, but that more than once; the first edition appearing in 1619, immediately after the death of the individual whom it celebrated.

Philip Cradelius, the learned pastor of St. Peter's church, was the preacher selected for the performance of the unprecedented task of pronouncing a funeral oration in praise of a fool; and in the remarkable discourse which he delivered upon the occasion, he deduced the origin of these motley followers of royalty, from the time of David; who, when "afraid of Achish King of Gath, changed his behaviour, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrambled on the door of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard. Then said Achish unto his servants, 'Lo, ye

see the man is mad: wherefore, then, have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?'"

There, gentle reader, is an origin for you: one, i'faith, almost as ancient as that of the pure blooded Welshman, whose pedigree commenced a few centuries before the creation. Of a verity, Goerpius Becanus, whose learning and patriotism were enlisted to prove that the connubial dialogues of Adam and Eve were carried on in high Dutch, must have assisted our friend Cradelius in tracing out this somewhat far-fetched derivation. And now, as great writers are allowed to quote themselves, for a few remarks which we have made elsewhere upon this point:—"Although this derivation is somewhat far-fetched, it will probably be the means of enabling us to form a correct opinion upon the subject; by the supposition which it gives rise to, that the origin of court jesters is to be found in the protection afforded by the powerful, in times of semi-barbarism, to the idiot and the natural, with whose antics unenlightened minds have, at all times, been amused—a conjecture borne out by the fact of such persons having, in more recent times, been frequently selected for the purpose."

Among the many recorded examples which we have, of half-witted knaves being summoned to exhibit their pranks for the entertainment of royalty, Miesko himself appears. Another instance occurs in the history of Silesia, where Boleslaus, the son of Boleslaus I. is stated to have been slain by the court jester, whose anger he had provoked. The readers of the curious and inordinately high-priced Romance of Tuerdank, must also recollect the narrow escape which the hero, (Maximilian I.) had in the castle of the Tyrol, from being blown up by gunpowder, through the carelessness and ignorance of one of this class of jesters. This same witless wearer of motley, it would appear, though thus brayed in a mortar, got never the wiser; for some time afterwards, he and Maximilian being engaged in a battle with snow balls, he struck the emperor so severe a blow in the eye with one of them, that it nearly blinded him. In spite, however, of these accidents and offences, Maximilian took great delight in the company of these professed merry-makers; and if his associating with them was at times attended with unpleasant results, the fidelity which was exhibited by one of them, the celebrated Kunz von der Rosen, was enough to justify the imperial patronage.

Kunz von der Rosen was indeed the favourite and confidant of the emperor, and so great was Maximilian's delight in the fidelity and the good humour of the jester, that he kept him constantly about his person. Many of the historians of the time have indeed refused to recognise Kunz as a court fool. Manlius designated him "a wit; I will not call him a jester," says he, "for gems are rarely found among pebbles."

Such gems as Kunz are indeed rare; we will pass over his merry sayings and jovial tricks, that we may record one act of his life, which may well be looked upon as a vindication of Maximilian's extraordinary

partiality for him. The similarity which it bears in its incidents to those admirably told scenes in *Ivanhoe*, where Wamba rescues his master, cannot fail to strike the reader. Kunz's persevering endeavours may possibly have suggested to the gifted author of that spirit-stirring romance, the part which his prototype there plays so effectively.

When Maximilian, who was then but King of the Romans, convoked a meeting of the states in 1488, in order to bring his restless subjects into submission, Kunz advised him not to venture into Bruges, lest evil should befall him; but Maximilian proceeded there, regardless of this advice. When the king arrived at the gate of St. Catherine, Kunz rode up to him, and said in the presence of all the attendants, "I see your majesty will not listen to the advice given to you by myself and your faithful counsellors, but will needs be made prisoner. I give you warning, that in such case I will not bear you company. I will go with you as far as the castle, but I shall then retire by the Ghent gate. When you see the villages and pleasure houses burning on all sides of the city, bethink you of what your foolish Kunz forewarned you." "Ah, Kunz," said the king, "I see well that you put no faith in the good promises which my children of Bruges have made to me." Kunz acknowledged that he would as soon trust the devil himself; and the result proved that he had good ground for his opinion. He entered the city with the king, and then rode out at the other gate to Duke Christopher of Bavaria, at Middelburg. Soon after this, a tumult arose in the city, and Maximilian having proceeded to the market-place to subdue it, was dragged from his horse by the insurgents, and imprisoned in the house of a grocer, where he passed the night miserably enough in the company of some of his courtiers. There was he, with nothing but a bench to lie upon, confined in a small chamber whose windows were guarded by iron bars, and every moment expecting to be put to death.

During the king's imprisonment, Kunz von der Rosen was not idle, but displayed his unparalleled fidelity in two plans, which he matured for the liberation of his master. In the first place he constructed two swimming girdles, one for himself and the other for the king's use, to enable him to cross the moat of the castle to which he had been removed, and escape from the city by means which he had provided for the purpose. The scheme was, however, frustrated; for some swans, which were there kept, attacked Kunz as soon as he let himself down into the water, making a terrible outcry, and beating him so severely with their wings, that it was with the greatest difficulty, that he escaped from them. Had they chanced to bite through his swimming girdle, he must certainly have perished. As an old chronicler quaintly observes, "the swans thus proved themselves faithful adherents of the French party."

After this mishap, Kunz bethought him of another contrivance. He got a barber to teach him how to cut hair and shave; and as soon as he was master of the art, stole into Bruges and disclosed to the prior of the Franciscan convent, whom he knew to be well disposed to Maximilian, this new project for the release of the king. He requested the prior's permission to adopt the tonsure, and that he would bestow on him the dress of the order, and allow one of the brotherhood to accompany him, so that, being thus disguised, he might gain admittance to the king in the character of his confessor; then having shaved his head, and attired him in the guise of a Franciscan, the prisoner might return with the monk to the convent, and from thence escape to Middelburg in a small barge, which, with four men and three horses, was to be in readiness at the St. Catherine's gate. "But Kunz," inquired the prior, "what are you going to do when the king has escaped?" "Why," replied he, "I shall put

on the king's clothes, so that when the men of Bruges seek the king, they will find a fool in his place, with whom they may do whatsoever they list. I am content to die the death of a martyr, so that my lord and master escape, and these rebels be betrayed by a fool." The prior delighted at his fidelity, granted all his requests, and bade the monk who accompanied him, say that Kunz was the king's confessor.

When they came to the place where the king was confined, and those who had the custody of his person demanded what they wanted, Kunz threw back his hood, and displaying his tonsure, said he was the royal confessor, sent by the prior of the Franciscan convent to hear the king's confession, and give him spiritual consolation under his afflictions. The monk having confirmed this statement, Kunz was allowed to pass. No sooner had he got into the king's presence, than he began to lecture him pretty roundly: "See now, my noble king, I have found you here: God's martyrs shame you, why did you not follow the advice I gave you. But I have risked my life for you, and by God's help I will deliver you out of the hands of your enemies. This time, however, you must do as I bid you."

The king did not know what to make of him; he knew by his voice that it was his favourite Kunz, but wondered how, in spite of his disguise, he had contrived to pass the sentinels. When the jester saw the king thus troubled, he said to him, "Dear Max, be not surprised; do you not know your faithful fool Kunz? I have brought my barber's implements with me, so let me shave your head; for your sake I have learned how to do so. I will then change dresses with you, and remain here in your place; but as soon as you are shaved, you must pass the sentinels in my clothes. When you get out, you will see a Franciscan, who will conduct you to the convent. The prior, with whom I have arranged every thing, has got a barge and horses in readiness; and by this time tomorrow you will be with your friends at Middelburg. I have passed myself off for your confessor, but if we are not quick, my story will be doubted, and your deliverance will be prevented."—"But my dear Kunz," asked the king, "what is to become of you?" "Never mind that," said Kunz, "I will give you my cloak, and lie down in your straw, and behave just as if I were King Max himself. So when the men of Bruges seek you, and find me, they will find the fool, and the king will have vanished."

Maximilian, either because he was aware that help was at hand, or because he considered it beneath his dignity to escape from prison in such a fashion, answered, that he saw plainly Kunz was not aware how the case stood. "He could not, on account of the promise he had given, depart from Bruges without the knowledge and consent of the citizens. Moreover, he had been faithfully promised by them that his person should be respected." Kunz got very angry at this answer, and replied, "My dear Max, I find you are still as foolish as ever, and will not follow my advice, so that I have taken my perilous journey to no purpose. God help thee, thou foolish king; thou art too pious for these Flemings." He then bade the king farewell, and went weeping out of the apartment. As he passed the guard, the officer asked him how he found the king. "Piously disposed," replied Kunz. "What are his designs?" continued the officer. "God knows," said the jester; and so saying, he departed, and returned to Middelburg instead of the king.

Although in the present instance, this feeling of gratitude and fidelity was carried to an extent unprecedented in the history of court jesters, the feeling itself appears frequently to have existed among the wearers of motley. Our own history furnishes us with a proof of this, in the preservation of the life of William the Conqueror, when he was only Duke of Nor-

mandy, by his fool Goles.* What might have been the consequence of Goles' not interfering in this instance, it were difficult to decide; but the fidelity and strong arm of a fool, as contributing, by saving the life of the Conqueror, to the subjugation of this country, and to the consequences of that event, must certainly be regarded as one of those trifling causes which so often lead in the end to mighty results.

Many similar proofs of attachment on the part of this strange race of beings, are no doubt to be found. We can add another which occupies a page in the history of Thuringia. After Albert the Boorish had had a family by his wife Margaret, the daughter of the Emperor Frederick II., he became enamoured of one of her ladies in waiting, Cunigunda of Eisenberg, and had a son by her. This Cunigunda sought the life of Margaret, and bribed the court fool, who used to come daily with two asses laden with wood and water, to the castle of Wartburg, to twist the neck of the Margravine in the night, so that people might suppose she had been strangled by the devil. The fool agreed to do so, and was accordingly concealed in the bed-room of his victim; to whom, however, he disclosed the whole plot, entreating her forgiveness. This was readily granted, and her chamberlain being consulted, advised her as the only means of safety, to leave the castle instantly, which she accordingly did, by letting herself down from the window of her apartment. Before her departure, she took leave of her children, kissed them, and in her anguish so bit her eldest son in the back, that he was ever afterwards called Frederick the Bitten. She then fled, accompanied by one female attendant, and the faithful jester, to Hirschfeld, and was conveyed from thence, by the contrivance of the abbot, to Frankfort on the Main, where she died broken hearted in 1270.

Such instances of attachment on the part of these retainers are far more valuable in our eyes, than all the jests and quips which history and tradition have recorded of them, and yet these are neither few nor insignificant.

We have already shown, that Kunz von der Rosen was neither knave nor fool. The faithful German was not however the only fool *en titre d'office*, who could say with the clown in Twelfth Night, "Cucullus non facit Monachum, that is to say, I wear not motley in my brain." The worthy who mingled with his motley, the livery of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, might well claim companionship with him. The duke was eternally talking of Hannibal. His fool, who no doubt had been thoroughly bored by this never ending theme, revenged himself, by calling out to the duke, as they fled from the victorious Swiss at Granson—"Monseigneur, nous voila bien Annibalea." The name of this satirist of the bells and bauble was worth recording, although, like the celebrated Hamilton, he should have been of "single speech" notoriety. But many a good thing is afloat in the world, without a father to own it; while, on the other hand, the wit of the day, whosoever he be, is generally converted into a founding hospital for stray jokes, which are by common consent fathered upon his well-known reputation. It is not half a century since, that every new book of old jests was named after some celebrated wag, and all the jokes in it, though as gray-headed as my grandfather, were ascribed to some well-known contemporary wit—Garrick's Jests, Quin's Jests, and Mrs. Pinkerton's Jests, we have ourselves seen.

But, to cease from this digression, Triboulet, the Jester of Francis I., is another instance of the happy combination of wag and wit, a reputation which his observation on the subject of the French monarch's expedi-

tion into Italy, is alone sufficient to justify. Triboulet was present at the preliminary council of war, at which the best means of invading Italy were discussed. When the council was about to break up, Triboulet exclaimed, "You all think, no doubt, that you have given his majesty a great deal of good advice, and yet you have forgotten the most important part of the business." "What is that?" was the general inquiry. "Why," said Triboulet, "you have never considered how we are to get back again. Do we mean to stop in Italy?" The fatal result of the campaign proved that the jester's counsel was well-timed. Nor is this the only instance with which history presents us, where the opinion of a fool has proved worthy of the attention of the learned members of a council, as the following anecdote will show:—

The Duke of Mantua was once called upon to decide a question of precedence, between the Doctors of Law and the Doctors of Medicine, at Pavia. He accordingly summoned a council learned in such matters, who, after deliberating for a considerable time, left the point still unsettled. At length the duke's jester, who was present, said that he could easily decide the case. "Let us hear your wise decision?" said the duke. "Why," said the fool, "you may decide by precedent. When a rogue is to be hanged, he always goes before the executioner."

From these anecdotes, and another which is preserved, of a fool being present at the controversy between Luther and Eccius, at the castle at Leipsic, the importance attached by royalty to this class of retainers, and the high degree of favour which they enjoyed is rendered apparent. Had all who donned the motley been alike witty, this fondness for their society, in times when the resources of literature were open to few, would not be matter of surprise; and we could readily imagine cities contending for the honour of supplying their monarchs with nimble-witted fools. But when we see the stuff of which the majority of these "perverters of words" were made, we think the privilege which was accorded to the good city of Troyes, of furnishing the French king with his fools, a compliment of a very doubtful nature. That such a strange privilege existed, is, however, a fact. In the archives of that city, there is still preserved a letter from Charles V. to the burgomaster and magistrates, announcing the death of his fool, and desiring that, according to old established custom, they should supply him with another. Nor is this the only public document in existence, connected with the curious subject of the present paper. In Rushworth's Historical Collections, the reader may treat himself to the perusal of the instrument, by which the king in council banished Archee from the court, and deprived him of his office of royal jester.

Archee's successor, Muckle John, appears to have been the last individual who was duly invested with the dignity of court fool in this country. It is true that Killigrew has been recognised by many as filling that character at the court of Charles II.; but it is clear, that although he performed the duties of that situation, and plied his wits for the entertainment of the merry monarch, he did so merely, as George Selwyn, attended executions, "*en amateur*."

In fact, the monarch and his courtiers vied with each other in playing the fool; had they stopped there, and not combined knavery with their folly, it had been well for the country and for themselves. But let that pass; the new fashion of playing the fool, banished the old one of keeping a fool; and what the taste of the licentious court of Charles commenced, the march of intellect (pardon the novelty of the phrase) has since confirmed, and but for the labours of the antiquary, all memory of these privileged buffoons would have passed away.

* This fact is recorded by Wace, in his "*Roman des Ducs de Normandie*." MS. Reg. 4, cxi. Vide Douce's *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, vol. ii.

MOAIC RELICS.

In the very name of Italy there is a poetic attraction, to which, all acquainted with the history of its ancient glories, readily yield: but that of the disinterred city of Pompeii, is decidedly superior to any other which that land of beauty possesses. Seventeen centuries have passed since Vesuvius buried the city of Pompeii beneath its eruption; and covered it from human observation. About eighty years ago, some labourers, who were employed on a vineyard over it, accidentally discovered it, and by the active operations, which, from time to time, have since been applied, about one third of the city has been redeemed from its sepulchre. The acquaintance thus furnished with the habitations, architecture, private luxuries, and other data, from which we may judge of the manners and customs of the ancients, is highly interesting: and is more authentic than all the volumes which mere speculation may dictate. The growth of the architectural taste of Italy seems to have been rather slow until the latter period of the existence of the Republic, when the Grecian architecture came into fashion at Rome. Lucius Cassius is mentioned as the first who introduced columns built of foreign marble: he was soon rivalled by Scarrus, and, as to interior structure, by Mamurra, whose rooms were lined with marble: and it is recorded that, to so great an extent did this architectural luxury proceed, \$232,500 were offered, by Domitius Ahenobarbus, for the house of Crassus, and refused. This extravagance was so great, that the economical example set by Augustus, failed to produce the desired result; and while to this indulgence in luxury, Rome may ascribe her early "decline and fall," we are indebted to it for those specimens of art which have never been surpassed, and in all probability will still continue to astonish the civilized world. A variety of these have been discovered, but Pompeii has furnished the most beautiful yet brought to light. In April 1762, a mosaic picture was found in the house called the Villa of Cicero, which was considered by those who were able to appreciate its merits, as one of the most splendid specimens of mosaic execution ever yet beheld. Of this, an engraving accompanies this number of the *Lady's Book*, and represents four masked figures; each playing upon a separate instrument; and finished in the most masterly manner. The drapery, it will be perceived is a beautiful performance of art, and the whole derives additional interest from the name of the artist being worked in it at top, and described in the engraving just alluded to.

It is executed in black letters and reads ΔΙΟΣΚΟΡΙΑΝΗΣ ΣΑΜΙΟΣ ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕ. Dioscorides of Samos worked this. The next engraving represents a female in the act of painting a representation of the bearded Bacchus. She appears dressed in a light tunic, in which the observer will see the same beautiful arrangement to which his attention was drawn in the folds of the other drapery. A small box stands beside her, such as Varro says was used by painters, and which was divided into compartments where the brush was dipped, and in her left hand she holds a palette upon which she mixes her colours. These relics are pronounced as the most beautiful and perfect which have yet been restored from the ruined city. Day after day exhibits some new testimonial of the magnificence of Pompeii, which after an interment nearly as long as the existence of Christianity, now rises as it were from the dead; a splendid but silent evidence of the imbecility of man's work, when stricken by the powerful and victorious hand of Nature.

These discoveries are evidences of the perfection which long-buried generations had attained in the fine arts; and, while they serve as models for the ambitious artist of our own day, are equally serviceable to the moralist, to whom they are voiceless but powerful admonitors.

THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccace, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world owes so much. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the *Decameron*, has given the following portrait.

"His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, without morals; but to make some amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country," he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the Labyrinth of Crete."

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccace and of Petrarch to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but, scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarch, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as that author expresses himself; in which he extolled Italy to the skies; and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatic, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. Whilst all on board were in motion to do what was necessary for the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast, which was struck by a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury.

The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless, and half-burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarch in relating this catastrophe to Boccace, says, among other things, "This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

Petrarch was gloomy and low-spirited, except while he was reading or writing. To avoid the loss of time during his travels, he constantly wrote at every Inn where he stopped for refreshment. One of his friends, the Bishop of Cavillon, being alarmed lest the intense application with which he read and wrote, when at Vaucluse, should entirely destroy his health, which was already greatly impaired, desired him one day to give him the key of his library. Petrarch gave it to him immediately, without suspecting the motive of his request; when the good Bishop instantly locking up his books and writing desk, said, "I interdict you from pen, ink, and paper, and books, for the space of ten days."

Petrarch felt the severity of the sentence, but suppressed his feelings, and obeyed. The first day of exile from his favourite pleasure was tedious: the second, accompanied with an incessant head-ache; and the third with a fever. The Bishop, affected by his condition, returned him the key, and restored him to health.

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.



THE EXECUTIONER OF PARIS.

NOTHING of the sublimity of horror is associated in the mind of an Englishman with the mention of "Jack Ketch;" we even denote him by a pleasant *soubriquet*: we feel no convulsive shudder when we hear of his whereabouts; we do not cross over the way when we meet him in Fleet street. We regard him, with the exception of the vice of drunkenness—some trifling brutality of manner—a rather too prominent expression of contempt for the refinements of society, "taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses," as a mighty respectable professor—in his way. Perhaps the familiarity which our laws permit between him and the public, may have detracted from all that should have been imposing or impressive about him. But "*l'exécuteur des hautes œuvres*" is regarded in France in a far different and more formidable light. Although a resident in the centre of the French capital, he is never seen but in the public performance of his dreadful duty:—a degree of cautious and not impolitic mystery is attached to him; and such are the feelings his very name excites, that the mere announcement of his presence, in the common walks of life, would render the very Boulevards sacred to himself alone; would disperse the myriads of barricaders in the noontide of their patriotic travail;—would calm the tremendous clamours of the Chamber of Deputies, and prorogue or dissolve it without the solemnity of proclamation. Should he deign to usher in the Duc de Bourdeaux, he might clear a way for him to the Tuilleries and the throne, without dread of competition or resistance. The mandates of the *Procureur-général* himself, which summon him to his duty, are deposited in a *bouche de fer*, inserted in the large and massive iron grating that guards the entrance to his dwelling; for perhaps not one could be found, daring and reckless enough of public opinion, to consign them in person to their terrible address.—He reads and obeys. In the darkness and depth of night, with his assistants, he arranges the materials of death: no word is spoken as he labours in his awful calling; the feeble light which enables him to prepare the machinery, glimmering on the scaffold, renders the guards that surround it barely discernible: while they, motionless and dumb, seem rather phantoms of the night than breathing men. If allowed to trace such an official to the solitude of his shunned domicile—to see him seated, Crusoe-like, beside his hearth, and to consider the economy of his unprofessional hours—something might be learned of good or ill which might point a moral, if it would not adorn a tale. To him it has been given to know the last words, looks, and actions of many, unobscured by affectation or deceit;—the secret affections of numbers, long concealed from the world's view, have been laid open, once and briefly, yet prominently, to his sight. He has witnessed the eloquence of remorse or of innocence, at the hour of death, when the retrospect of a lengthened life of sin or misfortune has been comprehended, perhaps, in one last sentence, one parting word or look, more emphatic than all that "saint or sophist ever writ."

Grave reflections these; but they were passing through my mind as I rung at the bell of a small neat house in the *Rue des Marais du Temple*; the door being opened, I was ushered into a low well-furnished room, wherein a man, of the age of sixty, was employed touching the keys of a piano with his right hand, while his left arm embraced a child about ten years old, of remarkable beauty, whose features strongly resembled those of him who held her. The old man was Henri Sanson, the public executioner of Paris! Having previously adapted my address to one whom I

had imaged in my mind as bearing in his traits the repulsive record of his trade, I had to re-order my ideas, and assume a different manner. For, as I contemplated his mild and open countenance, in which manly beauty was not wanting, I felt myself bound to acknowledge, by a corresponding courtesy of demeanour, the salutations of a man of the world, wholly free from embarrassment or affectation. The intention of composing a treatise on the various public punishments adopted at different epochs of French legislation, was offered by me as an apology for the unaccustomed intrusion to which he was subjected. He politely acceded to my request for information, and conducted me to a chamber containing a large and well-selected library. Here, all the awkwardness I had previously felt, as to discourse with the singular being who stood before me, was at once dismissed; and the titles of the various volumes which I examined soon led to free conversation, during which my host displayed great taste and judgment in his observations on the various works I brought under his notice: expressing himself as one would do, who had profited largely what he had read. It was clear that his books furnished his chief society: abandoned by the world, he can here hold converse with the illustrious dead, and can render himself familiar with the sentiments of the good and great, of the present or a past age, without dread of the expression of that scorn, disgust, and horror that would attend any attempt at personal communication with his fellow men; Sanson loves to talk, and talks exceedingly well; but, in the whole course of a visit of two hours, which was prolonged by the interest excited in me by this extraordinary person, he forgot not for a moment the distance placed between him and society in general: he showed that he was fully aware of his situation, and does not affect to despise the feeling it is calculated to produce in others; but, having made up his mind to sustain it, calls up all his philosophy (for it may well be termed so) to support him in an existence without the pale of social intercourse. Among his books my eye fell on "*Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*."

Reverting, however, to the professed object of my visit, he unlocked the door of another chamber, in which the various instruments of extreme punishment formerly used, are yet preserved by him. It is, truly, a fearful museum: and the examination of its contents gave rise to many inquiries on my part, which led to many curious anecdotes which he recounted, particularly as to the last moments of the condemned. I could not but feel the contrast, of the office of the man with the sensibility he displayed in his narration, and the humanity which he evinced as he adverted to the dreadful circumstances in which he had borne so prominent a part. It is unnecessary to quote them; but all he related of the sufferers in the hour of death, had something singularly forced, unnatural, and painful. *Castaing* was believed generally to be innocent of the crime for which he was condemned, yet, as Sanson told me, he confessed his guilt upon the scaffold. He showed me the snare with which the Marquis de Lally had been beheaded. It was prepared for the occasion, and three were cast before one could be found likely to answer the purpose. It was usual at that period for young men of fashion to *assist** (as the term

* This extraordinary taste was much indulged in at the time. The celebrated George Selwyn travelled from London to Paris, day and night, to be present at the execution of Damiena. He was repulsed, at first, by the guards who surrounded the scaffold, until he

in) on the scaffold at the last hour of the condemned, as they did on the stage at theatrical performances. The crowd upon that occasion was great, and the space limited, the arm of the executioner was jostled at the moment the sabre was balanced above his head, the blow was diverted from the neck of the unhappy victim, and a common cutlass was resorted to, by one of the executioner's assistants, to end the agonies of the sufferer. A notch in the blade of the sabre is exactly of the size and in the form of a human tooth.

I have said that Sanson, during the conversation, gave proofs of no ordinary humanity. He summons up his resolution to the dreadful task he has to perform, and his firmness fails him not at the moment of duty. Yet, as soon as he receives the fatal order of the *Procureur-generale*, he has always a visible and violent struggle with his feelings, ere he brings himself to obey. He at length proceeds to prepare, with apparent coolness, the machine of destruction, and all the apparatus of death, but as soon as his sad work is finished, his countenance becomes pale and death-like—he returns to his solitary home and shuts himself in

stated that he had come from London expressly to witness the ceremony. "Make room for the gentleman, he is an Englishman and an amateur," was the bitter observation of a *gend'arme* as he civilly made way for the stranger.

his chamber, where he long refuses nourishment or conversation, and tears start from his eyes when induced to advert to the circumstances of an execution.

The man had impressed me with feelings decidedly distinct from those which I anticipated as the result of my communication with him, and as I took leave of him (I know not whether from forgetfulness or otherwise) I held out my hand. His countenance suddenly changed as he drew back several steps from me; it expressed astonishment and confusion—all his ease of manner had fled at once, and I was again reminded of "*la Main Sanglante*."

To save the subject of this paper from a charge of vulgarity, by the world in general, let it be remembered that, during the Irish rebellion, a gentleman of name, family, and fortune, and the high sheriff of a county, had, if I recollect, the thanks of both houses of Parliament voted to him for acting as executioner, when no other could be found, to a formidable criminal; that, in the year 1790, on the proposition of Maton Delavarenne, seconded by Mirabeau himself, it was especially decreed by the French legislature, that the public executioner should be comprehended in the number of citizens, and that, formerly, in the state of Wurtemberg, after having exercised his profession a certain number of years, the headsman was honoured, by having conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

JUST FIFTEEN.

BY O. W. W.

In the freshness of morning and spring time of youth,
The heart is affection, the spirit all truth;
The calm open brow is unshaded by care,
And a light, like the soft light of pleasure, is there.
Each thought of her soul is in innocence dress'd,
Her smile turns the sweetest on those she loves best;
The dark hair lies parted, uncurl'd, on her brow,
And her cheek hath the freshness of health's sunny glow.

The tones of her voice are unguarded and sweet,
Her form the most graceful, her step the most fleet.
Like a bird she is singing some musical strain,
You hear a gay laugh by the flower-covered plain,
The roses are missed from your summer parterre,
And you know the light foot of the maid hath been there.

She wanders with Carlo, or sits in her bower,
Now viewing a landscape, now plucking a flower;
And when 'tis enwreath'd in a fanciful twine,
She bears it to brother, and whispers—'tis thine.
Her mind is just tinged with one shade of romance,
And though first in the circle and first in the dance,
She seeks the broad oak or the grove with delight,
To look on the stars as they flash through the night.
If she thinks of the future, how joyous it seems!
Lit up with the magic of youth's sunny dreams;
She fancies no cloud o'er its surface can lie,
No shadow may darken the blue of its sky—
That life is a garden, where the wanderer can meet,
When one flower hath perish'd, another more sweet.
Her heart is affection; a smile or a tear,
If you praise, or reprove her, will ever appear;
And so she but fancies you altered—her strain
Will cease, till she fancies you love her again.
I have said she admired o'er the green turf to stray,
To gather a wild flower, or dance with the gay—
But although like a bird, ever joyous and wild,
She feels that she cannot be always a child;
So turns to her music, her drawing and book:
She sits, you observe, in that still quiet nook—
I have run o'er my sketch as she studied alone,
And now—look how lightly the fair one hath flown.

NIGHT ON THE GANGES.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

How calm, how lovely is the soft repose
Of nature, sleeping in a summer night;
How sweet, how lulling the current flows
Beneath the stream of melted chrysolite,
Where the broad Ganges spreads, reflecting o'er
Its silvery surface, with those countless stars,
The ingot gems of heaven's cerulean floor,
Mosques, groves, and cliffs, and pinnaced minars.

The air is fresh, and yet the evening breeze
Has died away—so hush'd, 'tis scarcely heard
To breathe amid the clustering lemon trees,
Whose snowy blossoms, by its faint sighs stirr'd,
Give out their perfume—and the bulbul's notes
Awake the echoes of the balmy clime,
While from yon marble-dome pagoda floats
The music of its bells' soft silvery chime.

Mildly, yet with resplendent beauty, shines
The scene around; although the stars alone
From the bright treasures of their gleaming mines,
A tender radiance o'er the earth have thrown.
Oh! far more lovely are those gentle rays,
With their calm lustre, than the fiery beam
The sun pours down in his meridian blaze,
Lighting with diamond pomp the dawning stream.

No tint is lost amid those mantling leaves:
There, smiles the glossy peep—the bamboo
Its bright and vivid colouring receives,
And the broad plaitain keeps its tender hue.
Beneath the towering mosque and graceful *minut*,
The humble dwelling of the forest glade,
Peeps forth the lowly native's straw-thatched hut,
Reveal'd beside the green hill's deepest shade.

With snowy vases crown'd, the lily springs
In queen-like beauty by the river's brink;
And o'er the wave the bright-leaved lotus flings
Its roseate flowers in many a knotted link.
Oh! when the sultry sun has sunk to rest,
When evening's soft and tender shadows rise,
How sweet the scene upon the river's breast,
Lit by the star-lights of these tropic skies.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL;

THE WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEYOR—COMPOSED BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

ESPRESSIVO—ANDANTE.

Legati. Farewell, mother!

tears are streaming, Down thy pale and tender cheek,

I in gems and roses gleaming, Scarce this

and farewell may speak! Fare - well, mo - ther!

sf

now I leave thee, (Hopes and fears my bo - som

sf

swell,) One to trust who may de - ceive me;

Fare - well, mo - ther! fare thee well.

pp

II.

Farewell, father! thou art smiling—
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness, to which I go.
 Farewell, father! thou didst bless me,
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;
 He may wound, who can caress me;
 Father! guardian! fare thee well!

III.

Farewell, sister! thou art twining
 Round me with affection deep,
 Wishing joy, but ne'er divining
 Why "a blessed bride" should weep.
 Farewell, brave and gentle brother,
 Thou'rt more dear than words can tell:
 Father! mother! sister! brother!
 All belov'd ones, fare ye well!

Original.

TO MARY.

FAREWELL! since thou wilt roam
 From thine own land, and from thy childhood's bowers,
 To seek a clime of sunshine and of flowers,
 Far o'er the wild waves foam—
 But wheresoe'er thy wandering footsteps be,
 May life be bright for thee!

Yet, though the glowing skies
 Of that fair isle unfold its fruits and flowers
 In gorgeous beauty all unknown to ours,
 There, none but strangers' eyes
 Will meet thine own, and pensive thou wilt hear
 Their foreign accents falling on thine ear.

Though soft those sounds may be,
 Sung in the light of the pale evening star,
 Or to the breathings of the gay guitar,
 Beneath the citron tree—
 Yet not to thee so sweetly will they come,
 As if they spoke of home.

Then, why wilt thou depart
 From those whose hearts have clung to thine through
 years
 Of gloom and brightness? Mary! will not tears
 Even to those glad eyes start,
 When in a stranger land thy thoughts shall dwell
 On friends, that love thee well?

I would not have thee grieve,
 But yet remember those whose prayers shall be,
 Still for thy safe return breathed fervently,
 In the lone silent eve—
 Firm be the links that bind affection's spell,
 Till we shall meet again, farewell! farewell!

THEY TELL ME LIFE, &c.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

THEY tell me life is like a dream, a bright, brief dream
 and o'er;
 They tell me life is like a stream, that seeks the ocean
 shore;
 They tell me life is like a flower, that blooms but to
 decay;
 If so, then life is only death, in holiday array!

But ah! I cannot think thy brow, my beautiful and
 bright,
 Is but the seat where death enthroned, feeds on thine
 eye of light;
 Nor can I think that thy dear cheek, so redolent of
 bloom,
 Is damasked only to attract the despot of the tomb.

For have not on thy brow, my love, my fond lips oft
 been prest?
 And have I not in rapture oft, reclined upon thy
 breast?
 And ah! how often have thy lips to thy betrothed's
 flown!
 They tasted not of death, my love, I felt them but
 mine own!

Out on the withering thought that dooms such lustre
 to the grave!
 I say 'tis false, for unto me, Heaven all thy beauty
 gave;
 Away! away! I give to Death, to despot Death the
 lie,
 For God himself in love has said, "the virtuous never
 die!"

CORNET WELLWOOD.

My grandfather, who died many years ago, commander-in-chief of the Leeward Islands, received his first commission in the —th heavy dragoons, somewhere about the year seventeen hundred and sixty. He was then quite a gay young fellow, and as romantic and ignorant of the world as youths of eighteen always are—or ought to be. This same ignorance of the world is a most ridiculous phrase, for as it means only an ignorance of the faults and wickedness which one meets with in life, it gives us to understand that there is no other kind of people in the world but thieves and liars. The old worn-out cynic, who boasts of his experience, and acts as if all men were dishonest and unworthy of one's confidence and esteem, is in reality more ignorant of the world than the young enthusiast who expects every man to be as generous and as unselfish as himself. But this is a digression. My grandfather was perhaps if any thing too enthusiastic; but, luckily, in the very outset of his career he became acquainted with a person, whose name is still greatly celebrated, from whom he derived considerable benefit and instruction. I need not allude to this kind preceptor more particularly at present; his usefulness will appear in the course of my story. The young soldier started from home with his pockets well filled by the liberality of his father—a good horse below him, which was intended for one of his chargers—pistols primed and loaded at his saddlebow, and thinking himself a new Alexander going forth to conquer the world. His servant and heavy luggage had been sent off two or three days before, and the young man anticipated great pleasure in his journey from the rich vale of Gloucester to Chatham, where his regiment was stationed. The first day conducted him, without any adventure, to the Black Horse at Burford—a hostel which no Oxonian of the present day will forget, if he has tasted a frothing tankard of Jemmy Stevenson's beer. While he was seeing his horse properly attended to in the stable, he was struck with the remarkable appearance of a person who kept pacing to and fro in the stable-yard. He wore a long loose horseman's cloak, which completely concealed his figure; but the large silver buckles in his shoes, and a full-bottomed wig, curling a good way over his shoulders, surmounted by a little old-fashioned three-cornered hat, gave him altogether the look of some venerable relic of the days of Queen Anne. He stooped greatly as he walked, and every now and then making a dead stop, and gazing earnestly up into the sky, he muttered some strange sounds, which the young soldier could not by any means understand, and accordingly imagined to be Greek. The hostler could afford him no satisfactory information as to who the object of his curiosity was. He had only arrived an hour or two before him, and the little shaggy pony he rode was in the next stall to the magnificent charger of the youthful traveller. As he passed the stranger, in going into the house, he addressed him, in hopes of finding out something more about him. "Good-night, father," said the young man, "here is a most beautiful moon."

"Poh! don't talk about any thing beautiful standing in a stable-yard; if you were on the deck of a brave frigate on the still bosom of the Atlantic—if you were on the summit of some ruined tower, seeing its light reflected in broken patches on the lake—or glimmering on the top of breathless woods—you might talk of its being beautiful; but here, within two yards of a dunghill—laugh!—call it a full moon, or a bright moon, or a useful moon, but never mention the word beautiful."

"But, my dear sir," replied the other, "it is you and

I who are in the stable-yard, and in such unromantic proximity to a dunghill, and not the moon. What you say, might do very well if any person in the moon had applied the epithet to us; but I maintain, in spite of all you can advance, that the moon is a beautiful moon."

"Have it your own way, young man, and beautiful let it be. I am not so romantic now as I have been. Is there nothing else in the sky that you consider beautiful?"

"Every thing—star, cloud, and vapour."

"But is there no star in particular? not that bright little light at the corner of that fleecy cloud—you see it?"

"Yes."

"That is the only star in heaven that you ought to care a rush for. 'Tis yours."

"Mine! oh! you are an astrologer, old gentleman. I should be obliged to you for a cast of your art."

"I'll give it you to-morrow. To-night I must leave the starry host to take care of themselves, while I follow their example in the supper-room of the Black Horse."

"We'll sup together, if you have no objection," said my grandfather, delighted to have made acquaintance with so out-of-the-way a character; and they proceeded very amicably into the house, to see what provision the larder could supply.

The stranger still retained his horseman's cloak, and, under the plea of dim sight and old age, he ornamented his nose with a pair of large horn spectacles. His conversation was quite as curious as his appearance.

"And so you have left your home to join the army? I thought there was something military in your air the first moment I saw you. On what day do you reach your destination?"

"This is only Monday," replied the young man, "and Chatham is not above two quiet days' journey from this place."

"Your horse is a good one?"

"The best in the county of Gloucester. I would not part with brown Hamlet for fifty golden Georges."

"But you have made other provision for the war besides a charger? Ill fares it with the soldier at quarters who has not a purse as well as a sabre."

"Tut, man, I have both; but my journey has made me thirsty as well as hungry. What shall we drink?"

"'Tis all the same to me," said the old man. "I have been in all lauds, and drank their wines at the fountainhead; but my favourite was a wine we drank deeply of when we were at Breda. 'Twas Palatinate; and Charles used to say to us, his father had paid right dearly for it with a Spanish war, so it mattered little whether his son ever paid for it to the tapster."

"And who was your friend Charles?" said my grandfather; "he seems to have been a jolly sort of fellow."

"Why, tawny Charles Stewart, the king, to be sure—a much pleasanter companion, I can tell you, than sly Noll the Protector."

My grandfather nearly dropt the bottle of good Hock from his hand, when he heard he was sitting with a boon companion of the merry monarch.

"You look astonished," continued the other. "but I could tell you more wonderful things than that. Few people give me credit for so much experience as I have, but I was quite a young fellow then, not much above three-score."

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed my grandfather, "that you were sixty years of age in the time of Charles the Second?"

The old man nodded.

"Then, in the name of Heaven, how old are you now?"

"Pretty nearly your own age, Master Wellwood—
younger, perhaps, if we consider our lifetime from the
space between us and the grave, and not between us
and the cradle."

"You mean that you have a chance of living longer
than I have?"

"A chance? A certainty. I have but entered on
my first youth yet; and you too, I am informed, will
be blest with length of days."

"Your informant was particularly obliging. His
means of knowing how long I am to live were of course
undeniable."

"Of course. It is impossible for me to be deceived.
The stars themselves have told me."

My grandfather entered with all the eagerness of
his age into the rhapsodies of the enthusiast. He half
believed in the agency of stars and conjunctions of
planets, and was quite bewildered by the strange
assertions of his new acquaintance. However, he did
not trouble his head much about whether his state-
ments of his extreme longevity were true or not. He
found him, at all events, an exceedingly agreeable
companion. Age, whatever it might have done for his
eyesight, had only sharpened his appetite, and strength-
ened his head. The palatine had evidently no more
effect than water upon a brain accustomed to it in the
banished Court at Breda, and even stout punch was
entirely thrown away upon so seasoned a vessel. My
grandfather, in the meantime, possessing no such pre-
servative against the effects of his libations, after
speechifying incessantly for a full hour, revealing
every item of his birth, parentage, and education, was
at length conveyed to his couch in a state of the most
profound oblivion of nearly every thing that had
passed.

Next morning he was greatly disappointed, on find-
ing that his companion of the night before, had set off
on his journey long before he was up. He breakfasted
in sober sadness, paid his reckoning, and, mounting
brown Hamlet, pursued his way to Oxford. After
resting a short time in that "famous University," he
proceeded at a slow pace towards Henley, with the
intention of resting there for the night. When he had
left Oxford four or five miles behind him, he thought
he perceived the old astrologer a short way in advance,
urging his shambling gray pony into a trot, an exercise
to which the wearied animal seemed to have a very
decided objection. A few minutes served to overtake
him, and my grandfather was rejoiced to discover he
had not been mistaken.

"I am glad, Master Wellwood, you have overtaken
me, for this poor little pony will go all the better for
your company."

"And yourself none the worse, Master Hasdrubal
—for I think that was the name you told me—though,
by Jupiter, my memory is not so clear this morning as
it ought to be."

"My name is indeed Paulo Hasdrubal, as you so
correctly remember; and I shall be delighted not only
with your company, but, in this disturbed road, with
your protection also."

"Fear nothing, old Hasdrubal; I have two friends
in my holster shall give good account of any one who
molests us. Your pony does not seem to carry his
years so well as you do yours. He won't go much
farther to-night."

"I hope to get him on at any rate to Henley," re-
plied the old man, "where, indeed, I have a little
business; but if you are not in a hurry, Master Well-
wood, and will give him a little breathing time, there
is a pretty little copse about half a mile on, where we
can retire, and pass half an hour over the contents of
my little basket."

"Agreed with all my heart," said the other; "and

you shall amuse the time with an account of some
others of your strange adventures."

"Come on, then," said the astrologer; and by dint
of extra flogging, and the example of brown Hamlet,
the pony quickened its pace, and in a few minutes
they diverged from the high-road, and found themselves
in a thickly-leaved coppice, about three hundred yards
to the right. The old man took off his saddle, unbrid-
dled the worn-out pony, and let him pick up the grass
at his ease. My grandfather merely fastened his horse
to a tree, and, sitting down beside the old man, did
ample justice to the luncheon contained in his basket.

"Well, father," he said, "your teeth seem pretty
good, considering what capital use you have made of
them for an age or two?"

"Yes, thanks to the planet Saturn under which I
was born, who ate lumps of stone when he was much
older than I am, and swallowed them as if they had
been slices of butter. My nerves are as good as ever,
my aim as sure, my hand as steady, and in the day-
time, even my eyes as good. See."

As he said this, he took a pistol from the holster of
his saddle, lying beside him, and, tossing an empty
bottle into the air, shattered it into a thousand pieces
with the ball.

"Well done," exclaimed my grandfather; "you are
a first-rate marksman, Master Hasdrubal. Let me
try."

"Willingly, my son; but empty the bottle before
you throw it away. There is still a mouthful in it.
Here is my other pistol."

The bottle was thrown up, fired at, and missed.

"Confound the bottle," said the young man. "Let
me have just another trial. I'll go for one of my own
pistols."

"No," replied the other, "we may perhaps alarm
some traveller on the road: let us rather pass the time
as they do in Algiers."

"How is that?"

"In telling tales. When I was there, as a galley-
slave, I became a great favourite with my master by
my talent in setting him to sleep with my long-winded
stories."

"Were you long there?"

"Longer than I wished—but you shall hear. It
was in the first James's time, towards the end of his
reign"—here my grandfather started, but made no
observation, setting the narrator down in his own mind
either as the devil, or as some old doating enthusiast
—"Yes, it was somewhere about a hundred and thirty
years ago," continued the old man, as if in answer to
my grandfather's start of surprise, "that I found myself
one morning without any money in my pocket, and
not any settled plan in my head, walking on the land-
ing-place on the shore of Boulogne. A little vessel
attracted my attention, bearing right in for the harbour,
and with the undefined curiosity of men who have
nothing else to think of, I waited its arrival, to see the
passengers it contained. When it lay to, a small boat
put off, and in it I perceived five men, besides the
sailors, who rowed to land. The first who stepped on
shore was a tall, handsome man, though rather meanly
dressed; but there was a courtliness in the air with
which he tendered his assistance to a thin young man,
who next leapt upon the sand, which riveted my ob-
servation. The two who had disembarked walked
hastily towards the town, while the three other indi-
viduals remained for the purpose apparently of making
arrangements with the boatmen. The strangers direct-
ed their steps to the place where I was standing; and
as they passed, I could not avoid—in spite of the vul-
garity of their clothing, and their evident desire to
avoid observation—lifting my hat from my head, and
paying them the lowliest obeisance. The taller of the
strangers stooped as soon as he saw me, and said to his
companion—"I say, Jack Smith, this won't do. Here

we are discovered the moment we put foot on foreign ground. What fools to part with our long beards at Dover!"

"Bribe him, Steenie, or hire him to accompany us," said the other stranger, with a stutter which did not altogether conceal the dignity of his manner while he spoke.

"My Lord of Buckingham," I said, "and you, whom seeing in such unusual guise I dare hardly name, I shall neither be bribed nor hired. If my services can be of use, command them—if not, pass on; there is a seal upon my lips which shall never be broken."

"A right good fellow, and one to be trusted," I warrant, replied the Duke. "Follow us, good fellow—but keep your bonnet on your head. Jerkins like ours deserve no such observances."

"I followed the gentlemen, and in an hour found myself the trusted companion of Prince Charles and Buckingham, who had left England the day before to prosecute their journey to the Court of Spain. Dick Graham, my fellow-servant on the expedition, was of incalculable use. I used to think myself a person of a very decent degree of impudence before; but I found myself the most modest of mankind compared to Dicky Graham. In several places our masters were recognized—their faces and stations were too eminent to remain long unknown. Dick Graham exhausted all the Biblical knowledge he had acquired in three years' study at the university, in calling down curses on himself and others, if the gentlemen he followed, were not Master John and Master Thomas Smith, two worthy young squires from the county of Suffolk. If any one appeared a little tardy of belief, Dick only pointed to his sword, and as his reputation as a master of the rapier was pretty well established, his statement derived considerable authenticity from the vigour with which he seemed determined to enforce it. I will not tire you with all the adventures of our journey, which doubtless, as you are a well-read young gentleman, you are well acquainted with already; but you are to imagine us safely arrived at Madrid—cannons firing, drums beating, bells ringing, and the haughty King of Spain sitting humbly, in all our processions, at the left hand of the Prince of Wales. After a while the negotiations seemed not to get on quite so favourably as at first. Buckingham and Olivarez hated each other with a fervour of detestation, which only rival courtiers can entertain. But my situation about the Prince's person became no sinecure, in consequence of these bickerings of the favourites. Buckingham had occasion for a trusty messenger to convey some useful information to the Duke de Medina Sidonia, and did me the honour to make me the bearer of it to that nobleman at his summer palace, on the banks of the Guad-Alquibir. Such a palace was not to be found in all Spain; for my own part I preferred it to the newly built Escorial. After having delivered my despatches, I went forth to make a survey of the surrounding country. And here, for the first time, and the last, I knew what it was to be in love. All this passed so many years ago, Master Wellwood, that you would perhaps have little interest in my description of bright eyes, red lips, and glossy hair, which have now for the better part of a century been defiled in the dust of death—better, far better than to be hidden and dimmed and buried in the living sepulchre of a joyless old age. We met often—we loved; and even now I recollect the agony of our hearts when the period of my return approached. One more meeting, unobstructed by the inquisitive eyes of the Palace, we resolved to have. A bower well known to both of us was the place fixed on—half way between the magnificent river and the village of Saint Lucar de Barrameda. We met just at the Spaniards' witching hour of night, when the planet consecrated to love rose clearly over the grove of olive-trees in which our bower was placed; but not long

had we been engaged in mutual professions of attachment, when a band of armed men rushed into the place, and holding glittering scimitars to our hearts, ordered us to follow them in silence.

"Lost! lost!" exclaimed the lady. "My brother has discovered us, and there is no prospect of any thing but death."

"Your Highness," I whispered in reply, "gives way too readily to despair."

"Hush, hush, my friend—I am no princess now, for I fear we are fallen into far more evil hands than even those of an enraged brother."

"How? what fear you?"

"The pirates. See, we are going toward the bay; and yonder, a little way from the point, rides a felucca, which no doubt will carry us to Algiers. Give them no clue to who or what I am; call me naught but Mariana—your sister—wife—any thing to conceal from them who I really am!"

"I must hurry over the remaining scenes, Master Wellwood, as it now draws near our time to jog on towards Henley. We were indeed conducted to Algiers—separated—though with a promise, if ransom came proportioned to our apparent consequence, we should be restored to each other in all safety and honour. But where was I to apply for a ransom? Buckingham and the Prince I knew too well to trouble on the subject, as their rage at being disappointed in the object of my mission would blot out all the tenderness they had ever entertained for me, and all regret at my loss. My companion had no friend from whom she could hope any thing. Were she even to be restored to her family, she well knew that her state would be one of greater slavery than even among the barbarians. Months passed away, and as there was no appearance of a ransom, our condition, or at least mine, for of Mariana's I was ignorant, became a good deal more rigorous and unpleasant. At last it degenerated into actual slavery, but from this I was saved by the kind offices of an old man, one Malek, a prophet and astronomer, to whom I had been useful on my first arrival in the city. He took me into his service; he taught me the secrets of his stupendous and profound philosophy, which only fools and idiots pretend to despise. He opened to me the book of fate, and the future is at this moment clearer to me than the past. At last he said, 'My friend, I know you long to be re-united to your lady, and it is in my power to aid you. On the next great festival, the Dey has a public display of skill in all the military exercises. You, I know, are a very good horseman, and I will furnish you with bullets for your pistols, with which it is impossible to miss. A horse also shall meet you on that day. Ask no questions, but when you see the animal, whisper in its ear, 'Malek mi granda jehuri'—spring into the saddle, and you shall have nothing left to wish for. The appointed day came, and, old as I am, Master Wellwood, if you will allow me, I will show you the manner in which I became possessed of the noblest Arabian that ever dashed up the dust of the desert in its speed.'

The old man rose as he spoke—walked quietly up to my grandfather's horse Brown Hamlet—untied his bridle from the tree, and, whispering something in his ear, sprang lightly as a youth of twenty into the saddle. "Now, Master Wellwood," he said, "I see you are interested in the continuation of my story; but I have no time to tell you it just now—my pistols you will find both unloaded—my pony is very slow, to be sure, but very useful: and as to my face and figure, they are pretty good, I think, for an old man, that recollects all about James the First and Charles the Second, and only rewards himself for his anecdote with the charge of a Gloucestershire bumpkin." In a moment, the shrivelled skin was pulled from his face, the flame wig thrown off, and the horseman's cloak cast aside, displaying a very handsome young man about five-and-

twenty years of age, dressed in the extremest style of the fashion of that day.

"Fool, idiot, ass, to have listened so long and earnestly to a confounded swindler in the disguise of a philosopher!" exclaimed my grandfather, grasping in vain one of the pistols which he himself had discharged at the empty bottle.

"Your horse, Master Wellwood," continued the other, keeping adroitly out of reach, "is fairly mine; I have whispered 'Malek mi granda jehuri' in his ear; and so farewell, and a pleasant journey to you to Chatham."

Saying this, he galloped off with a loud laugh, leaving the young soldier in no very enviable situation. However, resolved to make the best of his bargain, he saddled the old pony, and followed as quickly as he could. Brown Hamlet was out of sight, and it was absurd to think of trying to overtake him. He contented, himself, therefore, with trotting on quietly towards Henley, resolving to raise the hue and cry the moment he reached the town. In passing through a little village, he asked if a person had been seen answering the description of his recent acquaintance, but the man he addressed, instead of replying to his question, laid his hand on his bridle, and said, "Where the devil, young man, didst thee get this here pony?"

"I found it," replied the rider.

"Thee found it! I know thee did, and it was just on the same day that old farmer Hutchins found a broken head—you robbed the old man, and stole his property."

"Leave go the bridle, you scoundrel, or I'll blow your brains out," said my grandfather, losing patience, and seizing one of his pistols. The man, in great alarm, gave the pony its head, and the pistol kept the crowd, which had quickly gathered round him, at a respectful distance. My grandfather pursued his way for about three quarters of a mile, closely followed by the most active of the villagers, who in truth found no great difficulty in keeping up with the most rapid speed of the miserable steed. At last, at a narrow lane which led up to a cottage, a few yards from the road, the pony first of all made a dead stop, and then in dogged defiance of whip, spur, and bridle, stumbled up the narrow path at a shambling sort of trot, and stood patiently at the first door he came to. The pursuers in the mean time blockaded the lane, and an old man issuing from the cottage recognised the pony in a moment. "Ah! Bessy," he cried, "I am so glad to see thee—and thee, thou be'st the murderin' villain as sprang on me from the hedge and stole poor owld Bessy away from me. I'll pay thee now, I warrant, for the patch I wore on my head a full month after I met thee. Off with thee—off and be hanged!" My grandfather endeavoured to make the pony move, but all in vain. It stood stock-still at its ancient home, and in a few minutes the young man was dismounted, and secured by the united efforts of a score of men

and women; the latter of whom began to pity his unhappy situation very much, when they saw how young and unlike a murderer he was. Well, of course there was no great difficulty in establishing his innocence, but still even to do this, occupied more than a week, and he found he was ten days behind his appointed time when he presented himself to his commanding officer at Chatham. That gentleman was busily poring over some important despatches when he sent in his name.

"Well, Cornet Wellwood," he said, without lifting his eyes from the paper, "have you had a pleasant ride?"

"Not very much so, Colonel."

"No? what was the cause? didn't you find the ladies agreeable? Now, I think Miss Cecilia seemed very much disposed to make the excursion as delightful to you as she could. In fact, Wellwood, you are the luckiest fellow in life. You have not joined us more than a week. You are already the favourite of the regiment: the ladies are all in raptures with you, and, in short—but who the devil are you?"

"I? I am Cornet Wellwood. I am extremely sorry I have been prevented by the most untoward circumstances from joining the regiment till to-day."

"You? you Cornet Wellwood?—and who the deuce is the jolly fellow we have had here delighting us all the last ten days? I myself have lent him a hundred guineas till his remittances come up from Gloucester;—before he arrived, he wrote to his servant, who had come up here with his luggage, to leave it, and go on particular business into Yorkshire immediately. He has just accompanied Sir Charles—and his daughters, on a horse of Major Mowbray's—but he will be back in half-an-hour, and then the mystery will be cleared up." The mystery was very soon cleared up, but not much to my grandfather's satisfaction—his representative in the regiment never made his appearance, nor did Major Mowbray's horse, or the Colonel's hundred guineas, ever find their way again to the proper owners. A letter was left for my grandfather in his room, informing him, that, by sending fifty guineas to a certain inn in London, and asking no questions, Brown Hamlet would be restored. "And now, young gentleman," it proceeded, "never believe in any stranger's honesty who begins telling you long rigmorale stories about himself. Never lay yourself open by too much communicativeness till you know your man. Accept this advice as a slight return for the pleasure I have experienced while honoured by your name, and do not think too harshly of The Highwayman, Duval."

My grandfather took Duval's advice, and bore him no ill-will for the tricks he had played him. I have heard him say that he had made so favourable an impression on the officers during his short residence with them, that even the Colonel was very sorry for his fate, when he heard a few years after, that he was hanged.

MY PRETTY KATE.

My pretty Kate I do not know
The reason why I love you so
Devotedly; but when a day
Without thy presence drags away,
I feel as though a year had flown,
And I the while been left alone.

Yet when a day I spend with thee,
It scarcely seems an hour to me;
Yet tho' no suicide am I,
Nor very anxious am to die;
My soul unmoved the hope surveys,
That Kate may shorten all my days.

FAIRIES.

RACE of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye,
Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
Who rode upon the breathing of a rose;
Drank from the harebell; made the moon queen
Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
The pink-veined honey suckle; and who rode
Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves—
Where are ye now!—And ye of eastern tale,
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls;
Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,
Where are ye now!

PERSEPOLIS.

A FRAGMENT.

METHOUGHT that I was wandering amid the stupendous ruins of Persepolis. I stood surrounded with what seemed the remains of another world, and the spirit of former ages came over me.

Enormous masses of fallen stone lay around, and innumerable columns in every stage of decay; some prostrated on the marble pavement, others still rearing their majestic heads, comparatively unscathed by time or tempest, but all were clad in the mantle of moss and ivy, which told of desolation and the lapse of centuries.

And silence was here, deep and unbroken,—yet it was that unearthly silence which appeared to speak with the whisper of unseen beings. The moon slept on altar, and temple, and frieze; her clear light making all distinctly visible, even the long colonnades which swept away in endless succession to the very verge of the horizon,—but the extreme brightness of her beams brought out the shadows in that depth and darkness which invests them as it were with reality and mystery.

Something like fear came over me—what could produce it? I well knew no human being was within many miles of me, and supernatural dread I never had. But I felt not alone; it seemed as if I was surrounded with beings which gazed on me with a solemn yet unceasing look. It had been perfectly calm, but as I looked up at the wan and unclouded moon, I saw a lonely plant in the clear relief of her beams waving slowly in the rising breeze. Ah, thought I, is thy slender stalk and unheeded flower the only banner which waves o'er the place of the mighty! I wished to call up visions of the beings who once peopled this now deserted plain, but, though my memory ranged through the stores of history and tradition, yet I could not conjure up a single image in the mind's eye.

I was sitting on the broken step of what had been the grand entrance to a temple; by the hieroglyphics engraved on the still remaining columns, probably that dedicated to the sun. I contemplated with awe the vast expanse of pavement, which, though now chiefly covered with fallen stones and long grass, still indicated the extent of the interior area of the temple. At the eastern extremity were a few steps ascending to an elevated stone platform. It was the spot where the altar had stood—the moonbeams straggling between the opposite columns, showed the broad and low step on which the worshippers had knelt while offering their sacrifice. I sighed as I gazed, and a distant murmuring seemed to echo to my thoughts. It was but the wind rushing past, its melancholy sound harmonizing fitly with the scene around.

There was a time, thought I, when this "City of the Dead" stood in all the freshness of a new creation, and in the magnificence of prosperity, when her marble palaces and mighty temples were thronged with the multitude of her dwellers, and when the barren desert around was covered with vegetation and greenness. Where are now her princes and warriors, her priests, the sages, and lawgivers of the East; and where the crowds of artisans and peasants,—if such indeed there were in this place of palaces! Alas! my musings all resolved themselves into the conviction of the mutability and nothingness of all things human. Whilst thus wrapt in meditation, methought the scene became gradually changed. The walls of the temple, scarce perceptible before, now rose up in pure and dazzling whiteness, the low mouldering pillars reared their encrusted capitals as high as those which were still erect, and the entablatures appeared, surmounted with the lofty pediment, and adorned with rich and grotesque friezes.

I looked towards the altar, and it appeared high,

large, and square; galleries, arches, colonnades, and roof rose up rapidly and magnificently. All appeared distinct as in the blaze of noonday. Hundreds of statues stood in niches, or lined the sides of the walls, and every part seemed finished with the utmost perfection of design and execution. Small time now had I for wonderment. The sighing of the wind was changed to the sound of distant music, which, as it neared, was deadened by the trampling of multitudes. My heart beat—the footsteps approached nearer and nearer, they were on the steps. I gazed ardently towards the entrance, fear was swallowed up in expectation,—another moment, and my eyes would open on beings who breathed thousands of years gone by. The tread passed over the threshold, and onwards to the altar. I could see *nothing*;—but the swell of the harp came deep and near—I could hear rustling, as of banners and the sweep of long garments over the marble pavement. The steps were stayed before the altar, and I looked earnestly on the shrine; a small light smoke shot up, wreathing its top in eddying curls to the roof; and when the first clouds were dispersed throughout the expanse, a clear, bright, though slender flame appeared in its place. In a moment, the temple resounded with the warlike music of innumerable trumpets. It swelled louder and louder, till at length it ceased suddenly, as though under the influence of a single performer; but it was some time ere the wave of harmony subsided among the extensive and lofty colonnades. No sooner had the last swell died away in the distance, than again music was heard, but it was soft, plaintive, and melancholy. At first it appeared to descend from the heavens, but as it gradually increased to its full cadence, I found it was a choir of female voices proceeding from one of the many galleries which were hung, as it were, midway between the roof and the floor of the temple. It breathed peace, but it produced solemn and mournful sensations. I could distinguish articulations, but the language was unknown—it seemed, however, soft and melodious, and from the alternate piano of a single voice, followed by the deep melody of the chorus, it was evidently a hymn. I became as it were entranced—the statues, the pillars, the altar, and even the temple itself faded from my sight, and I felt as though lifted from earth towards the skies. Again was I brought back to a knowledge of this wondrous scene by the voice of multitudes, which now joined in the chaunt of the chorus.—It rose like the roar of a torrent, and the lofty area of the temple seemed too small to contain the harmony.

There was something inexpressibly beautiful in this music. I could distinguish the full manly voice of the warrior, the low deep chaunt of the priest, the shrill voice of youth, and the silver tone of woman. Their hallelujahs grew louder and louder, they became the voices of giants, the firm pavement trembled under the influence of the sound, and I could observe the tapered shafts of the pillars acquire a tremulous motion. Still it swelled, the roar of a deity descended from the sky to join them, my ears could no longer drink in the stupendous sounds.—It became one mighty peal of harmonious thunder—and, in vain struggling under a combination of hurried and excited sensations, I sunk overpowered on the pavement.

All was silent, I looked up, the moon again gazed sadly down, I looked around—the huge capital lay by the side of its apparent pillar, the altar had dwindled to its original slight elevation, the long grass, gently agitated by the fitful breeze, threw its dancing shadow on the ground, and the wind itself murmured softly and sadly among the distant ruins.

SONG OF THE GASCON PEASANT.

BY VISCOUNT NEWARK.

[The Garonne rises in Spain, among the highest peaks of the Pyrenees, in the wild Vallee d'Arron, but immediately enters France, and, while yet a rivulet, divides Gascogne and Languedoc—flowing down by Valentine to Toulouse—then away through Guyenne, to Bordeaux and the sea.]

I.

Come, laughing maid of Languedoc, thy sunny tresses
twine
With tendrils of the plant we love—the fondly cling-
ing vine!
Beneath the vine that fondly clings, ye maids of gay
Gascogne,
Let us keep his flowery holiday, our happy blue Ga-
ronne!

II.

Oh let him boast, the Spanish churl, in Arron's sunless
vale,
The sources of the stream we love, and bid its foun-
tains hail!
The babe hath fled its rugged nurse—the child is all
our own—
And we drink a merry course to thee, our happy blue
Garonne!

III.

Then hie thee down to Valentine, and towers of old
Toulouse—
She, too, to kiss thy sparkling wave, Guyenne's proud
maiden sues—
But, on the plains of fair Guyenne, the seed it is but
sown,
When the Gascon reaps his harvest, by the banks of
young Garonne!

A SONG.

On Lilla is a lovely lass
As ever man did woo
Her eyes all eyes on earth surpass,
They kill and cure you too!
Her winsome waist, however laced,
A hand might span it all:—
Her shoulders fair, lit by her hair,
Whose yellow tresses fall
Like sunbeams shed upon a bed
Of lilies in mild June,
Or golden light in summer night
Soft streaming from the moon;—

These are charms which moral men
May behold with careless eye;
I, who am devoutest then,
Love them to idolatry!

Her ruddy lips like scarlet heps,
The balmy breath between;
Her soft sweet tones, who hears them owns
The music which they mean;
Her hands and arms have each their charms;
Her nimble stepping feet,
The very ground loves their light sound,
Soft as her bosom's beat:—
Her winsome waist—her shoulders, graced
With sunny showers of hair—
Her voice, how sweet!—her dancing feet,
Her face, like heaven's fair;—

These are charms which moral men
May behold with careless eye;
I, who am devoutest then,
Love them to idolatry!

THE GATHERER.

“A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.”

SHAKESPEARE.

FOLLY consists in the drawing of false conclusions from just principles, by which it is distinguished from madness, which draws just conclusions from false principles.

How sudden do our prospects vary here!
And how uncertain ev'ry good we boast!
Hope oft deceives us; and our very joys
Sink with fruition;—pall, and rust away.
How wise are we in thought! how weak in practice!
Our very virtue, like our will is—nothing!

“I swear by the constancy of my bosom!” exclaimed a despairing lover to his mistress, “that my passion is unfeigned and sincere.”—“Swear not by thy bosom,” returned the lady, “for that is false.” It was made of linen.

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt-water, yet is still fresh.

So far is it from being true, that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together, but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.

However academies have been instituted to guard the avenues of the languages; to retain fugitives and

repulse intruders: their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain. Sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraint; to enchain syllables and lash the wind, are equally the undertakings of pride unwilling to measure its desires by its strength.

Who forgets, and does not forget himself, in the joy of giving, and of accepting, is sublime.

Members of dilettanti societies are generally especial asses—their eternal talk about the fine arts, drawing, colouring, harmony, composition, chiaro-scuro, foreshortening, design, and so forth, is enough to turn the stomach of a horse. The thing is more insufferable, because they absolutely know nothing of the subject, and have about as much real appreciation of genius, as a pig possesses for the inventions of Watt or Dredalus.

The imagination is a good servant, but a bad master.

Some writer observes in reference to the miserable and abject language formerly used on these occasions, “That the first inventor of dedications must certainly have been a beggar.”

The first war undertaken for religion was that of the Arminian Christians, to defend themselves against the persecution of Maximin.

Always endeavour to learn something from the information of those thou conversest with; and to put thy company upon those subjects they are best able to speak of.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect; our disposition or our weakness favours the surprise; one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

If the talent of Ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste His works. Admitted once to his embrace, Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before: Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart, Made pure, shall relish, with divine delight Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.

He knows nothing of men who expects to convince a determined party man. And he nothing of the world who despairs of the final impartiality of the public.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

During the time of the persecution of the protestants in France, the English ambassador demanded of Louis XIV. the release of those who had been condemned to the galleys on account of religion. "What would the King of England say," answered Louis, "if I were to desire him to set free the prisoners in Newgate?" "Sir, replied the ambassador, "his Majesty would undoubtedly comply, if you claimed them as your brothers!"

Reason is a lamp that sheddeth afar a glorious and general light, but leaveth all that is around it in darkness and gloom.

"I cannot do it," never accomplished any thing. "I'll try," has done wonders.

Like to the falling of a star;
Or as the flight of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or pearly drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Calumny is like the wasp that teases, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself, unless you are certain to destroy it—otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever.

People are scandalized if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a bustle is here made about my head.

When an old woman begins to doat and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commences and familiarities, that her imagination forms in delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the

greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by mankind is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

In folly or weakness it always beginneth; but remember, and be well assured, it seldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heel of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger standeth Remorse.

It is observed too often, that men of wit do so much employ their thoughts upon fine speculations, that things useful to mankind are wholly neglected; and they are busy in making emendations upon some euclitics in a Greek author, while obvious things, that every man has use for, are wholly overlooked.

We nobles, (say the aristocracy,) intercede between the king and the people. Yes—as the greyhound intercedes between the huntsman and the hares.

I am every thing; the rest of the world is nothing—so say despotism, aristocracy, and their partizans. I am one among my fellow-men, and each of them is as myself—thus speaks the friend of popular institutions. How shall we decide?

A doctor and a poet quarrelled; an indifferent person was referred to to settle the dispute; the latter made the following reply:—

"You're faulty both—do penance for your crimes: Bard, take his physic—doctor, read his rhymes."

RECIPES.

BREAD SAUCE.

Take four ounces of grated stale bread; pour over it sufficient milk to cover it, and let it soak about three quarters of an hour, or till it becomes incorporated with the milk. Then add a dozen corns of black pepper, a little salt, and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Pour on a little more milk, and give it a boil. Serve it up in a sauce-boat, and eat it with roast wild fowl, or roast pig.

Instead of the pepper, you may boil in it a handful of dried currants, well picked, washed, and floured.

SHALOT OR ONION SAUCE—SAUCE NAVIGOTE.

Take a handful of sweet herbs and the same quantity of shalots or little onions, and cut them up small. Put them into a sauce-pan, with some vinegar, salt, pepper, and sufficient broth or warm water to cover them. Let them boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Take the sauce from the fire and set it on the stove, or on the hearth, and stir in, till it melts, a piece of butter rolled in flour, or a spoonful of olive oil.

UNIVERSAL SAUCE.

Take a pint of good broth, or a pint of drawn butter. Stir into it a glass of white wine, and half the peel of a lemon grated. Add a laurel leaf, or two or three peach-leaves, and a spoonful of vinegar. Let the mixture simmer on a few coals or on hot ashes, for five or six hours or more, and it will be good to pour over either meat, poultry, or fish, and will keep several days in a cool place.

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THE LADY'S BOOK.

DECEMBER, 1888.

ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH;

OR, THE POST-OFFICE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

ALL places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton was discourse—that species of discourse which Johnson's Dictionary entitles “conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves.” Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, talkings, sayings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly; for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.'s pair of fowls, and Mr. B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbours' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the White Hart: not that there was any thing remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the Morning Herald (for the post came in of an evening,) and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for antiquarians and picnic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no asazes—in short, there was “no nothing.” It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge; and shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakspeare, “exhausted worlds, and then imagined new.” Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a mad-house, a second that he had killed

some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was on the twenty-third of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to “John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton.” Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on tip-toe to peep, while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in decyphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. “Oh, the monster!” shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—“We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great.” Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. “He told me,” gasped the landlady, “that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!” Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

“I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing,” observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

“I dare say,” returned the post-mistress, “Williams is not his real name.”

“I don't know that,” interrupted the landlady; “Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him: he shan't poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself.”

“Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters,” and the post-mistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentleman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

"Murder will out," said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which, like Tom Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past "the witching hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner-table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. "He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a beautiful young creature, not above nineteen!—"I see how it is," thought she, "the old wretch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain, the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!"—All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. "I am happy, madam," said the little bustling magis-

trate, "to have been under Heaven the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious design of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused: consequence of three wants—want of words, breath and ideas.

"My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persevere in poisoning your wife!"—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

"I can explain all," at last interrupted the visitor. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius: he is writing a melodrama called 'My Wife'—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being very immoral. "Quite mistaken, sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterward, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud, in the hope of your approval, at least, of your indulgence"—and with the same hope, I hid farewell to my readers.

LOVE ME!

Love me—Love me—like the stars

That love to shine at night,

With sparkling eyes

In joy arise

To kiss the gloom and make it bright.

My heart—My heart is a gloomy veil,

That time has darken'd o'er;

But come with the light

Of thine eyes, star-bright,

And darkness shall be no more.

Love me—Love me—like the sun

That warms while it lightens too;

Brings flowers to life

With sweetness rife,

I care not for life without flowers to view.

My heart—My heart's a garden wild,

Its flowers are left to perish;

But come like the sun,

And smile upon

The heart's garden roses, and cherish.

Love me—Love me—like the moon,

For the moon is chaste and bright;

And Love to endure,

Must, like moonlight, be pure,

And holiness be in its light.

My heart—My heart's like a placid brook

That lies in a garden fair;

And the sun-rays at noon,

And the stars at the moon,

Must beam on and brighten there.

THE PARTING.

Og! is it thus we part,

And thus we say farewell,

As if in neither heart

Affection e'er did dwell!

And is it thus we sunder,

Without a sigh or tear,

As if it were a wonder

We e'er held other dear!

We part upon the spot,

With cold and clouded brow,

Where first it was our lot

To breathe love's fondest vow!

The vow both then did tender

Within this hallow'd shade—

That vow we now surrender;

Heart-bankrupts both are made!

Thy hand is cold as mine,

As lustreless thine eye;

Thy bosom gives no sign

That it could ever sigh!

Well, well! adieu's soon spoken,

'Tis but a parting phrase—

Yet sad, I fear heart-broken,

We'll live our after-days!

Thine eye no tear will shed—

Mine is as proudly dry;

But many an aching head

Is ours before we die!

From pride we both can borrow—

To part we both may dare—

But the heart-break of to-morrow,

Nor you nor I can bear!

Original.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS;

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

And therefore thou may'st think my behavior light;
 But, trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true,
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.—*Shakespeare.*

"THIS is certainly extraordinary—very extraordinary indeed," said Arthur Ravensdale, as he stood gazing on an open letter which he held in his hand; "a lady wishes to see me alone on Fairmount, at nine o'clock on Thursday evening, to communicate something of importance—she will observe punctuality and expect the same from me—what in the name of wonder can be the meaning of all this? Surely so unbecoming a request can never proceed from any one I ought to meet. To see me alone! at night! In a solitary place in the country! O nonsense! what lady would ever dream of such a thing? It must be an idle jest intended to be played off on me by some of my thoughtless acquaintance—pity it is they have no better employment. And yet this note bears upon it the marks of authenticity—is written in a fair undisguised hand, and yet has a little tremulousness about it which seems to indicate that it was indited under some agitation. I wish I had asked the bearer from whence it came. She wishes to communicate something of importance—that sounds serious—perhaps it may be matter in which my welfare is concerned—even my life may be in danger. Yet if so, why this secrecy? would it not be more honest and open to speak out plainly? There could be no necessity to lure me to a lonely spot at night—that looks badly—it may be a trick of some villain to plunder me—I believe I had better remain quietly at home."

But Arthur Ravensdale, notwithstanding this deliberate conclusion, could not remain quietly at home—there was an air of romance about the thing which chimed in with his own ardent propensities, and would not let him rest. I hold that curiosity is not so censurable as many would imagine—for although in the instance of our common mother its effect was rather deleterious, yet it must be admitted to be the base of all knowledge, and the cause of many important advantages. One hates to be tantalized with an unsolved mystery; and it was this feeling that induced our hero to forego his first determination, and finally fall into the wishes of his unknown correspondent. He felt an insatiable desire to know who it was, and what it was that called for his presence in such a place and at such an hour, and not being able to make the discovery in any other way than the one pointed out, he determined at length to hazard all consequences, and visit the place of rendezvous at the time requested. He took the precaution, however, to arm himself for the occasion, lest perchance the object should prove other than it professed to be, and require such protection.

It was a beautiful calm night in the "leafy month of June," when Ravensdale set out to meet his mysterious summoner. The full moon was already high in heaven, and shed a softened charm over the whole landscape. Every one knows the picturesque beauty of the scene which had been selected for this singular meeting. On the present occasion, it wore peculiar attractions. The night, as I have said, was of the loveliest—the river flowed along with the quiet of sleep—except when its waters broke over the long-stretched dam—and here and there, a little boat was gliding along, and challenging observation by the glitter of its oars in the moonlight—on the hills, groups

of wanderers were gathered—and at different points from amid the shade of scattered trees, the sound of music was heard, mingled with the voice of light-hearted hilarity.

To the feelings of a youth of five and twenty, who possessed rather a poetical temperament, and who was already under the influence of unusual excitement, the scene could not fail to produce peculiar emotions. He wandered about the hill, in a kind of mental abstraction, until his ideas became perfectly confused, and a host of "thick-coming fancies" began to crowd into his mind. In this state, he stopped by the stairs which lead from the hill to the north east, and stood leaning upon the railing, when he felt an arm gently put into his, and with a quiet pressure urging him forward. He looked round, and beheld at his side a lady of most graceful form and genteel appearance. She did not speak, but with an action of her hand, pointed to the road that leads northward along the border of the river, and motioned him onward. He was not in the mood to disobey, and they went silently along together. After traversing the road for the distance of about half a mile, they came to an opening in a wood, which formed an abrupt valley, with a spring at the bottom. Into this valley the lady led the way, and having reached the fountain, she seated herself on a rock by its side. Hitherto she had not spoken, and a thick green veil, with which she was covered, entirely prevented our hero from ascertaining whether she was one whom he had previously known or not. She now addressed him with a voice of trembling sweetness—"Arthur Ravensdale," said she, "you may well believe that I have not asked this interview without the greatest hesitation. I know that all the prejudices and feelings of society are arrayed against a course, which would be pronounced at once indelicate and unfeminine. For a thousand worlds I would not have you suppose me insensible to that true modesty, which forms the brightest jewel of the female character. I have sought the aid of reason and religion, and I find nothing adverse to either in the purpose I have undertaken. I feel that my happiness is deeply, nay, inextricably involved in it—yours may be also. How far that is the case is what I wish to solve."

To Ravensdale the whole matter was perfectly inexplicable. He certainly understood the words she uttered, but what relation they had to his circumstances he could not possibly imagine—he stood in mute astonishment.

"I perceive," she continued, "that you are surprised at my words, and I do not wonder that you should be. But I beg you not to judge me prematurely, or in accordance with the preconceived opinions of the world—only let my conduct be approved or condemned as it shall stand the test of abstract propriety, under all the circumstances of the case. In what I am about to confess to you I ask your indulgence, not because I consider it wrong myself, but because it may be looked upon in that light by others—perhaps at the first blush by you. Yet I trust your good sense will enable you to decide without prejudice, and do the right to the world, to yourself and to me."

She paused a moment and seemed somewhat at a

less how to proceed. Her auditor was more completely bewildered than ever, and waited eagerly for the further development of her views.

"This is not the first time we have met, Mr. Ravensdale," added she, "though you may possibly ere this, have forgotten the circumstances of our former interview. With me that interview is an indelible remembrance, which notwithstanding it has been kept for years hidden in the recesses of my own heart, refuses to be effaced either by time or discipline. If either would have removed it, I should not have called on you now to listen to the acknowledgment of my weakness. But I find my endeavours to suppress the feelings then inspired, only tending to increase their strength. There was no way left to me, short of a life of hopeless concealment, but the almost untrodden path I have pursued. Pardon me, therefore, Arthur Ravensdale, when I say that I love you—when I throw myself upon your mercy, and ask you not to despise me for the confession. You do not know me—neither do I wish at present that you should—when you do, you will possibly remember that I have some small claim on your regard. I urge not this, however, as an enforcement of your affection—for I wish only the free offering of your heart. If on recognition and due reflection, you can freely return my regard, I am yours for good and ill; and shall be rendered most happy in the accomplishment of the ardent, but suppressed desire of seven tedious years. If otherwise, and I fail at last in my cherished hopes, I shall not reproach you, but in the retirement which disappointment will render welcome, shall continue to hold you in undiminished esteem, and to maintain the warmest desires for your welfare."

If Ravensdale was surprised before, his astonishment was in no wise lessened by this candid, but—he felt bound to acknowledge—modest and unassuming declaration. He felt himself placed by it in so perfectly novel a situation, that all the rules upon which he had been accustomed to act, were entirely inapplicable. He knew not what to say, but deeming it necessary to make some reply, he was about to blunder out some complimentary expression of his sense of the honour she did him, and how unprepared he was for such a communication, or something to that effect, when she prevented his purpose by laying her hand gently on his arm, and saying, "Do not answer me now, Mr. Ravensdale, we are both too much agitated for further parley. This paper," (and she put a small note into his hand,) will give you a hint, which will most probably enable you to recollect the circumstances under which we have met before. Reflect on it seriously and without prejudice, and in one month let me have your answer in this place. It is now proper that we separate—do not think unkindly of me—and for the present, good night!"

As she spoke, Arthur took her presented hand—"Shall I not see you in safety to your home?" said he. "No," she replied, "not now—there is a bright moon, and I shall reach it without interruption. For the present I must remain unknown. On your honour, sir, I charge you not to follow me."—And as she concluded, she turned away, and was immediately lost in the bend of the road.

It was some moments after she had left him, before our hero was sufficiently master of himself to think of turning his steps homeward also. He could scarcely persuade himself but that all he had seen and heard was a mere dream, and it is quite uncertain whether he would not have settled down in that conclusion, had not the paper which he still held in his hand, given tangible demonstration of its reality. As soon as he reached his domicile, he hastened to ascertain its contents. It presented only these few words—"Remember the waterfall on the Catsbergs." Few as they were, however, they acted like a talisman, and imme-

diately brought before his mind the whole train of adventures connected with his visit to the mountains, which we shall now proceed to relate.

No one who has ever visited the Catskill mountains, will be likely soon to forget the beauty of the view from that elevated point, where art has contrived a resting place for the weary traveller, and provided the comforts and luxuries of social life, amid the wild beauties of nature. The prospect is indeed one of the grandest that can well be conceived, and produces a feeling in the mind somewhat similar to that excited by a view of the ocean. The idea of vastness predominates—but that very vastness, if I may so express it, almost defeats itself, by destroying in a great measure our idea of size and distance, and making large and remote objects appear much smaller and less distant than they really are. Comparisons must first be instituted with things of known size, before we can fully take in the extent over which we are gazing. North, South, and East, for miles and miles, the eye wanders over one uninterrupted landscape, of beautiful and varied aspect, bounded only by the far off mountains, which stretch in a line of hazy blue along the horizon. Intermediately, a thousand objects present themselves to the admiration of the spectator. Here, a city presents its glittering spires to the sun—there, a smaller village smiles in miniature with its white dwellings—while over the whole country cottages and farm-houses are scattered among the green meadows and harvest fields, each with its picturesque share of flocks and herds. In two or three spots, little lakes look bright in the midst of verdure, and beyond a noble river, shorn by distance of its grandeur, runs through a wide extent of country, till it is lost in the confusion of indistinctness. The shadows of the clouds which play about the tops of the mountains, give a beautiful variety to the foliage of the forest trees, which here in shade and here in sunshine, present at once almost all the different degrees of verdure of the early spring and more advanced summer. It is good for a man's fancy and his feelings also to be occasionally among the mountains, for he knows not otherwise the combined beauty and magnificence of nature, or forgetful of it, is apt to fashion his ideas of the world he inhabits, upon the littlenesses of human invention which he sees around him. He must be possessed of unenviable apathy, who can stand for the first time on a mountain top, without peculiar emotions.

We must forgive Arthur Ravensdale, however, if he did not go into raptures on arriving at that elevation of the Catskills, which is generally known as the Pine Orchard; for as the sun was at least two hours below the horizon, the view which we have endeavoured to describe was entirely shut out by the darkness of the night. He perceived, however, by the coolness of the atmosphere, that he had obtained a considerable height, and being willing to postpone his ecstasies until morning, he was satisfied for the present to be assured by the moving lights in the extensive edifice before him, that society and its attendant comforts were yet within his reach. Accordingly he entered the house and threw himself upon a seat, which travel had rendered welcome, when he was presently aroused into eager attention by a voice of the most captivating sweetness, chanting in a strain of simple melody the following words—

As the waves from distant fountains
Rolling onwards to the main,
After wandering 'mid the mountains,
Mingle sweetly on the plain—

Even so will kindred natures—
Tho' too long detained apart;
And unknowing form and features—
When they meet, unite in heart.

There is something very peculiar in the effect of music upon particular moods of the mind. It often melts into the soul and overturns all the sternness of stoicism; and yet the reason why it does so is positively a mystery to ourselves. Like the juice of the grape, it becomes indefinitely overpowering; we feel its force, but we are not able to detect its latent influences. Thus it was with Arthur Ravensdale, for without being able to assign any manly cause for his emotion, even at the singing of that little air, he wept—he was ashamed of it, but he did absolutely weep! This unusual tenderness of feeling, however, gradually wore away, and was succeeded by the most intense anxiety to discover from whom the music had proceeded. For this purpose he walked out upon the terrace, but the song had ceased, and every chamber was in profound darkness and quiet. A long time he watched and waited, in the hope that the music would be renewed—but at length the recollection of the fatigues of the day induced him to seek a repose of which his exhausted frame stood much in need. He retired to rest, but not to sleep; for that voice had taken such possession of his mind, that he could not dismiss it from his memory. Twenty times did he start up from un-sound slumbers, under the impression that the song was again sung; and as often did he lie down again disappointed, until, at length, fatigue overcame imagination, and soft sleep, like a dew, fell refreshingly over his faculties.

It was early dawn when our hero awoke. The gray mists were beginning to move among the hills, and some bright streaks of crimson on the light clouds that skirted the horizon, indicated the hour of sunrise to be near. All was as silent as if Nature herself literally slept, except an occasional bird, whose unbroken joy gave it early wakefulness. The tints in the east became gradually brighter and brighter, until at length the sun appeared, and began to illuminate the tops and sides of the mountains. As yet the valley lay entirely in shade, for day had only risen upon the more elevated grounds. Slowly, however, the rays began to creep along the forests, sweeping away the night fogs before them, till at last they spread over the whole extended country, and imparted a beauty even to the little smoke wreaths, that from the distant habitations were giving token of the stir of life and activity.

Ravensdale was standing on the edge of a rock watching the scene with intense interest, when his attention was attracted by a rustling among the leaves, and looking to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived on a neighbouring precipice a girl apparently about seventeen, gazing with silent admiration over the scene which had just occupied his own attention. Her figure was light and graceful, and she possessed a face which expressed so much intelligence combined with sweetness of disposition, that a common observer could scarcely fail, even at first sight, to find himself unusually interested. In a susceptible youth like Arthur Ravensdale, who was then but eighteen, it is not to be wondered, therefore, if it excited feelings of a most ardent and enthusiastic character. His warm imagination had been already considerably awakened by the scene before him, and he was just in tune for the wildest workings of romance. He forgot the sunrise and the landscape, and saw nothing but the beautiful fairy before him. "She is an angel!" exclaimed he, in the fervour of his young fancy; "lovely as the light of day!"—"Thou speakest unadvisedly, young man!" said a voice behind him, which was that of Samuel Had, a tall, slender figure of about six feet. Emily Merton is but a mere woman, and I fear a thoughtless one too!"—"You know her then!" eagerly inquired Arthur—"No," replied the Quaker. "I know nothing of her excepting that that is the name by which she is here called."—"But do you not think her beautiful?"—"Why as to the outward,"

said Mr. Had, "I cannot but say that the girl is comely to look upon; but then," added he with a faint smile, "thou should'st adhere to facts; and it certainly is not the strict truth to say she is an angel!"—"Well sir!" replied the youth, "I will not dispute with you the point of veracity; but give me the poetry of life, and you are welcome to all the prose. Why such a being as that ——" He turned as he spoke, to the spot where she had been standing, but she had vanished; Samuel Had was also stalking away, and Arthur had no resource but to come down from the clouds and follow to the breakfast room.

It was to little purpose that he helped himself to the food before him, for his whole attention was absorbed in Emily Merton. He contrived to happen to sit on the opposite side of the table, where he could feast on her beauty, and was so exceedingly polite in his attentions during the hour of breakfast, that she gradually began in the unaffected simplicity of her heart, to converse with him on some topic on which their sentiments were congenial, and before the meal was ended, she seemed much pleased with his vivacity and intelligence, which combined with a handsome exterior, rendered him an object of no mean interest. The feelings, however, which influenced each, were so carefully guarded, that not the slightest expression of them could be observed, beyond what common courtesy would fully warrant. When the breakfast was concluded, therefore, Arthur did not feel himself warranted in obtruding farther on her attention, and betook himself to the woods, intending to while away part of the morning by visiting the splendid waterfall, which the little stream of Katerskill forms in the bosom of the mountain forest.

If the view from the bluff on which the mountain house is situated, is one of grandeur, the scene of the waterfall is no less magnificent. It unites the wild and the picturesque in an eminent degree, presenting the uncommon spectacle of a little brook pouring its quiet waters into the depths of an abyss of more than two hundred and fifty feet, first by a wild perpendicular leap, and afterwards by breaks from rock to rock, to the bottom of its romantic ravine. On either side of the descent is a steep and rugged path, better suited (especially that at the bottom of the lower fall,) for the sure feet of a mountain goat, than those of a human being. Ravensdale had been sitting for some time in the spacious amphitheatre which forms the basin of the first fall, watching the glittering stream as it plashed down before him, and was about commencing his further descent, when, as he was carefully letting himself round a hazardous turn of the path, he thought he heard above him the words of the last night's song, chanted again by the same sweet voice which had then so deeply interested him. He paused to listen, and forgetting in the raptures of the moment his dangerous situation, was only aroused to a sense of it, by finding himself losing his foothold, and slipping down the abrupt descent. To stop his course he grasped a small bush that grew in his way. It was the only object within reach to which he could cling to prevent his being dashed among the rocks below; but what was his emotion when he perceived that it was not sufficient to support his weight, and that its roots were gradually loosening from the earth. The cold dew of horror hung upon his forehead, as he thought himself doomed to inevitable destruction, and he endeavoured to condense into one aspiration the thoughts that became his need. He watched with no enviable feelings the particles of earth rolling down one by one as the bush separated itself from its hold, till at last it was only supported by its larger and stronger root, which also was on the point of giving way. A dim dizziness came over him, and he was just about relinquishing his grasp, when he heard a voice above him say—"Give me your hand"—and looking up he saw Emily

Merton clinging to a stout tree with one hand, while she stretched the other towards him to accept the proffered aid. There was no time, in his situation, to calculate the consequences, or think of the possibility of involving her in his own fate. On the instant he seized her hand, and the next moment the bush to which he held gave way, and rolled to the bottom of the gulf. His heart beat again when he found himself in comparative safety; but Emily Merton's strength was inadequate to do more than merely support him in his still perilous situation, until further assistance could be obtained. It speedily came in the lank person of Samuel Had, and by his timely and kindly interference, both the adventurers were presently restored to a firm footing on the upper ground which overlooked the cascade. "It was well for thee, young man," said the Quaker, with a jog of his elbow, "that this damsel did not prove so much of an angel as thou wouldst have made her this morning—I think thy chance might have been a slender one had she been less of flesh and blood material."—"She is an angel of kindness, nevertheless," answered Ravensdale; "let me at once pour out to her the fulness of my soul for this preservation." He turned to the spot where she had stood the moment before, and was about to throw himself at her feet, but she was gone. Samuel Had gazed around him with little less astonishment than the youth, and almost began to believe that she was in reality more of a spirit than he had been willing to imagine. "The girl hath departed," said he, "truly she hath a light foot, as well as a strong arm—eh, Friend Arthur?—and though I may not think with thee that she belongs to the tribe of angels and fairies of whom thou talkest, she is certainly one of the uncommon ones of the earth. I would she had not fled so hastily. Yet, if thou regardest a good dinner, and I think thou needest refreshment, we had better follow her example." With this he led the way back to the mansion house, giving Ravensdale, as they went, many kind and wholesome admonitions on prudence and moderation.

Arthur cared much less for his dinner than he did for obtaining another interview with his fair preserver. In her then were united the melodious voice of the preceding night, and the captivating beauty which had so interested him on that same morning. Beside all this, he now owed his life to her undaunted intrepidity, and he was anxious to see her if it was only to thank her for her disinterested kindness. Dinner came, but she was not there—she had left the house before his return; and though for seven years Arthur Ravensdale pursued his inquiries, he was not able to gather any tidings on the interesting subject of Emily Merton.

From the explanations into which we have thus entered, the mystery of the lady in the green veil will, we trust, be sufficiently understood. If Arthur Ravensdale hesitated about accepting her invitation to their recent moonlight interview, he was now equally anxious for the approach of the time she had appointed to receive his answer. To find Emily Merton in this way was a thing he could not have expected. And yet, so much was he influenced by the prejudices of society, he could not help arguing with himself on the propriety of her conduct. "What will the world say?" he soliloquized, "will it not upbraid her for a disregard of its customs, and charge her with a want of delicacy in these advances? And yet why should not a woman have in this respect the same privilege as a man? There is no abstract impropriety in the declaration of affection on the part of one more than the other. An opposite opinion narrows immeasurably the circle of a woman's choice, and, no doubt, frequently induces marriages prejudicial to the happiness of the parties. If she were permitted the liberty to select, not only from among the extremely limited number of her particular admirers, but from the wider field of her acquaintance, a partner congenial to her heart, her

chance of happiness would be infinitely greater than when she is obliged to take the best man that offers; though, perhaps, but the best of the bad, or draw out a life of hopeless celibacy. The well-being of the sex requires that the world should intermit some of its prejudices—there is as much harm done by false delicacy, as there is good effected by that which is real. No—no—let the world say what it will, Emily Merton has acted rightly—and though some fastidious mortal, may blame her candour, I shall never value her the less for having taken the first step towards our mutual happiness."

Having come to this deliberate conclusion, Arthur Ravensdale went with no little emotion to the appointed place of rendezvous, in the valley by the fountain, where he found the lady, enveloped as before in her green veil, already in waiting. "Emily Merton!—is it indeed Emily Merton I behold?" exclaimed the youth, pressing her hand ardently to his lips.

"Do you then agree to take the veil?" enquired she, playfully raising it, and exposing again that lovely face that had so fairly caught his heart upon the mountain.

"Certainly, sweet Emily," replied he, "when you are to be my confessor. You have taken it already too long—I have been for years anxious to see you—to thank you for what I can never repay, and even now, but for your kind consideration—"

"Aye, there's the point, Mr. Ravensdale, there's the point. You must know that I have striven hard to play the part of Shakespeare's heroine, who 'never told her love'—but it wasn't in my nature, and I could not do it. But to be serious, dear Arthur, I was a thoughtless girl when you first knew me, but that is gone with years—yet, as respects yourself, I am not dissatisfied with my conduct either then or now. My present course will probably be condemned, but if I am justified in your opinion, I shall hope for the final indulgence of society. I believe we have no mutual acquaintance, and this will account, in connexion with my retirement in the country, for our not having met since that memorable summer. I knew not what impression might have been made on your mind by the scenes of that period, and I had no means of ascertaining but in this one way. I could not live on in this uncertainty—had you even said nay to my hopes, I should have been comparatively happy. You do not think I have foregone the dignity of my sex—do you, dear Arthur?"—A warm kiss imprinted on her cheek was the best answer he could give; and in a few weeks he gave better proof of it by making her his wedded wife.

It was a mirthful, happy day when Arthur and Emily called their friends together at her mother's country mansion to celebrate their nuptials. "First love" had remained unforgotten in their hearts since their earliest meeting; and although it seemed to both for a long period, as if indeed "its hopes had all gone by," yet the protracted delay their affections had experienced, was now fully compensated by the condensed satisfaction of that interesting moment, when they plighted each other the promise of lasting love and duty.

All went on quietly and cheerfully, and evening began to decline upon the landscape, when a heavy footstep was heard in the entry, the parlour door flew open, and Samuel Had stood before them. He stalked up to Arthur and Emily with his usual long strides, and taking their hands between both his—"Excuse an old man's weakness," he said; "I heard of this and I could not help coming to give you my benediction. Emily, thou art not quite an angel yet, but a right true woman—is she not, Arthur?—Ah! ye're a goodly pair, and I am most glad to see you together.—Farewell.—Bless you—children—bless you—bless you!"

The tears streamed down the old man's cheeks.

"But you are not going, Mr. Had!" said Arthur; "you will surely stay and pass the evening with us." Emily added her kindest request. "Oh! do, Mr. Had, we have not seen you so long."—"No—no—my dear children, thank you truly, but I must not now—an old man is always best under his own roof at night.—Emily, this is not the first time thou hast given him thy hand—I know it is not—he found good service in

it before, eh, Arthur?—and I trust he will again—so my boy, be kind to the little wild girl of the mountain—Heaven bless you both!—Farewell!"

The old man went away with an overflowing heart—but many a time and oft in after days did he renew his visits in the happy family of Arthur Ravensdale, to talk about past times, and repeat his reminiscences of the scenes and adventures on the Catskill mountains.

THE WIDOW'S BRIDGE.

"Go, speed thee forth, my gallant boy,
With thy mother's blessing o'er thee,
And the shield of thy sire, who so nobly trod
In glory's path, before thee!
Speed to the tourney's mimic strife,
Where knight, with knight careering,
Learns to rise o'er the tide of war,
When through the battle veering.

"Though every hope of future joy
In early life was blighted,
Bound to him dead, as living, I've kept
My truth to thy father plighted.
Yes, since of thee, my sainted love,
The infidel bereft me,
I have known no care, no joy, but to watch
O'er this pledge of affection left me!

"Then speed thee forth, my boy, and learn
When thy country's flag waves o'er thee,
To avenge thy sire, and free from the Moor
The gallant land that bore thee."
His way to the walls of Alicant,
Theresa's son is wending;
The squire who bore his shield and lance,
Alone his steps attending.

With hope and with visions of glory elate,
His youthful heart was beating;
The smiles of the fair and the shouts of the brave
His fancied triumphs greeting.
O'er hill, and valley, and plain, he rode,
His courser proudly speeding;
And fearless he plunged in the mountain stream,
The onward way impeding.

Fearless he plunged, but what availed
His feeble arm engaging
A torrent, with recent tempests swollen,
And the ocean's fury raging?
One moment saw the noble boy
His life to fame devoting,
The next he lay a mangled corpse
On the rapid waters floating.

Theresa sat in her lonely hall,
To watch her son returning;
Her breast with all a mother's hope,
But a mother's terror, burning.
One glance she gave, and every thought
Of peace and joy was banished;
She heard the tale, and every hope
Save that in Heaven, vanished!

An arch, spread o'er the fatal stream,
Attests her pious care,
That no defenceless widow's son,
Again should perish there.
And the traveller passing in safety o'er,
When the mournful tale he hears,
Breathes a prayer for her who reared the bridge,
And with it mingles tears.

THE EVENING STAR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
When sunbeams melt upon the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And Mammy breathes her vespers sigh to thee!
Erin's Anacron.

'Tis sweet to gaze, at early morn,
On the wavy spears of the golden corn—
And sweet to mark the new-born day,
When Night with her clouds hath pass'd away—
When the far-off hills and the mountains high
Are glancing clear mid the azure sky—
And the milk-maid gaily hies along
With her noiseless step and her murmured song—
And the pearly dew-drops glittering lie,
Like the bright tears rained from young Beauty's
eye:

But to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet my love 'neath the Evening Star.

'Tis sweet to seek the woods at noon,
When the air is scorch'd with the breath of June—
And sweet to rest 'neath the green arcade
That the clasp'ng boughs of the ash have made—
'Tis sweet to list the minstrel bee,
As he hums his lays on the wild rose tree—
And sweet the voice of the whispering streams—
When the heart roams free in its Eden of dreams,
As their glittering waves in the sunlight glide
O'er the golden sands, like a crystal tide:
But to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet my love 'neath the Evening Star.

Then come, oh come, thou lovely one!
With the lingering rays of the setting sun—
Come, when the winds float gently by,
Like the dreamy tone of the wild harp's sigh—
And the pale moon sails mid the stars that lie,
Like silver isles, in the sea of the sky;
And I'll lay me down on the stilly ground,
And list for thy light step's echoing sound—
And I'll gaze afar through the dewy air,
For the waving locks of thy shining hair:
Then come, for to me thou'rt lovelier far
When seen by the light of the Evening Star.

Come, oh come to that fairy dell—
Whose shadowy bosom I love so well—
Come, when the heavens above are still,
And there are no sounds on the lofty hill,
Save the shrill cuckoo, or the blackbird's tones,
Or the lonely stock-dove's floating moans,
Or the gliding founts as they whisper afar,
Like the 'plaining notes of thine own guitar;
Come, oh come, with thy speaking eyes,
And thy throbbing heart, and thy low-breathed
sighs,
And thy radiant cheek, with its crimson light,
Like a young June rose in the moonshine bright—
For to me, to me, 'tis sweeter far
To meet thee, my love, 'neath the Evening Star.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

It is thirty-five years, this very month, since I was quartered with my regiment in —ford; I recollect the time particularly, for I got my company in the Thirty-seventh, on the same day that I received an invitation from Mr. Morden, with whom I had formed a mail-coach acquaintance, to spend a week with him, and join his nephew in partridge-shooting. This gentleman's house was fourteen miles distant from the town, and situated in a very retired part of the country. It was a wild but beautiful residence, placed upon the extremity of a peninsula, which jutted into an extensive lake. To a sportsman it offered all the inducements that shooting and fishing could afford. But it had others besides these; no man lived better than Mr. Morden—and his daughter Emily, and her orphan cousin, who resided with her, were decidedly the finest women who had attended the last race-ball. No wonder then that I accepted the old gentleman's invitation willingly, and on the appointed day put myself into a post-chaise, and reached the place in time for dinner.

The house was one of those old-fashioned comfortable Irish lodges, which are now extinct, or only to be seen in ruins. It was a long low building, covered with an infinity of thatch, which bade defiance to rain, cold, and storm. The tall and narrow casements reached the ground, a handsome flower-knot extended in their front, bounded by a holly hedge, and woodbine and other creepers festooned the windows with their leaves and berries. At some distance a well-stocked haggard peeped over a spacious range of offices; the lawn was studded with sheep, which appeared overburdened with good condition; and as I drove up the avenue, I passed a well-featured, well-clad simpleton, urging before him, from a neighbouring stubble-field, a flock of turkies, as formidable for numbers as for size. In short, every thing about the place bespoke the opulence and comfort of the proprietor.

Mr. Morden was a clever and respectable man; he was land-agent to several large estates—noted for plain and unpretending hospitality, punctuality in business, and a character of unusual determination.

The old gentleman received me with friendly sincerity, and his handsome daughter added a warm welcome. They apologized for not having company to meet me, but "two families which they had expected had been detained by some unforeseen occurrences at home." Dinner was shortly after served. Like the host, it was excellent without display—the wines were superior—and when the ladies left us, the claret went round the table merrily.

"We are in trouble, here," said Mr. Morden, addressing me, "and you have come to a house of mourning. We have just suffered a serious, I may say, irreparable loss, in the sudden death of two favourite dogs. They were of the genuine breed of Newfoundland, and for size, courage, and sagacity were unequalled. Poor Emily has cried incessantly since the accident."

"Were they stolen?"

"Oh no! I wish they were, for that would afford a hope that chance or money might recover them. No, sir, they would not follow a stranger; alas! they died yesterday by poison. We unfortunately laid arsenic in the meal-loft to destroy rats; and yet, how the poor animals could have got to it is a mystery! the steward declares the key never left his possession. I would give a hundred guineas the meal had been in the bottom of the lake. By Jove! no loss short of the death of a friend, could have given us all so much uneasiness. They were my daughter's companions by day,

and my protectors at night. Heigh, ho! come, sir, pass the wine." Tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes as he spoke of his unhappy favourites, and from the valuable properties of the lost dogs, it was not surprising that their death occasioned so much regret to the family.

We joined the ladies in the drawing-room. After tea Mr. Morden took a bedroom candle, and apologized for retiring. "Old habits best suit old people, captain; but I leave you with the ladies, who will sit up till cock-crow, if you please," and bidding us a good night, he departed.

"Emily," said young Morden, "you are still thinking of your favourites; well, I will ride the country over till I find you a handsome dog. Julia, hand me that violin from the piano, and Captain Dwyer will dance a reel with you and Emily."

"Heavens! who is at the window?" exclaimed Miss Morden, suddenly; "it looked like that nasty beggarman who has been haunting the house and grounds these three days. Ah, Wolf and Sailor; had you been living, that vagabond would not have ventured here at this late hour." Henry Morden had left the room on hearing his cousin's exclamation, but soon returned, assuring the lady that the beggar was a creature of her imagination; he had searched the shrubbery and flower-garden, and no mendicant was to be found in either.

The alarm was speedily forgotten, and we danced reels till supper was announced. The doors were locked, the windows fastened, the ladies wished us good night, and retired to their respective chambers.

Henry and I remained for some time in the eating-room; the clock struck twelve, and young Morden conducted me to my apartment, and took his leave.

I felt a strange disinclination to go to bed, and would have given any thing for a book. For temporary employment I unlocked my gun-case, put my fowling-piece together, and examined whether my servant had sent all necessary apparatus along with it. I opened the window-curtains. The moon—a full, bright harvest moon, was shining gloriously on the lawn and lake; I gazed on the sparkling surface of the waters till I felt the chill of the night breeze; then closing the shutters, reluctantly prepared to undress.

I had thrown my coat and vest aside, when a distant crash was heard, and a fearful noise, with oaths and screams, succeeded. I rushed into the corridor, and encountered a terror-stricken maid-servant running from the extremity of the passage. Miss Morden next appeared; she was in complete dishabille, and had hastily thrown on a dressing-gown. "Good God! Captain Dwyer, what has occurred?" A volley from without prevented my reply, and the crashing of the windows, as the glass was splintered by the bullets, made it unnecessary. "The house is attacked," she said, and then with amazing self-possession, added, "there are always loaded guns above the kitchen fireplace." We both ran down the corridor, she to alarm her father, and I to procure a weapon; young Morden, armed with a sword, met us. "The attack is upon our kitchen," he said, hastily, "it is our weakest point; this way, Captain,"—and we both entered it together.

There was a bright fire burning on the hearth. The large window was shattered to pieces; and the idiot I had noticed on the lawn was standing beside the ruined casement, armed with a spit, making momentary passes at the breach, and swearing and bel-lowing frightfully. I leaped upon a table to seize two muskets which were suspended in the place Miss Morden had described. I handed one to Henry, when

the fire blazed out suddenly, and discovered me to the banditti without. Instantly three or four shots were discharged. I heard a bullet whistle past my head, and felt something strike my shoulders like a sharp cut from a whip, but having secured the gun I jumped from the table uninjured. We heard Mr. Morden in the passage; his manner was calm and collected as he ordered the servant-men to the front of the house, and despatched his daughter for ammunition.

Meanwhile, a dropping fire continued from without; from within no shot had been returned, as the robbers sheltered themselves effectually behind the angles of the offices and the piers of the gates. From some hurried words we overheard, they were arranging a determined attack.

"They will make a rush immediately," said the elder Morden, coolly, "and here comes Emily in good time; don't come in love!"—and he took some forty or fifty cartridges, which she had brought in the skirt of her dressing-gown. Notwithstanding the peril of our situation, I could not but gaze a moment on the white and statue looking limbs of this brave and beautiful girl. "Go, love, tell John to bring the Captain's gun-case from his chamber; and do you, Emily, watch from the end window, and if you perceive any movement that side, apprise us of it here. Now, my boys, be cool; I'll give my best horse to him who shoots the first man. You have a good supply of ammunition, if we could but coax the scoundrels from their shelter, and I'll try a *ruse*." The old gentleman took the idiot's spit, placed a coat upon it, while Henry and I chose a position at either side of the broken window. Mr. Morden raised the garment to the breach: it was indistinctly seen from without; three bullets perforated it, and it fell. "He's down, by —!" roared a robber, exultingly. "Now Murphy, now's your time; smash in the door with the sledge!" Instantly a huge ruffian sprang from behind a gable; his rush was so sudden that he struck twice with shattering force. We heard the hinges give—we saw the door yielding—and, at that critical moment, young Morden's gun missed fire! "Curses light upon the hand of him that loaded it!" he cried, as he caught up an axe and placed himself determinately before the door, which we expected to be momentarily driven in. Murphy, perceiving the tremendous effects of his blows, called to his comrades to "*be ready*." He stood about five yards from me; the sledge was raised above his head—that blow would have shivered the door to atoms—I drew the trigger—the charge, a heavy one of duck-shot, passed like a six-pound bullet through the ruffian's body, and he dropped a dead man upon the threshold. "Captain Dwyer," said Mr. Morden, calmly, "the horse is yours!"

I had now received my own double gun, and gave the musket I had used so successfully to Henry Morden. The death of the ruffian with the sledge brought on a heavy fire from his comrades. Between the volleys, they summoned us to surrender, with fearful denunciations of vengeance if we resisted longer. We were within a few yards of each other, and during the intervals of the firing, they poured out threats, and we sent back defiance—"Morden, you old scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain of the gang, "in five minutes we'll have your heart's blood."—"No," was the calm reply, "I'll live to see you arrayed in cap and halter."—"Surrender, or we'll give no quarter."—"Cowardly scoundrel! come and try your hand at the sledge!" said the old gentleman, with a cold and sarcastic smile, as he turned his eye on me, where I was watching the door, with the confidence a man feels who has his own trustworthy weapon to depend upon.

"Morden! we'll burn the house about ye."—"What you put the coal in the thatch, Bulger?"—"Morden, you have a daughter!" and the ruffian pronounced a horrid threat. The old man shuddered, then in a low voice tremulous with rage, he muttered—"Bulger, I'll

spare five hundred pounds to hang you, and travel five hundred miles to see the sight!"

"The coal! the coal!" shouted several voices, and unfortunately the scoundrels had procured one in the laundry. "By heaven! they will burn us out," said Henry, in alarm—"Never fear!" replied his cooler uncle; "the firing must have been heard across the lake, and we'll soon have aid sufficient."—But a circumstance occurred almost miraculously that averted the threatened danger. The moon became suddenly overcast—heavy rain-drops fell, and in an instant an overwhelming torrent burst from the clouds, rendering every attempt the robbers made to ignite the thatch abortive. "Who dare doubt an overruling Providence?" said the old gentleman with enthusiasm; "surely, God is with us!"

The storm which came to our relief appeared to dispirit our assailants, and their parley recommenced. "Morden," said the captain of the banditti, "you have Lord —'s rent in the house; give us a thousand pounds, and we'll go off and leave you."

"All I promise I'll perform," said the old gentleman, coldly. "Bulger, for this night's work you have earned a halter, and I'll attend and see you hanged."—"Dash in the door," exclaimed the robber in a fury; "we'll have the old rogue's heart out!" A volley of stones rattled against the door, but produced no effect, and again the robber parleyed. "Will you give us a hundred, Morden?"—"Not a sixpence," was the laconic answer; once more stones were thrown, shots discharged, and threats of vengeance fulminated by the exasperated villains. At last, the demand was reduced to "twelve guineas, a guinea for each man."—"They'll be off immediately," said the old gentleman; "they know assistance is at hand: would that we could amuse them for a little longer." But the ruffians were already moving, and Miss Morden presently announced that they were embarking, twelve in number in a boat. "Now for a parting shot or two," said Henry Morden. We picked up a dozen cartridges, and sallied from the house as the banditti were pulling hard across the lake. We opened a quick and well-directed fire, which they feebly, and without effect, replied to. While a musket-ball would reach them, we plied them liberally with shot; and, as we learned afterward, mortally wounded one man and slightly injured two others. As we returned to the house, we met some fifty countrymen, armed with all sorts of rustic weapons, coming to our relief. Without a moment's delay we launched boats, and set off to scour the country; and at noon, so prompt and vigorous had been the pursuit, that six of the gang, including the wounded robbers were secured.

We reached the *Wilderness* completely exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and the fatigue of the preceding night. We refreshed ourselves, and went to bed, but previous to returning to my room, I visited the scene of action. Another blow, even a very slight one, must have driven in the door; and in the rush of twelve desperate ruffians, the chances would have been fearfully against us. Murphy lay upon his back; he was a disgusting object. The charge of heavy shot made as large a wound as a cannon-bullet would occasion. He was the strongest brute I ever saw; not more than five feet eight inches in height, but his limbs, body, and arms were a giant's; he was a blacksmith—a man of infamous character, and of a most sanguinary disposition.

Our escape from the robbery was fortunate indeed; Mr. Morden had seven thousand pounds that night in the lodge, for he had just received the rents of two estates. It was almost entirely paid in specie. This was of course known, and two desperate bands, who kept the adjoining counties in alarm since the robbery, were suppressed, united, for the purpose of robbing "the *Wilderness*," and securing the immense booty.

The body of the smith was sent away—and having brought the battle to a close, I shall explain some matters connected with this daring outrage.

A man named Mitchell originated the intended robbery, and arranged the method of attack. He was a slight, low-sized person, but his activity was amazing, and no attempt was too hazardous for his desperate courage to undertake. On the morning of his execution—he, with the three others, was hanged at the subsequent assizes—he gave us a cool detail of his plans.

The dogs were to be destroyed, and the premises reconnoitred. In the disguise of a beggar he effected both; laid meat, prepared with arsenic, for the poor animals; then made his way into the kitchen, and ascertained that the fastenings of the back door were defective. He purposed surprising the family at supper, or forcing an entrance when they were asleep. The first attempt he made at the drawing-room, but quickly perceiving that he had been observed by Miss Morden he retired hastily. A council was held by the robbers, and it was fortunately determined to postpone the attack until the family had gone to rest.

Nothing could be bolder or more likely to succeed, than Mitchell's desperate resolution. It was to leap feet-foremost through the window, armed with a dagger, and open the back door for his associates. He made the attempt, and providential circumstances alone prevented its being successful. That very morning, a small iron bar had been placed across the window, it caught the robber in his leap, threw him back with violence, and the noise, attended with the outcry of the idiot, alarmed the family instantly.

Circumstances, they say, will often make men courageous. In this case it had the same effect on two beings of a very different description—a lovely girl and an idiot boy. Miss Morden throughout the trying scene displayed the coolest courage—and the poor simpleton, who commonly would avoid the appearance of a gun, armed with his spit, defended the breach like a hero.

We met at dinner. Julia, Miss Morden's cousin, would hardly venture to join us, for her brother rated her timidity severely. When the alarm was heard, the fearful girl buried her face beneath the bed coverings, and remained in pitiable agitation until the contest ended. Mr. Morden took her from his daughter's arm, kissed her, and congratulated her on their delivery from the last night's danger.

"You little coward," said the old man, jocularly, "you must give your deliverer one kiss for your preservation;" the blushing girl received my salute. Miss Morden took my hand. "You too, Emily, will you not reward your protector!" Without coquetry she laid her lips to mine, and that kiss was sufficient recompense for twice the peril I had encountered.

For me no praises seemed sufficient; the successful defence was attributed to my exertions; and the fortunate shot that killed the villain smith was never to be sufficiently commended.

My visit ended—I was in love with Emily; but then I had little chance of succeeding to the property, which afterward, by a chapter of accidents, fell to me; and a company of foot was all my earthly riches. She was an heiress; would it be generous to take advantage of a casual service, and press a suit that would be as painful to refuse as unlikely to be granted? I mean (so says vanity) by Mr. Morden. No; I overcame the temptation of risking a trial, and returned to —ford, possessing the esteem and good wishes of every inhabitant of "the Wilderness."

I was on parade some mornings after I rejoined the regiment, when a horse, splendidly accoutred with a superb tiger-skin, holsters, saddle, and every housing fit for a field officer, was led into the barrack-yard by a groom. The animal was a perfect picture of sym-

metry and strength; a dark chestnut, sixteen hands high, and worth at least two hundred guineas. The groom presented me a letter—it was from Mr. Morden—the horse was a present.

Emily and her cousin married most happily, and we have often met since. They treat me as sisters would a brother and we frequently talk of the night attack upon "the Wilderness."

Three years passed away; the gang had been incessantly followed by Mr. Morden, and were extirpated, with the solitary exception of Captain Bulger. Dreading the sleepless vengeance of that determined old man, this ruffian fled the country, and established himself in a disaffected district of the South.

In the interim, I got a majority in the Seventieth, then quartered in Cork. Soon after I joined I happened to be field-officer of the day on which a notorious criminal was doomed to suffer. The regiment had given a guard, and curiosity induced me to attend the execution.

I entered the press-room. In a few minutes the malefactor appeared in white grave-clothes, attended by two priests. It was "mine ancient enemy," Bulger! Suddenly the sheriff was called out, and after a short absence returned, accompanied by a plain, vigorous country gentleman, enveloped in a huge driving coat, and apparently like one who had travelled a considerable distance.

I looked at the criminal; he was the ruin of a powerful man, and the worst-visaged scoundrel imaginable. He was perfectly unmoved, and preserved a callous sort of hardiess, and as the priests hurried over their Latin prayers, made a careless response whenever they directed him. The door leading to the drop was open; the felon looked out upon the crowd most earnestly—"He is not there," he murmured; "he caused my apprehension, but he will not see me die!" and added, with a grim smile—"Morden, you neither kept your word nor proved your prophecy!" The muffled stranger stood suddenly forward—"I am here, Bulger! I paid for your apprehension, and have come some hundred miles to witness your execution."

"Morden!" said the dying felon, solemnly, "if a ghost can come back again, I'll visit you!"

The person addressed smiled coldly. "I found you unable to execute your threats while living, and, believe me, I apprehend nothing from you when dead."

The clock struck—the sheriff gave the signal—Bulger advanced to the scaffold—the drop fell—and in two minutes he was a corpse.

IRON HOUSES.

THE new process for smelting iron by raw coal and hot air blast, is producing a great change in the iron trade; and it is anticipated by good judges, that no long period will elapse before cast iron of the quality known as No 1. will be manufactured at the cost of about 40s. or 45s. the ton. When this takes place generally, it must inevitably produce an effect which will pervade almost every condition of society. Rich and poor will, by degrees, find themselves enclosed in iron cages; and fir joists, and slate roofs, will become things to be alluded to as betokening something venerable from antiquity. The introduction of iron into building operations will, no doubt, spread rapidly, as the price of cast iron falls; and, if unskillfully done at the outset, we may have a number of imperishable monuments of bad taste before our eyes wherever we go. It is, therefore, of importance that good examples should be given in time, and that architects should be prepared for the change, so as not to leave the matter to the caprice or taste of the workmen of the founderies.—*London's Encyclopedia of Architecture.*

PARISIAN SKETCH.

THE BOULEVARDS.

Do you want, dear reader, to study character? If you do, visit the Boulevards of Paris; in that moving panorama you will find all the varieties of French character, mingled with a tolerable sample of sturdy John Bullism, and of the airs and graces of that most finical of all animals, an English dandy.

Begin we, then, with the *Boulevard des Capucines*, or as it is also called *Boulevard des Italiens*. The houses are mostly shops, but interspersed here and there with some noble mansions *entre Cour et Jardin*. The shops are handsomely laid out; the *cafés*, from the extreme elegance and delicate cleanliness of their appearance, tempt you to enter; and certainly there is not one in which the most fastidious epicure would not be satisfied with the tea, coffee, or the substantial comforts of a *déjeuner à la Fourchette*. But here, as almost every where else in Paris, magnificence and misery are nearly allied; for this, the handsomest part of the Boulevards, is disgraced by a melange of paltry book stalls, old picture-dealers, pedlars, dog-fanciers, chair-menders, and stocking-grafters.

The company are generally elegant idlers, who either lounge up and down, or seat themselves in groups, and discuss the merits of the new play or novel; and above all of the last political pamphlet. The ladies take a decided part in these *conversations*, and contrive to make even politics subservient to the interests of coquetry. The English of distinction also figure there, and are easily distinguished from the French by the tranquil steadiness, or the listless indolence of their manner; I speak of the gentlemen. As to the ladies, they may be distinguished for two reasons, their superior beauty, and the generally bad taste of their dress; for the latter they have usually to thank their French milliners or dress-makers, who seem to make a point, perhaps out of regard to the national honour, of disfiguring foreigners as much as possible. Sometimes may be seen mingling with this elegant crowd, the honest provincial, who comes to satisfy his national pride with a view of the wonders of Paris; and the sly John Bull, who desires to satisfy his spleen by finding fault with every thing he sees, hears, eats, and drinks. He hates the French only because they are not English; wonders how the devil he ever could be such a fool as to come among such a set, and devoutly consigns himself all alive and in a lump to the infernal gods if ever he is caught in Paris again.

Here, too, all the most elegant equipages in Paris are exhibited in the drive, and it is but fair to say, that those of the English nobility and gentry bear away the palm. But, would you see the Boulevard to advantage, you must visit it between the hours of eight and ten on a summer evening, when the walk is literally filled with well-dressed groups, some sitting, others strolling up and down, but all talking at once, as for a wager.

Twenty minutes quick walking transports you to a scene of a totally different description. The Boulevard Saint Martin is the evening promenade of the rich cit and *Madame son épouse*, whose profusion of trinkets, cachemire shawl, and handsome English lace veil, draws many a longing glance from the pretty and simply attired *demoiselle de comptoir*, who, as she leans upon the arm of a smart shopman, indulges the hope that she too may one day sport a similar toilette. Here, too, may be seen industrious mechanics with their wives and children, released from the labours of the day, enjoying, what the French all do with uncommon zest, an evening walk. These groups present as great a contrast in their dress as in their manners, to those you have just quitted. The cit consequential and over-dressed—the other vulgar and joyous.

Again the scene shifts, and the *Boulevard du Temple* presents you with a set of beings, the major part of whom belong to times long past. The small remains of the emigrant *noblesse*, the man, bending alike beneath the weight of years and poverty, yet preserving, in spite of an antiquated and often threadbare dress, an air of high breeding, and of that genuine urbanity, the characteristic of the old French. The ladies of those by-gone days are scarcely to be distinguished by their dress, for that is in general modern, but the dignity and grace, *l'air noble et imposant* which once heightened the lustre of their beauty, still remains when every other charm has flown. The republican soldier, who would willingly starve upon his own scanty pittance, could he but once more see the tri-coloured flag wave over the conquered continent; the Bonapartist, whose principal enjoyment is to recount the glories of the Emperor's reign. These are the promenaders of the *Boulevard du Temple*, who regularly take their quiet evening stroll, or else sit conversing with a gravity, which would almost make you doubt of their being French, were it not for the eternal shrugs, and the abundance of gesticulation with which their discourse is seasoned.

What a contrast to this quiet scene does the next Boulevard, that of St. Denis, present. Before the *grande Semaine* it resembled a fair, that is to say, that merriest of all fairs—an Irish one—in every thing but drunkenness; for, to do the French justice, they were, before these glorious days, a temperate people. Fortune-tellers, tumblers, dancers, and quacks exerted themselves for the entertainment of the company, who consisted of market-women, corn-porters, and the lowest class of mechanics; well-clothed, apparently well fed, and bearing in their countenances every mark of contentment. I defy the crying philosopher himself to have witnessed their mirth, without joining in it. Now the company is indeed the same, but how different in appearance; clothed in rags, with famine in their faces, despair in their hearts, and execrations on their lips, intermingled here and there with the frantic mirth produced by inebriation, now too common a vice. And let them not be too severely blamed for indulging in it; without the prospect of employment, or the means of procuring food for themselves or families, the cheapness of liquor offers a temptation too powerful for those starving unfortunates always to resist. Oh! let us hope that happier times are at hand; that all civil dimensions will soon cease, and that France blest with peace and union, will see the humblest of her children in possession of bread earned by honest industry.

HEARING TO THE BLIND.

BLIND people have a peculiar method of presenting the ear, and in some cases acquire the power of moving it when much interested. The incessant use they make of it gives them an indescrivable quickness: they judge of every thing by sound; a soft sonorous voice with them, is the sound of beauty; and so nice a discernor is a blind person of the accents of speech, that through the voice he fancies he can see the soul. From the idea, they form notions of character, that often lead them into erroneous conclusions. If you notice a string of horses upon travel, you will find that the first horse points his ear forward, and the last behind him, keeping watch; but the intermediate ones, who seem not to be called upon to do this duty, appear careless and perfectly at their ease.—(*Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia*.) Sir John Fielding possessed a great faculty of this sort; and he could recollect every thief that had been brought before him by the tone and accent of his voice for more than sixty years.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature*.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

THE man whose name introduces this biographical sketch, was probably one of the most incongruous and eccentric characters that ever claimed a notice from the minds among which he distinguished himself. Without a religion he was a Christian, without education he was a philosopher, without a relative he was a philanthropist, and without necessity he was a miser. In his heart's vocabulary, you may in vain look for the word "*friendship*," and while he did all for the city of Philadelphia, its necessitous inmates may perish. He was like that Roman Emperor, who, while he possessed thousands, refused a gift to the needy, that he might supply posterity with an aqueduct, and himself with an immortality.

Stephen Girard was born in the environs of Bourdeaux, on the 24th day of May, 1750. From the circumstance that his education was *extremely* deficient, it is probable that his parents were of a very low and vulgar condition of life; and it is not unreasonable to suppose, that this deficiency induced him to withdraw himself from society so exclusively as he afterwards did. At the age of ten or twelve years he left his paternal home, as a cabin boy, in a vessel bound for the West Indies. This step is supposed by many to have been taken in consequence of paternal bad treatment, or neglect; but, it may, more probably, as well as more charitably, be ascribed to that spirit of enterprize and ambition which always distinguished him. His stay in the West Indies, was of no prolonged duration; when he embarked for New York, still remaining in the capacity of cabin-boy. From New York he made several voyages with Captain Randall, into whose friendship he gradually introduced himself, by his fidelity, industry, and temperance, until he became a decided favourite. When Captain Randall retired from his profession, he promoted Girard, who, in the mean time, had risen to the situation of mate, to that of Captain of a small vessel, in which he made several voyages to New Orleans. In these voyages he generally made some small "*adventures*," as they are called by seamen; in all of which he was, to some degree successful. To the profits of these he was gradually making some addition; until, after a few years, he was enabled to become part owner of a small vessel and cargo. This vessel he commanded himself, and in his various speculations fortune favoured his every exertion.

He first visited Philadelphia in the year 1769; and established himself in business in Water street, on a small but secure scale. He had now some leisure to see the passing crowd, and now and then to scan the features of some passing beauty. That Stephen Girard was susceptible of the softer feelings of our nature is seldom admitted by those who have been most intimately acquainted with him; and he is supposed to have prescribed matrimony, less as the means of promoting happiness than of increasing wealth. The daughter of an old boatman, or caulker, then living with Colonel Walter Shee, happened to have attracted the unamorous attention of the future owner of millions, while she was at the pump to get some water. She was barefooted, and the effect of her then celebrated beauty was much enhanced by her apparent unconsciousness of her charms. Her dress was of an humble description, and over her shoulders, her hair of a rich blackness, fell in shining and dishevelled luxury.—Although Girard had but one good eye, he was able to see that her two possessed light enough to counterbalance his defect, and he forthwith began to visit the house of her father where, after some time, his visits were but coolly received. They were supposed to

have had an improper object in view, Girard being so supererogatoriously circumstanced in life, compared with an humble servant. As soon as he understood her parents' feelings, he made a formal avowal of his intentions, and they were married in the year 1770: he being then in the twentieth year of his age. By this marriage he had one child who died in its infancy. In 1771, he entered partnership with a Mr. Hazlehurst, to whom he had been strongly recommended. The firm purchased two brigs, for the prosecution of a trade with St. Domingo; but the speculation failed, the two brigs having been captured and sent into Jamaica. In 1776, he opened a small grocery in Water street, with a store attached in which he bottled wine and cider, by which he acquired large profits: and in 1779, he obtained the occupancy of a range of frame houses, at the east side of Water street, where he stored old cordage, blocks, sails, and other old *ship-building* materials: with probably the expectation of being yet able to make use of them at his own "*account and risque*." In 1780, he engaged in the New Orleans and St. Domingo trade which proved very lucrative, and, two years afterwards, he leased, for ten years, with a promise of renewal, a range of stores running northward from the house in Water street in which he died. From the rent of these he derived large profits, and at the end of the ten years obtained a reluctant renewal: in this time he laid the foundation of his future fortune. He effected a partnership with his brother John, which was dissolved by mutual consent, in consequence of mutual misunderstanding. A circumstance now took place which is ascribed to various causes: by some to an unworthy motive, arising out of an inhuman feeling, and by others to direct necessity: be this as it may, his wife was placed as a lunatic, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, on the 21st of August 1790, where, after a confinement of twenty-five years, she died on the 13th of September, 1815. If, on this subject, a doubt of his motive could exist, that doubt may readily be removed by the exalted character of that excellent institution; and the no less exalted reputation of those who were its superintendents, directors and managers. On the dissolution of partnership between himself and his brother, his advance to wealth was rapid. Indeed, he seemed to have been fettered by co-operation, and made more progress by the aid of his single mind: and here, it is but justice to say, that during the devastating existence of yellow fever, in this city, in the year 1793, when the spirit of the plague howled through the abandoned streets, as through a wilderness, when friendship forgot its endearments, and humanity felt not its nature, Stephen Girard became the Samaritan of Philadelphia, nursed the infected with a desperate fidelity, and through the rise and fall of the pestilence forgot his own health, to administer to the wants of others.

At the time of the insurrection of the negroes at St. Domingo, the flying settlers placed much wealth and property on board his ships which were then lying there. Of these, numbers were met and barbarously murdered by their own slaves. The heirship being thus destroyed, he became the just owner of the property. In the year 1791, he commenced building some ships, with which he carried on a trade with Canton and Calcutta, and Fortune, so proverbially fickle to the rest of mankind, continued to lavish upon him her abundant gifts. On the 12th of May, 1812, he commenced his banking operations with a capital of one million two hundred thousand dollars. Perhaps, no private bank in any country ever had so strong a claim upon national gratitude as the Girard Bank.



STEPHEN GIRARD.

When, in 1814, the treasury was exhausted and bankrupt, when confidence was crushed, hopes destroyed, and the nation apparently on the verge of ruin; when such was the state of public opinion that at seven per cent. the paltry sum of five millions of dollars could not be had, Stephen Girard stood forward and subscribed for the entire: thus not only risking all for his country's salvation, but inspiring a general confidence, which was of the utmost importance at that truly eventful period. In May, 1830, he purchased his coal estate in Schuylkill county, consisting of 30,000 acres of coal and timber land: and in this purchase his characteristic foresight was not less remarkable than in all his former speculations. We now approach the goal of his existence; and here it may, perhaps, be necessary to introduce some of those eccentric *smallnesses* which individualized him, as conspicuously as his spirit of enterprize: but, in the light of the two splendid instances of humanity and patriotism, they become dim; and if we remember them, it is to cast the veil over them, and feel that he was human.

And if for a moment, the veil be remov'd,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.

In the last week of December, 1831, he was seized with *Brachitis*, which disorder was at the time very rife. The exertions of his eminent medical attendants were unavailing; and one of the most adventurous spirits that ever vivified an earthly tenement, departed from the scene of its activity and enterprize, on the 26th of December, 1831. Mr. Girard's body was interred in the Roman Catholic burying ground, at the corner of Spruce and Sixth streets; and no native of this city, visiting that spot, should forget that he lived for Philadelphia.

MAHOMEDAN SERMON.

God alone is immortal! Ibrahim and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadijah, the first born of faith; Ayesha the beloved; Omar the meek; Omri the benevolent; the companions of the Apostles, and the sent of God himself, all died; but God most high, God most holy, liveth forever. Infinities are to him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam. The earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny, but HE liveth and reigneth forever.

God alone is omniscient! Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before him. The dark night is unto HIM as the rays of the morning, for HE noticeth the creeping of the small pismire, in the dark night, upon the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

God alone is omnipresent! HE touches the immensity of space as a point. HE moveth in the depth of the ocean, and the Atlas is hidden by the sole of his foot—HE breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in paradise, and enliveneth the pallid flame in the profoundest hell.

God alone is omnipotent! HE thought, and worlds were created. HE frowneth, and they dissolve into smoke. HE smileth, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Herman are the whisperings of his voice; the rustling of his attire causeth lightning and earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment he blotteth out the sun.

God alone is merciful! When he made his immutable decrees in eternal wisdom, HE tempered the miseries of the race of Ishmael, in the fountain of pity.—When HE laid the foundation of the world, HE cast a look of benevolence into the abysses of futurity, and the adamantine pillars of justice were softened by the beaming of his eyes. He dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn man, and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless pit. HE sent his

prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes, and hath prepared the pavilion of the Houris, for the repose of the true believers.

God alone is just! HE chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment. HE promulgated the ineffable creed; and the germs of countless souls of believers, which existed in the contemplation of the Deity, expand at the sound. His justice refresheth the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

God alone is one! Ibrahim, the faithful, knew it;—Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai;—Jesus pronounced it; and the messenger of God the sword of his vengeance, filled the world with that immutable truth.

Surely there is *one God, immortal, omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent, most merciful, and just, and Mahomet* is his apostle.

Lift up your hands to the Eternal, and pronounce the ineffable creed:—*There is one God and Mahomet is his Prophet.*

With their fathers have Ibrahim and Soliman slept,
O'er Cadijah, of faith, have the night-heavens wept;
The beloved Ayesha, and Omar the mild;
The benevolent Omri, as pure as a child;
The Apostles, and he, the commission'd, have died,
But God, the most holy, shall ever abide.
As arithmetics' num'rals to man, even so
Does HE, the Omniscient! infinities know.
The earth, at the breath of his bidding shall sever;
But HE liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.

Michael, whose wings are effulgent with eyes,
Is blind before him who illumines the skies;
To him is the night, when no planet appears,
As the rays when the morning its brilliancy bears;
For the tread of the ant in the midnight HE sees,
And the motion of atoms caught up by the breeze.

As a point does HE touch the immenseness of space;
The sole of his foot can the Atlas embrace;
In the depth of the ocean of limitless might,
HE moveth and liveth in glory and light.
HE breatheth, thro' paradise, cheering perfume,
And enliveneth hell to its innermost gloom.

HE thought; and the worlds his omnipotence spoke;
HE frowns! the creations dissolve into smoke;
HE smiles; and the damn'd in their mansions rejoice;
The thunders of Herman are shades of his voice;
Lightnings—earthquakes are caus'd by his rustling attire;
And the shade of his garment blots out the sun's fire.

When, in wisdom, his laws he immutable made;
HE, the mis'ries of Ishmael in pity, allay'd.
When he made, in his goodness, the world, he then
smil'd,

And the beam of his eyes made futurity mild.
On man, yet unborn, a bright tear he let fall,
Which the flames of the pit shall extinguish for all.
His prophet HE sent to diminish our woes,
And the Houris to bless the believers' repose.

The cause to the distant occurrence he brings,
Immutably chain'd to the fitness of things;
HE decreed the unfaithful to error's control;
To futurity's torments he suited their soul:
To nations announc'd the ineffable creed,
And in bosoms pre-ordin'd implanted the seed:
His justice refresheth the faithful, but, where
The damn'd are confined, 'tis confess'd in despair.

God above is but one! as our Ibrahim nam'd,
And as Sinai's thunders thro' Moses proclaim'd;
It Jesus pronounc'd, and the messenger-chief
Fill'd the world with that doctrine's unchanging belief.

ALPHA.

THE RECORDER OF BALLYPOREEN.

AN ELECTION RECORD.

A medley of endearments, jars,
Suspicious, quarrels, reconciliations, wars,
Then peace again.

It is not many months since the following marriage advertisement, in most of the Irish newspapers, excited equal curiosity and amusement wherever it was read:

"Married, by the Rev. Oliver Bible, Mr. Patrick Hogan, Recorder of the Ballyporeen Petty Sessions, to Miss Anne Switzer, of the same town."

The curiosity was to know, who could the lady be, with the extraordinary un-Irish name; and the amusement was created by the high-sounding appellation which was given to the poor and paltry office of a petty sessions clerk.

The village of Ballyporeen is, or rather was, one of those quiet and retired nooks, the very look of which promises, to those who dwell in it, security against the invasions of ambition, and the equally dangerous visitations of fame. Even in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, there had not been a *burning* within a mile of it, and only three tithe-proctors were ever shot in its vicinity, and that was so long ago as the times of the old White-boys. No Catholic monks had raised an abbey in its neighbourhood, and no old castle was erected beside it, which Cromwell might have dragged down in his devastating progress through Ireland. It had neither a Well nor a Cross to tempt a visit from the infirm or the wandering pilgrim, and there was no inducement for the antiquarian or the fashionable tourist to pass through its solitary, and almost grass-grown street. No attorney had embroiled its humble denizens in law, and the only "professional gentleman" ever found in it was a desperate apothecary, who once opened a shop, but who, in six months after he had displayed his yellow pestle and mortar, poisoned himself. The only active person in the town—the only one who had business to do, was Mrs. Dorney, an old and an experienced practitioner, who diffused joy and gladness wherever she came, as she was never known to depart from a house in Ballyporeen without announcing that there was to be, or there had been, an increase to the population. Commerce neither brought to the quiet inhabitants of the village wealth or cares; the far travelling pedlar conveyed to them all the luxuries of life, and all the news of the great world, from which their agricultural avocations removed them. The few Palatines and descendants of the German Protestants (imported by James I.) who lived in the town, had been many a night drunk, in toasting "success to the British arms in America," long after the independence of "the Colonies" was acknowledged; and Buonaparte was some time upon the throne of France, before they had heard of the decapitation of Louis XVI! In such a state of happy ignorance and contented quietude, it is probable that the people of Ballyporeen would have continued to exist, but that some wise men (for they were magistrates) determined that petty sessions should be held in the village of Ballyporeen, as most convenient to their respective residences. Thus, as you will shortly see, was an election created, and thus ended the peace of Ballyporeen!

What a change was produced by that determination! Those who had never dreamed that there was a wiser man in the world than Cornelius O'Kelly, the schoolmaster, nor a better dressed man than their parish priest, Father Carney, now beheld both individuals sink into insignificance before the ponderous learning of Counsellor Langley, (a non-practising barrister,) and

the gorgeous liveries of Colonel Wilson, an old East India commander—both magistrates, most regular in their attendance at petty sessions. With the hebdomadal sessions, came magistrates and barristers, attorneys and attorney's clerks, with "all the quirks and quiblets of the law," and with the law came "actions for assault and battery," a thing unheard of before in Ballyporeen; for though its people fought with one another, as all Irishmen do, they never, until the sessions were established, thought of revenging themselves by the law for any injuries they might receive. The broken head that was given on one market day, was sure to be repaid upon the other, and though the Hogans might suffer to-day, the Hickeys would be certain of enduring a reverse to-morrow. The primeval character of the people has suffered from the change; the law has begun to take its course, and instead of a pugilist being confined to his bed by a broken limb, for his unwonted prowess upon some particular occasion, it is now his hard fate to be confined as many months in goal. From being a decent, open, fair fighting village, it has degenerated into a nasty, litigious, summons-giving, process-serving town. The people have begun to live in an unnatural state of society, and amongst the evils of civilization which first invaded them, was that of "ambition." The same passions that agitates rulers, that overturns governments, that makes emperors and unmakes kings, that starts candidates for county elections and ruins them in the process—divided the people of Ballyporeen as to the election of a recorder for their petty sessions.

No sooner had the increase of litigation in the neighbourhood created a necessity for the erection of a court-house, and no sooner had that magnificent pile of brick and mortar been raised from its foundation, and crowned with a roof of real blue slates, the wonder and admiration of all the straw-thatchers in that part of the country, than the election to the new office of "Recorder," (so designated by Counsellor Langley,) separated the town into two desperate and relentless factions, one calling itself "the true Irish," and the other, "the Church and State party; in other words, "Radicals" and "Conservatives."

Many were the meetings, many the debates, and many were the gallons of poteen drunk by "the Irish," before they could determine upon a candidate. The schoolmaster, Cornelius O'Kelly, was first named by them, and it must be admitted he was the prime favourite of the populace; for it was said by many, and strongly hinted by himself, as an additional claim to the honour of their suffrages, that when he was not more than a *gossamer*, he had been "out doing business" with the Whiteboys; every one knew, too, that he had been "taken up in '98" as a Croppy, and escaped, through "a flaw in the indictment," with the slight punishment of three hundred lashes; the recollection of the good it did him, made him the most unsparing of the rod of any pedagogue in the entire province of Munster. Besides, he had the gift of the tongue, and could make a speech of three hours in favour of the REPEAL, and the entire abolition of all church imposts and taxes. These were great, they were super-eminent qualifications for a Recorder, and if the popular vote could have decided the election, Cornelius O'Kelly would be preferred to any other man in the parish. But then, the humblest of "the Irish" party knew that the very qualifications which

made Cornelius a favourite with them, were matters which would be objected against him by "the enemies of the country." Even Corney himself admitted this, and resigned his hopes in favour of a less obnoxious candidate, Patrick Hogan, who purchased the pedagogue's "vote and interest," by a pound of tobacco, a gallon of government whiskey, and a skin of butter.

Pat. Hogan, the nominee of "the Irish," possessed only one recognizable claim upon his faction—he was a papist, but unlike his brother parishioners, he was a cunning little fellow, who never busied himself in any body's concerns but his own. He tilled a small farm of ten acres, which he held at a low rent, and of which he acknowledged the due value, by "always voting with his landlord, no matter who was up for the county." He never read newspapers, never talked on politics, but as he himself expressed it, "always kept his tongue the right side of his cheek." He was very seldom seen drunk, and was never in more than a dozen quarrels in his lifetime, and was, in these respects, remarked as "one of the soberest and quietest boys that was ever beheld." It was well known that he was "finely learned," for he had, at school, gone through "Voster" three times, "Dowling's Book-keeping" twice, and had actually parsed part of "Cordery," and read the half of the first book of Virgil! On this account, it was said that Patrick knew "almost, but not quite, as much as the clergy himself." Though Paddy was despised for his want of public spirit, he was much respected for his abilities and education, and generally loved for his unvarying good temper. It was admitted that he was a handsome young fellow, and what the intelligent matrons called "a clane, dacent lad;" but still he was not a favourite with "the ladies" of his own party, because he was never seen at chapel "to throw a sheep's eye at one of them." It was, besides, more than suspected, that he was so heretical in his affections, as to have fallen in love with Miss Ann Switzer, the prettiest girl that walked on a Sunday, with a Protestant prayer-book in her hand.

It could not be denied that Ann Switzer had fine, large rolling black eyes, glossy, dark hair, a well-rounded, plump little figure, the prettiest feet that ever tripped over a cowslip, and as neatly moulded an arm as was ever shaken over a milk-pail. Pat. Hogan certainly adored her, and with the emoluments of the office to which he aspired, added to the profits of his farm, he might well claim her, and her hundred pounds fortune. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Old Switzer was the leading "Church and State" man in Ballypooreen, and he, too, was the most active supporter of Corporal Hall, the second candidate for the Recordership.

The nominee of the church and state party, Corporal Hall, was a gallant, rollicking, hard drinking, hard fighting, old Orangeman, who had often bled for his king and country. He came, he said, originally, from the county Cavan, where his fathers held lands for many a year, under the "bold Barrys" and "mighty Maxwells," and where he had acquired, amongst his first ideas as a child, a love for King William, and the "prentice boys of Derry; with a hatred of "all the abominations of popery." He had, at an early age, enlisted in the militia; and had seen service, in the year 1798, in the county Wexford, where he acted in the noisy occupation of a drummer; and was one amongst the seven of his division who escaped from the pikes of the rebels, when two hundred yeomen were slaughtered by them. It was his boast, that in that encounter he killed three men and a boy before he "beat a retreat." But from that time forward he never could see a papist, without being ready to swear that he had a pike concealed in his pocket; and when he was drunk, which, upon an average, was about five times in the week, he "cursed and d—d all the *Romans*, as enemies to the church,

the constitution, and the king." With such qualifications to render him disliked, there were few Roman Catholics in Ballypooreen who would raise their hands against him; first, because they knew he would return any blow he received "with interest and ours;" and next, because he was the driver on Colonel Wilson's estate, and never had to make a distress for rent, that he did not give timely warning to the tenants "to take their best cow off the land." His having fought against the rebels, his hatred of the papists, and his noisy exclamations for church and state, constituted his claims to favouritism from his own party. The only objection that could possibly be started against his holding the office of Recorder, was but a slight one—"that he could not even write his name." The office, it might be said, was one which required a person capable of writing a plain, good hand; but his friends said, "Is a loyalist to be rejected, and a papist to be preferred, merely because the one knows his *apostrophe*, (alphabet,) and the other hasn't yet learned it?" Besides, it was wisely urged, that when Corporal Hall got the situation, "he could be taught his pithooks-and-hangers, and pay another for doing the business for him, as his betters have done many a time before him." Such arguments were unanswerable; and, accordingly, Switzer and his faction determined to start the Corporal against Hogan.

The time for opening the court-house, and appointing a *petit-sessions* clerk, was fast approaching; and it became the duty of the respective candidates to put forth all their energies to command the majority of votes. There was a time, when all the patronage of the parish was centered in one magistrate—the Rev. Oliver Bible, the Rector,—a man who possessed nearly as much influence as Father Carney himself: for though violent in politics, and a saint in religion, he took whatever share of lilies were bestowed upon him, and no more; and the consequence was, that his income was as limited as his popularity was extensive. In such a case as the present, however, the Rev. Oliver Bible had but a single vote; and there were three other magistrates attending the *petit-sessions*. These were, Counsellor Langley, Colonel Wilson, and Patrick O'Grady, Esq.; the latter, a gentleman more distinguished for his following a hare than signing a *manifesto*. There were two of these whom Hogan thought might be calculated upon as favourable to him, Counsellor Langley and Colonel Wilson; because the one had written a pamphlet (which, by the way, no one ever heard of,) in favour of Catholic emancipation; and the other, since he had got promotion in the army, through the influence of the Whigs, declared himself "a liberal." To secure the favour of the two magistrates, Hogan despatched to the Counsellor a new edition of "Macnally's Justice of the Peace," which he bought in Clonmel, and was then in great repute with the *unpaid*; and to induce the Colonel to vote for him, knowing "his honour" to be an antiquarian, he made him a present of an old brass-hilted sword which his father had found in a bog-hole, and declared to be a genuine relic. Having thus, like many another great man, made his way by bribery, he assailed the religious scruples of the Reverend Rector, by requesting the worthy divine to lend him "a Protestant Version of the Scriptures." And the good opinion of Mr. O'Grady was secured, by his swearing, in presence of the "squire," "that the likes of Mr. O'Grady's mare, *True Blue*, was never seen crossing a double ditch; and that when a body saw her running, it was like a young greyhound coursing a butterfly."

The church and state party saw, with dismay, that Hogan was winning his way with all the magistrates. When all the underhand tricks of Hogan, and the undue influence he had acquired by his cunning canvass of the electors, became known to the friends of Hall, they resolved to counteract them by a bold stroke of

policy—in short, by an overt act of partizanship in favour of the brave Corporal.

Old Switzer had the honour of concocting the plan for carrying Hall's election. The old Palatine knew that though two of the magistrates pretended to be "liberals," they disliked the papists as much as his worthy Rector or he himself did. He knew, too, that a demonstration of the force and power of the Orangemen in the district, would be most likely to have its influence upon their minds. Accordingly, as the 12th of July was approaching, he resolved to have, what was never before heard of in the province—an Orange procession in the town of Ballyporeen! Great was the joy and exultation of the Palatines at the idea. They had often heard of an Orange procession from Corporal Hall, but had never yet seen one; and he was so well acquainted with all the details of the important fete, that its entire management was confided to *their* candidate.

One fine morning then, in the month of July, the villagers of Ballyporeen were roused from their slumbers by the loud and martial music produced by five or six fifiers, two trumpeters, and three drummers; all of whom were playing as loudly as each man had the power, and who were marching up and down the town, followed by fifty hardy, weather-beaten farmers, wearing scarfs of the gaudiest colours that could be procured—orange, blue, scarlet or pink—and each man carrying a stick, a rusty sword, an old gun (perhaps without a lock), or a pistol devoid of a barrel. In the centre of these strutted the Corporal, who carried a large flag on which was painted, "*They Cing and Koanstichewshun.*" His entire person was enveloped in stripes of glazed calico, of different colours; but in which the orange and blue predominated. Old Switzer brought up the rear. His large and manly frame was adorned in a similar manner to that of his friend Hall; and he, too, bore a flag, on which the same ingenious orthographist who ornamented Hall's banners, had inscribed, "*Hole an they Law for ivir.*" There were other banners, which bore such inscriptions as "*Cing William,*" "*Glorious Memry,*" "*Bine trathur,*" &c. &c. &c. This gallant procession, after parading the town three times, to the amusement of the inhabitants, marched up to the court-house, where an orange and blue standard was erected, and in honour of which a feu-de-joie was fired—four of the guns of the entire party being found capable of discharging a blank cartridge each. The Orangemen then left the town, amid the huzzas of the people, and followed by the innumerable offspring of Ballyporeen. This was a great, and a mighty, and a glorious day for the gossoons. Every one of them that could muster a pop-gun, was firing away with *haves*, as he ran after the procession; while the shillelahs of the fathers, and the crutches of the grand-daddies, were flourished by youthful hands, and with a dexterity indicative of the immense use that would hereafter be made of such arms, when the weekly fair or monthly market, or a future election, should call for their exercise.

It was with a proud and most military step that old Hall marched at the head of his "merry men." He fancied, as he strutted along, and looked upon the banners and the group that surrounded him, that the good old times were returned again. He thought that he was on a foraging party against the rebels, and in his imaginative loyalty, he cut down with his rusty broad sword, every tall thistle that came within his reach, and in doing so, bawled out, "he was knocking the head of some impudent insurgent from Vinegar Hill." The little papists who followed in his track, imitated the capers in which the gallant commander indulged; and as each tiny urchin bent down a yellow *boukerlawn*, or a white-topped dock weed, he joined in the cry of old Hall, and exclaimed "*down with the rebels!*" Gladsome was the progress of this extraordinary party through the country—the women laughed

at them, as they held forth their little children to see the fun; and the men who were working in the fields, shouted after them, and then observed to each other, "this is the Protestants' *May-day*, by dad! when they get tipsy, they're queerer fellows nor ourselves." The procession was a triumph for old Switzer—it was a merry one for his companions; but it was most successful for old Corporal Hall. The Orangemen took care to reserve their music for the special edification of the different magistrates, and who between the din, and the noise, the numbers, and the confusion that environed their respective residences in the course of that day, individually promised to support the man who was upheld by so "respectable, influential, and independent a body of voters." If then the joy was great when the procession marched out from Ballyporeen, it was actually uproarious on its return. Hall, like other candidates in similar circumstances, promised every thing. He promised old Switzer that he would "learn to write in a week;" and he assured every one of the multitude that they might go to law as long as they lived, for he would never charge them sixpence for "a process" or "a decree," though they were litigating with the entire county of Tipperary. Thus far all went on well and prosperously; the "Irish" were defeated; all the tricks and manoeuvring of Hogan were rendered abortive; and Hall was "almost the same" as invested in the high and mighty office of recorder of the important and hereafter-to-be-celebrated town of Ballyporeen.

The corporal was one of those bibulous individuals, who, on every occasion of life, can find an excuse for imbibing any given quantity of liquid stronger than water. If his spirits were low, or if they were high; if he met a friend, or quarrelled with an enemy; if he were hungry, or had eaten; if he were running, or walking, or sitting; if it were morning, or noon, or night; if it were summer or winter, windy or calm, wet or dry, cool or hot,—each and every occasion was a reason, and an excellent one too, for the Corporal to take a glass of whiskey, a pint of porter, or as much potheen as you could give him. A trifling occurrence required a glass; an unforeseen event, two of them; an accident, three; and any extraordinary circumstance was to be drunk *ad libitum*. Such were Hall's maxims—such his rule of life: and to do him justice, he was a most consistent candidate: he was never known to violate the one, nor depart from the other. His promised elevation gave him the excuse for stopping at every shebeen house on his way home, and "seeing his friends drink;" and in order that they might be induced to do so, he most readily gave them the proper example. In drinking success to the "*constitution*," he lost his own; and the innumerable toasts to "*his health*" cut him off "in the flower of his youth." The progress of his inebriation upon that evening might be thus marked:—on his return, when five miles from Ballyporeen, he was drunk; at four miles' distance, he was very drunk; at three miles, excessively drunk; when within two miles, he was stupidly drunk,—and by the time he had reached the outskirts of the village, he could not lie on the floor without holding! His companions were worthy of such a leader—there was not one of them perfectly sober—all differed in degree from the merely tipsy, to the Corporal's standard of intoxication. In this plight did the gallant heroes return to Ballyporeen; but how different was the reception that awaited them, to the adieus with which they had set forward!

If there be one place in the world, where the sister of Mars has, since the deposition of the heathen deities, been allowed to rule, that place I believe to be Ireland. In no other country but Ireland does she exercise so universal a sway; for she is seldom able, except here, to rouse up men to quarrel with each other, when they congregate together for the purposes of

pleasure or amusement. Horace says, "it is *Thracian* like to use the sword in the midst of feasting," had he lived in these days, he would have observed, that it is only Irish-like to bring the shillelah to a dance, a wedding, or a fair. Other people, when they have amused themselves, generally retire, pleased and satisfied with each other, to their respective homes: it is Irishmen only who stop to fight. The congregation of Hall's supporters in Ballyporeen, was too favourable an occasion for mischief to let pass without a quarrel, and accordingly she sent Corney O'Kelly over the town, while the orange and blue flag was floating over the Court-house. The ancient prejudices of the fighting pedagogues were aroused—he too, like old Hall, thought, when he looked on it, of Vinegar Hill; but it was with far different feelings. This he considered would be a favourable opportunity for avenging the defeat which his party had many years before sustained; and accordingly he resolved to take advantage of it. He hastened to the bog-hole, and for the first time since '98, he unearthed the musket, which he had then concealed, with the intention to use it whenever "his country should demand its service."

In a short time after he entered the town, Corney O'Kelly was seen running from house to house, and carrying upon his shoulder a ponderous gun, which, from its length and thickness, seemed to be one of those formidable matchlocks, with which the Spaniards had once fought upon the Irish soil. Corney as he entered the houses of the papists, explained to them that the exhibition which they had looked upon in the morning, was an Orange procession, and that he knew well that the Orangemen went out to collect all the protestants in the neighbourhood that had fire-arms, and that they would return in the evening and murder every man, woman, and child in the town of Ballyporeen, that was known to be a papist. He said, he knew that was what they meant to do, for that was what the Orangemen used to do, when he was *out* in Wexford! Shrieks, cries, and groans arose from the women, when this announcement was made to them; while the men collected in groups, and as they got their scythes, alpeens, and stieks in readiness, they cursed the Orangemen, and swore they would not let a living man of them enter the town that night. Amongst others who were visited by Corney O'Kelly, was Hogan, but he, instead of yielding to the schoolmaster, resolved to prevent the mischief and bloodshed which must be the consequence of a conflict between the two parties—one of them having fire-arms, and the other sufficiently equipped to do immense injury, and "determined to have a fight."

Hogan, with such benevolent intentions, hastened to the house of old Switzer, where he saw the lovely Anne, and explained to her the necessity of immediately sending forward a mounted messenger to the nearest police station, with directions to bring in all the constabulary force at once. His business was told in a few words, and then he explained to her the state of his affections for "the pretty Protestant," and she, inspired by gratitude for his anxiety for a parent's safety, and not a little taken by the figure of the dapper little papist, bid him "ask her father's consent." The messenger had been despatched, and as the lovers never could tell how long their conversation lasted, it is impossible now to guess it; but Hogan still held the hand which he had first pressed, when he saw her; he still sat beneath the old ash tree in Switzer's paddock, and still looked in the face of the smiling maiden, when their conversation was abruptly put an end to, by hearing a distant and joyous shout, which was echoed by a loud and fierce yell from the village street.

Evening was beginning to darken into night, when the agile Hogan ran forward to apprise the Orangemen of their danger in attempting to enter the village without the protection of the police. He saw, upon

meeting them, that they were neither able to fight nor to run away. The drummers had ceased to beat; the fifers were mute, and the trumpeters had not a puff in them; and, while some of the most sober were trying to support themselves by holding a fast grip of each other's arms, the majority were reeling from one side of the road to the other, and describing all sorts of problems on the highway, as they wheeled, and turned, and stumbled forward. Hogan saw that it would be vain to speak to men in the state in which all the followers of Hall were, with the exception of old Switzer; him he apprized of the hostile force prepared to encounter him, should he approach the town, and advised him not to make the attempt. Switzer had sufficient reason to understand there was danger before him; but, with the true feeling of a drunken man, determined not to avoid it. Instead of taking the advice of Hogan as kindly as it was meant, the fumes of the last glass of poteen he had swallowed urged him to regard the friendly suggestion as an imputation upon his courage—a slight upon his creed, and a degradation to those who professed it. He accordingly told to Hall the situation in which they were placed, and called upon him, by all his love of military glory, to meet the intended assault. The mention of a coming strife was sufficient to rouse up all the energies of the old Irish soldier—he loaded his gun with five or six balls—wheeled round, and called out, "The papists of '98 are alive again, boys! will we be at them?"—"To be sure we will, and welcome," was the ready response of the Orangemen.

Hall, drunk as he was, said that his men were not able to stand, and he desired them, therefore, to lean against the hedges, and fire on the papists as they marched by them. Having made this military arrangement, and disposed his forces, Hall marched forward with Switzer, to reconnoitre the disposition of the enemy. They had not proceeded more than thirty paces, when they were encountered by Corney O'Kelly and two or three of the most violent papists of Ballyporeen. Corney demanded, in the declamatory tones of a village pedagogue, if they were "the bloody Orangemen?"—"We are nobody else, you blackguards," said Hall.

"Then here's something for you," cried Corney, levelling his gun at the Corporal.

"And here's the same for you," said Hall, bringing his musket to bear upon the schoolmaster, "and if you're a man, don't fire till I bid you."

"To be sure," cried Corney, "an' won't wink an eyelid neither."

The two champions advanced so close, that the muzzles of their guns touched each other's breasts. "Now Corney," said Hall, "I can take aim with some comfort at you—when I cry fire, let us fire together."

"Never say it twice," exclaimed the schoolmaster; "I won't shoot you till you bid me."

"Are you ready, Corney?"

"I am, Corporal Hall."

"Then FIRE."

The musket locks snapped at the moment. Hall had forgotten to prime his piece; but unfortunately for Corney he had done so with his own, and in the attempt to discharge it, the old firelock burst, breaking the hand and arm of the holder, and shattering the body of the sturdy Corporal.

"I am done for," sighed forth Corney, in a feeble tone;—"are you dead too, Corporal Hall?"

"By the powers! I am, Corney, murdered clane entirely. What an infernal gun that is o' mine, it never missed fire before."

"Always mind your flints, Corporal."

"And do you mind your barrel; that gallows old gun has killed us both, as clane as a whistle. Give us the fist, Corney, you're a brave man; what a pity you're a papist."

"And give us yours too, Corporal; I never thought the Orangemen had the spirit to stand fire that way before."

While the two combatants thus lay upon the ground, the space which they had occupied was filled by other individuals. The instant that the schoolmaster was seen falling, a body of his followers rushed forward to demolish Hall, and not finding him, they immediately attacked old Switzer, and felled him to the ground. Hogan, who had hitherto been inactive, bounded into the road, and in a few moments cleared with his short alpen the assailants from the body of the fallen Palatine. Hundreds called out to him to retire, or he should be "exterminated like one of the Orangemen." Hogan refused to obey the command, and a rush was about being made upon him, when a tramp of feet was heard, and, in a few seconds afterwards, twenty policemen drew up in a line across the road. Orders to prime and load were given, and at once obeyed. "The first man who attempts to push forward on either side," called out the young commander, "is my prisoner, and those who remain here for five minutes will be fired upon." The adherents of O'Kelly, seeing that they would have to encounter such a body of armed police, aided by the Orangemen, immediately retreated into the village, carrying with them the body of their leader. The poor Corporal was in the meanwhile borne off by the police, and his drunken companions escorted to their different homes.

In a few days subsequent to the encounter, the Corporal had ceased to breathe—he and his antagonist were interred in the same churchyard. Hogan soon had conferred upon him by the magistrates, the pen, the ink-horn, the printed Summons, and the awful Decrees, with the other insignia of his office. Thus ended the Election of Ballyporeen—while old Switzer in gratitude for the service rendered him on the 12th July, bestowed upon the fortunate candidate the hand of the lovely maiden, the announcement of whose marriage excited a curiosity, which I have thus attempted to gratify.

SECRET POISON.

THE art of poisoning never excited more attention in France than about the year 1670. Mary Margaret d'Aubray, daughter of the Lieutenant-civil Dreux d'Aubray, was, in the year 1651, married to the Marquis de Brinvillier, son of Gobelin, president of the Chamber of accounts, who had a yearly income of thirty thousand livres, and to whom she brought a portion of two hundred thousand. He was *Mestre de Camp* of the regiment of Normandy, and during the course of his campaigns became acquainted with *Godin de St. Croix*, a young man of distinguished family, who served as a Captain of cavalry in the regiment of *Trassy*. This young officer, who was then a needy adventurer, became a constant visitor of the Marquis, and in a short time paid his addresses to the marchioness; who lost her husband after she had helped to dissipate his large fortune, and was thus enabled to lead a life of infamy in greater freedom. Her indecent conduct gave so much uneasiness to her father, that he procured a *Lettre de Cachet*; had St. Croix arrested while in a carriage by her side, and thrown into the Bastille. St. Croix there, got acquainted with an Italian named Exili, who understood the art of preparing poison, and from whom he learned it. As they were both set at liberty after a year's imprisonment, St. Croix kept Exili with him until he became perfectly master of the art, in which he instructed the marchioness, in order that she might employ it in bettering the circumstances of both. When she had acquired the principles of the art, she assumed the appearance of a nun; distributed food to the poor; nursed the sick in the Hotel Dieu; and gave them medicines, but only for the purpose of trying the strength of her

poison, undetected, on these helpless wretches. It was said in Paris, by way of satire, that no young physician, in introducing himself to practice, had ever so speedily filled a church-yard as Brinvillier. By the force of money, she prevailed upon St. Croix's servant, called *La Chaussee*, to administer poison to her father, into whose service she got him introduced, and also to her brother, who was a counsellor of the parliament, and resided at his father's house.

To the father, the poison was given ten times before he died; the son died sooner; but the daughter, *Mademoiselle d'Aubray*, the marchioness could not poison, because, perhaps, she was too much on her guard; for a suspicion soon arose that the father and son had been poisoned, and the bodies were opened. The marchioness, however, would have escaped, had not Providence brought to light the villany. St. Croix, when preparing the poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask; but as this once happened to drop off by accident, he was suffocated, and found dead in his laboratory. Government caused the effects of this man, who had no family, to be examined, and a list of them made out. On searching them, there was found a small box, to which St. Croix had affixed a written request that after his death it might be delivered to the Marchioness de Brinvillier, or in case she should not be living, that it might be burned. Nothing could be a greater inducement to have it opened, than this singular petition; and that being done, there was found in it a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels on, with their effects, proved by experiments made on animals, were marked.

When the marchioness heard of St. Croix's death, she was desirous to have the casket, and endeavoured to gain possession of it, by bribing the officers of justice; but as she failed in this, she quitted the kingdom. *La Chaussee*, however, continued at Paris, laid claim to the property of St. Croix, was seized and imprisoned; confessed more acts of villany than were suspected, and was, in consequence broke alive on the wheel in 1673.

A very active officer of justice, named *Degrais*, was despatched in search of the Marchioness de Brinvillier, who was found in a convent at Liege, to which she had fled from England. To entice her from the convent, *Degrais* assumed the dress of an Abbe, found means to get acquainted with her; acted the part of a lover; and having engaged her to go out on an excursion of pleasure arrested her. Among her effects at the convent, there was found a confession, written by her own hand, which contained a complete catalogue of her crimes.

She there acknowledged that she had set fire to houses, that she had occasioned the death of more persons than any one suspected.

Notwithstanding all the craft she employed to escape, she was conveyed to Paris, where she at first denied everything; and, when in prison, she played piquet to pass away the time. She was, however, convicted; brought to a confession of her enormities; became a convert, as her confessor termed it, and went with much firmness to the place of execution, on the 16th of July, 1675, where, when she beheld the multitude of spectators, she exclaimed in a contemptuous manner, "You have come to see a fine spectacle!" She was beheaded, and afterwards burned; a punishment too mild for such an offender.

As she had been amused with some hopes of a pardon, on account of her relations; when she mounted the scaffold, she cried out, "*C'est donc tout de bon.*"

The following description of Brinvillier may perhaps be of use to physiognomists. Her features were exceedingly regular, and the form of her face, which was round, was very graceful. Nothing proves more, that *Metascopy*, or the science of Physiognomy is false, for this lady had that serene and tranquil air which announces virtue.

THE DEATH.

On the evening of the first of March, 1816, one of his Majesty's vessels employed in the British channel, for the suppression of smuggling, and of which I was then first lieutenant, was lying safely moored in the snug and beautiful harbour of Dartmouth. We had just put in from a short cruise; and the work of the day being finished—the ropes coiled up, the decks swept, and every thing ready for going through the usual operation of "*holy stoning*" the following morning,—a proportion of the officers and men were preparing for a cruise on shore, while the "shipkeepers" were equally intent on having a *skylark* on board. At this time, when fun and frolic were the order of the day with all, I received a letter from the captain, informing me that a smuggling vessel was expected on the coast, and directing me to send the second lieutenant with the galley armed, to look out between Torbay and Dartmouth during the night. The order was, of course, a "*damp*" to the good humour of many; and on no one did it appear to have a greater effect than on my brother officer, who was that evening engaged to a tea party, where he expected to meet a young west-country beauty, whose sparkling eyes had brought him to. Sympathising, therefore, in my mesmate's disappointment, and not being that night very deeply in love myself, I volunteered to undertake his duty on the occasion; which offer, with very little pressing on my part, and *lots* of thanks on his, being accepted,—the necessary orders were given, and we each retired to our respective cabins to prepare for our different occupations, and in a short time, both re-appeared in the gun-room—he, as complete and as sweet a nautical Adonis as a new swab, a new gang of rigging, and a pint bottle of lavender water could make him; and myself, with the assistance of a suit of "Flushing" over my usual dress of a round jacket and trousers—no bad representative of the celebrated "Dirk Hatteraik."

The galley was shortly after hauled up along side, and the arms, binnacle, and other necessary articles being deposited in her, six seamen, one marine, and myself, took our seats; the painter was cast off—and with muffled oars we commenced paddling her out of the harbour, so silently, that not even a ripple was heard to interrupt the mournful "All's well" of the sentry, as it swept along the glassy surface of the Dart. As the boat slowly increased her distance from the latter vessel, that lay like a seamew on the water—her rigging, that resembled a spider's web spread between us and heaven,—gradually disappeared: the lights of the near and overhanging houses, for a few short minutes, shone brilliantly between her masts and yards, like winter stars through a leafless tree; but long before the battlements of the romantically situated church of Saint Petrox were distinguishable a-head, naught remained in view a-stern, save the lofty black land, and glittering lights of the elevated town; for the poor little "barkey" had vanished from our sight, never, alas! to be again beheld by the greater part of my ill-fated crew.

Pursuing our course down the harbour, we soon gained the "narrows," and passing almost within oar's length of the rocky point on which stands the hostile looking church of "Saint Petrox," and the adjoining fortifications, we left the opposite shore, together with the remains of the humble tower, known by the imposing name of "Kingware Castle," on our larboard side, and shortly after reached the wild anchorage called "Dartmouth Range." From thence we passed through the sound that separates the stupendous rock named the "Dartmouth Mewstone" from the Main, and rowing easily along shore to the eastward, round-

ed the "Berry Head," and entered the beautiful and spacious roadstead called "Torbay." On arriving off Brixham, (the spot I considered most likely for the smuggler to attempt,) four of the oars were run across; and, while the major part of the crew dozed on their thwarts, the galley was kept in her position by the two remaining oars; the helmsman and rowers looking out brightly in every direction, and occasionally "laying on their oars" altogether, in order to catch the sound either of the flapping canvass, or of the rippling of the water under the bows of the expected vessel, as the darkness of the night rendered it probable our ears might serve us better than our eyes on the occasion.

In this manner we continued some time; and in addition to the coldness of the night, suffered much from passing showers; but as smugglers generally choose dirty weather for their operations, this only increased the probability of a landing being attempted. The hopes, therefore, of making a seizure, kept us in good humour, and enabled us to "*grin and bear*" the inclemency of the weather tolerably well. And after the lapse of some hours, these hopes were for a few seconds elevated to the highest pitch. About midnight, as we lay benumbed with the cold, and half-drenched with rain, the faint splash of water was heard on the larboard bow; all eyes were in an instant turned in that direction,—and through the obscurity of the night we thought we observed an object on the water. Shortly, the splashes were distinctly heard! The sound appeared to impart heat to our bodies, and the cold embrace of our wet garments was no longer felt. The order, "Give way, lads, off all," was given in a whisper, and obeyed with alacrity in silence: the galley sprung under her oars, and, darting like a falcon on its prey, we in a few seconds found ourselves "*head and stern*" along side of a galley belonging to H. M. R. C—. Our disappointment was great, and I may add, useless. We therefore had a dry laugh at each other's expense; and after a quarter of an hour's whispering together, we parted company, with the friendly wish on both sides of—"If we don't fall in with her, I hope you will." More courteous landmen would, in all probability, have expressed the wish without the proviso. "Jack," however, confines himself to saying what he means.

The ———'s galley, on parting, pulled deeper into the bay, and we, in order to double the chance of falling in with the expected smuggler, pulled farther out; where, after lying some time, and having neither observed nor heard any thing to excite suspicion, I determined on shaping my course homewards, intending to paddle quietly along shore, and in the event of reaching "Dartmouth Range" before daylight, to remain there on the look-out during the remainder of the night: for, as my information did not specify the exact "*spot*" of the smuggler, my chance, for what I knew to the contrary, was as good at one place as the other. The weather, moreover, looked threatening, and I wished, in case it freshened, to be sufficiently near my vessel to insure my getting on board shortly after daylight. The galley was accordingly pulled towards "Berry Head;" on reaching which, my fears of a change of weather appeared about to be realized; for, although there was no wind to speak of at the time, yet a very heavy ground-swell seemed to announce that a gale was not far distant.

We had some difficulty in rounding the pitch of the "Berry;" for (as is almost always the case with headlands) there was rather a heavy sea off it, occasioned by the tide; and we shipped several green seas over the stern head, before we unfortunately accomplished our purpose. On our clearing it, the sea ran fairer,

and the breeze, that had blown in puffs round the head, as if in pity to warn us not to proceed, died away, and left us to our fate. Our situation was, however, melancholy in the extreme, for all was silent around, save the roar of the breakers inside of us. A solitary star only occasionally gleamed between the heavy clouds that sailed past it. The galley rose slowly and mournfully over the mountain swell, under her muffled oars; and wet, cold, and weary as I was, it required but little stretch of the imagination to metamorphose the black profile of the flat-topped, elevated, and remarkably formed "Berry,"—edged beneath with a broad belt of foam,—into the white-bordered, sable pall of a gigantic coffin. Indeed, I know not now exactly whether the melancholy catastrophe that shortly after took place, gave birth to the idea or not, but it has ever since appeared to me that there was something particularly marked and ominous in rounding the head. Would to God, for the sake of the unfortunate men then under my command, the warning had been taken!

Following the "lay" of the coast, we continued pulling to the westward, with "death," as Jack would say, "on one side, and no mercy on the other;" for on our larboard side we saw nothing but a dirty horizon, and in the opposite direction, naught presented itself save breakers and an "iron bound" shore; and even these were occasionally lost sight of, as the boat slowly sank in the deep hollow of the swell that rolled from the south-west.

At about half-past one—for my watch had stopped at that time,—we reached the entrance of the sound that separates the "Mewstone" from the Main; and as I had never observed any danger from the vessel in our frequent visits to the harbour, nor had seen any thing particularly dangerous in the passage a few hours before, I steered directly through it; taking the precaution to keep as nearly in midchannel as possible, giving directions to the bowman to keep a good look out, and, of course, keeping my own eyes about me in all directions. In this manner we half-threaded the passage; and the "Ay, ay, sir!" of the bowman, to my oft-repeated order of "Keep a good look out forward!" was still sounding in my ears, when, to my great surprise, the boat struck on something forward, and the bowman at the same moment hastily called out, "There's a rock under the bows, sir!" "Back off all!" "Jump out, bowman, and shove the boat astern!"—were the orders instantly given. Neither, however, could be obeyed; for the descending swell immediately left the boat suspended by the gripe; and she being of that class appropriately called "DEATHS!" instantly fell on her broadside. The next sea, instead of bearing her up, which would in all probability have been the case had she had any bearings, rushed over the starboard quarter, and with the last words of the order—"throw the ballast-bags overboard!" on my lips, she sank under me; while, for a second or two, the men forwards appeared high and dry out of water. It was but for a second or two! She slipped off from the rock, sank, and not a splinter of her was ever again seen, that I know of.

On first feeling the boat sink under me, I of course knew our case was a desperate one; and that (to make use of a sailor's expression) "it was every man for himself, and God for us all." Swim I could—much better, indeed, than the generality of people; and I had, moreover, that confidence in the water that very few have; but, benumbed as I was with cold, at such a distance from the land, on such a coast, and with such a sea on the shore,—it appeared that little short of a miracle could save me; and all thoughts of endeavouring to assist others were entirely out of the question. My first object was to avoid the grasp of my drowning crew; (more particularly that of the unfortunate marine, whom, but a few seconds before, I

had observed comfortably nestled, and apparently fast asleep behind me; therefore, whilst the poor fellows sprang and clung, instinctively, to that part of the boat that was still above water, probably with an idea of finding footing on the rock,) I seized the stroke-man's oar that lay on the water near me, and giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of, I struck out over the starboard quarter of the boat, in quite the opposite direction. After a few hasty strokes, I ventured to look behind me to see whether the poor dreaded marine was near me, when a scene presented itself, that may have been the unfortunate lot of many to behold, but few have lived to describe. The "Death" was gone! The treacherous cause of our misfortune had never shown itself above the water! But as I rode on the crest of a long unbroken wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me, and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow, but too plainly pointed out the fatal spot, and announced that the poor fellows were sinking in each other's convulsive embrace. For a few seconds a sea rose between us, and hid the spot from my view; but, on my again getting a glimpse of it, the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernible, and a faint murmur only crept along the surface of the leaden wave. Another sea followed! As it rose between me and heaven, I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it,—a faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by,—and all was dark and silent around me!

I had just beheld within a few yards of me the dying struggle of—as I then thought—my whole crew; and every thing seemed to announce that my own life was prolonged for only a few short minutes; for, allowing I succeeded in reaching the shore, the surf threatened my destruction on the rocks. And, should a miracle enable me to weather that danger, the precipitous coast promised only a more lingering death at a cliff's foot. Notwithstanding all this, however,—thanks to the Almighty!—my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me. I felt grateful for my escape from the death-grapple of the poor marine, which appeared a presage of my further escape: a ray of hope flashed across my mind, in spite of the apparent hopelessness of my situation; and I as calmly weighed all the chances against my reaching the shore, and prepared for the attempt, as if I had been a looker on instead of an actor in the dreadful scene.

I have already stated, that at my leaving the vessel I had a suit of "Flushing" over my ordinary dress of a jacket and trowsers, in addition to which, at the time the boat struck, I was enveloped in a large boat-cloak; the latter I had thrown off my shoulders the instant the danger was apparent; and now that I no longer feared being grappled, my first object was to get rid of the former. I accordingly, with the assistance of the oar, (that supported me while doing so,) stripped off my two jackets and waistcoat; and my two pair of trowsers would have followed also, had I not dreaded the probability of the heavy "Flushing" getting entangled round my ankles in the first place—and in the second, considered that both them and my shoes would preserve me from being cut by the rocks, should I succeed in reaching them. Thus lightened, and with the oar held fore-and-aft-wise under my left arm, I struck out boldly for the shore; and after remaining—God only knows how long, in the water, for to me it appeared an age,—I got into the wash of the breakers; and after receiving several heavy blows, and experiencing the good effects of my "Flushing fenders," I eventually secured a footing, and scrambled up above the break of the waves.

As I lay on the rock panting, breathless, and nearly insensible, the words—"Save me, save me, I'm sinking!" appeared to rise with the spray that flew over me. At first, stupefied with exertion and fatigue as I was, I fancied that the wild shriek that had accompa-

nied the sinking "death" still rang in my ears; till the repeated cry, with the addition of my own name, aroused me from my state of insensibility, and on glancing my eyes towards the surf, I beheld a man struggling hard to gain the shore. Never shall I forget the sensation of that moment! I can compare it to nothing but the effects of the most dreadful nightmare. I would have run any risk to endeavour to save the unfortunate man; but, if the simple lifting of a finger could have gained me the Indies—the Indies would have been lost to me, so completely was I riveted to the spot. At this moment, the oar that had saved my life fortunately floated into the exhausted man's hands; and after a hard struggle he appeared to gain a footing,—he lost it! Again he grasped the rock! The next moment saw him floating at some distance in the foam!—Once more he approached, and clung to the shore! My anxiety was dreadful—till, rising slowly from the water, and scrambling towards me, the poor fellow's cold embrace informed me I was not the only survivor; while his faltering exclamation of—"The poor fellows are all drowned, sir!" too plainly assured me that we alone were saved!

"Misfortune," 'tis said, "makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows;" and just then, I had every reason to acknowledge the truth of the expression; for, whether my shivering comrade thought my commission had gone down with the boat, and, that having been so nearly brought to an equality, we had every right to continue on one,—or whether, which is more likely, he wished to subtract any little animal heat I might have had yet remaining in my body,—I know not; certain I am, however, that no miss in her teens ever got a closer, or a longer embrace; and expecting to profit by it, I must confess I was not at all coy on the occasion, although, in the state we were in, I believe neither of us derived any great advantage from the experiment. After a time, we recovered sufficiently to gain the use of our legs; and then, what with stamping on the rock, and flapping our arms across our chests, we contrived to knock a little warmth into ourselves; and that point gained, we commenced our attempt to scale the face of the cliff that hung lowering over our heads. By mutual assistance, and with some difficulty, we succeeded in mounting between twenty or thirty feet; and I had just begun to solace myself with the idea that the undertaking was not altogether so difficult as from appearances I had been led to suppose it was, when, on reaching out my arms to catch a fresh hold of the rock before me, I found my eyes had deceived me as to its distance, and falling forwards, I with great difficulty saved myself from pitching headlong into a chasm that yawned beneath me, and through which the sea was dashing violently. In fact, the high land had deceived us. *We had landed only on a rock!!!*

Whoever may take the trouble to read this narrative, can form but a very faint idea of the state of my feelings at that moment; for I can safely say that this unexpected discovery—made, too, at the very instant I had begun to entertain hopes of deliverance,—affected me more acutely than any thing that had yet taken place. Nature had formed me to wrestle with—not to "grin and bear"—my misfortunes; and now that I saw no alternative but to remain where I was till chance sent a boat to my relief, or death took that office on itself, my heart sank within me. For a few minutes I gazed eagerly around me, from the peak of the rock, in hopes of seeing some possible way of extricating myself; when observing nothing but a circle of foam, I descended to the nearest ledge, in the deepest dependency, and casting myself along side my now blubbing companion, sat in silent despair.

I remained in this miserable state only a short time, before I discovered that a six years' drilling between the tropics, (for I had only recently returned from

abroad,) had rendered me a very unfit person to remain drying on a rock half a winter's night, near the "Chops of the Channel;" for my shirt clung with icy coldness to my body, and notwithstanding we huddled together as close as possible, my shivering frame plainly told me I was rapidly losing the little warmth I had acquired through my late exertion,—in fact, I felt assured that, if I remained where I was, daylight would find me a corpse. What, therefore, was to be done? To remain, was certain death!—Death appeared equally certain, should I attempt to leave the rock! Still, however, by adopting the latter course, there was a chance in my favour; and drowning I knew from experience on one or two occasions (for when a man has lost his senses, I presume he has known the worst,) could not be worse than dying by inches where I was.

I therefore resolved to gain the main, or sink in the attempt; but on making my determination known to my fellow-sufferer, and on asking him whether he would accompany me, the poor fellow appeared so thunderstruck at the proposal, so earnestly pointed out the danger of the attempt and his own weakness, and, clinging to me, so pathetically entreated that I would remain where I was, that we might at least have the consolation of dying together, that I not only ceased from urging him, but appeared to give up the idea of leaving the rock myself. This, however, was only done to elude his grasp: for a few minutes after, under the pretence of looking for a more sheltered place, I left him, and descending the rock, reached the edge of the channel that separated me from the main.

There a scene presented itself that plainly pointed out the desperation of the undertaking. The distance across, indeed, was not very great; but the whole channel was one sheet of yeasty foam, along the edges of which appeared the long black tangle that adhered to the rocks, except when a heavy black sea, rolling through the passage, drove the one before it, and flowed over the other; an apparently perpendicular cliff hung lowering over the whole. It was an awful sight! For a moment my heart failed me. There was, however, no alternative; for my own fate, and the fate of the poor man above me, depended on my reaching the opposite side; so, watching a "smooth," and commending my spirit to the Almighty, should it part company with my body on the passage, I sprang forward, and found myself nearly in the middle of the channel. A few strokes brought me to the cliff's foot; but neither holding nor footing could I gain, except what the tangle afforded. Again, and again, did I seize the pendant slippery weeds, and as often did the drawback of the sea and my own weight drag me with a giant's force from my hold, and rolling down the face of the rock, I sank several feet under water.

Bruised, battered, and nearly exhausted, with the sea whizzing in my ears and rattling in my throat, I thought my last moment had at length arrived. Once more I rose to the surface, and digging my nails into the rock, I seized the seaweed with my teeth, and clung in the agonies of death. The sea left me, and my death-grasp kept me suspended above it. Another sea arose, it was a tremendous one, and as it violently rushed over me, I was forced to quit my hold, and I rose on its surface along the face of the rock. It reached its greatest height; and in the act of descending, I caught a projecting point above the weeds, and at the same instant my left leg was thrown over another. The sea again left me, and gasping for life, I now hung over the sparkling abyss once more. Successive seas followed, but only lashed the rock beneath me, as if enraged at having lost their prey. I once more breathed free; hope revived; the dread of being again torn away, stimulated me to make an almost superhuman effort. I gained a footing;

and, climbing upwards, in a short time even the spray fell short of me. God be praised! I was safe.

Having ascended about thirty or forty feet—(for then only, and indeed hardly then, did I consider myself beyond the reach of the waves, so dreadful was the impression of what I had just undergone in my mind,) I ventured to stop and rest. There I remained a short time, and between the roar of the breakers, occasionally distinctly heard the shrill shrieks of the poor isolated wretch beneath me; and the frantic and oft-repeated exclamation of, "Mr. ———, for the love of God, don't leave me!" I endeavoured to console him, by telling him, that if I succeeded in getting up the cliff, I would procure him immediate assistance; but, as the cries soon continued as shrill and frantic as before, I presume I was neither seen nor heard, and again commenced my ascent. Panting, and almost breathless—sometimes with tolerable ease, and at others clinging to the perpendicular face of the cliff, and hanging over the pitch-black and apparently fire-bound ocean, I continued ascending, till not only the cries of the man were lost, but even the roar of the sea was only faintly heard, and at length reached the summit of the cliff. At that critical moment exhausted nature sank under the fatigues of the night! On suddenly seeing the heavens all around me, I appeared for an instant air-borne—my heart sickened, my brain whirled, and my eyesight failed me. The idea of my dreadful elevation flashed across my mind, and I made a convulsive effort to throw myself forwards. My legs sank under me, and I fell rapidly, head foremost. I know not where!—I believe I shrieked.—My senses left me!!

How long I lay insensible, I, of course, know not; suffice it to say, that on opening my eyes, I was agreeably surprised to find myself in the centre of a furze-bush; and, at the same time, so overcome with sleep, that, on being assured of my situation, I immediately closed them again, with the intention of taking a nap. Fortunately, however, I had but very recently read an account of the Russian campaign, written by a French officer; and to that beautiful work I may say I am indebted for my life; for his description of the drowsiness that seized the soldiers, and which, if indulged, was always followed by death, immediately recurred to me; and I saw, as if in a dream, poor Napoleon's pride lying frozen around me; and, at the same time, if I ever heard any thing in my life, a small silvery sounding voice whispered in my ear, "*If you sleep, you wake no more!*" This aroused me from my lethargy, and awoke me to a sense of my real situation: but the spirit alone was awake—my body was almost as lifeless as if in the grave! No person but he who may have experienced the effects of the nightmare,—to which I have already alluded,—can form any idea of my feelings at that moment. I wished to rise—in indeed, my very existence depended on my doing so; but I felt as if an iceberg lay on my bosom, and my limbs appeared like blocks of marble of such gigantic dimensions, that on my first getting my hands together, every finger seemed of the size of a "*setting fid*." The ground beneath me fortunately had a rapid descent from the sea, (which had occasioned my heavy fall, and led me to believe I was falling down the cliff,) and with some struggling, I worked myself out of the furze-bush, and rolled downwards some distance. This, in some degree, broke the spell that appeared to bind me to the spot—and taking the precaution to keep my head in shore, I kept tumbling about till the blood began to circulate, and shortly after, I began to feel that acute pain that none but persons who have been frost-bitten can form any idea of. At length, I also felt the prickles of the furze-bush, with which I was covered all over like a porcupine; and, I can with truth say, that that moment was about one of the happiest of my life!

Having gained some little command over my benumbed limbs, I stripped off my "*Flushings*," and left them and sorrow hanging on a furze bush together; and thus mentally and physically lightened, and directing my course inland, I went staggering along like a drunken man, till I got into a ploughed field, which, after a little consideration, as I could see no sign of a house, I proceeded to skirt, expecting to find a path-way on one side of it; and I had not gone very far, before the marks of cart-wheels assured me I had hit on the very best way for falling in with a habitation. Resolved to follow the wheel-ruts, lead where they would, I went, sometimes on my feet, and sometimes on my knees, through two or three fields, and got as many falls over the gates that separated them. At length, I caught sight of a barn before me, and shortly after found myself close to a good warm dunghill, while the smell of cows assured me a cow-house was not far distant. The sight of a *galloner* could not have given me greater pleasure; and the warmth and the warm smell were delightful! For a moment I stood doubtful which of the two snug berths I should occupy; but the thoughts of the unfortunate fellow behind me again spurred me forward, and I shortly found myself at the foot of a wall in the rear of a house. There I called lustily some short time, but getting no answer I scrambled round to the front, where I found a high wooden gate, railed on the upper part, which separated me from a very respectable looking house a few yards distant, and finding the gate secured, I clung to the rails, and again commenced calling for assistance as loud as I was able. "My stars!" thought I, "*how people on shore do sleep!*"

I called till I could hardly call any longer; and I was just thinking of taking a berth till daylight on the dunghill, or in the cow-house if I could get into it, when one of the upper lattices slowly opened, and I heard the gruff interrogatories—"Who the devil's that?—what the devil do you want?" Aware that the duty I had been employed on was not very popular along shore, and not knowing my man, I thought it might not be exactly prudent to answer the first of the two, so merely said in reply, in as doleful a strain as possible, (and, indeed there was little occasion to sham), "That I was a poor cast-away seaman, and wanted shelter for the night." "Cast away, eh! where were you wrecked?" said he, in a milder tone. "Under the cliffs, in the direction of the barn." "Did you get up there?"—"Yes." "Ha, ha, young fellow, that story won't do: a cat could not get up there! Get out of that, or I'll soon settle you;"—and here my interpreter chuckled at the ingenious manner in which he thought he had caught me tripping. In short, to top all my misfortunes, I was now taken for a thief!!!

Thrown flat back by the suspicions of the good gentleman at the casement, and consoling myself with the idea that they would never have entered his head could he but have seen my pretty, honest countenance, I remained for some time, anxiously expecting to be warmed with a dose of small shot; till the lattice, that appeared hinged on my heart, grated on its hinges in the act of being closed; when, with chattering teeth, I again struck up on a mighty low key—"I assure you, sir, I am not a thief; indeed, indeed, I'm not a thief! but if you won't let me in, will you have the goodness to tell me where I can procure shelter?"—"Go to Kingsware." "How far off is it?" "A mile and a half."—He might as well have said, go to New South Wales! "I cannot walk twenty yards further; so if you won't give me shelter, you will find my corpse at your gate in the morning!" This pathetic wind up had no sooner escaped my lips, than I heard a feminine voice say—"My dear, do go down and see who it is!" Never, before or since, did lovely woman's voice sound sweeter to my ears!

(He was at length admitted.)

Having effected a "lodgment," (as I believe our friends in the army call it,) my first thoughts were about the poor fellow on the rock. I accordingly immediately made known who I was, and related every thing that had taken place, and requested that men might be sent to remain on the cliffs with lights, during the remainder of the night; for, although I was well aware that they could render him no assistance, yet I thought the bare sight of the lights, and the noise of their shouts would cheer up his spirits, and enable him to hold out till daylight. My request was instantly complied with, and from the kind attention of all around me, I found I had lost nothing by the communication, for every thing the house afforded was eagerly pressed on me, and could I have eaten gold, I feel assured I should have been treated with a dish of seven-shilling pieces at least, notwithstanding the bad state of the markets.

The good lady, who I may say was the first cause of my admittance, immediately proceeded to brew her hyson and gunpowder, while the plump, kind-hearted maid piled such a heap of faggots on the fire, that in a few minutes the house was in a blaze, and a looker-on would have been led to believe it was insured above its value, and that she wished to make a bonfire of it for the amusement of the underwriters. The kind owner of the mansion was as busy as the rest, for he shortly appeared with dry clothes and the brandy bottle; the latter received strong proofs of affection, and I also shipped a dry shirt and a shooting jacket, after I had disposed to my satisfaction of some of the bristles with which I had been accommodated by the furze-bush; but, as my worthy friend had nothing but *inexpressibles*, an article of rigging which I had never sported in my life, and which I feared would disable me from reaching the vessel after daylight, I preferred drying my trowsers by the fire, before which I consequently sat, smoking like a lime-kiln.

As soon as I had sufficiently recovered the use of my fingers to enable me to write, I despatched a note to the commanding officer of the vessel, acquainting

him with the accident, and directing him to hoist the cutter out, and send her along side for the relief of the man; and having done all in my power, I then, and not till then, (barring the brandy, however,) quietly enjoyed all the good things before me, to the infinite delight of my kind host and hostess. May they meet their reward, and be living to read this!

The people sent to the cliffs continued shouting and showing lights during the remainder of the night; but owing to the height and steepness of the land, they were neither seen nor heard, as we afterwards discovered. At daylight, however, they saw a boat pulling to the westward, which, on being waved into an adjoining cove, proved to be the same one we had spoken in Torbay during the night. The crew being informed of what had taken place, continued pulling as close to the land as prudence would admit, and at the same time narrowly watched the foot of the cliff; but had not proceeded far before they discovered something on a rock that looked like a bundle, and which on nearing, they found to be my unfortunate late companion. He was almost lifeless, and the sea was too heavy to allow of their landing. They had no alternative, therefore, but to throw him a rope, with a long bow-line knot at the end of it, which he had barely sufficient strength to put under his arms, and he was then hauled into the sea, and afterwards into the boat. On being taken on board he was confined to his hammock many days, and it was three weeks before he resumed duty. Had I remained with him, neither of us, in all human probability, would have been found alive.

I have already said that not a splinter of the boat was ever picked up that I know of; some of the gear however was, for a day or two after, the crew of a Torbay boat was rather surprised at seeing a spar floating *as end* in the water near them. On sending their punt to pick it up, it was discovered to be a boat's mast, with a corpse hanging to the end of it by one hand firmly clenched round the tie! The body was buried in Brixham.

LE TEMPS VIENDRA.

Suggested by a Cameo with the above motto, representing a Greek girl with her hand clasped to her lover's bosom, while both are mutually gazing on the skies.

No troth is pledged—no vow is past,

No words of love are spoken;

But round their hearts a chain is cast

Which cannot e'er be broken:

Its links were there for ever set,

The moment that their pulses met,

And welded in one burning grasp

A bond no mortal can unclasp.

For if a watch be kept above

O'er manhood's faith and woman's trust,

If Heaven wills that human love

Be ever traced in more than dust,—

'Tis thus, when like two streams that mingle,

Two souls are in one moment single;

'Tis thus, when rapt like these from earth,

In heaven their union has its birth.

And they may never meet again,

Or only here like strangers meet—

May mingle with the cold and vain—

Like them, too, may each other greet:

But in their hearts will live the power,

The deep remembrance of that hour,

Till time shall teach—perhaps too late,

How closely woven is their fate.

MELODIA.

MY EARLY DAYS.

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE TAKEN IN CHILDHOOD.

My early days, my early days,

Ye morning stars that linger yet;

And beam as dear departing rays,

When every other star has set:

Spray of the ocean of my life,

Blossom of fruit all faded now;

Ye golden sands in old Time's glass,

Ye green leaves on a wither'd bough;

Oh! where are ye, and where am I?

Where is that happy sinless child

That chas'd the gaudy butterfly,

As gay as that, and far more wild.

Am I that bold and fearless boy

That stemm'd the flood and climb'd the height?

All health and truth, all life and joy,

First in the frolic or the fight.

Ah! no—where once the sunlight shone;

I wander now amid the shade;

The hopes that led my boyhood on,

Are wither'd all, or all betray'd.

I cannot bear to gaze again

On visions that could fade so fast;

Nor, 'mid a present scene of pain,

Cast back a thought on blisses past.

JACQUELINE.

BY MRS. LEE, (FORMERLY MRS. BOWDITCH.)

By the side of the road leading from Paris to the village of N——, stood a low square cottage, which served as a lodge to the chateau de L——. Unlike our English lodges, where neatness and taste pervade the inside and the out, the single room which composed it was floored with coarse red tiles, and the smoke of the fire had blackened the walls. The bed, according to the custom of the country, stood in one corner, and was remarkable for the white counterpane which covered it, and the fringed white curtains across the window, and the wedding bunch of orange flowers under a glass case, formed a singular contrast to the littered state of the apartment: a large old cat, a crooked-legged old dog, prevented the poultry from coming over the threshold, but disputed possession of the floor and chairs, with remnants of vegetables, broken sticks, and worn out broom. On a glorious day in July, Madame la Pierre, the sole inhabitant of this little dwelling, was seen to issue frequently from her door, and, mounting a hillock on the side of the road, and shading her eyes with both hands, to look impatiently towards N——. At length a red and white object was seen slowly approaching, and Madame la Pierre, exclaiming, "There she is," hastily returned to the cottage to make preparations for a guest. Two chairs and a table were placed under the trees, the latter was covered with a clean white cloth, and the spoons and plates were quickly arranged. Scarcely was all ready, when a very beautiful young woman greeted the bustling old portress, who, returning the salutation on both cheeks, said, "here you are, then, Mademoiselle Jacqueline, you are late to-day, and I began to fear there was something the matter." "No, good mother," was the reply, "it was only the heat which made my two leagues appear unusually long." The health of Jacqueline's mother was inquired into, the cat and dog, the most important personages of Madame La Pierre's family, were caressed, and the two females were soon seated under the trees. Jacqueline drew from her basket a standing veal pie, and a bottle of vin ordinaire, and Madame la Pierre supplied bread from a loaf a yard long, water from a neighbouring well, and pease grown in her little wild garden. The principal events of their lives during the last three months were related, and Jacqueline, after looking at a small gold watch, suspended from a fine chain of the same metal, round her neck, said she must now resume her journey; when the unusual sound of "Gate, gate," startled them both, and turning round, they saw a heavy looking carriage, drawn by two long-tailed black horses, and driven by a fat old coachman, waiting for admittance. "Heaven," cried Madame la Pierre, "here is Monsieur; what can he come in at this gate for; never, never does he come this way; I cannot open the gate; help, help, Mademoiselle Jacqueline." The bustle of the old woman, the yelping of the dog, the screaming of the cocks and hens, and the creaking of the heavy iron gate, as it rolled back upon its rusty hinges, caused the owner of the equipage to look out. "*Bon jour*, Madame la Pierre," he said, "is that your daughter?" "No, Monsieur, it is Mademoiselle Jacqueline," was the luminous reply. Jacqueline dropped a little graceful curtsy, Monsieur gazed, the carriage rolled on through the avenue, the gates were shut with many an exclamation by the portress; the remnants of the veal pie and wine were put into the cupboard; Jacqueline, refreshed, received a kiss of blessing on the forehead,

from her hostess, and tying her little snowy quilled cap under her chin, and stroking down her white little apron, resumed her way to Paris. The evening arrived, and Madame la Pierre was folding up her knitting in order to go to bed before it was necessary to light a candle, when she saw something glide between the trees of the dark avenue. "Holy Virgin," exclaimed the good woman, "there is a robber." Another look, and it was only Monsieur. "Do not be alarmed," said the Baron, "I am only come to tell you that I mean to have this entrance made easier of access, for during this hot weather, the shade of the road makes up for the increase of distance, and I shall often come this way." Madame la Pierre assented to all that was suggested, and was in the act of making her last curtsy, when the Baron, as if suddenly recollecting himself, asked, "Who was that young woman with you to-day?" With sundry interpolations, and inexplicable explanations, Madame la Pierre related, that soon after the building of the lodge, a young girl knocked at the door, and asked leave to sit down and rest herself; her father, who had been a notary, was dead; her mother, old and infirm, was supported entirely by herself; that she embroidered for the Paris shops, and four times every year walked from N—— to that city to receive payment for her work; that she had been accustomed to rest there, and eat her dinner under the trees, and she hoped she might be still allowed the same accommodation. "So, Monsieur," added Madame la Pierre, "I have seen her regularly every three months, she brings her dinner in her basket, she remains in Paris one day, and the day after she rests here again, on her way back to N——. She is a very good girl, Monsieur, and very steady, and is sure always to bring me something from Paris; the fichu I have now on my shoulders, she gave me last year, and I have worn it, Monsieur, you"—but Monsieur had no inclination to discuss the merits of the fichu, and stopping Madame la Pierre's tongue by slipping a five-franc piece into her hand, wished her good evening, and resumed his walk.

All that had passed was related to Jacqueline on her return, with Madame la Pierre's own reflections on the subject; but Jacqueline, who was no coquette, thought it very natural that M. le Baron should wish to know who had been at the lodge, and that he should make a present to his portress. She did not, however, think it quite so natural, that the Baron should open a little wooden gate at the end of the park, just as she was passing it on her road home, and that he should propose walking a little way with her. At first she was troubled to think what he could mean by such condescension; but when, after inquiring her age, which was eighteen, asking the address of her mother, and ascertaining various particulars concerning her position in life, he put a Napoleon into her hand for that mother, the simple-hearted creature thought that heaven had sent her a benefactor.

A week after this period, Jacqueline laid aside her work, and calling in an old neighbour to sit with her mother, went to join the dancers in the village. When she returned, her mother observed she was later than usual. "Yes," replied Jacqueline, "I went with Auguste to see his mother." "You are always with Auguste, child," said the old woman, pettishly. "What is the matter with you, mother?" asked Jacqueline, taking her hand. "Matter!" was the answer: "why you ought to look for better things than a marriage

with Auguste." What can have happened, thought Jacqueline; but accustomed to the caprices of the invalid, she assisted her to bed, and then retiring to her own humble couch, fell asleep in a few minutes. At four o'clock the next morning she rose to her work, and opening the casement, sat down beside it to enjoy the freshness of the morning. Presently, a rustling noise in the low fence of the little garden, startled her, she turned her head, and Auguste was by her side. "You were not very tired with dancing last night," said he, "if you can be up so early this morning." "Nor you," returned Jacqueline. "Ah! it was want of sleep drove me from my bed." "For what reason could you not sleep?" "Can you ask that question?" "Why not?" "Has not your mother told you, then?" "No, she was very cross last night, and I supposed I had affronted her by going with you to your mother's." "Why the Baron L—— came to the village yesterday evening, and called at your house." "Well, and what did he say, the good old man?" "Why he asked leave to—to—marry you, if I must say it." "To marry me!" said Jacqueline, in unfeigned astonishment, "who told you that?" "Why old Susette was with your mother, and heard it all, and of course she could not go to sleep till she had told it through the whole village." "But it cannot be true, Auguste; how should such a great man want to marry a poor girl like me?" "Why not? He sees you are very pretty—and there I must agree with him—and you know he is not one of the great lords; he was once poor himself, but made a great deal of money by trade, with which he bought that fine chateau, and his title." "But what did my mother say, Auguste?" "She said she would talk to you, and cried for joy after he was gone," replied Auguste sulkily.

It was indeed as Auguste had represented. Struck with the beauty of Jacqueline; fancying that he should secure gratitude at least, by raising her from poverty to affluence; weary of the solitude in which he had placed himself by stepping from his own sphere; and hoping to attract society by means of an engaging young wife, the Baron had made proposals of marriage. The disgust of Jacqueline, and the despair of Auguste, were at first violent; but the Baron was favoured by the mother; his presents were so bountiful, and he became so much more enamoured as the obstacles increased, that poor Jacqueline was torn by conflicting feelings. The mother wept and entreated; represented that her remaining days might be spent in ease and comfort; she called her neighbours in to plead with her, and no argument was left untried to induce Jacqueline to consent. At one time her companions represented to her all the pleasures which awaited her with rank and wealth; at others they laughed at her for not eagerly accepting such brilliant offers. At length the seeds of vanity were awakened, and she wavered. The Baron bribed high, and a letter one morning from Auguste, hastened her determination. It was as follows: "I go, Jacqueline, and will no longer be an obstacle to your prosperity; every body scorns me for what they call my selfishness; even you hesitate, and M. le Cure tells me that I oppose the decrees of heaven. The army is always a resource for those who fear not to die. Take care of my mother as well as yours, and God bless you."

Had Auguste immediately followed his letter to take a personal farewell, Jacqueline, overcome with grief, would have dropped her hand into his, and said, "Yours for ever!" but the hours rolled on, M. le Cure gave his opinion, the mother prayed and groaned, the Baron came most opportunely in the evening, and when Auguste stole back at night to take one last look, the whole village was ringing with the acceptance of his rival.

We have now to follow Jacqueline in a far different career to that in which (till she forgot Auguste)

she had so ably performed her duties. She became the Baroness L——, and one of her first cares was to settle her mother, with proper attendance, in the chateau. She also would have provided for an increase of comfort to the mother of Auguste, but the heart-broken old woman would not receive it from her hands. Madame la Pierre was not forgotten; and, these arrangements completed, the beautiful bride went to Paris, where masters of all kinds were procured for her. Gifted with extreme aptitude, and sensible of her deficiencies, she applied with unremitting zeal, and soon became versed in the most fashionable accomplishments. She was introduced to the wealthy associates of her husband, and intoxicated by the admiration she received, the past was entirely forgotten. At first, her respect and gratitude towards her husband checked her from partaking in those amusements which he could not share; but dissipation falls like a blight upon the natural impulses of the heart, and she soon mingled with the throng which surrounded her, deaf to all but the adulation which was continually poured into her ear. Pleased at the facility with which she had gained her accomplishments, fascinated by the extreme grace which marked her whole demeanour, and proud of her brilliant appearance, the Baron at first encouraged her pleasures, and was perhaps partly to blame for the avidity with which she followed them; but, as he soon became tired himself, he hoped she would prefer him to the world, and looked to her for the solace and comfort of his now declining years. He, however, soon discovered that she lived but for the scenes into which he had brought her, and he found, too late, that something besides mere accomplishment should be provided for an education. Mortified and disappointed, and as ill-judged in this as in many other things, he left her to her follies, and, secluding himself in his apartments, soon sunk into a state bordering on misanthropy.

Ten years passed in this manner; the mother was dead, the Baron was more confirmed than ever in his habits of seclusion, and Jacqueline, satiated with pleasure, was a prey to *ennui*. Had she then found a sensible and kind adviser, she might perhaps have been reclaimed. But her circle was destitute of such beings, and one of a totally different stamp was presented to her notice. Newly arrived from Italy, where he had been travelling, Alphonse appeared as a candidate for fashionable celebrity, and his personal attractions, his manners, and a reputation for gallantry, made him courted as an ornament to the salons of Paris.

Restless and dispirited, weary with every body and every thing, an air of languor had stolen over the features of Jacqueline, and though it robbed her of her brilliancy, many thought her more attractive than ever. "There goes the Baroness L——," said a friend to Alphonse; and relating her history, he added, "If you look at her, you will think her capable of deep and ardent feeling; you will, however, be mistaken; she lives but for pleasure, and is alike incapable of love or friendship."

To make the conquest of such a person, and awaken her from her apathy, excited the vanity of Alphonse; and reckless of the consequences, provided he obtained the *eclat*, he applied himself seriously to the attainment of his object. Strong in her indifference, she at first tolerated the attentions of her new votary; his passion, which soon became as real as such a being is capable of feeling, then amused her; the excitement which it caused was heaven to the *ennui* she had lately felt, and by degrees she fell into the snare.

A remnant of gratitude, not quite stifled by her past career; a glimpse of better days, led her for some time to respect herself and the ties which bound her to another; but who can oppose a barrier to a devouring passion, whose mind is not fortified by great moral and religious truths? The resistance of Jacqueline became

weaker every day, and although she frequently tried to avoid Alphonse, he continually contrived to frustrate all her schemes. Fluctuating between her inclination and one remaining atom of virtue, she made one desperate effort to save herself. In reply to the earnest and reiterated entreaties of her lover to leave Paris with him, she replied, "I begin to think that it is my fate; but to-morrow I will make one last trial. I shall go to mass, and there pray that I may know how to act. If I leave my missal upon the chair, presume not to follow me, for I shall then have determined to see you no more; if I take it away, I shall not have been able to resist." The morning arrived; Jacqueline attended mass in the church of St. S—, and not daring to look around her, placed her missal on the chair, and was about to leave the edifice with a tottering step. Before she reached the door, an old woman ran after her, crying, "Madame, Madame, here is your book," and put it into her hands. "*C'est mon sort donc!*"* exclaimed Jacqueline; the book fell from her hand—her sight failed her—an arm supported her to her carriage, and she returned no more to her home.

A few short months, and the dream was over. Alphonse, who had brought Jacqueline to London, received a letter from his father, offering him a diplomatic situation, provided he would leave the woman he had betrayed. The heartless wretch consented, and left his victim no further explanation than a copy of his father's letter. "Auguste, you are avenged!" was the sole exclamation of the unhappy Jacqueline, when she contemplated the destitution of her future life. Dreadful were her sufferings, and hardly earned was the pittance with which she supported herself: and yet Jacqueline was now more worthy of respect than she had been since the days when she rested at the good Madame la Pierre's, for she bore her privations in meek repentance. She was, however, to be tried yet further; a low fever wasted her, and checked the exertions by which she procured her living. A day passed nearly without food, and her endeavours to finish the allotted task were too much for her strength, and her landlady found her stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility. The cries of the kind-hearted woman alarmed the lodgers below, a foreigner flew to her assistance, and Jacqueline, opening her eyes, fixed them on the well-known features of Auguste. A fearful shriek burst from her lips, a violent fever ensued, and she for many days hovered between life and death. At last, her natural strength prevailed, and she was pronounced out of danger. Often as she recovered, did she ask who had ministered to her sufferings, but she was invariably answered, that she would know all in good time. She one day murmured, "I fancied I saw Auguste, but thank God it was only fancy." A sweet voice answered her in her native tongue, that she had indeed seen him; and a young lady, who made her appearance from behind the curtain, said, if she would be calm, she would tell her all. By degrees the truth was revealed, and Jacqueline learned that Auguste had risen rapidly, having attained the rank of colonel, and that he and the lady (his wife) were then on a tour of pleasure and relaxation, for the hard service in which Auguste had been engaged had injured his health. "A kind Providence," continued she, "directed us to this lodging, and we have been but too happy to be useful to a country-woman." The unhappy Jacqueline groaned aloud, and exclaimed:—"Alas! when you know all, and how worthless a being you have assisted, you will be sorry for your humanity." "Hush!" said her benefactress, "we have been to Paris, and know all." * * * *

Jacqueline's friends departed, and the first care of Auguste on his arrival in Paris, was to seek the Baron, who still lived at the chateau. The story was soon

told, and Auguste, acting the good Christian, not only had pardoned himself, but by his example and entreaties, obtained the pardon of Jacqueline's husband. Sending for a notary, the Baron, in a few hours, placed a deed in the hands of Auguste, which secured subsistence to his unfortunate wife for the remainder of her existence. Fallen from the pinnacle of beauty, wealth, and admiration; reduced to accept the very bread she ate from the hands of those she had most injured, Jacqueline yet lived to thank God that time had been given her for repentance; and when she closed her mortal career, she ventured to hope for happiness hereafter in the Saviour who had died for her and all other sinners.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA.

ANNE OF Austria, wife of Louis XIII., was very unhappy during the lifetime of the king. She experienced the most cruel persecutions. The visit which the chancellor paid her at Val-de-Grace, is, perhaps, unexampled in history, on account of the circumstances which accompanied it. Her presses were all forced, her pockets ransacked; and impudence was carried to such a height, as to invade even the neck handkerchief which covered her. Her most faithful servants were torn from her, and cast into jail. The king hardly deigned to speak to her, or visit her. If we are to believe the annals of those times, these strange proceedings towards a queen possessed of superlative beauty and the most winning graces, had their origin in love! Cardinal de Richelieu—that minister so absolute, and who really reigned under Louis's name, looked with eyes of love upon the queen, by whom his passion was treated with contempt. It was therefore to avenge himself for her coldness, and to convince her how foolish she was to reject his love, that he thus caused her to be persecuted.

To the same sentiment is to be ascribed the divisions which arose at that period between France and England, and which occasioned so much bloodshed. The Duke of Buckingham, who ruled England as absolutely as the Cardinal did France, visited France on the occasion of his master's marriage. The Duke was no less bold than the Cardinal: he loved the queen, and told her so in a conversation he cunningly contrived to have with her.

The Cardinal, who was soon informed of this conversation, became exceedingly jealous; and did not let much time elapse before he made his rival sensible of it. The Duke having shortly after got himself named to a second embassy to France, merely to have an opportunity of seeing the queen, was forbidden to set his foot within the kingdom.

Mr. Hume hesitates not to ascribe the rupture between England and France, to the rivalry of the two ministers. The Cardinal's jealousy was the stronger, inasmuch as he knew that the Duke had been seen by the queen with favourable eyes; for the historian asserts, that the Duke's merits had impressed the queen with kind sentiments towards him. However, the Duke having sworn that he would see the queen, in spite of all the power in France, he excited a war, the consequences of which did not turn out much to his honour. Beaten in the Isle of Rhe, and having lost part of his troops, he was under the necessity of returning to England dishonoured, and a little more hated than before.

If we are to place implicit faith in the anecdotes of that period, Anne was not always so severe as Richelieu found her, for she has been accused of having more than sentiments of good nature for Cardinal Mazarine. Certain it is, that her attachment to him was extreme. To that passion is to be ascribed the misfortunes of France, during the minority of Louis XIV.; and especially the civil wars of the Fronde.

* It is then my fate."

DICK DOLEFUL.

It was to the late Captain Chronic, R. N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being but very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absences on service, acted as his agent and factotum: receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and I incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son—his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visitor at his house. Dick's "good friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "best friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more: hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow.—Now, as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or burked a female—young, beautiful, and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean (and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste,) I mean only that he is a bore.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncured and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three visits a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from that, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it. Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered, "Our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but, being acquainted with Mr. Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see you—it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful!—Here he comes, sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I hadn't nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of my fingers as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well how d'ye do now, Captain!' with such a look, and in such a tone!—it always sounds to my ears, 'What! aren't you dead yet, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear;—his dismal undertaker-counte-

nance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but"—and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer: "I'm not a nervous man; but d—n me if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "I know I shall."

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physician; whilst, on the contrary, the"—

"Ay, ay; the bore of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to his grave. And, then, that face of his! I couldn't help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, *La Larmoyeuse*, I should have liked to have had his to stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you? Why, then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but bores have no feeling. Besides, I can't altogether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of the window, do you think I could? Eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr. Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Ay, and so he tells every body, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and that's the bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this King of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation, I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that, if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n me, but I will toss him out of the window."

After a momentary pause, the Captain resumed:—"Then, there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it: it isn't that we like it, you know; nobody does, that I ever heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his, and he will stand by when I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. Ipecacuanha and Dick Doleful! Faugh! two does at once! Will you believe it, my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind, that I never see physic without thinking of Dick Doleful, nor Dick Doleful, without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive. But, as I said before, bores have no feeling; they have no perceptions; they have no one faculty in nature, but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Ay; there's Mr. Dick, again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man, eh? Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits? There's 'Reflections on Death'—Dodd's 'Prison Thoughts'—the 'Deathbed Companion'—Hell a Vision.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid, and at the street door, met Mr. Druggem, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Slashley Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of Doleful; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint, sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case: I am for administering a powerful cathartic:—this Mr. Doleful must be carried off at once—*forbid the house, sir.*"

"I am quite of Dr. Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashley; "the Captain must instantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate amputation of that Mr. Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr. Doleful favoured me with a visit.

"I call," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of 'our poor dear friend,'" and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend" was no worse than the day before, I interrupted his pathos, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood: and, rather unceremoniously added, that it was the opinion of his medical advisers, that the state of "our poor dear friend" might be considerably improved, if he, Mr. Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well! Bless my soul! this is unexpected—very unexpected. *I—me*—the son of his friend—his best friend! Why, though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[and here he burst into another tear.] I say, had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been—Well; no matter—but *me*!—how very odd! I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him, as he must perceive: he *must* observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he *must* notice how much I feel for him. Why, dear me, what interest can I have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven, I AM NOT A LEGACY-HUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalled-for abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr. Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain, to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived on for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, except the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then had occupied a sofa, took to his bed; and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for, and that *they alone* should attend him to the last. Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing his "poor dear friend," that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bed-room. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bedside as usual, on tip-toe, as usual, he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear; and with the usual undertaker look, and in the usual dismal tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do *now*, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick, Dick,

you've done it at last!" fall back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black, and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"Is it all over with the poor Captain, Mr. Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank Heaven, I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth!—so good, so kind, so honourable, so everything a man ought to be. Thank Heaven, I did my duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be the death of me. I haven't the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading. Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock, Mr. Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the ensign of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for several minutes, and then burst into a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear sir," said I; "recollect your grief is unavailing; it will not recall to life the dear departed."

"The departed be d—d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank Heaven, I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I *did* expect—You know what I did for the old scoundrel, you know what time I sacrificed to him, you know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet!—I repeat it, I am not a legacy hunter; but I put it to you, sir, as a man of sense, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a *perfect* right to expect—What should you have thought, sir? I merely ask, how much should you have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course, to be sure, I am any thing but an interested man; and had he left me *that*, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, *has* he left you?"

"Guess—I only say *do you* guess."

"Well; five hundred?"

"Why, even that would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it: or had he left me fifty pounds for mourning, why even that—or five pounds for a ring, even *that* would have been better than—But, sir, you won't believe it—you *can't* believe it: the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But I am not disappointed, for I always knew the man. So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel!—If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it, he was one. But he's gone where he will get his deserts." And, so saying, *exit* Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq., in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pounds." By a codicil of later date, this bequest was reduced to eight hundred; by a third, to five hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy.

Pickpockets and beggars are the best practical physiognomists, without having read a line of Lavater, who, it is notorious, mistook a philosopher for a highwayman.

Original.

STANZAS TO AUTUMN.

Oh! for the Autumn's
Contemplative hour,
When the twilight-dews weep
O'er the withering flower;
When the leaves of the forest,
But hang on the trees
To tremble or fall
At the voice of the breeze!

No longer the trill
Of the song-bird awakes;
Nor the white sail is seen
In the mirror of lakes;
The stream is untouch'd
By the kisses of love,
With which amorous roses
Once bent from above.

The moon rises up
As when summer was there;
But she looks not as warm
Tho' she still is as fair:
As some fickle one's heart
Is too frequently found;
Still changing to thee
With the changes around.

In masses the clouds
Thro' the firmament fly;
Like gathering hosts
When the battle is nigh.
And the snatches of azure
That pass o'er the night,
Are like banners that fall
In the struggle of fight.

In winter there's majesty;
Stirless and stern,
Where beauty and manhood
And wisdom may learn.
'Tis Eternity's herald,
By hurricanes led!
And the voice from its lips
Is the voice of the dead!

There is beauty in spring
When she comes like a bride;
And Nature leaps up
In her gladness and pride.
When the young blossoms dance
To the breezes sweet song,
And like youth-hood, the season
Goes laughing along.

In summer there's joy
When the mild zenith moon,
In bright beauty sleeps
On the bosom of June.
Or smiles upon lovers
When sailing along,
While the dipping oar answers
The voice of their song.

Oh! yes, when the summer
Its brilliancy spreads,
All under our feet
And all over our heads;
Oh! who would not then
Other pleasures forsake,
For music and love
On a midsummer lake?

But for me, who have known
The summer-tide's time:
In the grief of its fall,
And the laugh of its prime—

For me be the night
Of the withering leaf,
When nature seems touch'd
With a share of our grief!

In Autumn, a wordless
Magnificence dwells,
From its loftiest hills
To its gloomiest dells:
'Tis the spot whence we look
On the days that are past,
And think upon those
That are following fast.

In that holiest time
Can the meek Christian trace,
A glorious type
Of omnipotent grace:
Can feel all the woes
Of a life such as this;
And behold the far gleam
Of Eternity's bliss.

. ALPHA.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,

BY MRS. NORTON.

THEY mourn the minstrel of the North
In many a hall and many a bower—
They mourn the soul of sterling worth,
They mourn the pen of magic power.
For him does Scotland's hardy son
Tread with slow step the birchen shade,
While proud, yet grieved, his gallant heart
Swells high beneath the folded plaid.
There, gazing on the purple hill—
The sheeted lake—the torrent's fall—
He weeps the vanish'd muse, whose power,
Rich in wild words, could paint them all!
For him the merry stranger's eye
(Who read in a translated tongue,
With half its wit obscured and hid,
The song through many a nation sung)
Droops o'er the page—and seeks in vain
Amid the names of lesser note—
One that may fill his vacant place,
And write as he, the mighty, wrote.
For him the patriot inly sighs—
For him the gentle maiden grieves—
With him the impetuous youth regrets
The wild romance no other weaves—
The wild romance, which many a night
Hath wrapt his soul in spell so strong,
That he hath almost deemed himself
The hero of the minstrel's song:
The cheek of childhood at the sound,
With momentary tears is wet—
And startled nations pause to mourn—
But he hath glory greater yet.
In his own home, salt tears are wept—
In his own home, fond eyes are dim—
Round his own hearth-stone grieving hearts
And quivering lips remember him!
Through many a land, with mournful note
Let proud tradition praise his name—
Let marble monuments arise,
And all that genius gave proclaim—
Still, in that quiet spot, his home.
A monument more proud shall be;
And dying men shall paint his worth,
Upon their children's memory,
And mingle with the great man's life
The story of the good man's end;
And while they mourn th' inspired soul,
Weep for the father and the friend!

THE SAND-BANK.

He who's born to be hang'd, can never be drown'd.

Old Ballad.

THE boat was now ready, and brought to a narrow causeway constructed for the convenience of landing and embarking at the fall of the tide. The party entered and seated themselves. It was manned by a single rower, clad in the costume of his vocation, which was that of a fisherman. He had for this day abandoned his usual occupation, in hopes of a richer reward from the liberality of the gentry at the Hall, than he was likely to obtain from the capricious ocean. The laugh was loud, while the merry jest passed from mouth to mouth. Stanley was alone unhappy. His mirth was constrained, his thoughts abstracted. Restless and impatient, in a tone of fretful displeasure, he ordered the boatman to push from the shore. The order was instantly obeyed, and in a few moments the boat danced merrily upon the bounding waters. Her keel cut rapidly through the billows, leaving a trail of foam behind it, which at once indicated her track and the rapidity of her progress.

Every now and then the half-suppressed exclamation was heard from the more timid among her passengers, as she occasionally lurched from the force of the swell, the water being almost on a level with her gunwale. With suspended breath, accompanied by a half-stifled scream, the terrified Julia, his affianced bride, seized Stanley's arm with a tenacious grasp; and this she repeated every time the boat rose upon the swell, or sunk into the hollows caused by the agitation of a gentle breeze, which aided her progress through the sparkling element.

After a few minutes' rowing, the boat reached her destination, and her passengers landed with great glee upon a large bank of sand, within half a mile of the beach. Pots, kettles, and all the gastronomical appendages of a pic-nic, were displayed upon the sloping shore. A smile was on every cheek, and delight beamed from every eye at the prospect of enjoyment, new to many and delightful to all. Stanley alone was grave and silent. Not another brow was clouded. Every heart but his was light and unsaddened.

The day was beautiful. Not a vapour interrupted the clear azure of the heavens; while the sun, bright as in his summer meridian, but his fervour cooled by the temperate breezes of autumn, had lost none of his splendour, though abridged of his power.

Upon the highest part of the mound were some long piles, which had been driven into the sand as a mark at high tide to point out the shallow. Against these a rude shed had been constructed for the convenience of the cocklers, which, though considerably dilapidated by the constant flow and repercussion of the waters, afforded no contemptible refectory upon a spot which had evidently never been designed by nature to administer to the caprices of pleasure.

After tea had been prepared, during which there was no lack of noisy hilarity, some of the party related their common-place adventures with as much satisfaction, and the assumption of as much importance, as if they had gathered blackberries at the poles, shot white bears within the tropics, or been entrusted with the ashes of the Phoenix. Stanley was not disposed to be so communicative as his more innocent but more silly companions; on the contrary, he listened with an air of dogged impatience, and not without an indignant, though unuttered feeling of contempt at such vexatious trifling. They bantered him upon his gravity, but this only served to render him the more un-

courteous and sullen. Julia simpered, yet was evidently discomposed; this, however, was no serious interruption to the general harmony.

After some time had been harmlessly whiled away over their tea, toast, and cockles, the latter of which were supplied in abundance from the bank upon which they were regaling themselves, the party separated into sundry groups, and severally rambled over the extensive strand, in order to have a more varied enjoyment of the scene around them. The vast expanse of water undulating onward, until it softened into the distant line of the horizon; the gentle curling of the crisp blue waves, as they were agitated by the passing breeze; the hoarse scream of the seamew, as it blended with the lulling cadence of the billows; the occasional dash of distant oars, as the pleasure boat or fishing smack glided gaily past upon the glassy surface before them; the cheerful note of the rower, as he timed the stroke of his oar to the rough measure of his song; the distant shouts of *yo heave ho* from the small trading vessels, as they were unloading or taking in their cargoes on the opposite shore,—all imparted a variety and picturesque harmony to the scene, producing those lively emotions, which make us forget for a while the progress of time, when the objects that surround us are such as to entrance our attention and to elate our feelings.

To a stranger's eye, the scene above described was of no common interest; and even those to whom it was familiar, could not but enjoy a secondary, added to their primary pleasure, in witnessing the delight which objects so interesting produced upon the feelings of many to whom they were altogether new. The whole party, always excepting Stanley, who appeared determined not to be gratified, expressed their satisfaction in terms of unmeasured enthusiasm.

The sand island was of considerable extent, doubling a long promontory in the form of a deep crescent, the horns of which extended so far towards the land as to form nearly half a circle. The headland jutted a considerable distance into the water, reaching to within a hundred yards from the centre of this vast segment, when the tide was out. The extremities of the sand-bank rounded the cape so far on each side, that they who were on the one could not be seen by those on the other. The extreme length of the strand at the ebb of the tide was about half a mile.

I have said that the visitors to this interesting spot had separated in order to amuse themselves as they might severally feel disposed. They had divided into trios, pairs, and single stragglers. Stanley, having left his fair charge to the care of her cousin, had wandered alone to one of the extreme points of the island, whence his companions were concealed from his view by the intervening cape. He had occupied himself some time in reflecting upon past occurrences, until his thoughts, taking their tone from the perturbations with which some very unwelcome recollections were accompanied, cast an additional gloom over his spirit, which had been rather aggravated than subdued by the thoughtless hilarity of his companions. He really loved Agnes, a beautiful girl whom he had heartlessly betrayed under the most solemn promises of marriage—if that can be called love, of which mere appetency is the only element—and the paramount wish of his heart now was to renew that intercourse, which had already degraded her and dishonoured him. As to a

nearer tie, his base spirit revolted from the very thought, but how otherwise to accomplish his purpose was a difficulty which sadly perplexed him. He felt confident that she would not listen for an instant to any proposal that would continue her in her degradation, and yet he could not consent to abandon an object, who had already yielded up to him her affection and her virtue, and whom he was still anxious to retain upon any terms short of those by which alone he could repair the wrong he had done her. His approaching marriage he contemplated with complacency, as it would place large funds at his disposal, a power of which he was extremely anxious to avail himself. As to what opinion the deluded being whom he was about to make his wife, might eventually entertain of him, he did not consider it to be an object worth his attention, deeming her sufficiently repaid for the transfer of her affections and fortune to him, by the honour of an alliance which would make her, whose pedigree was any thing but remote, a member of an old and distinguished family.

As these reflections were passing through his mind, he gazed, scarcely conscious of the objects before him, at the gradual advance of the tide, seeing, indeed, but not observing, the crested surges as they curled and rippled at his feet, and gathering every now and then, with a half vacant look of indifference, the variegated shells with which the strand abounded. He became at length so deeply absorbed in that maze of perplexing reflection, which sometimes distracts the thoughts when the known past and the unknown future mingle in our minds the certain with the doubtful, that he did not perceive the waves had considerably increased in volume, and were rapidly advancing over the sand. His eye had long apparently watched their progress, and yet he was really unconscious of their approach. His abstraction for the moment was so intense, that the external world seemed to have faded before him, until his attention was roused by a sudden cry of distress, to the reality of the scene before him. He raised his head and listened. Again it came, borne on the rising breeze, before he had time to determine whether it was real or imaginary. He no longer doubted, after hearing the second cry, as the shrill tone was too familiar to his ear to be easily mistaken. He knew not what to think. His first impression was, that his dear betrothed had rashly ventured upon a precipitous part of the bank, and been swept into the embrace of some ungentle bilow. The golden harvest, which was so full and fair for the gathering in, was perhaps about to be swallowed up in the insatiable ocean. What a possibility! To lose so rich a prize in the lottery of life!—dreadful! What was to be done? Impelled by a sudden impulse of selfish heroism, he rushed forward to save the fair object of his anxiety, not doubting but that he was about to see his worst surmises realized.

Upon gaining the most elevated part of the sand-bank, he discovered to his dismay that the tide had risen so rapidly as to separate the portion upon which he stood from the main body, there being a considerable indentation on that side over which the water had imperceptibly flowed, so that all communication was cut off between him and his companions. He attempted to ford the channel, but when he found the water to be above his waist before he reached the middle of the passage, he was repelled by his fear from proceeding, and retreated disappointed and alarmed.

By this time the wind blew at intervals in sudden gusts, while the rack was beginning to gather and pass rapidly over the declining sun. The sand was occasionally raised in small vortices, and scattered profusely over him. The air was becoming chill, which the sudden sense of danger made more obvious, though Stanley had been hitherto too much absorbed

in his unquiet meditations to give it much heed. He was now sensible that his situation was extremely hazardous, and that nothing could save him from destruction if he were left to his own exertions for escape. He looked with an expression of dismay at the rapidly accumulating tide, and in proportion as the creek enlarged, which separated him from his friends, his apprehensions of peril increased. It was evident that the small insular mass upon which he stood would be soon covered, as no part of it was much elevated above the rising tide, which was visibly encroaching. He watched it with painful earnestness; it momentarily narrowed the limits of his little realm. The billows now rose into something like commotion, as their course was impeded by the uneven surface of the channel through which they passed, and their white, foaming crests indicated the approach of a fiercer conflict.

Stanley's alarm at finding himself so unexpectedly separated from his companions, was not a little aggravated at perceiving that the boat which had conveyed them to the island, had broken from her moorings and was tossing about at the mercy of the waves. She was drifting fast towards the land, and there was evidently no possibility of regaining her. This was indeed a new source of apprehension to the terrified Stanley. All hope of assistance seemed at once to vanish, as it was evident that his friends were as much in jeopardy as himself. This, however, could afford no consolation to him. He saw them running with an air of distraction along the margin of the rising sea, throwing up their arms as if supplicating assistance, and evidently making signals to the shore.

There happened to be no cottage on that part of the beach opposite to which he was standing. He could consequently encourage no hopes that any signal made by him would be observed, and his voice, however loudly he might shout, was still less likely to be heard. His only chance was to communicate his distress, if possible, to those who were in a similar state of peril with himself, so that if assistance reached them from the land, it might by their means be extended to him. He was satisfied they would not leave him to his fate, if they were released from theirs. He felt assured that Julia's affections were too deeply rooted not to urge her to put every thing to the hazard for his safety. He was, however, for once deceived, since the only being upon earth whom she sincerely and exclusively loved was herself. He nevertheless derived a momentary consolation from the reflection that relief would quickly reach them from the land, and that they would immediately hasten to his rescue; but he was soon doomed to witness the disappointment of his most anxious expectations.

While he was waving his handkerchief as a signal of distress, he perceived a boat approach his companions in peril. In their deliverance he anxiously anticipated his own. His suspense had a speedy but fearful termination. He raised his voice to its extreme pitch, shouting with all that impatient eagerness which a consciousness of danger naturally induces; he was, however, unheeded: in fact, he was not heard. He fixed his eye with intense interest on the friends from whom he had been separated, until they had all entered the boat. It was very small, and by the time the whole party were safe on board, was so overloaded, that any delay in disembarking must have been attended with no small hazard. Stanley saw her direct her course towards the land. His heart sickened. He waved his handkerchief, and shouted again in vain. She altered not her course, and he was left to the agonies of an almost hopeless disappointment. He struck his forehead in agony. The tide in the meanwhile had rapidly risen, and his peril was proportionably increased. He bitterly lamented his folly, in having so thoughtlessly wandered from

the party merely to indulge a morose humour, for which, as it appeared, he was about to pay a most fearful penalty. His lamentations, however, reached no mortal ear but his own.

The sky now began to darken, and the rays of the declining sun were only occasionally seen to slant upon the frothy waters. The air was becoming opaque and heavy, while the distant line of the horizon was broken by gathering masses of deep purple cloud, which rose rapidly to the zenith, gradually overspreading the whole circumference of the heavens. The gusts increased in frequency and force, swelling every now and then into a momentary howl, while the waves, lashed into commotion by their augmenting violence, rose, and gurgled around him, assuming a most angry aspect, and beginning to expand into fierce and formidable array. Their agreeable ripple had subsided, and was succeeded by a confused clashing, like the distant champing of the war-horse, ready and eager for the battle.

The clouds still thickened, and gathered with deeper expansion over the setting sun. In a short time the mass was so dense, that there no longer remained any indication of his presence above the horizon, except the golden tinge that hung upon the vapoury skirts of the clouds, as their huge fantastic forms were impelled through the murky firmament. The progress of the coming storm was quick, and fearfully menacing. Stanley gazed upon the spreading vapours which rolled in dusky volumes above, and the increasing agitation of the waters below, with the most vivid apprehensions. The clouds were at times so low, that it almost appeared as if he could dart his hand into them, and grasp the lightning which he imagined just ready to explode within their teeming bosoms. He felt a chill creeping through his frame which seemed nearly to paralyze him, while the pulses of his heart beat so violently as to be almost audible. His throat became dry. The perspiration started from his temples, and gathering into large drops, hung quivering upon his brows. He felt a suffocating sensation, which caused him to gasp as if suffering under strangulation. This sudden revulsion nearly distracted him. All these agonizing sensations became stronger in proportion as his hopes of deliverance grew weaker, until at length the excitement of his mind was all but maddening. His spirits sunk, his limbs tottered, he panted with terror. It was indeed an awful visitation, the more awful because so sudden and unexpected.

The shore had by this time almost melted into the darkness, so that he could no longer define objects so remote. He looked with an anxious eye towards that part of the beach where the boat, which had so lately rescued his companions, had directed her course. He could no longer distinguish her. She had faded into the twilight, or she might perhaps have given up her living freight to the merciless ocean, and he only might remain to be the last of many sufferers. What an agonizing thought! was there no rescue? He listened, but the rising conflict of the elements excluded all other sounds. He heard no dash of oars, he saw no boat approaching. What was to be done? Where were his chances of escape, and what could exertion avail him? Peril surrounded him, and the fear of death, for the first time, cast an icy chill upon his heart. Should he fling himself headlong into the sea, and put a period at once to his misery? The thought was but a momentary one. The horror of dying deterred him from adopting an alternative so frightful. He had not yet given up all hopes of rescue, though his fears that it might come too late, kept him on the very rack of suspense.

The storm rapidly increased. Short and quick flashes of lightning already began to gleam through the darkened heavens, while the thunder growled portentously in the distance. These explosions soon

became more frequent and more loud, the flashes that succeeded them quicker, and more piercing. The rain fell at first in big heavy drops, gradually augmenting until it descended at length in one general and unbroken shower. There was no retreat—the waters were around him, the tempest was above him, and he stood alone upon a mere spot of earth exposed to their pitiless fury. What an awful position for one who had never calculated upon the possibility of a visitation so sudden and appalling! Every instant added to his peril, and consequently to his terror. He paced with hurried and agitated steps the small circle of sand upon which he stood hemmed in by the flood that threatened speedily to overwhelm him. Was it possible, he thought, that his friends could willingly leave him to perish—that she more especially could desert him who on the morrow, had he been spared, was to have redeemed the pledge of her affection at God's altar? As the idea rushed upon his brain, he would, in the bitterness of his soul, have cursed the unfeeling Julia, but the dread of death awoke him to better feelings, and checked the rising execration. Alas! she might be, at the very moment he was about to curse her, a being only of the past; she might have gone to her account where he, as it appeared, was likely so shortly to follow her. He was calm for an instant, but the reaction of agony was only the more intense after the brief interval of repose. Were there no means of deliverance? He looked upon the waters. They boiled and chafed with a fierceness which made him shudder. "Great God!" he cried, "how the furious waters rage and swell around me! Am I to be engulfed in their briny bosom? Horrible!—I dare not—I cannot die! I who never before thought of death, must I meet it now under an aspect so frightful?—Must I be hurried into the presence of my Judge with a fresh blot of infamy upon my soul which a long life of penitence could scarcely expunge? Must I now prepare to rush into an eternity of unimaginable horrors?—No, no, no!" He staggered backward nearly exhausted by his emotions. The tide still rose, gradually diminishing the circumference within which he was standing. The spray began to dash over him, the waves retreating only to return with the greater impetuosity, lessening every instant his chance of escape. He did not, however, yet entirely resign himself to despair, though his hope was but a forlorn one. He was absolutely drenched to the skin with the sea and rain.

His boundary was now reduced to a few yards, still there was no assistance nigh. He cast his eyes around, piercing as far as he could into the misty atmosphere. It was in vain. He saw nothing that offered any prospect of relief. He summoned his energies, and prepared for the struggle of death. Determined not to yield whilst there was any possibility of delaying the fatal moment, he placed himself upon the highest part of the bank, to which he dragged a small anchor that lay imbedded in the sand. He forced it into the arenaceous mass, which readily yielded to the slightest pressure, and placing his foot within the ring at the end of the shank, determined, with the aid of a rope which was attached to the ring, to secure his footing against the assailing flood so long as he should have strength to resist; since while there remained even the most distant possibility of rescue, he was resolved to relinquish no chance of preservation. It required no little mental energy to keep him firm in this resolution, for as the waves continued to approach, the apprehensions of destruction broke fiercer and fiercer upon his troubled spirit. They were already at his feet—those waves which were about to swallow him; while the wild roar above and around him only magnified his horror. Still there was a struggle of hope within him, and every now and then a faint gleam pierced through the darkness of his growing despair,

buoying up his bewildered soul amid those agonizing throes of dismay with which it was conflicting.

There is perhaps no situation, however perilous, in which hope deserts us altogether. So long as the excitement of terror or of dreadful apprehension does not overpower the mind and destroy the balance of reason, hope clings to the soul, like light to the sun, and never entirely quits it until quenched in the darkness of death. It is that mysterious agency which operates more or less upon all our actions, which is the incentive of every thing we do, and which lights us forward to that goal where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Stanley now felt its influence strongly. He stood upon the ring of the anchor, his foot firmly locked within the circle as upon the verge of eternity. The sea-gull flew by him as if in mockery of his misery, screaming his discordant song to the awakened tempest, and thus adding to the wild dissonance of the clashing elements. He put up his supplications to heaven for the first time since he had ceased to hush his infant orisons upon a parent's knee, yet with an awful presentiment that they would not be heard. They were, however, now offered with a tremendous sincerity. They nevertheless fell upon his soul with a most astounding recoil, like the reverberation of terrible echoes upon the ear among the mountains of the wilderness. When he thought of his God, it was only in connexion with his own peril. It was not love that induced him to supplicate the divine forgiveness. It was that abject terror which arises from a consciousness of unexpiated guilt, and a consequent dread of punishment. He could find, therefore, no resource in prayer. His aspirations went not up with acceptance to the throne of mercy. Such was the stern announcement of his affrighted conscience. It told him, in that "still small voice," which is the more terrible because it reaches not the outward ear, but appears only to the impassive soul, that God had deserted him—that the King of Terrors, and the Lord of the Damned, were about to secure their victim. He felt no longer any surety. Every instant diminished his chance of deliverance. He ceased at length to cling even to the slender thread of possibility. He was becoming bewildered. His senses were fast lapsing into confusion, and he seemed as if scarcely conscious of his own identity. The crisis of his fate was at hand. He was in the very gorge of destruction. A violent peal of thunder for a moment recalled his energies, and re-awakened the dying spark of hope, which had ceased indeed to glow, but was nevertheless not utterly extinguished, as the living fire is within the coal when the surface is black and rayless.

The waters had gradually risen, and by this time reached his knees, booming around him and over him with a violence absolutely astounding. The wind raised the spray above his head, scattering the white foam through the dusky air, and flinging it high amid the storm. Stanley continued to keep his foot firmly fixed in the ring of the anchor, lest the billows should sweep him from his position, for he maintained his resolution, in spite of the feebleness of exhaustion, to struggle for life as long as any chance of escape remained. He clung with almost convulsive pertinacity to the cord which still enabled him to keep his footing. The surf was now nearly at his breast at every retreat of the wave, which at its return rolled completely over him. He stood against it, however, with the most persevering determination, although he was fully sensible that resistance would shortly be vain. He grew gradually weaker: his eyes became dim. He felt that a few brief moments must decide his doom. What a dreadful interval between time and eternity! To hang, as it were, between two worlds, about to drop from the present into the future! to plunge from all that is known and tangible into all that is intangible and unknown! To quit certainty for doubt, light

for darkness, hope for despair, heaven for hell! It was indeed a fearful moment, and Stanley felt it. He sighed in agony; but this deep-drawn echo of the heart's emotions was stifled by the remorseless waters. They lifted up their angry voices and lunged in his ear the hoarse menace of death. The imagined gibbering of fiends rose upon his startled fancy, and seemed to mock him in his misery. The waves continued their assault, and he could now scarcely breathe between their rapid advance and retreat. "Mercy, mercy!" he cried; "O God! pity me! save me! I am lost—what will become of my soul? 'Tis too vile for heaven—horrible, horrible." His articulation was impeded by the surge. It retreated a moment from his lips—"to die thus—to stand upon the confines of perdition—Saviour!"

He gasped convulsively. The rolling flood again impeded his utterance. He was all but exhausted when his ear caught the dash of oars. His heart leaped—an instant more and it would be too late. His chest was already distended with the bitter draughts which he had for some minutes successively swallowed. He now withdrew his foot from the ring of the anchor, and sustaining himself by the cord, placed his toe upon the shank, which thus increased his elevation a few inches; but by this time the billows had become so large and impetuous, that when they first dashed over him, after he had changed his position, he lost his footing, and floated on the agitated surface, at the mercy of the waves. He still, however, retained his hold of the cord. The surf was already in his ears and in his mouth. He struggled in the agonies of suffocation. He began to sink—the flood gurgled in his throat—a confused sound was all he heard—he saw nothing—the frightful obscurity of death was fast closing in around him, when he felt a hand upon his head. It seized his hair, and raised him above the boiling surge. Consciousness returned as he felt himself hauled to the edge of a boat. He grasped the gunnel with frantic energy. At this moment a vivid flash of lightning broke over the convulsed ocean, and fell upon the countenance of his preserver. It was Agnes! What cannot woman do when excited to the fearless exercise of her energies? More than man in the very mightiness of his—Agnes was one who could dare do all that woman dared, and more. Nothing was above her resolution.

Stanley could not suppress a hoarse scream of emotion, as he beheld the animated but stern countenance of his preserver reflecting with greater intensity the fierce flash of the lightning. Her hair had escaped the fillet which confined it, and hung dripping upon her naked shoulders, from which the extreme violence of the gale had stripped their flimsy covering. The expression of her eyes was almost wild, yet a glance of such determined meaning broke from them when the pitchy clouds poured forth their vivid fires upon the terrible scene; at the same time, her whole demeanour was so undaunted and self-possessed, that the drowning man began to hesitate whether he was in the hands of a preserving or destroying angel. He clung to the boat with renewed vigour, weighing it down into the angry flood which rolled into it, fuming and spitting like the agitated surface of a boiling cauldron. Agnes was unmoved. The flashes of the lightning exhibited her at intervals standing erect in the rocking boat, and looking with an air of sublime indifference at the deadly strife of the elements, as they hurled above her head with perilous impetuosity. Stanley entreated her to drag him from his jeopardy. She looked upon him with an expression of calm determination.

"Swear, then, to repair the wrong you have done me, or I leave you to your merited doom."

"I swear." She fixed her eye keenly upon him. He turned his head from the scrutinizing glance.

"What dost thou swear?"

"To repair the wrong I have done thee."

Agnes looked doubtfully, while he still clung convulsively to the gunnel of the boat.

"How wilt thou repair that wrong? Remember, I am now the preserver of thy life."

"By marriage!"

A momentary flush past over her colourless cheek.

"Swear, then, by heaven."

"By heaven!" gasped forth the drowning man. The word was scarcely articulate as the extorted abjuration was choked by the gushing billows. Agnes drew the now almost exhausted Stanley into the boat, and rowed him in silence to the beach. She had put off in a small skill* when she heard of his danger, in spite of the menacing storm. He spoke not a word during their painful progress, neither did he attempt to assist her, as he was in such a state of exhaustion that he could scarcely stir. He lay almost motionless at the bottom of the boat. The danger, however, was now past, and he soon recovered his self-possession. He was as reckless in security as fearful in peril, and a few minutes, therefore, restored him to his usual callousness of purpose. He soon began to meditate upon what he had pledged himself to perform, with bitter remorse of spirit. He shivered as well from the drenching rain, which still fell in torrents, as from the distracting reflections which crowded upon his excited mind. Could he fulfil his oath? Impossible! Could he evade it? He must—he had no alternative. Better, he thought, that Agnes should continue dishonoured than that he should be undone. If a balance of disadvantages were made, his would be the largest, were he madly to redeem his pledge. Besides, he could not do impossibilities. He could not convert wrong into right; and extorted oaths, as the nicest casuists agreed, possessed no moral obligation. The sanctions of moral equity were at least in his favour, although the literal requisitions of civil justice might be against him. Better, he thought, break an improper oath than add a culpable performance of it to the sin of having made it. The means, where they are sinful, can never sanctify the end. "I was wrong to swear," said he mentally, "but I repent, and will stop in time, before I add to the wrong an additional sin." This selfish sophistry, which, though unuttered, passed rapidly through Stanley's thoughts, at once determined him; and before he reached the landing, his mind was perfectly made up to consider an extorted oath as not binding, and consequently to leave the injured Agnes to her degradation and her misery.

How soon are the greatest benefits forgotten—the greatest, perhaps, the soonest!

ROMAN WEALTH.

The opulence of some individuals among the Romans was astonishing. An estimate of the wealth of Crassus may be formed, when we know what Pompey possessed; who was not supposed to be nearly so rich. In order to remove Sextus, the son of Cæsar Pompey, from Spain, M. Anthony and Lepidus agreed to a composition with him for the property which had been confiscated, and plundered from the father, after the battle of Pharsalia. They allowed him, after a reasonable valuation, to the amount of *five millions sterling*: his *books, plate, and furniture*, not being included in the estimate.

Pliny thus speaks of the wealth of some of the Roman Ladies:—

"I myself have seen Lollia Paulina, (late wife.

and after widow, to Caius Caligula, the Emperor,) when she was dressed, not in state, nor for any purpose of solemnity; but only when she was going to a wedding supper, and that not prepared by great persons; I have seen her, I say, so beset and bedecked, emeralds and pearls, disposed in rows, ranks, and with courses, one by another, round about the attire of her head, her cawl, her borders, her peruke of hair, bonnet-grace and chaplet; at her ears pendant; about her neck in a carcanet; upon her wrists in bracelets, and on her fingers in rings, that she glittered and shone like the sun as she went. The value of these ornaments, she esteemed and rated at four hundred thousand *Sestertii*, (*forty millions sterling*;) and offered openly to prove it by her books of account and reckoning. Yet were these jewels, not the gifts of her prodigal husband; but the goods and ornaments from her own house, fallen to her by way of inheritance from her grandfather,* which treasure he had gotten together by the robbing and spoiling of whole provinces.

* * * * *

"Two only pearls were there, together, the fairest and richest that ever have been known in the world; and those possessed at one time by Cleopatra, the last Queen of Egypt, which came into her hands by means of the great Kings of the East, and were left unto her by descent. This Princess, when M. Antonius had strained himself to do her all the pleasure he possibly could, and had feasted her most sumptuously, and had spared no cost; in the height of her pride, began to abase the expense and provision of Antony: and made no reckoning of his costly fare. When he, thereat demanded, how he could possibly go beyond this magnificence of his; she answered him, that she would spend on him at one supper an hundred thousand *Sestertii*, (*ten millions sterling*.) Antony, who would needs know how that might be, (for he thought it impossible,) laid a great wager with her about it; and she bound it again, and made it good. On the morrow, when this was to be tried, and the wager either to be won or lost, Cleopatra made Antony a supper which was sumptuous and royal enough; howbeit there was no service extraordinary seen upon the board: whereat Antony laughed her to scorn, and by way of mockery required to see a bill, with an account of the particulars. She again said that whatsoever had been served up already was but the overplus, above the rate and proportion in question; affirming still, that she would yet, in that supper, make up the full sum she had named. Yea, herself, alone, would eat above the sum named: and with that ordered the second service to be brought in.

"The servants who waited at her trencher, (as they had in charge before,) set before her one croet of sharp vinegar, the strength whereof is able to dissolve pearls. Now she had at her ears, hanging, these two most precious pearls; the singular and only jewels of the world, and even nature's wonder. As Antonius looked wistfully upon her, and expected what she would do, she took one of them from her ear, steeped it in the vinegar, and as soon as it liquified drank it off; and as she was about to do the same with the other, L. Plancius, the judge of the wager, laid his hand on it, and pronounced that Antonius had lost the wager. There was an end of one pearl; but, the fame of its fellow may go with it; for after this brave queen was taken prisoner, and deprived of her royal estate, that other pearl was cut in twain, that in memorial of that supper of theirs, it should remain unto posterity, hanging in the ears of Venus at Rome, in the Temple of Pantheon."

* M. Loll'us.

* On the western coast, boats are managed by women with considerable dexterity.

JOURNAL OF A SCIENTIFIC LADY.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND IN EDINBURGH.

Rothsay, April 1.

Ah! my dearest Anna; you, who are still enjoying at the College the Lecture of the most elegant of all Professors; you, who thrice a week witness his ingenious experiments; you, who perhaps at this moment are inhaling the *gas of nitrous oxide*, or *gas of Paradise*; how do I envy your sensations and associations. Most joyfully do I sit down to perform my promise of noting an account of my journey to Rothsay; not to indulge in the frivolous tittle-tattle to which many of our sex are addicted, but to attempt a *scientific* journal worthy of our studies.

Nothing occurred on the road worthy of mentioning; the indications of the barometer, the mean temperature of the thermometer, and the contents of the pluviometer, will be found in the table we have engaged to interchange weekly. The day after our arrival, we dined with our friends the S——s, where we had the scapula of the ovio, or shoulder of mutton, with a sauce of macerated crepe; two birds of the gallinaceous tribe, served with sylimbrium, or water cresses, and the customary vegetables, brassica, lactura, and spinacia, through none of which the *aqueous fluid* had been sufficiently allowed to percolate. There was also soup, which retained so considerable a portion of *caloric* that it scalded my *palati epidermis*; and the *piper nigrum*, or black pepper, with which it was seasoned, occasioned an unpleasant titillation in the whole *oral region*. In the afternoon, the water in the kettle not having been raised to 212° Fahrenheit, or the point at which evaporation takes place, the *thea viridis*, or green tea, formed an imperfect solution, in which state I believe its diaphoretic qualities are injurious. Mrs. S—— declared she never drank any thing but the *simple element*, but I informed her, if she meant *water*, it was not a simple element, but composed of oxygen and hydrogen; and I availed myself of this opportunity to instruct her that the *atmospheric air* is also a mixture, containing about seventy-three parts of *azotic* and twenty-seven of *oxygen gas*; at which the ignorant creature only exclaimed, 'Well, I have myself seen a good many red *gashes* across the sky, particularly at sunset.' But my dearest Anna, I may confess to you, that I am more and more horrified at the sad blunders of mamma, who has not, like us, received the advantages of a *scientific education*; and yet she will every now and then catch a word which she fancies she understands, and betrays the most pitiable ignorance. When I was describing a *resinous matter*, obtained by *precipitation*, she shook her head and exclaimed, 'Impossible, child, nothing is ever gotten by precipitation; your poor father was ever telling you not to do things in such a hurry.' And once, when professor Jameson showed me a lump of *mineral earth*, I inquired whether it was friable; she ejaculated, 'Friable, you simpleton; no, nor boilable either: why it is not good to eat.' These are but a few specimens of her lamentable ignorance; in point of acute misapprehension, she exceeds Mrs. Malaprop herself; and you cannot conceive the painful humiliation I am continually subjected to by such exposures. As to experiments, I have not yet ventured on many; for, having occasioned a small solution of continuity in the skin of my forefinger by an accidental incision, I have been obliged to apply a styptic, secured by a ligature; by placing some butter, however, in a temperature of 96, I succeeded in reducing it to a state of deliquescence, and by the usual refrigerating process, I believe I should have converted it into gelatine, but that it refused to coagulate, doubtless owing to some fault in the apparatus. You are aware that a phosphorescent light emanates from some species of fish, in an incipient state of putrefaction, to which has been attri-

buted the iridescent appearance of the sea at certain seasons. To illustrate this curious property, I hoarded a mackerel in a closet for several days; and it was already beginning to be most interestingly luminous, when mamma, who had for some days been complaining of a horrid stench in the house, discovered my hidden treasure, and ordered it to be thrown on the dunghill, observing, she expected, sooner or later, to be poisoned by my nasty nonsense; but mamma has no nose for experimental philosophy; no more have I, you will say, for yesterday, as I was walking with a *prism* before my eyes, comparing the different rays of the *spectrum* with the Newtonian theory, I came full bump against an open door, which drove the sharp edge of the glass against the cartilaginous projection of the nose, occasioning much stertoration and a considerable discharge of blood from the nasal emunctories. By nitrate of silver I have also formed some *chrysalis* of Diana, and I have been eminently successful in making detonating powder; although the last explosion happening to occur just as our neighbour James Heavyside was reading of the tremendous thunderbolt that fell in the gentleman's garden at Alloa, he took it for granted he was visited by a similar phenomenon, and in the apprehension shuffled down stairs on his nether extremity, (being prevented from walking by the gout,) ejaculating all the way, 'Lord have mercy upon us.' Upon learning the cause of his alarm, he declared the blue-stocking *hussey* (meaning me) ought to be sent to the tread-mill, and mamma says I shall be indicted as a nuisance. I have done nothing yet in botany; the extreme cold of the early season makes it impossible to find plants, having only picked up a few specimens of the *bellis* order, '*polygania superflua*,' vulgo the daisy. And now, my dearest Anna, adieu. You will receive this by my cousin George, who goes to Edinburgh to-morrow; but as the youth is of the *bashful* species, I fear, in spite of my lecture, he will commit it to the penny post, not having the honour of your acquaintance. Once more adieu, and believe me ever yours most truly,

H. C.

Original:

CATHERINE THE SECOND, OF RUSSIA.

THE character of the Empress Catherine the Second, was none of those which we view with indecision and doubt. It had nothing little, nothing trifling in it: it was all grand—all decisive: the features of it were marked and manifest: the lines broad, and deeply indented. She had none of those qualities which fluctuate between vice and virtue. Her vices, and her virtues were all conspicuous. The magnificence of her enterprize must be admired: the commanding vigour with which she wielded the energies of her mighty empire; the liberal encouragement she afforded to the arts and sciences; and the attempt she made to polish the manners of her people. But our admiration is converted into detestation and dread, when we contemplate her on the theatre of her vices.

What an unbroken series of horror and havoc did her immeasurable ambition create!—an ambition restrained by no considerations:—limited by no laws human or divine: which pursued its purpose through blood and carnage; which seemed to be ever craving, and never satiated. What can be said of the methodical massacres committed at Ismahel, and at Warsaw? To the shocking oppression exercised upon Poland, and to the savage dismemberment of that insulted country! A dismemberment whose authors seemed to have rivalled the Huns in cruelty, and to have disputed the pre-eminence of guilt with Attila himself.

No sovereign was ever more systematic in ambition, or more persevering in every project than Catherine

POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.

THE last number of the *Lady's Book* contained some specimens of the mosaics with which the excavations at Pompeii have thus far rewarded the operators. The profusion with which this description of ornament was produced is very remarkable: the dwellings of an inferior town abounded with specimens valuable enough to be placed in the palaces of Naples, and considered as their most precious collections; while, now, the expense of such works is so great that it is but seldom they are found even in a palace; in excellence, however, those recently executed at the Vatican are fully equal to those of the best Italian artist. With the present number of the *Lady's Book* is presented an accurate representation of a splendid painting executed on the walls of the Pantheon. It will give some idea of the magnificence and luxury indulged in by the people of that day; and the highly ornamental character of the entrance will show that their architectural taste was at once perfect and dignified. This custom of decorating walls with paintings is of very remote antiquity. The Egyptians claim its discovery six thousand years before the Greeks; but however this be, it has been proved by recent discoveries, especially those of Belzoni, among the royal tombs, that the custom existed in that nation, many centuries before the birth of Christ. Nor was the art unknown to the Jews, as we may infer from the 23d chapter and 14th verse of Ezekiel.

The second grotesque specimen represents an artist of antiquity in his studio, with his pencil in his hand, and a subject sitting before him. The various apparatus of his art lies around him. Although it represents pigmies, it is still one of those pictures which are valuable as faithful representations of domestic and every-day business. The pigmy painter appears in a tunic remarkably scant in length behind, while the person who sits for him, although of the same bodily defection, seems from his costume to stand in relation to the painter, pretty much as the *Mecénases* of the present day to their artists; the awkward position in which the painter plies at his work, would lead us to infer that the performance was not likely to possess all the perfection for which a steady hand, as well as head, is necessary. The picture stands upon an easel which differs but little from that used at present; at the right side of the artist is his palette, which is a little table supported by four feet; and close by it is a pot to wash his pencils in. The latter would indicate that he was then engaged with gum or water-colours; while the presence of his colour-grinder on the right, satisfies us that his genius was not confined to this branch of the art. The grinder appears to be preparing colours mixed with wax and oil, in a vessel placed on hot coals. Two amateurs, who have just entered the studio, appear to be conversing with respect to the painting, and a student, who has been disturbed by their entrance, turns round on his distant seat to look at them. As to the bird, nothing very decisive can be ascertained. It is supposed to typify some singer or musician, such as might have been introduced for the pleasure of the visitors. The picture originally contained a second bird, and a child playing with a dog, but these had perished before Mazois could perfect his copy. From the entire character of this grotesque production, it would seem to have been intended as a burlesque upon the studio of some inferior artist. The appearance of the apartment, unfurnished with a solitary model for study, would favour this opinion as well as the one scholar who seems to consider a model unnecessary to the triumph of his ambition. On this subject, several opinions have been advanced; but they are all contradictory and insufficient. The one above offered is, probably, less likely to be of a similar character, although it is not more authentic.

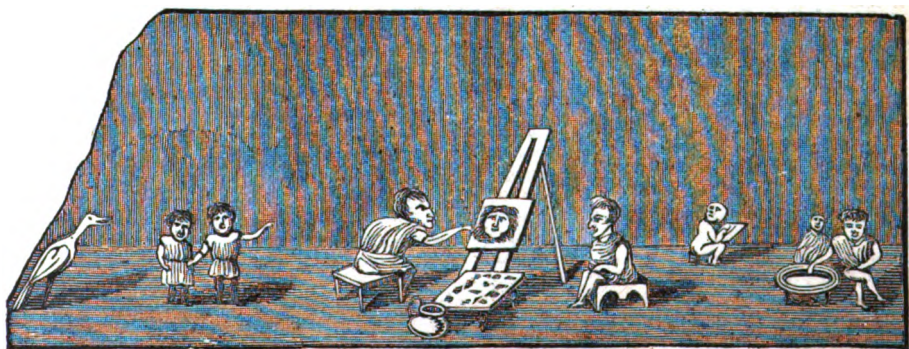
SPANISH THEATRE.

AT Madrid there was but one theatre for plays; no opera, and a most unsocial gloomy style of living seemed to characterise the whole body of nobles and grandees. I was not often tempted to the theatre, which was small, dark, ill-furnished, and ill-attended; yet, when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the title of the *Tiranna*, played, it was a treat, which I should suppose no other stage, then in Europe, could compare with. That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose real origin cannot be traced, till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the outcast race of gypsies; was not less formed to strike beholders with the beauty and commanding majesty of her person, than to astonish all that heard her, by the powers that nature and art had combined to give her. My friend, Count *Pietra Santa*, who was acquainted with her, intimated to her the very high expectation I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her, at the same time, that I had been a writer for the stage in my own country. In consequence of this intimation, she sent me word that I should have notice from her when she wished me to come to the theatre; till when, she desired, I would not present myself in my box upon any night, though her name might be in the bills, for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humour to play well, that she wished me to be present.

In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked-for summons. I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humour of her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I did not then know enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and action of the play, which was one of the deepest cast of tragedy, for in the course of the plot she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead, lying on each side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them (her attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description), presented such a high wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy as placed her, in my judgment, at the very summit of her art: in fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be carried higher; and such was the effect upon the audience, that whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of sympathetic phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe, probably too strong for exhibition, was not allowed to be completed. A few minutes had passed, when this wonderful creature, led in by *Pietra Santa*, entered my box; the artificial paleness of her cheeks, her eyes, which she had dyed of a bright vermillion round the edges of the lids; her fine arms, bare to the shoulders; the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her dishevelled locks, black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a Sybil; such an imaginary being; so awful, so impressive; that my blood chilled as she approached me, not to ask, but to claim my applause. She demanded of me, if I had ever seen any actress, that could be compared with her, in my own, or any other country.

"I was determined," she said, "to exert myself for you this night; and if the sensibility of the audience would have suffered me to have concluded the scene, I should have convinced you that I do not boast of my own performances without reason."—*Cumberland's Memoirs*.

POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.



DEER STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

How refreshing! thought I, as my britchka rolled over the last bit of London pavement, pointing due north, to be out of all this "double double toil and trouble," and to be allowed to breathe the fresh air. "*O rus, quando te aspiciam!*" had long been the wish of my heart. I looked forward to the bracing breeze playing over the wild mountains of Scotland, whither I was bound; and my reveries were of the unrivalled feats to be performed at the expense of sundry enormous deer and innumerable grouse. I was armed at all points. Two of Moore's double barrels, and a double-barrelled rifle of Purdey's, were only my principal weapons. Another pair of guns, together with fishing-rods (only for wet days,) boxes of wadding, boxes of cartridges, powder canisters, and all the varied implements of destruction, filled up every nook and cranny of my carriage. There was barely room for my own small person. Luckily I did not require much, being of "stature small, and slender frame." Thus equipped, what could resist me? I felt irresistible; and, conscious of my own powers, fancied myself a Ross or an Osbaldiston. Who has not been sanguine at such a moment? The future lay all before me. The past, with some few exceptions, on which I will be silent, was a dull and dreary reminiscence. I had been in every sense of the word (I confess it with shame) *bored*. I was sick of "the House," and the people in it—tired of the "*toujours perdrix*" of London society—had been to all the theatres "*usque ad nauseam*," the opera itself had become tiresome, and even Cinti had ceased to charm. My friendships had become stupid, my loves grown cold, and my banker was overdrawn—*que faire?* Then rose before me Scotland, with its witching scenes, its crags and burns; its rugged hills, and heathery knolls; its black game, grouse, and ptarmigan; but, above all, its deer. It was too much for me! I could not resist the impulse which made me order post-horses and cut the "village."

How refreshing! thought I, as the breezes of Hampstead and Highgate powdered me with dust, and nearly carried away my travelling cap; any thing was better than the dust of Rotten Row, or of Mackadamization, which is now so general a reform, that one is blinded by "*la poussiere aux yeux*." I was in capital humour; I found every thing agreeable; nature was gay, so was I; London was the monster I was running away from, and every milestone I passed in my flight was a new source of pleasure to me. I reached Edinburgh like a "*bossu*," relieved of his hump by some benevolent fairy, having left my hump, *ennui*, the other side of the Border.

My arrangements were all completed, and on a certain day I was to be at Glenfalloch. To let the reader into a secret, I was going to shoot—no, to try and shoot—deer. To shoot deer! What a world is there in those magic words. Every one loves the sport—longs for it—strives to obtain it—from the rich citizen, who hires the deer-forest, the patrimony of some impoverished descendant of kings, to the humble speculator who timidly but advisedly says he is going to Scotland to shoot, in hopes that the intimation may not fall in vain upon the dull ear of the Scotch magnate it is intended for. It is only in the wildest and most extensive tracts of mountain or forests (as they are called, where tree is none,) that the "monarch of the waste" finds refuge and security; and the brink of the precipice or the deep ravine, the course of a torrent or a treacherous morass, sufficiently difficult of access to put a good walker on his mettle, are the strong holds in which, by secret ambush or by open storm, stalking or driving, you may hope to achieve

your triumph. It does not matter where Glenfalloch is, or how I got there, or who sanctioned the fleshing of my maiden rifle. Never schoolboy with his first gun was keener than I when I first mounted the hill.

Late at night I arrived. The inn of a small town was my quarter. I intended to sleep there! Sleep! independently of the thoughts of the morrow, and they were neither few nor of a drowsy nature, sleep was out of the question. Noises of all sorts—odours which baffle description—a loquacious multitude of ill-bred geese, which never "ceased from troubling"—a public room full of something not much better—bad whiskey, worse tobacco—predominating over the smaller smells: and the squalling chorus of some dozen brats in the street, who surely never slept, or, if they did, took it by turns, completely established a practical "sleep no more."

Never did I feel happier than at four the next morning, when I jumped on my pony, to ride to the forester. I had twelve miles of dreary moor to cross, over hags and bogs, up the brae and across the burn. It can't be so difficult as they say to shoot these deer, thought I; and I remembered how I slew three tame rabbits and an old hen, at a hundred yards, after much practising, at Purdey's. Oh! any one can do it who can shoot at all; of course I can't miss them: and so I thought, and my little steed bore me merrily and gallantly along the road, taking always his own way, and not mine, in which he was always right, never making the slightest mistake. At last the hills began to close round me. Those I had thought little of at a distance, were now, with their scathed summits, towering in majesty above me. The waters pouring down here and there, through clefts in their rugged sides, served to mark their size and extent; and the apparently extreme smallness of the objects which more immediately surrounded me, made me more sensible of the grandeur of the huge outline which now closed in, at all points. Gradually I lost sight of the cattle and sheep which speckled the sides of the hills; then I knew that I had entered the forest; for the deer are not invaded in their territories, either by shepherd or flock. You hear no more the bark of the colley, or the lowing of the herd; the cry of the bird of prey, and the roar of the stream, are the only sounds, except the unhalloed report of a gun, which break the stillness of these solitudes. Suddenly I came into a deep glen, at the end of which, a little cottage or bothy made me sensible that I was near my journey's end. Through the glen, a beautiful stream wound its course. The banks were covered with the most blooming heather, and, in some places, patches of the brightest green relieved the darker tints of its borders; but fragments of huge stones, and blocks of quartz and granite, lying *pêle mêle* near the side, and in the channel, told a tale of a different kind. The burn of autumn was a fierce and raging torrent in winter. A few short months, and the smiling landscape before me would be a dreary waste. Did I mournize? I believe I did, in spite of the deer.

I found Duncan McIntosh at his door. He was a small spare man, about forty. I should say his limbs, for activity and strength, were perfection. His arms were a little longer than exact symmetry would warrant; still it did not amount to a fault. His features were hard and weather-worn; but I have never, before or since, seen such eyes; they were hardly veiled by the coarsest and shaggiest brow: they had no softness nor did they flash with animation but they had the keen and piercing look which went through you—the gleam of polished steel. A large rough greyhound

was by his side, and looked at him with the closest attention, as he was cleaning his "prospect," as he called a telescope, which, as he told me afterwards, "had gotten a wee thick the morn, when I was searching for the teers." "Weel, ye're no that late, and ye should get a shot or twa, gin ye hae any luck, and can shoot ony. Whare's yere powther? Hae ye balls plenty? Wull ye tak a drap sweet milk and whiskey? Ye'll no want the powney on the hills?" Such were some of his interrogatories;—he was quite an original. I satisfied them all, as well as I could; and, after drinking my whiskey and milk, intimated a wish to be off. "Bide a wee; there's nae sic hurry; ye'll hae enough on't, I'm thinking, afore the night." But, however, away he went, into a sort of byre, whence he produced two striplings scarce in their teens, to whom he delivered himself for some time, in very rapid Gaelic. They never asked or answered; but the orders once given, off ran Duncan junior, and his brother, like two roebucks. Duncan up the glen, and the younger at once faced a huge hill which was the back ground of the cottage. Up went the little one, never stopping to breathe, his foot firm as a rock when there seemed nothing to hold it. His hands were as good, for he clung by them when his legs could not assist him. He was half way up before old Duncan roused me by saying, "Can ye walk ony?" I had just been looking at what "walking ony" was; however I put on a bold face, and replied in the affirmative; besides I was sure I could walk—of course I could. "They bairns wull na be lang putting up ony teers that's feeding wast, so we mun mak a short wad on't." I began to be uneasy as he said this, for he suited the action to the word, and began to "walk ony." Our path lay straight up the opposite hill to that which the boy had climbed. The river divided them. It was not nearly so steep or so rugged, still it was a breather to me, whose movements are generally bounded by Westminster one way, and Cumberland gate on the other. On I went, however, working only upon pluck, and before I was half-way, I was dead blown. "Ye'd as weel rest yerse!" said Duncan, "ye're no used to the walking." No, thought I, I can't walk—but if there is a thing I can do, it is shooting. When he sees me shoot! I had half a mind to say, "I'm not tired—no, not in the least," but I had not breath for it, so down I sat. While I was blowing like a piper, I saw Donald looking suspiciously to the weather quarter; "I'm thinking," said he, "we'll nae win up afore the mist catches us." This gave me wings—away we went again, but before we were two hundred yards further, Duncan's presage began to be verified. The warmth of the air was changed as if by magic; on came the mist thicker and darker; very soon both rock and glen were hidden, and the only object I could discern was Duncan's shadowy looking form about five yards before me.

"Do you think we shall get near them in this fog, Duncan?"—"There's nae telling. I'll no ken that afore we're farther east beyont yon flat, (as if I could see a flat!) 'twas by there I see the teers the day, and gin they'll no hae shifted themselves, I'm thinking, tho' the mist's nae gude, we may get a beast yet."—Beast, thought I, what a name for a stag! On we went for some time. The ground now began to assume a different aspect. There were large beds or layers of stones heaped confusedly together, and where any division of these masses appeared, it was an intersection of peat and grayish moss. "These stones are bad for walking," said I. "Na, na, ye're no aae bad a walker."—"No, but Duncan, these confounded stones, I say, cut me infernally."—"Hout, aye—when ye hae walkit mair, forbye the running, ye'll no think sair of yere feet, and gin ye kill a beast."—"I believe so too, Duncan, but—"—"Whisht," was his answer, and down he dropped, keeping one hand behind him, and motion-

ing me to do likewise. A minute passed—I was breathless, my heart beating like a drum, and my knees shaking under me. He meantime noiselessly took out his "prospect," and minutely surveyed some broken ground before him. The mist was still so thick that I thought he must be at fault. He crept back—"I see the teers—we'll nae win near them and the wind in this air, we could try them, ony way, doon bye—can ye run ony?" (Alas! I had not forgotten the "walk ony.") Off we went at a long trot, down the track we had come up, I was not merely blown, but quite "told out." At last he stopped; if he had not I should. There was now a flat before us, I could just see it. The ground rough and broken. The wind direct in our teeth. Here we crept on, he not knowing exactly where the deer were on account of the mist, and I so regularly done up, as hardly to know where I was myself. Down he dropped a second time.

"D'ye no see them there," said he, in a voice like a child's—but close in my ear. "Not I; where?"—"D'ye no see? Yon's a great stag and twa hinds—I see them just above yon black bog, they're no above fifty yards off." See! I could no more see than I could breathe, and so I told him. He was evidently provoked, but tried again to make me see; all was in vain. I had walked until I could not see, and if even I could, there was the mist into the bargain. "Weel," said he, "ye mun just wait, and try gin the fog does clear"—and we did wait! I was up to my knees in the peat hag, with one half of my body recumbent therein, and an elbow well placed in black mud, as my support. I was wet through with the fog, and at the same time, with the violence of running, the "big drops," to speak poetically, not vulgarly, stood on my brow. I hate extremes—*surtout quand cela se rencontre*. I was trembling in every limb, nervous to a degree, and yet I swear that I never thought I could miss. No one doubt of this nature ever crossed my mind. Blessed illusion! At last, slowly and sulkily, as it were, the mist rolled away—first we saw a patch of blue sky, then a segment of sun, cold and watery indeed, but still it was the sun. It became lighter and clearer. We now saw the mountains before us, and the vapour gradually ascending till the tops appeared distinctly upon the sky. "Come awa," said Duncan, "or we'll lose the shot." He lowered himself to the ground in a way perfectly miraculous—like a crab he went on, upon an elbow and a knee, while he disposed of the other leg as a sort of propelling machine, and the spare hand carried my rifle. This he took from me almost forcibly. I had a suspicion, that as I was to follow him, in his irregular movements, he thought it as well to obviate any chance of accidental death!

I toiled after him as well as I could through the peat hag, the bog, the stagnant water, and the rough stones, still I never dreamt that I should not kill a deer. Once he nearly sunk me in some soft ground by suddenly suiting the action to "keep yerse! doon;" another time, he warned me by a low growl that I had deviated from his track, and made me return to it; at last he sat down, and gave me the gun. "Noo tak yere breath and a lang aim—ye hae a bonnie chance at yon teers. D'ye no see them noo?" I did see them! A splendid stag with antlers like a large oak branch was within thirty yards of me, his whole forehead open to my shot. I looked him over and over again—thought of him as my own—had already disposed of him. Up went the rifle, I took a "long aim," fired, missed him clean; I jumped up—an immense herd which I had not seen burst like a body of cavalry from behind the hags. I sent my second barrel into the middle of them. Away they bounded untouched. I turned to Duncan. "Weel! Ye'll surely nae load again."

WHY DOTH THE BULBUL TO THE ROSE;

A SONG.

COMPOSED BY W. C. PETERS.

PIANO FORTE-VOICE.

fz *Alia polacca,*

8va.

8va.

Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - peat his nightly lay, Yet

cease at morn, because he knows, Thou'lt shame his me - lo - dy? Why do those bright Se-

ra - phic eyes, That round us nightly shine, Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Be-

cause they yield to thine— Re - tire when morning bids thee rise, Re - cause they yield to

thine. Why doth the Bulbul to the rose Re - peat his nightly lay, Yet

cease at dawn, because he knows Thou'd'st shame his me - lo - dy, his me - lo - dy, Thou'd'st

shame his mel o - dy.

Sva.

II.

I twin'd a wreath at Morn'g hour,
And bound it in thy hair,
The dew was dripping from the flow'r,
That blush'd in beauty there;

But look, e'en now, ere close of day,
How pale the wreath I wove,
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love—
The flowers have died of jealousy,
While I expire of love!

MARIUS,

AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.—Shakespeare.

I.

THE sloping rays of the declining sun
Gleam'd o'er the wreck of Carthage; where the ashes,
Heap'd from his borrow'd fires, in masses dun
And blacken'd, lay around. Pale Ruin there
Had done her worst. The angry storm, which
lashes

The earth-girt rock, and lays its summit bare,
Had been a kindlier foe.—There, palaces
Which erst, in her prosperity, did rise
Like everlasting temples to the skies—
Their costly hangings, stiff with wreathed gold,
Their goblets carv'd and golden chalices,
The massive relics of achievement bold—
There, of remoter times the proud remains
Vast, tow'ring columns propping loftier fanes,
With all their gorgeous tracery, and all
The sumptuous ornaments of festal hall—
The "pomp and circumstance" of princely state—
All that makes man, amidst his nothing, great;
Had added to the wreck.—The pillar'd pile,
The spire that laugh'd amid the thunder-cloud,
The temple with its idol—cursed guile!
The trick of priest-craft to delude the crowd—
Deck'd like a corpse within a gilded shroud,
As foul, as senseless, and as mute a thing—
Were all—all levell'd with the dust; o'er all,
The slug and fouler earth-worm vilely crawl,
Or, 'neath the wreck of temples harbouring,
Leave their thick slime, where once the marble shone
Like an eternal mirror in the sun.

II.

Carthage! where now thy beauty! where, alas!
Thy pride of pageantry, thy pomp; and where
Those mighty navies which had aw'd the world?
Their flaunting sails are now for ever furl'd!
Thy halls are desolate; the wiry grass
And weeds—the rankest—choke thy pathways—
there,

Sits moody Silence, pointing to the skies,
With palsied tongue, with fix'd and rayless eyes;
Where, by the hand of everlasting fame
Is traced, in living light, immortal Scipio's name.

III.

Carthage! within thy walls the lizard dwells
Where erst the cricket chirp'd; and the foul cells
Of squalid reptiles are discovered, where
The sleek mouse had her dwelling. The meek hare
Sits unafrighted 'mid thy shatter'd domes,
Where heroes once had fix'd their noblest homes.
Amid thy ruins, vast and desolate,
No human creature wanders; or but one
A lone—a stern and solitary man,
Stern as the blacken'd rock he sits upon,
Harsher his spirit, and as dark his fate.
There, on the fragment of a mossy stone
That, ere the fiercely-crackling flames had riv'n
Its giant bulk, look'd up and laugh'd at heav'n,
Perch'd like a vulture, ominous and grim,
The very reptiles all avoiding him;
He sits, his moody reverie began
Which stirr'd his heart to slaughter.—There, alone,
Houseless he sits, upon that rocky throne.
His own appropriate emblem;—for the flint
Could not more sternly brave the thunder's dint
Than his hard heart compassion's soft appeal.
Amid the scene his dizzy senses reel
With thoughts too dire to utter.

IV.

These he sits,
By whom the mighty Cimbri were chastis'd,
As if his very soul were paralis'd.
And yet his stern eye glares in moody fits
O'er the surrounding waste, as if he view'd
His own state pictur'd in its solitude.
Dark and as still as night he sits alone,
Like a doom'd spirit on that riven stone;
And, in his murkiness of mind, broods o'er
Real or imagin'd wrongs; while o'er his heart—
Thro' which the black blood bounds, with fever'd start
A thirst of vengeance steals, and at the core
Parches and burns it up.—He looks to'ards Rome,
The city of his pride, the warrior's home;—
How diff'rent to the ruins round him lying!
That city's rival once, which now no more,
Sends forth her barks to earth's remotest shore.
He looks to'ards Rome—imperial Rome—defying
The wide world round her. Rome! he looks towards
there,
While his heart throbs with inward agony,
And from his eye Revenge's hot-streams pour.

V.

Soon the bark bears him o'er the waters—soon
Joy, in the flood of woe, shall quench her beams,
And her faint voice be drown'd in the shrill screams
Of sanguinary slaughter.—Ere the moon
Again shall fill her silver horns with light,
The sun of happiness shall set in night.
Marius is nigh thee, Rome!—a heartless son,
That, like the adder, loves to prey upon
The bowels of its parent.—Ah! beware!
The voice of carnage soon shall rend the air—
Rome hears it now—she hears, with mad surprise,
And, glutted with her blood, the ruthless savage dies

THE COTTAGE PICTURE.

THERE is a stately beauty in thy brow—
There is a quiet pride in that dark eye:
No daughter of a peasant race wert thou,
No rose, in hamlet reared, unseen to die;
And on thy lip there sits a shade of scorn,
As at this mean abode—thou fair and gentle born!

Wert thou not cradled in some ancient hall,
Where dark escutcheons roof and arch emboss,
And faded banners shiver on the wall,
And the grim pictured champions of the Cross
Looked down austere on thy childish play,
Nor deemed their haughty name could with thy smile
decay?

What wonder then, so closely circled round
With fair memorials of a noble line,
That pride its chain within thy bosom wound,
And stamped its signet on those lips of thine:
How might they speak a lesson sad and strange,
And tell the young and fair how pomp and glory change.

Thine eye shone bright amid the festive throng,
When lutes were tuned to mirth, and hearts to joy.
When swan-like beauty swept the dance along
Nor dream'd that time her lustre could destroy.
Thine was a mother's smile—a lover's vow—
Flattered—caressed—beloved—how changed thy for-
tunes now!

Yes, here amid a homely, simple race,
Who never learned to prize the painter's skill,
Mournful it is to meet thy speaking face,
Made by the flashing firelight brighter still;
Mournful—and food for many thoughtful tears,
To see thy haughty smile—and think of former years!

THE UNLUCKY GIFT.

PATRICK MULLALY was a fine old man, who had for some political reason or another, emigrated from the county of Tipperary in the days of his youth, and in the evening of his age was to be found working as a hedger in the neighbourhood of Leixlip. Patrick was a very clever hand at a story, and whenever "a wake" was going, he was not only sure of being invited, but also certain of getting the hottest and strongest glass of punch that was handed round to the mourners. It was at the early hour of two in the morning, upon one of these melancholy and merry occasions, when the girls were tired of "forfeits," and the boys of redeeming them with kisses, that "ould Pat" was called upon for a story, and a noggin of whiskey, made into the sweetest punch, was promised him, if he would tell the company something, which not one amongst them had ever heard before.

This was a request which puzzled Paddy for some time; but after taking off his old flax wig, rubbing his polished pate two or three times with a blazing scarlet cotton handkerchief, he called for a sup by way of "earnest," and then commenced his story in the following manner:—

"Boys and girls, I wish your very good healths, entirely, entirely—I wish you good health all round, from wall to wall, and an inch in the wall besides, for fear I'd have any of you out. I will now tell you a story, which I never told you before, and the reason I didn't mention it to you is, that it never occurred to myself, and I therefore couldn't answer for the truth of it; but it happened to an old grand-uncle of mine, one Dennis Mullaly, who I heard tell it at a bonfire in Thurles, that was had one night, by reason of some decent body being married, a parson put out of the way, a magistrate houghed, a proctor shot, or some other reasonable cause of rejoicing. My grand-uncle was a little paralytic in the right hand, you see, and he was not what you would call right in his head; but for all that, he'd know a bad shilling from a silver tester, as well as the best of us. Somebody or another at the bonfire, asked the ould man how he lost the use of his right hand, and this is what he told us:—

"I was," says he, "as foolish in my day as the best of you, and amongst my other fooleries, I fell in love with one Judy McDermott, who lived within four fields of my cabin. Judy was a decent, comely, handsome, mighty well-looking girl, but as poor as a church-mouse, and, to make the matter worse, I was a great deal poorer. I was up to my head and ears in love with her; and I'd have given all the world to be able to marry her.

"At that present time, when I was in love, I was sitting one day on the Fairy Fort, outside of the town, and thinking to myself, Oh! then, if one of the good people that goes hopping about this fort, when the moon shines, were to see my dissolute condition, and that one animal amongst them had in his bit of a body a heart as big itself as a blackberry, I think he would be after lending me, for two or three hours, one of them purses that is as full of yellow gold as a beehive is of sweet honey. I thought this, and not a word in the world had I said, when I heard a hammer rapping at the sole of my shoe, as loud and as hard as Lady Caher's coachman knocks at the doctor's door. "What in the world is this," says I, "that would be troubling my foot?"

"It's I," says a voice as large as a giant's, coming from under my shoe, "and if you don't be after taking your nasty spawldog of a foot off the ant-hole I am trying to get out of, may be, it would be worse for you."—"I beg your honour's pardon," answered I,

removing my foot to another part of the field, and taking my hat off my head at the same time.

"What do you think I should see, coming out of a hole in the grass, that you could hardly run your finger into, but a little, weeny, deeny, dawney, bit of a creature of an atomy, of an idea, of a small taste of a gentleman, about the thickness and length of a middle-sized radish, and having a three-cocked hat, a red coat, and gold epaulets on him, like an officer; red breeches, and a pair of red boots like a jackdaw! I had my spade sticking fast upright in the ground before me, and the moment the little chap got out of the hole, he climbed up the spade, as nimble as a sailor, and when he got to the handle, he sat down straddle legs on it, as if it were a horse, and taking a little pipe out of his little pocket, he put it to his button-hole of a mouth, and began smoking away; and you would think that every blast that came from him was a big hay-rick on fire. After taking two or three whiffs, and nearly blinding me with the smoke, he said, as he fixed his fiery little eyes on me, "Good morrow, and better luck to you Dennis Mullaly."—"Good morrow, and God save you kindly," I answered.—"If you be after saying such a word to me again, you ill-looking thief," he roared out, and jumping up on the spade-handle in a rage, "if you say that word again to me, I'll knock you into nonsense, shiver you into shavings, and smash you into smithereens."—"Why then I won't," says I, "if it pleases your reverence."

"The creature of an atomy sat down again on the spade handle, from which his taste of legs were hanging down like two little threads; and, after taking two or three whiffs more, he again fixed on me his two little eyes, which were sparkling like the spot of burning tobacco in his pipe. "You were wishing for something, Dennis," said he.—"It's I that was, your reverence, and if it's not displeasing to you, I was wishing for the loan of a fairy's purse for a few hours," I answered.—"Bad luck to your impudence!" he replied, "will nothing less than a fairy's purse answer such a spalpeen? And supposing now Dennis I was to lend it, what would you give me in return for it?"—"Then to tell you honour the truth," I said, "I would give you my hand and word, I would return it to you."—"I don't care a thravneen," says he, "for your dirty word; but will you give me your hand?"—"I will, Sir," I exclaimed, "I will give you my hand, that I will return the purse to you."—"Why then may be," said the "cute little villain," "you'd never be able to return it to me; but will you give me your hand on it?"

"I never saw what the viper was driving at, and without at all thinking of what I was doing, I bawled out, "By this and by that, if you lend me the purse for three hours, I do give you my hand."

"The bit of a thief's eyes glimmered and glistened like two stars in a frosty night—he jumped up—put his pipe in his pocket, and clapped his hands to his ribs, which were no bigger than the ribs of a small gudgeon, gave a "ho! ho! ho!" of a laugh, so loud, and so long, that I thought he would split up like a straw, that you touch with your nail. His laughing continued so long, that he at last fell off the handle of the spade. I was sure his neck was cracked, and was going to pick up his trifle of a carcass, when I saw him float to the ground, as soft, as easy, as quiet, and as gentle as a thistle down, which now soars, and then sinks to the earth with the seed it has to plant there.

"You have given me your hand," says he, "and

here is the purse for you; it's little, I think, you'll have to brag about it."

"Where is the purse, Sir," said I.

"Here," he answered, 'here, you *omathawn*, pull the red boot off my right leg, that's the purse for you.'

"By dad, your reverence," I replied, 'I've often heard of making a purse of a sow's ears; but never before was I told of a purse manufactured out of a leprechaun's leg.'

"None of your impudence, you born natural," he cried out in a fury—"none of your impudence; but pull away at my leg, as if the dickens was standing in you."

"I got one hold of the little chap's leg, and, may be, I didn't make him screech murder.—I pulled, and pulled, until I lifted him clean off the ground, and, at last, I raised him so high, that I shook him out of his boot, as clean as you would shake shot out of a bottle.—I looked to see if he was hurt; but the instant the very end of his toe was out of the boot, you might as well expect to see a grass-hopper in snow, as to see the little gentleman in the field. There I had the purse, however, and a mighty small one it was; so to see if there was any good in it, I put down my finger into it, and I found in the bottom a neat, beautiful, sparkling, glistening gold half-guinea. I took that out, and put it into my waistcoat pocket. "That's good," says I to myself. I put down my finger again, and I forked up another half guinea, and I put that also into my waistcoat. I put down my hand again, and there was a third: and I never stopped putting my hand into the purse, and taking out gold half guineas, until my waistcoat pocket was as full of gold as a fresh female herring is full of pea. "Oh! Judy, Judy," says I, "in three hours we'll be as rich as the Archbishop of Cashel, and to be sure we won't have lashings and leavings at our wedding. I'll just go this minute into Tim Cassidy's, and buy my wedding suit."

"That very instant, I left my work, and hurried into the town of Thurles, to Tim Cassidy's shop. Tim was behind the counter, and I ordered him to fit me out with ten suits of clothes, and send home to Judy's, the making of twenty cloaks, besides gowns, petticoats, stockings, and shoes galore. "Ah! then, where is the money to come from?" says Tim, who was a hard, dry, crooked-nosed old codger, that would skin a flint, if it were possible.

"Where," said I, 'sure here it is, and more when I want it'—and upon that I pulled out a fist-full of half-guineas, and spread them out on the counter before him, thinking he would be wanting me to take all that was in his shop; but instead of that, he looked as sharp as a needle at the gold, and then asked me if I was gone crazy. "Not a bit," answered I, "nor conceited either, with my riches; and I can tell you, that

where I got that gold, there is plenty more of it to be found."—"I don't doubt it," he drawled out, and grinning from ear to ear like a monkey, "but mind me, Dennis Mullaly, you'll get none of my goods for such golden half-guineas as them."—"Oh! Master Tim," said I, picking up the gold, and putting it back into my waistcoat pocket, "if you don't like to make your fortune, I can't help you, but if you were very civil now, and I did not expect it, to tell you the truth, I intended to give you twenty guineas to hurry with the clothes, for now that I am so rich, I am going to be married."

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared out Tim; and I thought his voice was the very echo of the small fellow that gave me his boot for a purse. I hurried off to the next shop, and the man was going to kick me out, when I showed him my golden half-guineas. A third told me, if ever I went into his place to humbug him again, he would set the dogs after me—a fourth said I was mad—a fifth swore I was a robber, watching to see what I could steal, and, in short, there was no one in the entire town, who would have any dealings with me at all, at all. I lost, I'm sure, a good hour and a half, trying to get the Thurles' shopkeepers to traffic with me; but not one of them would have any thing to say to me. "Faith," thought I, "if they won't take my gold from me, I'm no richer than I was before I got the fairy's purse—so I'll go back, get all the half-guineas I can out of the chap's little boot, tie them up in a sack, and carry it off to Clonmel, or some other decent place where the people are used to the gold coin, and get all I want for it." I ran back to the field, and began pulling out half-guinea after half-guinea until my arm got tired; and, at last, I had a heap of gold beside me, that was as neat, and as smiling looking, as a small cock of fresh hay. While I was gazing at it with as much pride and delight as a gossamer stares on his new frieze coat, I felt a desperate pain in my arm, and that instant the purse was snapped out of my hand by the diminutive red spalpeen that had given it to me three hours before; and the imp said, "You gave me your hand, and you got my purse; Dennis Mullaly, we are now even, and take my word for it, you are the biggest fool from this to yourself. With that he gave me a kick in the thumb of my right hand, the very pain of which knocked me into a trance. When I awakened, I found beside me, where I had left the half-guineas, a heap of jackstones, the tops of daisies, and a parcel of dock-weeds! I tried with my right hand to raise the heap of stones; but I found the arm lie as useless by my side as if it did not belong to me. To add to my misfortune, Judy was married a month afterwards. I never could handle a spade since. Boys, jewel, I was *fairy-struck*."

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

How soon behind my skiff's calm way,
The willing waters close again!
It leaves no line of broken spray
Along the scarcely ruffled plain.
So let me glide through peaceful life,
Bequeathing not one sad regret
To aught I've loved, nor thought of strife,
For, in forgiving, I forget!

Yet would I not 'twere worth to note,
What I have done, or hope to do:
No more than hid I'd wish the spot
I've left, or yon I'm steering to.
Behind, the east is dark; but lo!
The west is blushing red with light;
ail to the omen! may it show
At least my setting will be bright!

THE GENIUS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It parted the sable waves that sweep
Across oblivion's sea,
And brought up to light from that fearful deep,
The things that for ages it had to keep,
In their primal identity.

It broke the seal of the silent tomb!—
It opened the graves of men,
It made their ashes their fire resume,
And touched them with beauty, and life, and bloom,
Till they breathed and moved again!

Time! what hast thou to do with one,
Who knew not a wasted hour—
Whose pen with the sands of thy glass could run,
And show at each turning a miracle done,
A work that defies thy power!

KILLARNEY.

KILLARNEY! all hail to thee, land of the mountain,
Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill tops,
Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,
His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds, from his throne on the
rock,

Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream
afar;

Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shuck,
And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

Oh, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake?

And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart
The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which
wake

"At a scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,
Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my sight,
Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,
Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide-spreading woods—yonder mountain's green
pall,

The mellow-toned bugle, the dip of the oar,
Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,
And wake me to gladness and music once more.

Original.

THEY MET AND THEY PARTED.

THEY met and they parted,
In sorrow and mirth,
And the smile that was started,
Was nipp'd in its birth.
Each bliss was a treasure,
Each bosom beat high;
But the dream of their pleasure
Was burst by a sigh.

They met and they parted,
In sadness and tears;
And in weeping and sorrow,
They sever'd for years.
High hopes were in keeping,
But gloomy was he,
Who roamed far away
On the wide billowed sea.

They met and they parted!
Years lingered apace;
And oft did his fancy
Her loveliness trace.
Years, hours, and minutes,
Even now, roll away;
And, as first when they parted,
Still parted are they.

B.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

FAULTS of the head are punished in this world—those of the heart in another; but as most of our vices are compound, so also is their punishment.

Want of prudence is too frequently the want of virtue: nor is there on earth a more powerful advocate for vice than poverty.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute.

Desire the women to take all you have, and the men to give you nothing, and both will be sure to grant all you ask of them.

Give something wherever you go, and you will be sure of a good reception.

All persons who can defer their laughter until a convenient time, should be taken to the Humane Society, as extraordinary cases of "suspended animation."

Human prudence, daily experience, self-love, all teach us to distrust others, but all motives combined, do not teach us to distrust ourselves; we confide unreservedly in our own heart, though as a guide it misleads, as a counsellor it betrays. It is both party and judge. As the one it blinds through ignorance, as the other it acquits through partiality.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling into the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such

an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

By care lay heavy Sleep the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone:
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath,
Small keep took he whom Fortune frown'd on,
Or whom she lifted up into a throne
Of high renown; but as a living death
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath.

Aristotle seeing a youth very conceited, and withal ignorant; "Young man," saith he, "I wish I were what you think yourself, and my enemies what you are."

The commentary of a severe friend is better than the embellishments of a sweettipped flatterer.

No man is content with his own condition though it be best; nor dissatisfied with his wit though it be the worst.

Women, in the course of action, describe a smaller circle than men; but the perfection of a circle consists not in its dimensions, but in its correctness. There may be here and there a soaring female, who looks down with disdain on the paltry affairs of "this dim speck called earth," who despises order and regularity, as indications of a grovelling spirit. But a sound mind judges directly contrary. The larger the capacity, the wider is the sweep it takes in. A sensible woman loves to imitate that order which is stamped on the whole creation of God. All the operations of nature are uniform, even in their changes, and regular in their infinite variety.

Sannazarius was the author of the following epigram, which has been indifferently translated from the original Latin:

"Neptune saw Venice on the Adria stand,
Firm as a rock, and did the sea command.
'Think'st thou, O Jove,' said he, 'Rome's walls excel?
Or that proud cliff whence false Tarpeia fell?
Grant Tiber best, view both, and you will say,
That men did those, gods these foundations lay.'"

The people of Venice presented Sannazarius with six thousand golden crowns for this composition. This beats Sir Walter Scott and the London booksellers.

The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone ensures love and affection.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue;
When inconsistent with the greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

He who is accustomed to commune with himself in retirement will, sometimes, at least, be impressed with the truths which the multitude will not tell him.

When Cato is encouraging his little Senate to hold out against Cæsar to the last, he says, "Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?"

He who imagines that he can do without the world is much deceived: but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him, is still more deceived.

When thou speakest to any, especially of quality, look them full in the face; other gestures betraying either want of breeding, confidence, or honesty. Dejected eyes confess to most judgments guilt, or low spirits, or folly.

One boasting to Aristotle of the greatness of his country—"That," saith Aristotle, "is not to be considered, but whether you deserve to be of that great country."

War the mistress of enormity,
Mother of mischief, monster of deformity;
Laws, manners, arts, she breaks, she mars, she chases,
Blood, tears, bowers, towers, she spills, smites, burns,
and rases;

Her brazen teeth shake all the earth asunder;
Her mouth a fire-brand, her voice is thunder;
Her looks are lightning, every glance a flash,
Her fingers guns, that all to powder plash,
Fear and despair, flight and disorder, coast
With hasty march before her murderous host,
As burning, rape, waste, wrong, impiety,
Rage, ruin, discord, horror, cruelty,
Sack, sacrilege, impurity, pride,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side;
And poverty, sorrow, and desolation,
Follow her army's bloody transmigration.

Beauty without virtue is like a painted sepulchre, fair without, but within full of corruption.

Painting in oil, distemper, or water, is when the colours are mixed with oil-size or water; Fresco is on a newly plastered wall. Encaustic is with wax; and enamel, with mineral colours on metal.

Three-fourths of the books printed do not pay their expenses; and not one in ten realize a profit.

Albert Durer etched some of his engravings on steel. A soft steel plate will take 50,000 good impressions, and a hard steel plate a million.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wandering streams.
High gleaming from afar.

RECIPES.

FOR CLEANING COPPER OR BRASS UTENSILS USED FOR DYEING.

After you have been dyeing any colour in your copper or brass boiler, it is frequently tinged with the dye used; it is therefore customary to clean these utensils out with a small quantity of oil of vitriol and water, a little fine sand, or ashes, and a coarse flannel cloth; it must afterwards be rubb'd quite dry.

HOW TO TAKE THE STAIN OF THE DYE FROM THE HANDS.

Take a small quantity of oil of vitriol and pour it into some cold water, in a wash-hand basin, and wash your hands in it without soap; the dye will then come off. You may afterwards cleanse them completely in hot soap and water, taking care that all the acid is washed away before the soap is applied.

TO TAKE OFF THE STAINS OF LIGHT COLOURS, REDS, GREENS, BLUES, &c. FROM THE HANDS.

Wash your hands in soap and water, in which some pearl-ash is dissolved.

N. B. If the vitriol water is not made very strong, it will not injure the most delicate hand, nor leave any red or coarse appearance.

LOBSTER SAUCE.

The lobster being boiled, extract the meat from the shell, and beat it in a mortar. Rub it through a colander or sieve, and put it into a sauce-pan with a spoonful of veloute (or velvet essence) if you have it, and one of broth. Mix it well, and add a piece of butter, some salt, and some Cayenne pepper. Stew it ten minutes, and serve it up, to eat with boiled fresh fish.

SPINACH FOR COLOURING GREEN.

Take three handfuls of spinach, and pound it in a mortar to extract the juice. Then put it into a sauce-pan and set it over a slow fire. When it is just ready to boil, take it off and strain it. By stirring in a small quantity of spinach-juice, you may give any sauce a green colour.

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF THE FINGER.

Thread a needle flat, in the eye with a strong thread; pass the head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly all down to the nail, to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never-failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen the finger may be.

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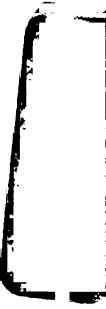
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